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THE
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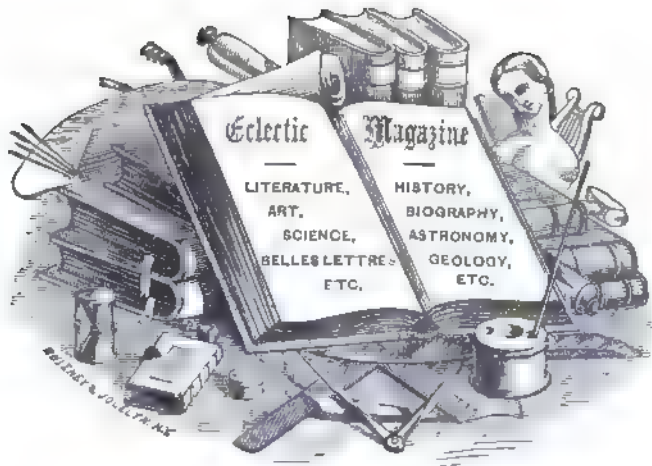
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Fraser's Magazine.

VOLTAIRE AS A THEOLOGIAN, MORALIST,
AND METAPHYSICIAN.*

I.—VOLTAIRE'S THEOLOGY.

VOLTAIRE has perhaps earned a greater amount of fame amongst those who have never read a line of his works than any other author of modern times, yet the number of his readers is probably diminishing, and it is hardly likely that they should ever increase. His poetry was never likely to be pleasing to foreigners. His history has been superseded by later and more elaborate investigations, though we do not think that either the *Essai sur les Mœurs* or the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* have been replaced by works of equal merit. His contributions to physical philosophy were rather those of a propagandist than those of a discoverer, and though historically important, were intrinsically of little value. His personal connection with an infinite variety of remarkable men in every class of life gives much in-

terest to his correspondence, but it requires great collateral knowledge of a subject of which very little is known even to the majority of educated men—the detailed history of the eighteenth century—to appreciate their value. If he had written nothing besides all this, if he had been nothing more than an historian, a poet, a reformer in physical science, and the correspondent of a variety of remarkable people, he would never have acquired the immense and questionable reputation which surrounds his name. The thing by which Voltaire is distinguished from other men, the performance which has marked him out from all the rest of the world, and has invested his name with a celebrity altogether peculiar to itself, is no doubt his bitter, enduring, and systematic attack upon Christianity. Of the intellectual enemies with whom Christianity had to deal in its infancy we know little or nothing. We know of the writings of Celsus and Julian just as much as Origen and Cyril have chosen to tell us, and no more. The rest of their works have altogether perished. No man

* *Œuvres Complètes de Voltaire*. 12 vols. Vols. 6, 7, 8. Paris: 1817.

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ever has heard, or ever will hear, what the Pharisees and Pontius Pilate had to say for themselves. The victory of Christianity over its antagonists was only too complete, for in order to be sure that a controversy has reached its proper termination, it is essentially necessary to know what was said on both sides. So long as one side only can be heard, you can never be quite sure that you fully understand the case at issue. Till the days of Voltaire Christianity had never been attacked openly, avowedly, and on anything like equal terms, in Western Europe. Montaigne, Bayle, and some other writers of the same kind, veiled their hostility to Christianity by an assumed modesty as to the different functions of reason and faith, or by seeking, as Hobbes did, to rationalize it. The English Deists in the early part of the eighteenth century introduced a different mode of attack of which Voltaire is the great representative. Its specific characteristic is downright, uncompromising, bitter hostility, arising from heartfelt dislike and dissent. Voltaire was no mere speculator or philosopher. He was, above all things, a controversialist, a propagandist, a man who had an immediate practical object in what he wrote. A few lines in Condorcet's life of him—one of the most unsatisfactory accounts of a great man, by the way, that ever pretended to be a biography—set his feelings on this point in a sufficiently striking light.

His zeal against a religion which he regarded as the cause of the fanaticism which has desolated Europe since its birth, of the superstition which had brutalized it, and as the source of the mischief which these enemies of human nature still continued to do, seemed to double his activity and his forces. "I am tired," he said one day, "of hearing it repeated that twelve men were enough to establish Christianity. I want to show them that one will be enough to destroy it."

That such was his object, and that he did in fact exhaust the resources of his genius upon it for many years, with effects of which we are still far from having seen the end, is sufficiently notorious, but we doubt whether the particular nature of the means by which he tried to effect his object are nearly so well known. The works of which the titles at least are in every one's mouth

are far from expressing such sentiments. They are not to be found in the best known of his plays or histories. They form a separate class of his voluminous writings, and are included under the two heads of philosophy and literature which in one of the most manageable editions of his works fill three volumes containing respectively 1,602, 1,828, and 1,708 octavo pages, containing fifty lines to the page, and printed in small type. Of course many other matters besides his attacks on Christianity are included in this ample section of his works. Without professing to have read the whole of the 5,000 and odd pages in question, we will try to give our readers some account of the general nature of their theological, metaphysical, and moral doctrines, and of the style and temper in which they are written.

The following is a rough classification of his principal works on these subjects. The largest by far, and the one of which the title is most generally known, is the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, which in the edition already referred to fills very nearly the whole of a volume of 1,828 pages. In a commoner edition it fills four ordinary octavos. It is a collection of speculations upon every conceivable subject, beginning with an article on the Alphabet, and ending with one on Zoroaster. Part of it was left in manuscript at the author's death. Other parts were published in his lifetime in various forms. The original title of the most important work so published was *Questions à des Amateurs sur l'Encyclopédie*. Next in size to this is the book called *Examen important de Lord Bolingbroke*, which professes to be an abstract "of the most eloquent, the most profound, the deepest, and the strongest book yet written against fanaticism." The preface goes on to say that "this *précis* of the doctrines of Lord Bolingbroke, which are collected at large in the six volumes of his posthumous works, was addressed by him a few years before his death, to Lord Cornbury. This edition is much larger than the first. We have collated it with the MS." To this the editors of the Kehl edition of Voltaire append a note:—"On peut croire que tout cela est supposé, ainsi que la date de 1736. L'ouvrage est de 1767, temps où l'on ne pouvait encore

défendre la cause de l'humanité contre le fanatisme qu'avec beaucoup de précaution." This is worth notice, because almost every one of Voltaire's religious or anti-religious works is written under some false name or other. The book is a very rapid and condensed sketch of the rise of Judaism and of Christianity as Voltaire conceived of them. There are besides a smaller essay called *Dieu et les Hommes*, and a *Histoire de l'Établissement du Christianisme*. Some notes on the different books of the Bible and on the apocryphal Gospels may also be referred to this division of Voltaire's works.

The rest of his writings on religion are to the last degree fragmentary, and are all short, although their aggregate bulk is enormous. One large division of them is composed of dialogues and conversations, which fill a thin octavo volume, and discuss all manner of moral and religious subjects. They are thirty-one in number, two being more elaborate than the rest. Of these, one set is called *L'A, B, C*, and is supposed to be a translation from the English; indeed one of the interlocutors is English, and many of his opinions are no doubt intended to represent those which Voltaire regarded as characteristic of this country. The other is a dialogue between Euhemerus and Callicrates, two Syracusan philosophers of the age of Alexander. There are besides a great number of isolated tracts, of which the following are a few of the more remarkable: *Traité de Métaphysique*, addressed to the Marquise du Chatelet, a very short treatise, for it fills only thirty-four pages; *Le Philosophe Ignorant*, which is something of the same kind, and of much the same length, though written forty years afterward; *Il faut prendre un Parti, ou le Principe d'Action*, which goes again over the same ground; a criticism on Pascal; a tract called *Les Questions de Zapata*. It would, however, be endless to give the names of them all. Besides the writings which treat avowedly of the great moral and religious questions which he discussed so sedulously, novels were a wonderful instrument of propagandism in Voltaire's hands. It is almost superfluous to give the names of some of them. Every one has read *Candide*, *Zadig*, *L'Ingénu*, and *Micromégas*, though some

of the others are less well known. The curious *Histoire de Jenni* (Johnny) is remarkable for giving in a condensed form, and perhaps for the fiftieth time, a summary of Voltaire's conception of things human and divine, which on this occasion is fathered on Sherlock, from whom the novel is said to be translated. Condorcet's *Life of Voltaire* contains a characteristic remark on these books, which shows, among other things, how profoundly practical Voltaire's object was in all that he wrote, and how keenly he was sensible to the pleasure of propagating his views even amongst those who were far from being able to appreciate them:

Few books of philosophy are more useful [than novels]; they are read by frivolous people, who are alarmed or repelled by the bare name of a philosopher, and whom nevertheless it is important to snatch from prejudices, and to set against the large number of persons interested in their defence. The human race would be condemned to eternal errors if, in order to set it free from prejudice, it was necessary for it to study and meditate the proofs of truth. Happily natural justness of spirit is sufficient for simple truths, which are also the most necessary. It is enough, then, to find a means of fixing the attention of idle people, and especially of engraving these truths in their memory. This is the great use of philosophical romances.

To attempt anything like a detailed criticism of these works would be not only an endless but a useless task. They repeat the same things over and over again, with so much persistency, and such an inexhaustible variety of phrase and illustration, that the pith of their common teaching on most points of importance may be extracted with comparatively little trouble from any one of them. For instance, Voltaire's view of the nature of the soul is set out in the following amongst other places in his works:—1. *Traité de Métaphysique*, ch. v. 2. *De l'Âme, par Soranus, Médecin de Trajan*. 3. *Lettres de Memmius à Cicéron*, XIII.–XV. 4. *Il faut prendre un Parti*, X.–XII. 5. *Lucrétius et Posidonius, Dialogue II*. 6. *Cusu et Kou, Dial. III*. 7. *Sophonimus et Adelos*. 8. *L'A, B, C*, 2d Dialogue. 9. *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, art. "Âme," and many others. 10. *Les Oreilles du Comte Chesterfield*, etc., etc. In each of these, and in many other parts

of his works, the same theory is presented in various forms, but always to the same effect, and often with the same illustrations. This tendency to repeat himself was no doubt the natural consequence of the practical character of his undertaking. As the apostle of a new faith, he was mindful of some at least of the apostolic maxims. He was instant in season and out of season. He taught here a little and there a little, line upon line, and precept upon precept. His teaching, however, is in substance compact, and if his religious creed, positive and negative, were reduced to the form of propositions, it would have to be thrown into some such form as the following:

It is morally certain, if it is not actually demonstrated, that there is a God.

There is a conflict of evidence as to the moral character of God, but the evidence in favor of his being just and benevolent preponderates so much as to render probable any hypothesis which would justify a belief in it.

The belief in a future state of rewards and punishments is such a hypothesis, which is one evidence in favor of its truth. Moreover it may be said to be physically possible, suggested by facts, highly important if true, and at all events exceedingly useful. It is thus prudent to act on the hypothesis of its truth.

This, in a few words, is the positive side of Voltaire's creed. We do not think that any one who will take the trouble to read his works fairly and candidly will be able to doubt that it was honestly formed and sincerely held. The negative side of his creed relates to the truth of Christianity, and may without injustice be summed up by saying that he held that the gospel history was a contemptible imposture and falsehood from beginning to end; that the four gospels as we have them were forgeries written long after the events which they profess to relate, by persons who knew very little about those events; that the whole of the Old Testament was a collection of fables; that the Jews were amongst the most hateful and contemptible of the human race; that the Bible was full of immoral precepts and of bad examples; that the establishment of Christianity was procured by fraud and

violence, and that it was on the whole a grievous injury to the human race; that it was the cause of endless bloodshed and violence about trifles, and of a chronic distortion of the moral sentiments;—in a word, that it was an enemy to human happiness and virtue, and that until it was finally rejected and replaced by Deism, men would never be happy or good.

We cannot of course examine one by one the different items, positive and negative, of this system, but we will try to show concisely what was their place in Voltaire's mind. As to the positive side of his creed, his belief in God, at least in the latter part of his life, rested entirely on the argument from design, which he regarded as equivalent in force to a demonstration. At an earlier period he seems to have attached weight to Clarke's quasigeometrical argument upon the subject, but he afterward changed his mind about it (compare *Traité de Métaphysique*, ch. ii. with *Le Philosophe Ignorant*, ch. xiii. and following). The following passage gives in a very few words the latest form of his opinion: "J'admets cette intelligence suprême sans craindre que jamais on puisse me faire changer d'opinion. Rien n'ébranle en moi cet axiome. tout ouvrage démontre un ouvrier." He expressed this belief in endless forms, ranging from the most solemn to the most farcical, and he proved the sincerity with which he held it, by stating on every occasion, and in the broadest manner, every objection to it to which he could bethink himself; but nevertheless he appears never to have abandoned it, or to have failed to connect it with the other doctrines to which we have referred. The positive side of his religion, which is restated perhaps on a hundred different occasions, is well and shortly summed up in a tract purporting to be a homily on atheism, and professedly preached to a private society of friends in London in 1763. The following extracts convey the pith of it:

"Let us set bounds to our insatiable and useless curiosity; let us attach ourselves to our true interest. Is the supreme artisan who has made the world and ourselves our master? Is he benevolent? Do we owe him gratitude?"

After answering the first question in the

affirmative he goes on to the question of evil :

"Evil deluges the world. What are we to infer from it according to our weak reasonings?"

After discussing and rejecting the alternatives of atheism, manicheism, devil worship, and optimism, he deals thus with the theory of a future life :

"What side then remains for us to take? Must we not take that which was embraced in India, Chaldæa, Egypt, Greece, and Rome by all the sages of antiquity, that of believing that God will make us pass from this unhappy life to a better which will be the development of our nature? For, after all, it is clear that we have gone through different sorts of existences already. We existed before a new disposition of organs formed us in the womb, our being was for nine months very different from what it was before—infancy differs from the condition of an embryo, mature age has nothing in common with infancy—death may introduce us to a different form of existence. That is only a hope, cry the poor wretches who feel and reason; you send us back to Pandora's box; evil is real, and hope may be an illusion; misfortune and crime besiege the life which we have, and you speak to us of a life which we have not, which perhaps we shall not have, and of which we have no idea."

To this he answers :

"We do not know what it is which thinks in us, and therefore we cannot know whether this unknown being will not survive our body. It is physically possible that there may be in us an indestructible monad, a hidden flame, a particle of divine fire which exists eternally under a variety of forms. I will not say that this is demonstrated, but without wishing to deceive mankind one may say that we have as many reasons to believe as to deny the immortality of the thinking being. This ancient and general opinion is perhaps the only one which can justify Providence. We must recognize a God who rewards and punishes, or recognize none at all. I do not see that there can be a middle way. Either there is no God, or God is just. We have an idea of justice—we, whose intelligence is so limited. Now can this justice be wanting to the supreme intelligence? We feel how absurd it is to say that God is ignorant, weak, or false. Shall we dare to say that he is cruel? It would be better to keep to fatal necessity, it would be better to admit an inevitable destiny, than to believe in a God who had created a single creature to make it wretched.

"I am told that God's justice is not ours. I should as soon say that the equality of twice two and four is not the same thing to God and to me. What is true is in my eyes as it is in his. There are not two ways of being true. The only difference probably is that the supreme intelligence comprehends all truths at once, whilst we drag ourselves slowly toward a few. If there are not two sorts of truth in the same proposition, how can there be two sorts of justice in the same action? We can comprehend the justice of God only by our own idea of justice. It is as thinking beings that we know justice and injustice. God, who thinks infinitely, must be infinitely just. This doctrine seems to be a cry of nature to which all the ancient nations listened. There are amongst all nations who use their reason universal opinions which seem to be imprinted by the master of our hearts. Such is the persuasion of the existence of a God and of his merciful justice, such are the first principles of morality common to the Chinese, to the Indians, and to the Romans, which have never varied though our globe has been upset a thousand times."

In order to bring this remarkable quotation within limits, we have been obliged to omit a good many side hits at the Jews for not having amongst them the doctrine of a future life, which interfere with the main argument; but the quotation itself gives in a short compass what every page of Voltaire's works shows to have been his sincere belief.

It is difficult, for obvious reasons, to give any equally emphatic specimen of the negative side of Voltaire's speculations, but the following passage sums up his theory of Christianity shortly, and in a manner which, considering the nature of the subject, is perhaps not needlessly offensive. It occurs in a dialogue called *Le Diner du Comte Boulainvilliers* :

"The most probable inference, from the chaos of histories of Jesus written against him by the Jews, and in his favor by the Christians, is that he was a well-meaning Jew who wished to get influence with the people like the founders of the Rechabites, the Essenes, the Sadducees, the Pharisees, the Judaites, the Herodians, the Joannists, the Therapeutæ, and so many other single sects set up in Syria, which was the country of fanaticism. It is probable that, like all those who chose to be the heads of sects, he got some women on his side, that several indiscreet discourses against the magistrates escaped him, and that he was cruelly put to death. Whether he was condemned in the reign of Herod the Great, as the

of his works, the same theory is presented in various forms, but always to the same effect, and often with the same illustrations. This tendency to repeat himself was no doubt the natural consequence of the practical character of his undertaking. As the apostle of a new faith, he was mindful of some at least of the apostolic maxims. He was instant in season and out of season. He taught here a little and there a little, line upon line, and precept upon precept. His teaching, however, is in substance compact, and if his religious creed, positive and negative, were reduced to the form of propositions, it would have to be thrown into some such form as the following:

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This, in a few words, is the positive side of Voltaire's creed. We do not think that any one who will take the trouble to read his works fairly and candidly will be able to doubt that it was honestly formed and sincerely held. The negative side of his creed relates to the truth of Christianity, and may without injustice be summed up by saying that he held that the gospel history was a contemptible imposture and falsehood from beginning to end; that the four gospels as we have them were forgeries written long after the events which they profess to relate, by persons who knew very little about those events; that the whole of the Old Testament was a collection of fables; that the Jews were amongst the most hateful and contemptible of the human race; that the Bible was full of immoral precepts and of bad examples; that the establishment of Christianity was procured by fraud and

violence, and that it was on the whole a grievous injury to the human race; that it was the cause of endless bloodshed and violence about trifles, and of a chronic distortion of the moral sentiments;—in a word, that it was an enemy to human happiness and virtue, and that until it was finally rejected and replaced by Deism, men would never be happy or good.

We cannot of course examine one by one the different items, positive and negative, of this system, but we will try to show concisely what was their place in Voltaire's mind. As to the positive side of his creed, his belief in God, at least in the latter part of his life, rested entirely on the argument from design, which he regarded as equivalent in force to a demonstration. At an earlier period he seems to have attached weight to Clarke's quasigeometrical argument upon the subject, but he afterward changed his mind about it (compare *Traité de Métaphysique*, ch. ii. with *Le Philosophe Ignorant*, ch. xiii. and following). The following passage gives in a very few words the latest form of his opinion: "J'admets cette intelligence suprême sans craindre que jamais on puisse me faire changer d'opinion. Rien n'ébranle en moi cet axiome. tout ouvrage démontre un ouvrier." He expressed this belief in endless forms, ranging from the most solemn to the most farcical, and he proved the sincerity with which he held it, by stating on every occasion, and in the broadest manner, every objection to it to which he could bethink himself; but nevertheless he appears never to have abandoned it, or to have failed to connect it with the other doctrines to which we have referred. The positive side of his religion, which is restated perhaps on a hundred different occasions, is well and shortly summed up in a tract purporting to be a homily on atheism, and professedly preached to a private society of friends in London in 1763. The following extracts convey the pith of it:

"Let us set bounds to our insatiable and useless curiosity; let us attach ourselves to our true interest. Is the supreme artisan who has made the world and ourselves our master? Is he benevolent? Do we owe him gratitude?"

After answering the first question in the

affirmative he goes on to the question of evil :

" Evil deluges the world. What are we to infer from it according to our weak reasonings ? "

After discussing and rejecting the alternatives of atheism, manicheism, devil worship, and optimism, he deals thus with the theory of a future life :

" What side then remains for us to take ? Must we not take that which was embraced in India, Chaldæa, Egypt, Greece, and Rome by all the sages of antiquity, that of believing that God will make us pass from this unhappy life to a better which will be the development of our nature ? For, after all, it is clear that we have gone through different sorts of existences already. We existed before a new disposition of organs formed us in the womb, our being was for nine months very different from what it was before—infancy differs from the condition of an embryo, mature age has nothing in common with infancy—death may introduce us to a different form of existence. That is only a hope, cry the poor wretches who feel and reason ; you send us back to Pandora's box ; evil is real, and hope may be an illusion ; misfortune and crime besiege the life which we have, and you speak to us of a life which we have not, which perhaps we shall not have, and of which we have no idea."

To this he answers :

" We do not know what it is which thinks in us, and therefore we cannot know whether this unknown being will not survive our body. It is physically possible that there may be in us an indestructible monad, a hidden flame, a particle of divine fire which exists eternally under a variety of forms. I will not say that this is demonstrated, but without wishing to deceive mankind one may say that we have as many reasons to believe as to deny the immortality of the thinking being. This ancient and general opinion is perhaps the only one which can justify Providence. We must recognize a God who rewards and punishes, or recognize none at all. I do not see that there can be a middle way. Either there is no God, or God is just. We have an idea of justice—we, whose intelligence is so limited. Now can this justice be wanting to the supreme intelligence ? We feel how absurd it is to say that God is ignorant, weak, or false. Shall we dare to say that he is cruel ? It would be better to keep to fatal necessity, it would be better to admit an inevitable destiny, than to believe in a God who had created a single creature to make it wretched.

" I am told that God's justice is not ours. I should as soon say that the equality of twice two and four is not the same thing to God and to me. What is true is in my eyes as it is in his. There are not two ways of being true. The only difference probably is that the supreme intelligence comprehends all truths at once, whilst we drag ourselves slowly toward a few. If there are not two sorts of truth in the same proposition, how can there be two sorts of justice in the same action ? We can comprehend the justice of God only by our own idea of justice. It is as thinking beings that we know justice and injustice. God, who thinks infinitely, must be infinitely just. This doctrine seems to be a cry of nature to which all the ancient nations listened. There are amongst all nations who use their reason universal opinions which seem to be imprinted by the master of our hearts. Such is the persuasion of the existence of a God and of his merciful justice, such are the first principles of morality common to the Chinese, to the Indians, and to the Romans, which have never varied though our globe has been upset a thousand times."

In order to bring this remarkable quotation within limits, we have been obliged to omit a good many side hits at the Jews for not having amongst them the doctrine of a future life, which interfere with the main argument ; but the quotation itself gives in a short compass what every page of Voltaire's works shows to have been his sincere belief.

It is difficult, for obvious reasons, to give any equally emphatic specimen of the negative side of Voltaire's speculations, but the following passage sums up his theory of Christianity shortly, and in a manner which, considering the nature of the subject, is perhaps not needlessly offensive. It occurs in a dialogue called *Le Diner du Comte Boulainvilliers* :

" The most probable inference, from the chaos of histories of Jesus written against him by the Jews, and in his favor by the Christians, is that he was a well-meaning Jew who wished to get influence with the people like the founders of the Rechabites, the Essenes, the Sadducees, the Pharisees, the Judaïtes, the Herodians, the Joannists, the Therapeutæ, and so many other single sects set up in Syria, which was the country of fanaticism. It is probable that, like all those who chose to be the heads of sects, he got some women on his side, that several indiscreet discourses against the magistrates escaped him, and that he was cruelly put to death. Whether he was condemned in the reign of Herod the Great, as the

Talmudists say, or under Herod the Tetrarch, as some of the gospels say, is of very little importance. It is certain that his disciples were very obscure till they had met some platonists in Alexandria who supported the dreams of the Galilæans by the dreams of Plato. The common people of those days were mad about demons, evil spirits, obsessions, possessions, and magic, like savages at the present day. Nearly all illnesses were possessions of bad spirits. The Jews from time immemorial had thought of casting out devils with the root barath put under the nose of the sick, and by certain words attributed to Solomon. Tobit drove away devils by the smell of a broiled fish. This was the origin of the miracles of which the Galilæans boasted.

"The Gentiles were fanatical enough to agree that the Galilæans could work these fine miracles, for they thought they could do so themselves. They believed in magic, like the disciples of Jesus. If a certain number of rich people recovered by natural causes, they were sure to declare that they had been cured of the headache by enchantment. They said to the Christians, You have fine secrets and so have we; you cure by words, so do we; you have no advantage over us.

"But when the Galilæans, having formed a numerous populace, began to preach against the religion of the state; when, after having demanded toleration, they ventured to be intolerant; when they wished to raise their new fanaticism on the ruins of the old fanaticism, then the priests and the Roman magistrates were horrified at them; then they suppressed their audacity. What did the Galilæans do? They forged, as we have seen, a thousand works in their favor; from being dupes they became cheats, they became forgers, they defended themselves by the most unworthy frauds, not being able to employ other arms, until the time when Constantine, who was made emperor by their money, set their religion on the throne. Then the wretches became sanguinary. I venture to say that, from the Council of Nice to the sedition of the Cevennes, not a single year has passed in which Christianity has not shed blood."

This extract, short as it is, contains the pith of Voltaire's theory of the history of Christianity. As he says, in another part of the same dialogue, "*L'enthousiasme commence, la fourberie achève. Il en est de la religion comme du jeu. On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon.*" It must not be supposed that this general trenchant theory is unsustained by argument. On the contrary, there are to be found in various parts of Voltaire's writings most

of the destructive arguments of the modern antagonists of Christianity. The works both of Strauss and Renan assume to a considerable extent that Voltaire and other writers on the same side in the eighteenth century got the best of the controversy in which they were engaged to the extent, at all events, of disproving the truth of the gospel history. It is needless to describe his arguments at length. They were the standard arguments which always have been and always will be raised against the Bible, and which always have been and always will be encountered by much the same replies. Nothing is more remarkable in religious controversy than the fact that arguments which can scarcely be distinguished from each other appear to produce a totally different effect, and to have a totally different degree of persuasive power in different ages of the world. There is, however, undoubtedly a progress of opinion by which an estimate of the result of controversies comes gradually to be formed amongst competent judges; and after reading volume after volume of objection and reply, all directed to the same points, it is difficult not to indulge a hope, which experience warrants rather better than it may seem to do at first sight, that at last some definite result may be reached, some permanent estimate may be formed of the real value of common arguments for and against the topics on which men dispute so fiercely. Be this how it may, it is not our intention to say anything on the merits of this momentous controversy, though we may observe in passing that, wherever the truth may lie, and whatever may be the real importance of Voltaire's objections to Christianity, no one in these days can accept as true his account of its origin and establishment. Nothing but passionate personal hatred could have induced him to regard such an explanation as the one quoted above as anything approaching to a competent explanation of the facts. That Christianity produced an immense moral change in the world, that this change was in the main at least an unspeakable blessing to mankind, and that the same is true not only of the morals, and generally speaking of the dogmatic system of Christianity, but also of its ecclesiastical institutions, are prop-

ositions which no one in these days would deny, and least of all those who agree most heartily in Voltaire's negative results.

II.—VOLTAIRE'S STYLE.

In substance, Voltaire's charges against Christianity are indetical with those which have been preferred by many other writers, but the style of the attack was peculiarly his own, and has had more to do with the reputation of the attack itself, and with the effect produced by it, than any other circumstance connected with it. Its most striking peculiarity, and that which immediately presents itself to the mind of every one who has even the slightest and most transient acquaintance with Voltaire, is its audacious wit. The "scoffs" of Voltaire have passed into a sort of proverb. It would be impossible to say how far he really deserved the infamy with which he has usually been almost overwhelmed on this subject, without going at length into the substantial merits of the controversy. It is impossible to criticise him fairly on the supposition that he was altogether wrong in the general views of which he made himself the advocate. It is, indeed, often said, that even if he was right, either on the whole, or at all events in a considerable degree, it was nevertheless a grave offence against common decency, and the ordinary and most sacred feelings of mankind, to discuss such subjects in such a tone. There is a good deal to be said upon this. In the first place, if he was right at all, he was right not merely in renouncing but in hating Christianity, and in seeking by the most effectual practical means to destroy its influence. This was the gist of his anti-Christian writings, and it cannot be doubted, that if a doctrine is false, pernicious, and ridiculous in itself, no mode of attack can be so powerful as that of showing it in its true colors. Ridicule is not an unfailing test of truth, but many things are ridiculous, simply because they are not only false, but absurdly false. In so far, then, as Voltaire's ridicule embodied and pointed

his arguments, in so far as it was substantially no more than a way of contending that the doctrines which he attacked were incoherent, incredible, and absurd, the charge which ought to be brought against him is that of mistaking the object of his attack, not that of attacking in a wrong way. In other words, he is to blame, not for ridiculing what he did not believe, but for not believing what he ought to have believed. As an instance in which the ridicule embodies a powerful argument we may take a short extract, made as inoffensive as is consistent with showing what we mean, from a strange farce called *Saul and David*, which is printed amongst Voltaire's works, and to which he alludes several times in his correspondence. In two cases he repudiates it with indignation, though in each case he grounds his repudiation on his fear of the consequences of being regarded as the author, but he refers to it twice in his letters to Madame du Deffant (October 11, 1763, and August 7, 1769) with a sort of complacency which amounts to a half admission. The death-bed of David is thus described :

David. Ma dernière heure arrive ; il faut faire mon testament et pardonner en bon Juif à tous mes ennemis. Salomon, je vous fais roi juif, souvenez-vous d'être clément et doux ; ne manquez pas, dès que j'aurai les yeux fermés, d'assassiner mon fils Adonias, quand même il embrasserait les cornes de l'autel.

Salomon. Quelle sagesse ! quelle bonté d'âme ! Mon père, je n'y manquerai pas sur ma parole.

David. Voyez-vous ce Joab qui m'a servi dans mes guerres, et à qui je dois ma couronne ? Je vous prie au nom du Seigneur de le faire assassiner aussi, car il a mis du sang dans mes souliers.

Joab. Comment, monstre ! je t'étranglerai de mes mains ; va, va, je ferai bien casser ton testament, et ton Salomon verra quel homme je suis.

Salomon. Est-ce tout, mon chère père ? n'avez-vous plus personne à expédier ?

David. J'ai la mémoire mauvaise : attendez ; il y a encore un certain Seméi qui m'a dit autrefois des sottises ; nous nous raccommodâmes ; je lui jurai par le Dieu vivant que je lui pardonnerais ; il m'a très-bien servi, il est de mon conseil prive ; vous êtes sage, ne manquez pas de le faire tuer en traître.

Salomon. Votre, volonté sera exécutée mon cher père.

David. Va, tu seras le plus sage des rois, et le Seigneur te donnera mille femmes pour récompense. Je me meurs! Que je t'embrasse encore! Adieu.

The point about Adonijah is calumnious, for it does not appear from the Old Testament that David had anything to do with his murder, and the point about Shimei is exaggerated. Moreover the logical importance of proving that David died in the commission of the most hideous crimes may be contested. If, however, any one wants to be convinced of that fact, it can hardly be doubted that this performance of Voltaire's is calculated to impress it upon him in a manner not likely to be forgotten. By simply repeating in modern language a story to which we had been accustomed in its archaic dress, its moral character is shown more emphatically than it could be by any quantity of argument. A similar criticism may be made on the whole of *Candide*. It is not, of course, an answer to Leibnitz, but it is a most effectual way of showing that, if true, Leibnitz's theory is of as little practical importance as the question of the existence of matter. You add nothing to our knowledge, and take nothing from our perplexities, by telling us that the world which we see is the best of all possible worlds. Whether I am to complain of the world, or to complain of the nature of things, and the limits of possibility which prevent the world from being any better than it actually is, is in reality a mere question of words, which may be decided by the taste of the person who uses them.

Another observation, which will apply to a good deal of Voltaire's wit, and will more or less excuse a considerable part of it, is that he was obviously one of that very small class of men who are honestly afraid of their own sensibility. He could not persuade himself that he really did believe in anything till he had divested it of every artificial attraction whatever, and reduced it to the very driest, hardest, and most naked residuum to which it was capable of being reduced. Most men like their beliefs, especially upon subjects which concern the strongest and deepest feelings of their nature, to be tenderly used. They do not like to throw their religion, their love, or their enthusiasm, of whatever kind, into dry

and harsh forms of speech. They prefer that it should be more or less veiled and invested with the charms of mystery. This is utterly repugnant to the feelings of a different class of minds. There are men in whom the intellect is so much more vigorously developed than the other parts of their nature, and who nevertheless feel what they do feel so deeply, that they cannot trust their own sincerity as to any opinion which they may hold, unless and until they have tried the experiment of reducing it to the barest and least attractive shape, and have ascertained that even in that shape it still appears to them to be true. Something of this temper is to be perceived in several of the great writers of the eighteenth century. Butler, for instance, appears to be continually afraid of being led away by his feelings, and accordingly he never or hardly ever gives full swing to them, or allows himself to express his views unreservedly. No one shows this tendency in so marked a form as Voltaire. He carried it to an extent which has surrounded his name, in the estimation of the great mass of mankind, with what approaches to infamy.

After making whatever allowances are due on these heads, it must be owned that a great part of Voltaire's writings are calculated to excite a feeling of disgust, even in those who are not easily shocked. His love for laughter, of whatever kind, and on whatever subjects, sometimes assumes the character of a St. Vitus's dance. He jokes as if he could not help it. For instance, the essay called *Il faut prendre un Parti*, great part of which is written in the most serious tone, begins and ends with buffoonery. This is the beginning of it:

Ce n'est pas entre la Russie et la Turquie qu'il s'agit de prendre un parti; car ces deux États feront la paix tôt ou tard sans que je m'en mêle. . . . Je ne prendrai point parti entre les anciens parlements de France et les nouveaux, parce que dans peu d'années il n'en sera plus question, ni entre les anciens et les modernes, parce que ce procès est interminable; . . . ni entre les opéras bouffons français et les italiens, parce que c'est une affaire de fantaisie. Il ne s'agit ici que d'une petite bagatelle, de savoir s'il y a un Dieu; et c'est ce que je vais examiner très-sérieusement et de très-bonne foi, car cela m'intéresse et vous aussi.

The greater part of the discussion which

follows, and which is not long, is quiet and decent enough; but at the close of it a variety of different characters—an Atheist, a Pagan, a Manichee, a Jew, a Turk, and a Deist—are introduced, each of whom delivers a more or less burlesque oration. At last a citizen exhorts them all to live in peace, in a speech of which the following few lines are a favorable specimen:

Nous exhortons les primitifs nommés quakers à marier leurs fils aux filles des théistes nommés sociniens, attendu que ces demoiselles étant presque toutes filles des prêtres, sont très-pauvres. Non-seulement ce sera une fort bonne action devant Dieu et devant les hommes, mais ces mariages produiront une nouvelle race qui, représentant les premiers temps de l'église chrétienne, sera très-utile au genre humain.

This is singularly poor fun, considered merely as fun, and it is impossible to say that it either embodies any argument, good or bad, or that it can be regarded as in any way whatever a test of truth. It is mere impertinence, and has no other tendency than one as bad as Voltaire's most severe critics can assign to it. His writings are full of this indecency, and there can hardly be two opinions about its character, intellectual and moral. In some of his writings, however, his characteristic tendency to laugh on every possible occasion takes a far more unpleasant form than that of unseasonable impertinence. He is often, as in the *Pucelle*, exceedingly dirty, without any sort of excuse. At times he falls even a step lower. A certain number of his speculations may be charged with that specially revolting form of indecency in which it appears to be the author's object to disgust his readers by throwing in their faces every fact which common decency leads men to keep in the background. Though he is not so foul as Swift, there is still much in Voltaire which recalls Swift's ferocious obscenity. For obvious reasons it is impossible to illustrate this tendency; but we may observe that, whenever he has occasion to discuss the nature of the soul, Voltaire dwells on the difficulty of assigning the moment when it can first be said to exist, in a manner which is positively loathsome, especially when it pleases him to set it off with a grin, as it often does. If, however, it is permitted to give an opin-

ion on the style of Voltaire's polemics as a whole, and apart from their inexcusable faults and blemishes, we should be inclined to think that there is in the present day more risk of underrating than of overrating his powers of thought. He has been so long held up to execration as a scoffer and a blasphemer that people are a little apt to forget how very large a portion of the opinions which they hold universally and almost unconsciously were in his time startling novelties, advanced in the teeth of the most vehement opposition. Since Voltaire's time, and to a great extent under the influence of the movement in which he took the most prominent part, the position of Christianity in the world has greatly changed. The Christianity which we know is a very different thing, and occupies a very different position in human affairs, from the Christianity which he attacked. We are in the habit of regarding Christianity as a religion, a system of belief and a form of worship adopted freely by those who like it because they like it, and as far as they like it. The object of his hatred was a form of government punishing all who opposed it, forbidding the expression of any opinions hostile to itself, and asserting the right to rule over and control all collateral exertions of the intellect. The practical difference between the two things is enormous; but the more modern conception is so familiar to us that we are apt to forget the immense importance of the change which has occurred since Voltaire's time, and to underrate the importance of the part which he took in bringing it about. The established official theory throughout the greater part of Europe, and especially in France, with regard to Christianity, was, in Voltaire's day, that theology was the Queen of the Sciences, and the very foundation of the whole social system on which all legitimate power was founded, and by which all human knowledge and speculation was to be measured and controlled. It was against this claim that Voltaire so energetically rebelled, and it can hardly be denied in good faith that he made good his case, and that though he certainly did not succeed in exploding Christianity as an opinion, or in giving a satisfactory account of it from a philosophical or historical point of view, he

did succeed in reducing it to the position of a congeries of analogous systems of opinions, any or all of which may be held within the circle of lay life, but none of which can claim to be its foundation and sovereign. The difference between the condition of things in which human society is regarded as consisting of many states in one church, and that in which it is regarded as consisting of many states comprising many churches, is enormous. It constitutes nearly the whole difference between the mediæval and the modern world, and may be expressed by saying that in the one case the Church, and in the other the State, are substantive and adjective respectively. The change from the one condition to the other was no doubt gradual and partial, but Voltaire did more than any single man to bring it about in his own time and country. There is now no part of Europe in which the ecclesiastical view of things and the political power of the clergy is in any degree comparable to what it was a hundred years ago. The consideration of what Voltaire did in this matter is the best introduction to the consideration of what he failed to do. He failed altogether to destroy Christianity as a system of belief, and indeed the exaggerated violence and mistaken mode of attack which he adopted did a good deal toward causing that powerful reaction in its favor which is still in full progress. The tacit verdict upon the whole subject of a very large section of those whom he addressed, may be described as being somewhat to the following effect:—You have succeeded amply in showing us that no theological system is so true that it can properly be made the basis of lay government. You have also succeeded in bringing out, in a form which, if exaggerated, is certainly forcible and pointed in the highest degree, the standing objections to all theology, and this has had the effect of lowering the tone of all theologians, and of reducing by many degrees, not the fervor of religious feeling, but the distinctness, the force, and the systematic character of religious belief, especially amongst the more cultivated sections of European society, but you have by no means disposed of religion. Your account of Christianity is altogether incredible, besides being

obviously as one-sided, as unfair, and in many respects as inaccurate as any account of it from the opposite point of view can be. On the whole the result is that, though you and others like you have brought about a change in the religious atmosphere of the world, you have left its religious belief unaltered, though weaker. The specific doctrines remain pretty much where they were, though the force of the objections to the whole system, the existence of which to some extent has been always admitted by all thinking men, has been increased.

One of the most remarkable effects of Voltaire's influence upon the course of theological thought since his time is to be found in the immense impulse which the reaction against him has given to the defence of Christianity on historical and emotional grounds. Although history was in some respects Voltaire's forte, and although the *Essay sur les Mœurs* and the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* are in some respects the best of his works, there can be no doubt that the historical side of his polemical writings is their weakest side. Many things may be said about Christianity, but it is perfectly obvious that as a mere question of history he has not spoken of it with any tolerable recognition of the advantages which it has bestowed on mankind. The principal, it might almost be said the only, fact upon which he insists in relation to its history is the supposed fact that it was the cruel oppressor of the human race, the persecutor of all who dissented from it. This is so false that it is hardly worth while to insist upon its falsehood. Christianity in his day had been the ruling moral power in this part of the world for about fourteen hundred years, and although it is perfectly true that in the course of that long history many crimes had been committed in connection with the Christian religion, nothing can be more false than the assertion which he continually makes that hardly a year had passed in the whole of that time in which Christianity had not shed blood. Let every one, for instance, look at the history of England from the time when Christianity was first introduced into it till our own times. We have had our full share of bloodshed, but very little of it had much to do with Christianity. Nothing can be more irrational

and unphilosophical than to set down to the charge of religion every convulsion in which religious questions were indirectly brought into prominence. The wars of the roses caused more bloodshed than was ever caused in this country by religion. The religious element in the civil wars of the seventeenth century was only one element of many, and the atrocious ferocity of which the Irish were alternately the victims and the perpetrators had more to do with the antagonism between a stronger and a weaker race than with the controversy between rival creeds. It is, moreover, perfectly obvious to every competent observer that to treat religious controversies with the contempt which Voltaire on all occasions displayed for them is merely to display ignorance and shallowness. Mankind feel the deepest interest in religious controversy, because no subject possesses greater or more legitimate interest for them. It is no doubt true that by mixing up philosophy and religion it often happens that a verbal puzzle is turned into a symbol and battle-cry. But the thing signified may be none the less important because the symbol itself is a barely intelligible subtlety.

To develop these and several other lines of thought which have now become almost commonplaces was the most natural and obvious way of answering Voltaire, and much of the historical speculation of the last century has shown the traces of the general desire to do so. De Maistre was perhaps the first conspicuous protester against his views, and by far the most successful parts of his works are those in which he argues against the thin, shallow, unsympathizing view of history which was the natural and almost necessary companion of Voltaire's theology and philosophy. Later efforts in the same direction are too well known to require notice, for it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the distinctive peculiarity of historical research in our own century has been the continual effort to enter into and sympathize with the thoughts and feelings, and especially the religious thoughts and feelings, of past ages of the world. Voltaire's persistent determination to set aside and to trample upon the mystical emotional side of religion, for this is the true object and meaning of a great pro-

portion of his language on such topics, has no doubt had a great deal to do with the revival of that side of Christianity of which we have seen so much, and are to see so much more. He has been regarded as a man morally and spiritually blind, because he viewed as no better than so many delusions things which others declared themselves to be able to see. Hardly anything can convey a stronger lesson of the effects of heaping ridicule upon what is usually regarded as sacred than the result of Voltaire's attacks on Christian mysticism. The practical effect of his ridicule has been rather to diminish than to increase the weight of his arguments, except with those who were on his side, apart from them. If he had been calmer and graver, and if he had realized what, as a fact, is the weight and value of religious feelings, and allowed for their existence whilst he denied that they ought to exist, or were founded on a true perception of facts, his influence would have been much greater in the long run. The late Mr. Cecil, if we are not mistaken, used to say, in reference partly to Voltaire and partly to Gibbon, that the last and most terrible device of Satan, would be the raising up of a really fair and candid antagonist to Christianity, who would state without ridicule or exaggeration the real objections to it. There was a great deal of truth, though it was very oddly expressed, in this curious remark.

There is one point in Voltaire's religious speculations which is frequently overlooked, but which is not the less important on that account, as it ought in fairness to be owned that a great deal of his influence is due to it. We refer to the genuine, though rather querulous, tone of piety which continually displays itself in various parts of his voluminous speculations, notwithstanding their waywardness, levity, and occasional buffoonery. To be resigned to the will of God is no doubt a great thing, but some degree of faith in the existence and in the goodness of God is shown by feeling aggrieved and injured, as well as merely pained, at the misfortunes of life. Voltaire did, at all events, believe in his Maker enough to feel morally shocked by the miseries of mankind. There is something for instance, in his famous poem on the earthquake at Lisbon very

like those parts of the Psalms which protest against the miseries of the righteous and the prosperity of the wicked. There is true piety in the following noble lines :

C'est l'orgueil, dites-vous, l'orgueil séditieux,
Qui prétend qu'étant mal nous pourrions être mieux.

Je désire humblement, sans offenser mon maître,
Que ce gouffre enflammé de soufre et de salpêtre
Eût allumé ses feux dans le fond des déserts.
Je respecte mon Dieu, mais j'aime l'univers ;
Quand l'homme ose gémir d'un fléau si terrible,
Il n'est point orgueilleux, hélas ! il est sensible.

Non, ne me présentez plus à mon cœur agité
Ces immuables lois de la nécessité,
Cette chaîne des corps, des esprits, et des mondes.
O rêves des savans, ô chimères profondes !
Dieu tient en main la chaîne et n'est point enchaîné ;
Par son choix bienfaisant tout est déterminé ;
Il est libre, il est juste, il n'est point implacable.
Pourquoi donc souffrons-nous sous un maître équitable ?

Voilà le nœud fatal qu'il fallait délier,
Guérez-vous nos maux en osant les nier ?
Ou l'homme est né coupable et l'on punit sa race,
Ou ce maître absolu de l'être et de l'espace,
Sans courroux, sans pitié, tranquille, indifférent,
De ses premiers décrets suit l'éternel torrent ;
Ou la matière informe à son maître rebelle
Porte en soi des défauts nécessaires comme elle,
Ou bien Dieu nous éprouve et ce séjour mortel
N'est qu'un passage étroit vers un monde éternel.
Nous essayons ici des douleurs passagères,
Le trépas est un bien qui finit nos misères,
Mais quand nous sortirons de ce passage affreux
Qui de nous prétendra mériter d'être heureux ?
Quelque parti qu'on prenne on doit frémir sans doute ;
Il n'est rien qu'on connaisse, et rien qu'on ne redoute.

La nature est muette, on l'interroge en vain ;
On a besoin d'un Dieu qui parle au genre humain ;
Il n'appartient qu'à lui d'expliquer son ouvrage,
De consoler le faible et d'éclairer le sage.

UN JOUR TOUT SERA BIEN, voilà notre espérance :
TOUT EST BIEN AUJOURD'HUI, voilà l'illusion ;
Les sages me trompaient et Dieu seul a raison.
Humble dans mes soupirs, soumis dans ma souffrance,

Je ne m'élève point contre la Providence.
Sur un ton moins lugubre on me vit autrefois
Chanter des doux plaisirs les séduisantes lois.
D'autres temps d'autres mœurs ; instruit par la vieillesse,
Des humains égarés partageant la faiblesse,
Dans une épaisse nuit cherchant à m'éclairer,
Je ne sais que souffrir et non pas murmurer.

On reading such lines as these, with the conviction of their entire sincerity, it is difficult not to remember that the bitter complaints and eager remonstrances of Job were more genuine, more pious, and more acceptable than the orthodox theodicies of his pious friends. With all

his faults, there was a true vein of piety in the man who could write the lines we have quoted, and with them we will conclude our observations on Voltaire's style.

III.—VOLTAIRE AS A MORALIST.

The interest of Voltaire's theological speculations, and the character of the attack he made on Christianity, depend, to a very great extent—it would be hardly too much to say that they depend principally—on the ethical conclusions which are attached to them ; for though it is undoubtedly true that religion and morality may be divorced, and that it is possible to conceive of forms of worship altogether unrelated to morals, yet the great interest of theological speculation in our own age of the world lies in its bearing, real or supposed, upon morality. The great charge always preferred against infidelity, both in the last century and in our own times, is its connection with immorality. Nothing can be more interesting than to consider calmly, and as impartially as may be, the question how far this charge was well founded. It would require much boldness of assertion to profess to be acquainted with all Voltaire's utterances upon any important subject. He treated almost everything which he had occasion to deal with at all under almost every form ; but the following are the part of his works from which our notions of his views as to the theory of ethics are taken :—*Traité de Métaphysique*, ch. viii. and ix. ; *Le Philosophe Ignorant*, xxxi.—xlvi. ; several of his Dialogues, in particular Dialogue viii. of the volume of Dialogues, and Dialogues iii. iv. xi. and xiii. of the series called *L'A, B, C* ; several articles in the *Philosophical Dictionary* ; and, amongst the poems, the *Discours en vers sur l'Homme* and the *Poème sur la Loi Naturelle*. Besides this, every part of his writings is full of moral reflections of different kinds, which are almost always based substantially on the same principles.

The first observation which suggests itself upon these writings is that Voltaire never appears to have treated the subject of morality at length, or with anything like a full appreciation of its various

difficulties and intricacies. It was a sort of necessity of his nature to be provided, on all the subjects which principally interested him, with a theory which admitted of being stated in a short, striking, and emphatic form; but it was not his way to think out in a systematic manner difficult and intricate subjects. The longest exposition of his ethical views which we have met with is to be found in the *Philosophe Ignorant*, which was written late in life; but there is also a pretty full statement of them in the latter part of the *Traité de Métaphysique*, written many years before, though not published in his lifetime. We will begin with the latter. It forms the conclusion of a short treatise on metaphysics, which Voltaire always treats as including theology and ethics. His theory, as stated in this place, is that man is not merely sociable, like other animals, but also naturally benevolent to a certain extent. His benevolence, however, would not be a sufficient foundation for society on any considerable scale. "Pride is the principal instrument with which this fine edifice of society has been built;" and he proceeds to point out, exactly in the spirit and almost in the words of Mandeville, how pride was the great spur by which men were prompted to make sacrifices for the common good:

Il ne fut pas difficile de leur persuader que s'ils faisaient pour le bien commun de la société quelque chose qui leur coûtait un peu de leur bien-être, leur orgueil en serait amplement dédommagé. . . . On distingua donc de bonne heure les hommes en deux classes; la première les hommes divins qui sacrifient leur amour propre au bien public; la seconde les misérables qui n'aiment qu'eux-mêmes; tout le monde voulut et veut être encore de la première classe, quoique tout le monde soit dans le fond du cœur de la seconde.

Envy was necessary to reënforce pride, and did so effectually. Such are the great working forces of all society. In order that society might get on at all some kind of laws were necessary, just as all games imply rules. The laws varied in various places; but everywhere those who obeyed them were called virtuous, those who disobeyed, vicious:

Therefore [he concludes], virtue and vice, moral good and moral evil, are in every country that which is useful or injurious to society;

and in all times and places he who sacrifices most to the public will be called the most virtuous. It appears then that good actions are only actions which are advantageous to us, and crimes actions which injure us. Virtue is the habit of doing things which please men, and vice the habit of doing things which displease them.

The things which please one man displease another, still—

God has given man certain sentiments of which he can never rid himself, and which are the eternal bonds and first laws of the society in which he foresaw men would live.

Thus adultery and other sexual crimes are permitted in many nations,

but you will not find one in which it is permitted to break one's word, for society can subsist between adulterers, but not between people who pride themselves on deceiving each other.

To ask whether vice and virtue are purely relative to mankind is as absurd as to ask whether heat and cold, bitter and sweet, are relative to mankind. Moral good and evil are relative to us as much as pain and pleasure. God has not carried his views for men beyond the point of providing them with instincts and passions the play of which would form society. He has established no laws at all and no morality. Laws and morals are human devices for human convenience. If any one says, "My happiness consists in preying on society, in killing, robbing, or libelling, and therefore on your theory I can do as I please,"

Je n'ai autre chose à dire à ces gens-là sinon que probablement ils seront pendus.

It is highly probable that the crimes committed here on earth in no way interest the Deity. "God has put men and animals on the earth, and it is for them to conduct themselves as well as they can. Woe betide the flies which fall into the spiders' webs!" It is much to be wished that God had given men positive laws, but as this is not the case we must do as well as we can; and if any one will "abandon himself unreservedly to the fury of his unbridled desires," we must rely on law and public opinion, on his own pride which cannot bear general contempt, and "is perhaps the greatest check which nature has laid on human injustice," and, above all, "on the uni-

versal sentiment called honor, of which the most corrupt cannot rid themselves, and which is the pivot of society," to keep him in order. In his later works on the same subject, and especially in the *Philosophe Ignorant*, he dwells rather on the universality of morality than on the other topics just mentioned. He goes to the edge of saying that morality is innate and instinctive:

La notion de quelque chose de juste me semble si naturelle, si universellement acquise par tous les hommes, qu'elle est indépendante de toute loi, de tout parti, de toute religion. . . . L'idée de justice me paraît tellement une vérité du premier ordre à laquelle tout l'univers donne son assentiment que les plus grands crimes qui affligent la société humaine sont tous commis sous un faux prétexte de justice.

He further says:

Je crois que les idées du juste et de l'injuste sont aussi claires, aussi universelles que les idées de santé et de maladie, de vérité et de fausseté, de convenances et de disconvenance.

It is difficult, no doubt, to define the limits of what is and what is not just, yet the things themselves are perfectly distinct and clear. "Ce sont des nuances qui se mêlent, mais les couleurs tranchantes frappent tous les yeux." So decided was Voltaire on this point that he went to the length (a very unusual length with him) of contradicting Locke upon it. Locke dwells, and certainly with some exaggeration, on the moral differences between different nations and ages, in order to attack the notion that we have innate practical principles of a moral kind. Voltaire argues that we have no innate practical principles, but he says:

Au lieu de ces idées innées chimériques, Dieu nous a donné une raison qui se fortifie avec l'âge, et qui nous apprend à tous quand nous sommes attentifs, sans passion, sans préjugé, qu'il y a un Dieu, et qu'il faut être juste.

From Locke he passes to Hobbes, and observes:

C'est en vain que tu étonnes tes lecteurs en réussissant presque à leur prouver qu'il n'y a aucune loi dans le monde que des lois de convention; qu'il n'y a de juste et d'injuste que ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler tel dans un pays.

It would, he says, be as unjust to murder a man in a desert island as to mur-

der him in England. He charges Hobbes with confounding power and right, and concludes—

Quiconque étudie la morale doit commencer à réfuter ton livre dans ton cœur; mais ton propre cœur te réfutait encore davantage; car tu fus vertueux ainsi que Spinoza, &c.

Voltaire, as we have already observed, refers to ethical questions in other parts of his works, but, so far as we are aware, the passages just quoted give a fair view of his most characteristic opinions upon them, and there would be little use in adding to their number. The poem *Sur la Loi Naturelle* is to precisely the same effect as the passages in the *Philosophe Ignorant*, though it brings forward the fact of conscience somewhat more fully. The poem called *Discours en vers sur l'Homme*, which challenges comparison with Pope's *Essay on Man*, and appears to us much inferior to it, concludes with a prolonged denunciation of asceticism which does not occur in the extracts already given; and the Dialogues only put Voltaire's own views into the mouths of various interlocutors—a conventional savage, for instance, who states them to a theologian as if they were obvious first truths transparent to every unsophisticated mind, and a certain Englishman (A) who was the leading personage in the Dialogues called *L'A, B, C*. It must, however, be observed, that the theory to be met with in the *Traité de Métaphysique*, which, as we said, considerably resembles Mandeville in part, though not in its full extent, would seem to have made far less impression on Voltaire, and to have occupied a much less important place in his mind, than the theory of the immutability and universality of morality which is developed in the *Philosophe Ignorant*, and which he never misses an opportunity of stating in various forms and on all possible occasions.

Ethical speculations may generally be tested by seeing how far they answer the three questions—What is the nature of the distinction between moral good and evil? How are particular people in particular cases to know the one from the other? Why should men do good and not evil? Tried by this test we do not think highly of Voltaire's moral speculations, for he does

not give a satisfactory answer to any one of these questions, nor, as it appears to us, does he in the least degree appreciate the great difficulties with which each is encumbered; yet there can be no doubt that he ought to have had clear and satisfactory views upon each of them, as the whole gist and point of his attack on all established forms of religion was that they were immoral. To take these questions in turn. In what does the difference between moral good and moral evil consist? They are, we are told, entirely relative to men. Moral good is that which pleases men, moral evil that which displeases them; virtue is the habit of acting in such a way as to please, and vice the habit of acting in such a way as to displease, them. This may be, and perhaps is, no more than a way of stating the well-known Benthamite proposition about the greatest happiness of the greatest number, though it is not an accurate way of stating it; but if this is what Voltaire meant—and indeed upon any hypothesis as to his meaning—it is very difficult to reconcile such a view with the answer which he gives to the second of the three questions suggested above, How am I to know what is right? Upon this point he says, over and over again, you are to know by the unanimous consent of mankind, all of whom attach to moral obligations the same meaning and the same importance. Surely no one will assert that all mankind know what courses of conduct will promote the general happiness of mankind, but whoever tries to combine the Benthamite conception of the nature of morality with the doctrine that positive morality—that is to say, moral rules in fact accepted as such—are universal notwithstanding superficial variations, must maintain this theory. Utilitarianism does not in terms contradict the theory of a universal instinctive agreement of all mankind on moral subjects. It is imaginable that all men might instinctively know what courses of conduct would promote the general happiness of the race, just as it is imaginable that they might instinctively know the differential calculus, but in fact there is as little evidence in favor of the one as there is in favor of the other proposition.

It would be unjust to Voltaire to sup-

pose that this had not struck him. It seems, indeed, that he did appreciate the difficulty which we have pointed out more or less confusedly, and he tried to avoid it by a device which, when examined, appears altogether ineffectual for this purpose. As we have seen, he divides morality into two parts, of which one is universal, whilst the other changes indefinitely at different times and places; almost all positive rules on particular subjects—such, *e.g.*, as the rules which regulate the relation of the sexes—belonging to the variable, and those which enjoin justice or truth in general terms belonging to the constant part, and these general rules, he observes, are far the more important of the two.

To us this appears very like saying that though all the parts of two systems of morality are different, the wholes which are made up of those parts are identical. Justice, in the wide sense of the word in which he generally uses it, cannot be better defined than in the famous words of the Roman law. It is "*constans et perpetua voluntas suum cuique tribuendi.*" And its leading maxims are "*honeste vivere, alium non lædere, suum cuique tribuere.*" Now, if it be true, as Voltaire says, that different nations at different times have different views as to what constitutes an honorable way of life or injury to another, and as to what is one's own property, it will follow that they mean different things by the word justice, which is only a collective name for the habit of practising all the virtues in question. If the matter is fully considered, it will appear, we think, that it is not true that any general system of morality is universally recognized amongst men at all times and in all places, but that, on the contrary, every age and country has its own system or systems, differing it may be slightly from each other in practice, but nevertheless constructed upon principles between which there is and always will be a small and irreconcilable discrepancy. For instance, the practical rules which flow from the ascetic and from the social ideal of human life do not in common cases differ very widely in practice; but the color, so to speak, of the systems is different, and this will be perceived by every one who is at all accustomed to take a broad view of

them. We think that Voltaire greatly underrated the importance of these differences, and that the fact that he did so was one of several reasons which prevented him from appreciating fairly the nature and degree of the resemblances which exist between the moralities of different times and places.

As to the third great branch of morality, the question of sanctions, Voltaire is thoroughly unsatisfactory; he is, indeed, even more unsatisfactory than is usual with writers of his way of thinking. The question of sanctions is the great difficulty of every one who speculates on morality from the purely secular point of view, which, by the way, Voltaire did not. He says in so many words that he cannot answer the question, Why, if I can keep within the law, should I not be a villain if I please? Bentham avoids the question, though he contributes something to its solution by classifying the sanctions which are capable of being applied to human conduct. Mr. Mill treats it as being a difficulty which applies to all systems alike, which it no doubt is; and Comte and his disciples, as far as we understand their views, fall more or less into the elephant and tortoise difficulty. Appropriate education and other influences are to erect a new spiritual power, which is to wield almost immeasurable moral power over men's minds. In other words, people are gradually to become good by the power of teaching. Yes, but suppose they will not? Under the mask of gayety Voltaire answers this question in the lamest possible way. "Je n'ai autre chose à dire à ces gens-là" —the determined and avowed bad man "sinon que probablement ils seront pendus." He must surely have felt, when he wrote it, that this was not true, and not in the smallest degree like the truth. Make criminal law so severe as to hang every one who systematically follows his own private interests, and systematically ignores the interests of all the rest of the world, and you would turn the world into one vast place of execution. Law proper is of very subordinate importance, and of necessarily diminishing importance as a moralizing agent. It can only restrain people from gross and stupid offences which no bad man of the least ingenuity would ever desire to

commit. Admitting then that he answers that infinitesimally small minority of wicked men who cannot prey upon society without cutting throats, picking pockets, and forging bills of exchange, Voltaire by his own admission has nothing whatever to say to the man who says, "I shall make my own enjoyment the one object of my life; I shall gratify every passion I feel without the faintest regard for my neighbor's interests, and I shall violate every law human and divine, and every principle of morality, whenever I think that the advantage to be gained by doing so is not counterbalanced by the danger of punishment." It must be owned that this is a considerable and most important gap in the moral theories of a man who regarded himself, and not by any means unjustly, as the principal leader of a moral and religious revolution.

It is true that he makes a sort of attempt to provide a substitute for the penal sanctions of morality by reference to what he regards as the reasons why men are moral in fact—namely, pride, and the fear of contempt. In this he repeats the unsatisfactory paradoxes of Mandeville, which probably never satisfied any one, and which it would appear, did not continue to satisfy Voltaire himself. In the latter part of his life he appears to have inclined rather to the view of morality which regards all moral questions of importance as clear in themselves, and which looks upon the conscientious sanction as the real reason for being moral. This is a far more amiable frame of mind than the one which displays itself in the *Traité de Métaphysique*, but it is not an intellectually complete or strong one. *Quis custodiet?* What is the guarantee of conscience? Such as it is, this view is vigorously stated in the poem called *La Loi Naturelle*, which was published together with the one on the earthquake at Lisbon. The following lines are a fine example of that vein of natural piety which certainly did exist in Voltaire, and which had perhaps more to do with his popularity than many people suppose:

Sur son Dieu, sur sa fin, sur sa cause première,
L'homme est-il sans secours à l'erreur attaché?
Quoi! le monde est visible et Dieu serait caché?
Quoi! le plus grand besoin que j'aie en ma misère
Est le seul qu'en effet je ne puis satisfaire?

Non ; le Dieu qui m'a fait ne m'a point fait en vain,
Sur le front des mortels il mit son sceau divin.

La morale uniforme en tous temps, en tout lieu,
A des siècles sans fin parle au nom de ce Dieu,
C'est la loi de Trajan, de Socrate et la vôtre,
De ce culte éternel la nature est l'apôtre ;
Le bon sens la reçoit, et les remords vengeurs
Nés de la conscience en sont les défenseurs ;
Leur redoutable voix partout se fait entendre.

A little further on he goes the full length of regarding conscience as the direct voice of God :

Jamais un parricide, un calomniateur,
N'a dit tranquillement au fond de son cœur :
"Qu'il est beau, qu'il est doux d'accabler l'innocence,
De déchirer le sein qui nous donna naissance !
Dieu juste, Dieu parfait ! que le crime a d'appas."
Voilà ce qu'on dirait, mortels, n'en doutez pas,
S'il n'était une loi terrible universelle
Que respecte le crime en s'élevant contre elle.
Est-ce nous qui créons ces profonds sentiments ?
Avons-nous fait notre âme ? avons-nous fait nos sens ?

Le ciel fit la vertu, l'homme en fit l'apparence.
Il peut la revêtir d'imposture et d'erreur ;
Il ne peut la changer : son juge est dans son cœur.

Such sentiments as these, and the two peculiarities which characterize every line of Voltaire's moral speculations—his passionate belief in universal morality, and his persistent determination to regard morality as a branch of religion, and to connect it in the most intimate manner with the doctrine of the existence of God—explain many things in Voltaire's writings which are continually overlooked, and are, in point of fact, the key to a great part of his sentiments. It would be altogether a mistake to regard him as a systematic philosopher bent on thinking out the theory of any of the great subjects which specially attracted his attention, and capable of appreciating, and determined to solve, their various difficulties. What he did was to collect as it were into a focus the opinions of the great thinkers of his age, and to mould them into a passionate protest against its official creed. In such an undertaking a man must have a standing-ground which either really is, or at all events appears to him to be, impregnable to all antagonists. The standing-ground occupied by Voltaire, as by others in somewhat similar situations, was a belief in God, and an immutable universal morality testified of by conscience, and, as he thought, trampled on and set at nought by the establishments which he assailed so fiercely. Those

who can see nothing in him but a blasphemous scoffer ought to bear in mind not merely the fact that he held these views, as we should say, with more sincerity than logic, but that he acted upon them vigorously when the occasion arose, as in the famous case of Calas. But though this ought not to be forgotten, it was equally true that his morality was not only rhetorical, but also singularly partial. He was very indulgent to a large class of vices, although those which he abhorred and withstood were no doubt sufficiently detestable. His own life in many particulars was, as all the world knows, open to abundance of charges. The net result of his ethical doctrines is that of a sermon against cruelty, intolerance, and fanaticism, and in favor of mutual kindness amongst men. He preaches in every possible tone, from the most frivolous to the most solemn and pathetic ; but when all is said and done, he is a preacher and a rhetorician and not a philosopher or a legislator.

IV.—VOLTAIRE AS A METAPHYSICIAN.

Thus far we have tried to give some sort of notion of the position of Voltaire as a moralist and a theologian, and have pointed out the fact that he ought to be regarded in the light, not of a philosophical and impartial inquirer into truth, but rather in that of the most eager, vehement, and able of all the advocates who distinguished themselves in that great cause the pleading of which was the chief literary, philosophical, and religious event of the eighteenth century. We think that the more his works are studied the more will the truth of this criticism be appreciated, but there is perhaps no part of his endless writings in which it is so manifest as in his metaphysical works. They are mixed up, like everything else that he wrote, except indeed his historical and poetical works, with all sorts of other matter, and are made the texts of an infinite number of disquisitions on all sorts of subjects.

His metaphysical position may be defined very shortly. He played Moses to the Aaron of the great English writers of the early part of the eighteenth century, and above all to Locke and Newton in their respective spheres. Locke, how-

ever, was his great standard authority upon all metaphysical subjects. He says of him in one place :

La métaphysique n'a été jusqu'à Locke qu'un vaste champ de chimères : Locke n'a été vraiment utile que parce qu'il a resserré ce champ o ù l'on s'égarait. Il n'a eu raison, et il ne s'est fait entendre que parce qu'il est le seul qui se soit entendu lui-même.

This is only one instance of an admiration which was continually expressed with almost fanatical earnestness. Metaphysics, according to Voltaire's way of using language, included all the great subjects of human interest. He almost invariably speaks of theology, ethics, and all that we should now call psychology, as being branches of metaphysics ; he appears, in short, to have meant by the word a general all-embracing system of philosophy which either answered, or else declared to be unanswerable, all the principal questions of speculation. The most systematic exposition of his views on this subject is to be found in his *Éléments de la Philosophie de Newton*, written about 1735, and published in 1738. A good deal of it is repeated in the *Traité de Métaphysique* and the *Philosophe Ignorant*. The order in which Voltaire arranges the different elements of his philosophy in this work is singularly opposed to that which our modern views of things would suggest. Instead of proceeding from simple to difficult subjects, he begins at the other end. Thus the first chapter is on the being of God, which is established by physical arguments such as these :

If the world is finite, if there is a vacuum, matter does not exist necessarily. It has, therefore, received its existence from a free being. If matter gravitates, which is demonstrated, it appears not to gravitate naturally, as it is naturally extended ; it has then received gravitation from God. If the planets turn in one direction rather than another in a non-resisting space, the hand of their creator must have directed their course in that direction with absolute liberty.

He states the atheistical theory of the infinity of the universe, of motion being a fixed quantity, and of the impossibility that anything should come of nothing or return to nothing, and refers to Samuel Clarke's demonstration of the existence of God for an answer to it. He afterward states Newton's views about space and time in the abstract, and gives an

account of Clarke's controversy with Leibnitz as to space and time, the necessity of the existence of matter, and other such topics. In succeeding chapters he states the views of Newton and Clarke as to free will in God and free will in man, and goes into an elaborate account of his own views on that subject, which ends in giving his countenance on the whole to Locke's theory, which practically makes liberty no more than the absence of restraint upon power. He then goes on to the question of the nature of morality, and from thence to the question of the nature of the soul, and on this subject he states the principal views which have been held by philosophers as to its essence, and as to the manner in which it is united to the body. He refers, here as elsewhere, to the well-known passage in Locke's essay in which Locke says that he did not see why God might not have given the faculty of thought to matter as well as the faculties of movement, gravitation, vegetation, and the like, and he says that he had heard that Newton had told Locke that he was of the same opinion. Voltaire then gives an account of the various systems which had been invented to account for thought, of which he mentions four:—1st. The material theory according to which ideas are impressed on the understanding like a stamp upon wax. This, he says, was rather a rough instinct than a calculation. 2d. The theory that body and soul are two totally dissimilar entities, which have nothing in common, and which nevertheless God has created to act on each other. This, he supposes, is the one most commonly received. 3d. The theory of Malebranche, which interposed God between the body and the soul, so that when any material object affected the body, God created a corresponding feeling in the soul ; and when the soul wanted to act on the body, God did whatever the will required. This is the famous theory of seeing and doing all things in God. 4th. The preëstablished harmony of Leibnitz, according to which the soul and the body are two clocks, which always keep time exactly, though independent of each other. He proceeds from this to the elements of matter, to the question whether there is or is not an original matter, whether there are monads such

as were imagined by Leibnitz, and what Leibnitz meant by them, and to the various controversies as to force. It is after the metaphysical introduction that he arrives at Newton's discoveries in optics, in the theory of gravitation, and in astronomy.

It will be seen from this short account of Voltaire's exposition of metaphysics that he was, in the sense in which the word is used by the positivists of our own days, emphatically a metaphysician, though he was a metaphysician who had got to the length of feeling uneasy as to the value of the method which he employed, and well aware that, if used at all, its results must be very largely tempered with doubt. So far indeed as our acquaintance with his voluminous works will enable us to judge, the whole story of his mind was the history of the progress of metaphysical doubt as to the possibility of metaphysics. Much more confidence in metaphysical processes is shown in the *Philosophie de Newton* than in the *Philosophe Ignorant* or the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*.

In many men such a process would have led to scepticism, but Voltaire was as far from being a sceptic as any man who ever lived. One of the most characteristic features of his mind is the absence from it of all sympathy with a general spirit of doubt and indecision. No reproach is more common than that of scepticism, nor is there any one which is so often made unjustly. The sceptic is a man who denies the possibility of knowledge, and not, as the common use of the word would appear to imply, a man who regards particular doctrines, and especially particular religious doctrines, as doubtful in themselves. It would surely be an abuse of language to describe a man as sceptical about the history of China, because he was clearly of opinion that his own knowledge of that subject was so slight and vague as to be practically worthless. Voltaire's scepticism, such as it was, was all of this kind. He thought that men knew nothing definite about the nature of their own souls, about the question whether the soul did or did not survive the body, and if so under what conditions, about the freedom of the will, the nature and ultimate constitution of matter, and many other topics of the same sort.

Yet he was firmly convinced that men have a great variety of perfectly trustworthy knowledge on other subjects. He thought that the existence of God was morally certain; that there was a universally acknowledged morality which was one great proof of God's existence; and that there was a moral certainty that all that is distinctive in the Christian history and in the theology founded upon it was false. He also believed without the least hesitation in the lessons taught by physical science, and in many parts of his works does his utmost to refute the common assertion that mathematics contain mysteries which afford a warrant for the theological mysteries which he refused to believe. This is the very antithesis to scepticism. It is extreme, unhesitating, uncompromising confidence in the power of the human mind to say what it will and what it will not believe, what it will affirm, what deny, and what doubt, and for what reasons.

In considering his specific opinions, in the former part of this article, the tendency of his mind toward fixed, definite views has sufficiently appeared. The manner in which he dwelt with continually increasing vigor of assertion on the universality of morals, on their plainness, and on the primary and almost exclusive importance of the conscientious sanction in enforcing them, is a good illustration of this. The progress of his views on free will is another. In the account of Newton's philosophy (ch. ii.) he says:

Il paraît donc probable que nous avons la liberté d'indifférence dans les choses indifférentes. Car qui pourra dire que Dieu ne nous a pas fait ou n'a pas pu nous faire ce présent? Et s'il l'a pu, et si nous sentons en nous ce pouvoir, comment assurer que nous ne l'avons pas?

In the succeeding chapters, however, of the same work, he admits that there are great difficulties in the way of believing in a liberty of indifference, and he states no less than fifteen with extraordinary point and force in chapter v., which contains a page and a half. He appears, however, to have been terrified at the doctrine toward which he was drifting.

Il faut convenir [he says] qu'on ne peut guère répondre que par une éloquence vague aux objections contre la liberté, triste sujet sur lequel le plus sage craint même de penser. Une

seule réflexion console; c'est que quelque système qu'on embrasse, à quelque fatalité qu'on croit toutes nos actions attachées, on agira toujours comme si on était libre.

In the *Traité de Métaphysique* he still clung to the doctrine of free will, though he had brought it into a singular shape which might be called obscure for him. It appears to be adapted from Locke's theory that liberty consists in the power of suspending action to give time for deliberation. After stating the well-known argument, "L'entendement agit nécessairement; la volonté est déterminée par l'entendement, donc la volonté est déterminée par une volonté absolue, donc l'homme n'est pas libre," he proceeds to say that, at bottom, this is a sophism. He admits that the will cannot choose anything which the understanding does not represent to it as being pleasant; but he says:

C'est en cela même que consiste sa liberté, c'est dans le pouvoir de se déterminer soi-même à faire ce qui lui paraît bon; vouloir ce qui ne lui ferait pas plaisir, est une contradiction formelle, et une impossibilité. L'homme se détermine à ce qui lui semble le meilleur, et cela est incontestable, mais le point de la question est de savoir s'il a en soi cette force mouvante, ce pouvoir primitif de se déterminer ou non.

Later in life he gave up the whole theory of free will. Thus, in *Le Philosophe Ignorant* (ch. xiii.) he says:—"L'homme est en tout un être dépendant comme la nature entière est dépendante; il ne peut être excepté des autres êtres." He adds:—"L'ignorant qui pense ainsi n'a pas toujours pensé de même, mais enfin il est contraint de se rendre." He expresses the same opinion, with his usual terseness, in an article on liberty in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, in a little dialogue, the gist of which is, that liberty is nothing else than the power to do what one pleases; which would be more accurately expressed by saying, that liberty is nothing but the absence of any restraint which would prevent us from doing what, but for that restraint, we should wish to do. My liberty to walk down the Strand consists in the fact that, wishing under all the circumstances of the case to do so, I am able to do as I wish. Voltaire says himself of the gradual change in his opinions (*Phil. Ign.* ch. xiii.):

Cette question sur la liberté de l'homme

m'intéressa vivement; je lus des scolastiques, je fus comme eux dans les ténèbres; je lus Locke et j'aperçus des traits de lumière; je lus le traité de Collins, qui me paraît Locke perfectionné; et je n'ai jamais rien lu depuis qui m'ait donné un nouveau degré de connaissance.

This is a remarkable passage, as it shows how pertinaciously Voltaire thought on these topics. He had read both Locke and Collins before he wrote his account of Newton's philosophy, in which the subject is first discussed, and in which he describes as sophisms the very arguments which at last prevailed with him. This work was published in 1738. The *Traité de Métaphysique* seems to have been written some time later, and the *Philosophe Ignorant* and the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* were amongst his latest works. Whatever else may be said about the doctrines of free will and necessity, there can be no question that the latter doctrine is the one toward which minds which are at once dogmatic and impatient of anything which cannot be distinctly imagined naturally gravitate. It is characteristic of the practical character and the substantial earnestness which underlay Voltaire's superficial levity and persiflage, that he should have gradually worked his way to this opinion, having held a very different one when he was forty-four years of age, and one of the most distinguished writers and thinkers of his generation. It is also highly characteristic of him, that, whilst he maintained and yet gradually modified his own opinion, he should have stated with perfect fairness, and in the most terse and pointed manner, the very objections to his opinion which afterward made him change it.

His theory as to the soul implies a further illustration of the truth of these remarks. It is a point on which he does not vary. His view from first to last was that the soul may be a mere faculty, resulting from the disposition of the bodily organs, and ceasing when they are thrown out of gear; but that it also may be an independent unit which may survive the body, and retain its consciousness and capacity of enjoyment and suffering. The way in which these two sets of ideas balanced each other in Voltaire's mind, and the practical inference which he drew from them, are perfectly and most characteristically illustrated by two passages in the *Dictionnaire*

Philosophique, which, according to their author's practice, condense into a few lines reflections which he had been applying, arranging, rearranging, and clearing up for much more than half a century. They appear to us to be as characteristic of the deepest and most habitual thoughts of the man as anything he ever wrote. In the article "*Âme*," sect. viii., he says:

Pauvre pédant, tu vois une plante qui végète, et tu dis *végétation*, ou même *âme végétative*; tu remarques que les corps ont et donnent du mouvement, et tu dis *force*; tu vois ton chien de chasse apprendre sous toi son métier, et tu cries *instinct*, *âme sensitive*; tu as des idées combinées, et tu dis *esprit*.

Mais de grâce qu'entends-tu par ces mots? Cette fleur végète, mais y a-t-il un être réel qui s'appelle *végétation*? Ce corps en pousse un autre; mais possède-t-il en soi un être distinct qui s'appelle *force*? Ce chien te rapporte une perdrix; mais y a-t-il un être qui s'appelle *instinct*? . . .

Si une tulipe pouvait parler, et qu'elle te dit: Ma *végétation* et moi nous sommes deux êtres joints évidemment ensemble, ne te moquerais-tu pas de la tulipe?

The last illustration ought, one would think, to have raised in Voltaire's mind the precise point which, so far as we are aware, he always misses in relation to this subject. It is precisely the power of speech, or rather the power which speech implies—the power, that is, of regarding ourselves and other things as distinct realities, knowable and namable, which is the specific peculiarity of a rational being, and which gives us the idea of a soul obscure as that idea certainly is. If a tulip could speak, it might no doubt speculate about itself as men do; but as it cannot speak, we do not regard it as a self. It is because we cannot say whether, and how far, animals do speak and think, that we do not know specifically what to think of them. Voltaire's ignorance of the difficulties connected with the whole subject of etymology may be inferred from his articles in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* headed "*A. B. C.*" and "*Langues.*" Be this as it may, the extract just given states shortly the extreme point of Voltaire's oscillations in the direction of the materialism of his age. The following extract from the article "*Dieu*" shows how far his mind swung in the other direction, and is on the whole more in harmony with the habitual tone of his

writings than the other. In sect. v., "*De la nécessité de croire un Être suprême*," he is arguing against atheism:

La philosophie, selon vous, ne fournit aucune preuve d'un bonheur à venir. Non, mais vous n'avez aucune démonstration du contraire. Il se peut qu'il y ait en nous une monade indestructible qui sente et qui pense sans que nous sachions le moins du monde comment cette monade est faite. La raison ne s'oppose pas absolument à cette idée, quoique la raison seule ne la prouve pas. Cette opinion n'a-t-elle pas un prodigieux avantage sur la vôtre? La mienne est utile au genre humain, la vôtre est funeste. . . .

Dans le doute où nous sommes tous deux, je ne vous dis pas avec Pascal, *prenez le plus sûr*. Il n'y a rien de sûr dans l'incertitude. Il ne s'agit pas ici de parier mais d'examiner; il faut juger, et notre volonté ne détermine pas notre jugement. Je ne vous propose pas de croire des choses extravagantes pour vous tirer d'embarras; je ne vous dis pas: Allez à la Mecque, baiser la pierre noire pour vous instruire; tenez une queue de vache à la main; affublez-vous d'un scapulaire; soyez imbécile et fanatique pour acquérir la faveur de l'Être des êtres. Je vous dis: Continuez à cultiver la vertu, à être bienfaisant, à regarder toute superstition avec horreur ou avec pitié; mais adorez avec moi le dessein qui se manifeste dans toute la nature, et par conséquent l'auteur de ce dessein, la cause primordiale et finale de tout; espérez avec moi que notre monade, qui raisonne sur le grand Être éternel pourra être heureuse par ce grand Être même. Il n'y a point là de contradiction. Vous ne m'en démontrerez pas l'impossibilité; de même que je ne puis vous démontrer mathématiquement que la chose est ainsi. Nous ne raisonnons guère en métaphysique que sur des probabilités; nous nageons dans une mer dont nous n'avons jamais vu le rivage. Malheur à ceux qui se battent en nageant! Abordera qui pourra; mais celui qui me crie, Vous nagez en vain, il n'y a point de port, me décourage et m'ôte toutes mes forces.

These illustrations are meant rather to show in what manner, and for what purpose, and in what tone Voltaire speculated upon metaphysical subjects, than to give anything claiming to be a systematic account of his metaphysical doctrines, if indeed he can be properly reckoned amongst the great thinkers of the eighteenth century upon such topics. Such as they are, they appear to us to prove that as a theologian or moralist, or as a metaphysician, which in his case were three aspects of one character, he

always displayed the same disposition in various ways. He was never a mere speculator or theorist, but always had in view definite practical results, toward the attainment of which he was impelled principally by his indignation against the general condition of things. Perhaps the most general doctrine which can fairly be ascribed to him is that the great fault of the order of things in which he found himself was an unreasonable and presumptuous confidence in supposed knowledge, leading people to overlook or deny their real ignorance and weakness, and to undervalue that which they ought to have regarded as their strength. Hence the main stress of all his intellectual efforts was toward lowering the tone of those who made the greatest pretensions to knowledge, and insisting to the utmost on the slightness of our materials for profitable thought upon the topics which interest us as human beings most deeply. It is true that in all that he wrote there is the strangest possible contrast between the confidence, not to say the arrogance, of the process and the humility of the result—between his passionate confidence in human reason and the timid and melancholy conclusions to which the instrument in which he so entirely trusted conducted him. But this, after all, was only an accidental contrast, not an essential inconsistency.

The most interesting question which a retrospect on his speculations suggests relates to his influence on the subsequent history of his nation. There is no more common opinion than that Voltaire was one of the principal authors of the French Revolution, and the scandals which attended that tremendous event have no doubt done more than any mere criticisms to cover his name with the discredit which attaches to it. Of course it cannot be doubted that his influence over his own generation operated powerfully on the course of events which culminated in the Revolution; but we cannot believe that the repulsive features of that series of events can be justly ascribed to his influence, except to an extent much more limited than the language commonly used upon the subject would suggest. The two great blots on the French Revolution are the horrible barbarity and fanaticism with which many

of its scenes were accompanied, and its anti-religious character; but we greatly doubt whether Voltaire's influence contributed much to either of these things. That irreligion may be as fanatical as any form of religious belief whatever is an indisputable truth which no doubt was frequently illustrated in the course of the Revolution, but the whole temper of Voltaire's works is utterly opposed to such a state of mind. A fanatical Voltairian is an inconceivable being, for such a person would be fanatically in favor of a set of opinions far too complicated and qualified to excite any vehement emotion. How could any one be fanatically attached to the doctrines that there is in all probability a God whom we must regard on the whole as just and benevolent, and that there are grounds on which we may hope for a future state of existence preferable to the present one? Moreover, the whole tone of Voltaire's mind, the constant burden of his works, is as much opposed to every sort of cruelty and violence as any writings can be opposed to any turn of mind whatever. In his preface to *Alzire* he says with great truth, "On retrouvera dans presque tous mes écrits cette humanité qui doit être le premier caractère d'un être pensant." Nor was his humanity of that ferocious and passionate kind of which the proper motto is "fraternity or death." Few things would have a stronger tendency to repress this ferocious sensibility than a study of Voltaire's works, and sympathy with the whole tone of mind which produced them. Besides this, it should be observed that no one knew better than Voltaire the ferocious side of the French character, or had a worse opinion of it. The brutalities of the "Comité de Salut Public;" the massacres of September 1792; the atrocities practised in La Vendée (on both sides), at Lyons, and in many other places, are not isolated facts in French history, showing themselves for the first time in a generation corrupted by Voltaire. Not to dwell upon the consideration that the furious mobs of Paris and of other places by whom these iniquities were perpetrated, and who had been left by the government and the clergy in a state of the most abject ignorance, could hardly have been debauched by

reading books the very titles of which most of them would have been unable to decipher, it may be as well to remember that in the wars of religion in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in the wars between the Burgundians and Armagnacs at an earlier period, just as much ferocity was displayed whenever the people became excited, and that the Legitimists—who, if they had had the chance, would have flayed Voltaire alive with pleasure—were themselves every bit as cruel and ferocious, whenever and wherever they got the upper hand, as their opponents. There was not much to choose between the Terreur Blanche and the Terreur Rouge, and it would be difficult to find in any author stronger denunciations of the temper of mind which led to both sets of crimes than are to be found in every part of Voltaire's writings.

With the irreligious aspect of the French Revolution Voltaire's works had no doubt a closer connection. No doubt his persistent denunciations of every form of Christianity produced a marked effect on the history of the Revolution. No doubt his constant ridicule of all objects of popular reverence contributed largely to that ignorant self-sufficiency which was one of the worst features of the revolutionary period. It would, however, be most unjust to confine our observations to the bad side of Voltaire's antagonism to religion. He was the antagonist, not only of Christianity in general, but more particularly of that special form of it which was in his days dominant in France; and it is impossible to deny, with any appearance of truth, that if he failed (as no doubt he did) in the attempt to pull up Christianity by the roots, and to destroy its influence amongst mankind, he succeeded triumphantly in compelling the particular Christian Church with which he was concerned to change its position entirely with reference to temporal affairs, to change its position, though it could not well change its tone, as to spiritual affairs, and to accept an utterly different position in the world from that in which he found it. When Voltaire was young, the theory of the French monarchy, and of the greater part of Europe, as to the foundations of civil society and the natural relations between the Church and

the State, was the theory of Bossuet. The theory of Locke was the rising heresy of the day. There is at present hardly an important country in Europe in which this is not altogether reversed, in which the State has not become the substantive and the Church the adjective, religious equality the rule, and privilege not to speak of persecution the exception; in which, in a word, men have not come to treat religion practically as a matter of opinion, and not as a system by which opinion is to be governed. No one writer contributed so powerfully to this result as Voltaire, no event contributed to it so powerfully as the French Revolution; and in so far as Voltaire's writings gave this character to the Revolution, they gave it a good character, and not a bad one, and they have met so far, not with failure, but with marked and increasing success. How far his incautious and indecent way of expressing himself may have contributed to that part of the Revolution which he would have been the first to condemn, we do not inquire; but all just critics ought to admit that he would have advocated precisely those parts of the Revolution which have been blessings to mankind, and reprobated those which disgraced its progress, and that in doing so he would have acted in perfect consistency with the whole tenor and character of his career.

The Edinburgh Review.

THE CHRISTIANS OF MADAGASCAR.*

THAT an island in the Indian Ocean, lar-

*1. *Three visits to Madagascar, during the years 1853, 1854-1856, including a Journey to the Capital, with Notices of the Natural History of the Country, and of the present Civilization of the People.* By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.H.S., Author of "Polynesian Researches." London: 1858.

2. *Madagascar revisited, describing the events of a New Reign, and the Revolution which followed; setting forth, also, the Persecutions endured by the Christians, and their heroic Sufferings, with Notices of the Present State and Prospects of the People.* By the same. London: 1867.

3. *Madagascar and the Malagasy, with Sketches in the Provinces of Tamatave, Belanimena, and Ankowa.* By Lieut. S. P. OLIVER, Royal Artillery, F.R.G.S. London: 1867.

4. *A Narrative of the Christians in Madagascar, with Details of the Escape of the Six Christian Refugees now in England.* By J. J. FREEMAN and D. JOHNS, formerly Missionaries in the Island. London: 1840.

ger in extent than the United Kingdom, fertile in all tropical productions, peopled by an intelligent race, and not far removed from the great line of commercial traffic between Egypt and the East, should have remained for ages uninvaded by foreign conquest, and unimproved by the progress of indigenous civilization, is one of the most curious problems in geography. It confirms the remark of Archbishop Whately that barbarous nations are generally incapable of rising to a higher grade of culture by their own unaided efforts. The native policy of the rulers of Madagascar discouraged foreign intercourse, and, from time immemorial, its inhabitants have loitered on the boundaries of civilization, without power to pass the barriers. Their language, copious, expressive, and by no means inharmonious, remained unwritten; their constituted form of government had discovered no better sanction of authority than brutal slaughter; and the native form of faith is found to consist of little more than a collection of superstitious terrors.

Radama—who may be fairly regarded as the Peter the Great of Madagascar—used to boast that his two best generals were Fever and Forest: and, no doubt, they have powerfully contributed to protect the country from foreign invasion; though the insalubrity of the island appears, on more accurate information, to have been much, and designedly, overstated, and is chiefly confined to the sea-coast and removable with the progress of cultivation. The ports were left dangerous and uncertain. The capital was placed inland, some 200 miles from the coast; and the roads were purposely suffered to remain impassable. Whether Madagascar owes its native independence to an overrated insalubrity, to stratagem, or to accident, it is scarce matter of doubt that the subjugation of the country would have involved both conquered and conqueror in many and most grievous complexities. Experience has now abundantly shown the difficulties which accompany the extension of European sway over a people which halts between barbarism and civilization; and the natives of Madagascar, though living between Africa and Asia, will be found as wanting in the simple docility of the negro as in the

refined but enervating organization of Hindoo society.

Deferring, until we arrive at Mr. Ellis's own appearance on Malagasy soil, our notice of the two highly interesting works from his pen which we have placed at the head of this article, we propose to lay before the reader some previous account of the country, and of the cause which led the historian of South Sea Missionary enterprise to extend his labors to the Martyr Church of Madagascar.

The reduction of the several Malagasy tribes under one sovereign ruler dates from the present generation. Radama, a chief of the Hovas, who took up the task of subjugation from his father, was successful within the limits of a short but highly spirited reign, in bringing all the other divisions of the island under his allegiance; though, for that purpose, he was obliged to enter into a compact with England, the most conspicuous article of which was the absolute cessation of all export of slaves—one since observed with faith, even to the putting to death some members of the royal family who attempted to violate it. In return for this important concession, he continued to receive an annual supply of muskets, cannon, and army accoutrements—which he turned to merciless advantage against the refractory provinces. Instructors of drill and military tactics were furnished to him; some noble Malagasy youths were received on board British men-of-war, and others placed at English seminaries for military and civil training. The Malagasy form of government, thus receiving a unity and centralization more or less recognized throughout the limits of the island, may be briefly described as an absolute monarchy, uncontrolled save by popular opinion, and by certain traditions and usages which the sovereign professes to regard as binding upon him. No individual, or constituted body, is supposed to stand between him and his people. He claims all right over the lives, labors, and properties of his subjects—who, indeed, are styled servants of the monarch in all public proclamations; enacts laws; is supreme and final judge in all matters civil and criminal; and alone possesses the power of awarding capital punishment. On occasions, these high pre-

rogatives are carried into practice, in most full and unquestioned form. Indeed, so completely have these royal powers, over which the national religion has thrown a sacred origin and sanction, caused the monarch to be regarded as the indispensable centre of the social system, that an interregnum appears to be viewed as the least desirable of all conditions of the State. When the rights of the people (if such they can be called) are imperilled beyond endurance, the fatal napkin (royal blood cannot be shed) affords relief; but a new occupant is instantly elevated to the vacant throne. Monarchy is traditionally considered a necessary condition of law and order, and, accordingly, in Madagascar an organized social system does exist throughout the island—there is an acknowledged security of private interests—and laws between man and man are recognized and administered with uniformity. The chief blot, however, on the Malagasy course of justice is the employment of the Tangena, or ordeal by a species of native poison. This is sometimes fatal in its action; though its efficacy as a test of guilt or innocence is made to depend on the results of certain antidotes, administered immediately after it. If appearances are declared unfavorable, execution immediately follows; in all other cases, the accused is honorably acquitted irrespective of evidence, and is conducted back to his native village by a triumphal procession of his friends. It is optional, however, with the accused to appeal to this test, though a refusal is usually deemed an admission of guilt. Vicissitudes in private, and more especially in public life, are of the true oriental character; and the subject who to-day stands beside the throne and dispenses its favors, may, to-morrow, leave the city an exile; or become a beggar in chains, to be worn until death releases him from them, or a headless trunk, to which the meanest rites of burial are ferociously denied.

The Malagasy are an industrious, intelligent, half-civilized race; strongly affectionate in their natural relations, cheerful, hospitable, and capable of the warmest friendships. Physically, they are a fine people, robust, active, and well built; generally distinguished by well-shaped heads, promising consider-

able intellectual capacity, and no mean moral excellence. The eye is clear and bright; the forehead full; the back of the head almost flat, and exhibiting few of the grosser animal instincts; the nose small and firm, frequently a pure aquiline; the skin of an olive tinge, more or less dark, but not seldom as fair as that found in the south of Europe. With these general characteristics, there are also sufficiently marked diversities of tribe; all, however, being remarkable for an excellent balance between the physical and intellectual capacities, both of which are of a high order. From time immemorial, and independent of all European intercourse, they have been in possession of many of the arts and habits of civilized life. Their houses are, for the most part, large, comfortable, and not destitute of a certain neatness; and they live in large communities, well defended, with considerable regularity of municipal government. They possess extensive flocks of cattle; and cultivate, and artificially irrigate, large districts, chiefly for the growth of rice—a plant wonderfully productive in the country. Slavery is a national institution, the inhabitants of refractory provinces, criminals, and even the wives and children of criminals, being reduced to this condition. Slaves, however, appear to be treated with considerable indulgence, and are redeemable, unless the contrary be expressed in the judgment which has consigned them to bondage. Military service is a duty incumbent on all. While under arms, the subject receives no pay; but all military rank confers honor, and includes the highest honors permissible to the subject. A private soldier holds the rank of First Honor; the commander-in-chief that of Sixteenth Honor, beyond which the subject cannot rise. Besides military service, the sovereign can claim the time of the subject for the execution of public works, which are at times onerous and severe; on these occasions he receives food, but no remuneration in money. Clanship, possibly taking its rise in the former distribution of the country under chiefs, is recognized; but there are no indications of caste.

Though not supposed to be controlled, or even assisted, by any official body in

the management of the State, nevertheless in actual practice, the monarch has recourse to the great officers of his household as a privy council of advice; to whose opinion he listens, but without any obligation of shaping his course in accordance with it. All new laws are proclaimed to the people as the direct emanation of the sovereign at a solemn gathering called for that purpose, and known as a *kabary*; at which private individuals are allowed to express their views, and where, no doubt, the popular feeling is watched and estimated. These meetings are reported to number as many as 100,000 persons in attendance, and are obligatory on all residing within a specified radius, with such necessary exceptions as are also previously made known.

Such, it appears, was the form of government existing in each of the separate and independent provinces into which the island was parcelled out, and which Radama adhered to on assuming sovereign sway over all. It is one which we must naturally expect to vary widely with the inclinations of the sovereign, and the accidents by which he may find himself surrounded; the only certain landmarks being frequent appeals on the part of the occupant of the throne to the customs of his ancestors, and, to all appearance, no natural disposition in the people to deeds of violence or inhumanity. Thus, within the short limits of our narrative, we shall find pagan and Christian blood spilled at one time like water; and, anon, human life treated with a tenderness threatening to defeat the course of justice itself.

It may be said that one of the articles of the English treaty laid the foundation of the important and deeply interesting series of events which we propose to make the subject of the following pages. The London Missionary Society, having placed Polynesia under an organized staff of its teachers, had been for a time in quest of some other suitable and unoccupied portion of the heathen world to which to extend its labors; and, indeed, had already sent a small band to Mauritius with an ultimate view to Madagascar, should events permit. A couple of these emissaries had landed on the Malagasy coast, and made a highly favorable report of the intelligence and friend-

liness of the natives, though wanting permission to enter the interior. Radama, who had the sharpness to perceive that Christianity and progress were very closely associated, was now readily induced to open the capital to the Society, only stipulating that religious teachers should be accompanied by persons capable of giving instruction in skilled labor; and, in accordance with this condition, a staff of religious and secular teachers and intelligent mechanics proceeded to Antananarivo, the chief city and seat of government, and took up their residence there. Thus encouraged, these laborers entered on their task; and, in a short space of time, the results were of the most marked and surprising character. The soil on which they operated may be regarded as little more than virgin. The native language was a purely unwritten one, possessing no characters of its own, and, of necessity, no records. The Society's teachers applied the English alphabet to it; and, with the aid of printing-presses brought with them, they struck off a large number of copies of grammars, spelling-books, the more suitable of the old English classics, a Malagasy dictionary, and the Bible. They organized a system of schools, which soon numbered from 10,000 to 15,000 of the native youth; the more eligible of whom were drafted to a training and model school, and, in due course, became fit and successful teachers of their countrymen. A single secretary, educated at Mauritius, and writing in a foreign language, had served to transact the correspondence of Radama—4,000 civil servants, able to write, and conducting their several departments by aid of writing, were now found in the employment of the State. All private affairs of business or pleasure were arranged through the medium of letters; and few travellers proceeded from town to town without being entrusted with a number of these missives. The craftsmen experienced like success in their own sphere, and had under training a large staff of native workers in iron, wood, and other raw products of the country; many of whose public works more recent visitors to the island have pronounced of sufficient excellence to be creditable to any European country. But the greatest triumphs were re-

served for the purely religious portion of the task. Nowhere, in modern times, has Christianity made more rapid and intelligent strides, or exhibited signs of striking its roots more deeply into the soil. The form of native religion was found to be rude in the extreme—strangely rude when viewed by the side of a people not wanting in a certain innate nobility of mind, and open to all the better feelings of humanity. Its sole ostensible machinery consisted in a few miserable idols—if a rod, a mysterious bag or bundle, or at most a wretchedly carved wooden figure, not even very ugly, may be so called—distributed among certain poor and squalid sacred villages, in charge of keepers who refuse direct access to them; and brought forth to take part in public processions only on solemn and critical occasions. Temples, more in accordance with the name, there are none—no other form of priesthood—no regular religious rites or ceremonies—and nothing worthy of the name of a creed. Fear appears to be the only hold which this form of heathenism exercises over the native mind. It inculcates no moral or benevolent design in the government of the universe; and Fate, as opposed to Providence, is the prominent idea which it puts forth. Witchcraft enters largely into the national belief, as well as sorcery; and both are punishable by the Tangena. The extreme jealousy, however, of the idol-keepers—and indeed of the people themselves, when this particular topic is approached—has rendered more full information on the subject exceedingly difficult of attainment. In its absence, the supposition may perhaps not be untenable, that, planted among a people intellectually superior to its nature and to the advancement of which it was capable, this native creed has remained thus dwarfed and stunted. As, however, the dwarfed and stunted shrub is not absolutely lacking in vitality, and, on actual experiment, will be found to have struck its roots as deeply into the soil as its more fair and goodly neighbors of the forest, so this plant of poor growth has been discovered to possess a tenaciousness of its own, and—the true upas of its clime—to deal deadly destruction around when shaken. It is, however, but just to add, that, as this national form of faith has been found

unable to exalt, perhaps even to keep pace with, the native intellect, so it appears to have been equally powerless to engraft upon it any of the more disgusting or cruel enormities of other forms of heathenism. Among a people genial, sprightly, and warm-hearted, it has remained crude, gloomy, and spiteful.

Nor were other circumstances wanting to place the pure and benevolent truths of Christianity in favorable contrast with it. They came hand in hand with those useful arts and appliances with which the people, from natural aptitude and capacity, strongly desired a more full acquaintance. Both arrived at a period when the whole island—for the first time strengthened and consolidated under a single enterprising and highly ambitious ruler—was entering on a new era which they might be regarded as most opportunely sent to further. Hitherto, European intercourse had been confined entirely to the sea-coast, and that most sparingly; but to the interior—the most populous as the most healthy, protected, and fruitful part of the island—Christianity was as the Christianity first preached by the Apostles to the Gentiles. “All this is new to us,” was the language of the Malagasy nobles; “put us in the way to become wise.” Elementary books were eagerly sought as they issued from the printing-presses, though the missionaries had wisely annexed a scale of prices to their distribution. Old men were not ashamed to be found devoting their leisure hours to mastering their contents. Nor did the hereditary nobles, the great officers of State, and those of the royal household, refrain from expressing their regret that their own youth had been passed without these opportunities; they placed their children in the schools, and even sought to overcome their own deficiencies. The Christian places of worship were attended by ever-increasing crowds of earnest, decorous listeners; and the truths there received were carried home to the domestic circle, and made the subject of intelligent comment and exhortation. Those who had sufficiently profited by their new studies became able and successful preachers, turning to account a graceful and very effective style of oratory, which the native talents, hitherto denied all outlet by aid of a written

language, exercised themselves upon with very considerable advantage. Nor was the movement confined to any particular classes, or within the immediate neighborhood of the metropolis. On a subsequent inquiry, accompanied by the most cruel and relentless persecution known to modern times, it was found that these gospel teachings had penetrated 200 and 300 miles from the centre of their operations; that there were Christian villages at considerable distances from the seat of government; and that these faithful believers could be induced to resign only with their lives the new principles on which they had taken hold.

At this period of Christian progress in Madagascar, Radama died, at the early age of thirty-six. Ambitious and with little disposition to allow motives of justice or humanity to restrain his ambition, he was a ruler greatly in advance of the circumstances with which he found himself surrounded; and, isolated from civilization by a strong traditional policy, we must recognize his acts of national progress as the inward promptings of a superior intelligence. There are no proofs that he himself had any inclination to embrace Christianity; and, certainly, he avowed none. But he placed no impediments in the way of his subjects, even when the new religious movement wore an aspect of changing the social and political character of his reign to far greater extent than he could have anticipated; and, from subsequent events, we can have no doubt now that his ear must have caught many a murmur from the idol-keepers and their more fanatical followers. Possibly, beyond these low mutterings of the storm, he saw the increased stability which the Christian arts and Christian precepts would give to his kingdom when they attained to sufficient maturity and hold upon the soil; and trusted—as, indeed, the trust was a reasonable one—that he himself would outlive and protect the period of their early growth. Though nominal ruler of the whole island, he left some unconquered territories at his death, and to the chiefs of some other districts had already found it expedient to grant powers little less than sovereign over their provinces. Nevertheless, it is no small proof of the extent

and permanent character of his conquests that though his death was thus early, and, indeed, unexpected, the Hovas remained the royal tribe, and that his successor, though a female, held his throne undisputed. He left no child born at the time of his death, and had nominated a nephew to the sovereign power: but Ranavalo, his widow, and herself of royal blood, by prompt and decisive action—by filling the royal courtyard with the idol-keepers and her immediate adherents, and by putting to death all likely to raise a dissentient voice, was proclaimed queen.

Though freely visiting the missionaries and their wives during her husband's lifetime, Ranavalo was already known to be strongly attached to the native religion, and was now careful to attribute her accession to the throne to the power of the guardian idols. Masculine, inflexibly obstinate, and pitiless, she had hitherto shown little intelligence, and, in the general progress around her, had taken slight pains to keep pace with the attainments of her humblest subjects and their slaves. Her husband's death was kept a strict secret for some days, until she and her party had matured their plans. The spear—the favorite Malagasy weapon—served for the great officers of the household, but, in the case of her husband's relatives, death by starvation was had recourse to. The mother, the sister, and the brother of Radama all perished under this cruel and refined evasion of the royal exemption; the brother, indeed, with peculiarly aggravating circumstances. His cries for food and water were heard for several days by one of the sentries placed over the wretched dwelling to which he had been hurried; and who afterward became a Christian, and told the tale. On their cessation, this man looked into the room in which he was confined, hoping that death had at length put an end to his sufferings. The wretched captive pointed to his mouth, though without further power to make known his wants; soon afterward he breathed his last.

Amid these acts of the new sovereign, the missionaries awaited with anxiety the first intimation of the change, as it was more immediately to affect themselves and their work. It came in the form

of a notice to those Europeans whose allotted periods of sojourn had expired to quit the island. With such zealous care was it customary to admit all foreigners that Radama had annexed, nominally it was generally regarded, a specified duration for the visit of each: as these periods now approached their completion, it was intimated that the permission would not be renewed. In the mean time, the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper was declared illegal. A great *kabary* followed, in which proclamation was made that all the Queen's subjects who had submitted to the rite of baptism, who had attended a Christian place of worship, or who had made observance of the Sabbath should, within the space of one month, accuse themselves to the sovereign; that is, make public confession of having done so, and throw themselves on the royal clemency—a favorite procedure in Malagasy course of justice, but, under Ranavalo, generally used as a trap. On the subsequent hearing of these confessions, various fines and punishments were awarded. It is computed that no fewer than 400 nobles found their national honors diminished by half on this occasion, and, among them, some of royal blood. Others were reduced to the lowest ranks of the army—a sentence which obliged them to share the coarse and insufficient food, the scanty clothing, and midnight watches of the meanest soldier with scrupulous exactitude. On the completion of these self-accusations, a further royal proclamation followed, commanding all subjects in the possession of books to deliver them up to officers appointed to receive them, the detention of a single leaf being made punishable by death. These books were received with scrupulous care, stored in a building set apart for that purpose, and, eventually, transmitted to Europe. It is believed, however, that the native Christians held back large quantities. During these direct dealings between the Queen and her subjects, no personal danger appears to have threatened the missionaries. The traditionary policy toward foreigners, if unfriendly, was not incautious; nor was Ranavalo one to forget policy in her anger. No doubt the chief object was to get them out of the country as quietly as possible, but their remonstrances in the cause

of moderation proved wholly unavailing during their remaining stay. The Queen was inexorable—"the customs of my ancestors change not;" and, finding their followers thus debarred from all participation in Christian worship, and books as well as all other aids to imparting secular instruction interdicted in the schools, they reluctantly quitted the island after a period of some fifteen years' sojourn.

On the departure of the missionaries, the full storm of persecution burst forth. A form of oath was instituted, by which the accused was made to renounce the principles of Christianity, and to affirm his or her belief in the efficacy of the idols and the native religion. Refusal to take this oath was followed by death by the spear. Rasalama was the first native martyr. She had been an early convert, and appears to have been an earnest, devout, simple-minded woman. After her condemnation, considerable exertions were made to procure from her a public recantation. She was placed in irons so constructed as to cause great and increasing torture. The terrors of a death most painful in itself—for the victim, pierced by a number of spears which were allowed to remain in the flesh, was left to writhe in agony on the ground until dissolution from exhaustion took place—were heightened, in accordance with Malagasy usage, by all that could impress the imagination; and, most abhorrent to the native mind, the body could not be removed for burial, but must remain a prey to bird and beast. The Christian Sabbath was appointed for the day of her execution, and the oath was frequently tendered to her as she was led to the fatal spot. Having received permission to pray, the native Christian account affirms that her spirit fled in the act of devotion, before the executioners had performed their task. Rafaralahy was a young Christian convert who had attended Rasalama to the place of public execution, and been witness of her constancy and faith. His expressions of sympathy attracted the notice of the authorities, and he became the next victim, exhibiting the same pattern of quiet firmness and resignation. Having thus tasted blood, the idol-keepers urged on the work of Christian persecution; and the capital became the

scene of a series of most cruel and relentless martyrdoms by the spear, stoning, the stake, and the precipice.

On the western side of the metropolis stands a precipitous elevation, hitherto used for the execution of persons accused of sorcery. This, the Tarpeian Rock of Antananarivo, rises to a height of some 200 feet from a ravine composed of jagged crags and pointed fragments of granite. The upper ledge projects some feet over clear space; and, midway, there is a second projection, though invisible from above in consequence of the overhanging nature of the summit. A pathway, emerging from the city, winds to the top of the hill, reaching its termination at the fatal brink, here bevelled to a sloping ledge for a yard or two. European travellers who have stood on its verge assert that it unfolds one of the noblest panoramas in the world—fields of waving corn, deep pastures filled with the lowing herds which form the staple wealth of the island, an amphitheatre of mountain-side rising beyond—all that could fill with keenest regret a people deeply imbued with love of country at fixing a last gaze upon it, their beloved Imerina.* Up this pathway the doomed procession of Christian martyrs now continued to wind its way, in view of the capital, and of the many thousands of silent, awestruck spectators who lined the road. Arrived at the brink, each victim was placed on the shelving ledge, his eyes blindfolded, the test oath offered, and, on its refusal, the rope cut which held him on the short and rapid incline. In a moment he had disappeared from view, and a crash, followed by another as the body rebounded from the second ledge to the ravine below, proclaimed that the executioner's task was completed. There were now no Europeans present to witness these scenes of Christian fortitude and trial; but several native accounts record many affecting incidents, and all preserve so remarkable an air of simplicity and sincerity as to leave no doubt of their truthfulness. In no single instance does it appear that life was purchased on the conditions offered

under these circumstances of sore temptation. One old man begged that the cloth might be removed from his eyes for a few moments before death. The request was complied with, and he appeared for some time occupied in prayer. "It is done," was his last intimation to the executioners, and as they proceeded to blindfold him, he commenced, in clear and firm voice, one of the hymns used in native Christian worship. After he had disappeared from view, these strains of praise were heard to float up from the deep abyss, until they were drowned in death. Another, a young girl, daughter of one of the nobles, and possessed of considerable personal attractions, had so strongly aroused the compassion of the officers entrusted with this duty that continued efforts were made to save her. The oath was pressed upon her more than once during the progress of the procession from the capital; and, again, on the fatal ledge. Her father, then a follower of the native form of idolatry, but who afterward, with his whole family, embraced Christianity, added his entreaties to the recommendations of the royal officers. She was ordered to stand aside until all her fellow-sufferers had perished before her eyes; and fourteen Christian martyrs thus took their leave of life under her gaze. The oath then tendered to her was again refused: it is even added that in this terrible moment she made effort to impress upon her relative the truth of those principles which upheld her. The chief idol-keeper now struck her on the mouth—pronounced her an idiot; and she was banished to a distant portion of the kingdom.* Four nobles of higher rank were, on this occasion, reserved for the stake; two of them being husband and wife—the latter about to become a mother. It is even recorded that the pangs of maternity were added to this appalling hour of trial, the executioners thrusting the child back into the flames, "where its body," so runs the subsequent statement of a witness of the scene, "was burned with its parents; its spirit to ascend with theirs to God." The same firmness and constancy characterized the proceedings

* The name Madagascar is unknown to its inhabitants. Imerina is the province of the Hovas, and contains the seat of government; and, since the reduction of the whole island under one monarchy, is generally accepted as the national name.

* At a subsequent period, Mr. Ellis visited the native village of this Christian convert, the young Raviva; where her memory is held in great esteem, and a church has been established.

at Faravohitra, the place of burning, as at the precipice. "Thus they prayed, as long as they had any life. Then they died; but softly—gently. Indeed, gentle was the going forth of their life. And astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there."*

Crucifixion was also had recourse to, the victims being exposed until hunger, thirst, and exhaustion put an end to their sufferings; sometimes, however, a fire was lighted, and cross and martyr consumed in one burning pile. Fiadana, a plain adjoining the capital, was chiefly used for stoning; witnesses describe this as the most brutalizing of all the exhibitions of Christian martyrdom. By Malagasy usage, the highest honors are paid to the dead; criminals alone being excepted, to whom the laws forbid burial. At midnight, however, the relatives and friends of those who had suffered death on the previous day stole forth to these scenes of public execution, and carried off for interment all that could be collected of their remains.

The greatest indignities were heaped on those appointed to die. The graceful native *lamba* was exchanged for torn and dirty garments. Rags were thrust into their mouths. Now, they were carried as beasts to market;† and anon, they were bound to poles borne on men's shoulders. All testimony, however, both heathen as well as Christian, unanimously declares that the martyrs bore these indignities, as also the cruel and various deaths which released them from them, with a quiet fortitude and unassuming resolution. "Let us go and see how these Christians behave—they are said not to be afraid to die," was the expression of some of the great officers of the royal household. "We were near," was their admission on a subsequent occasion, "and saw all that took place. But the Christians were not afraid and did not recant." That firmness, enthusiasm, and unhesitating conviction which religious persecution so seldom fails to call into play, appear to have prominently marked all these terrible scenes.

The Tangeha was also brought into

use. Numbers were sold into slavery with the further penalty that their slavery was to be irredeemable. To others, reduced to bondage, was annexed the condition that those who bought them should bind themselves by an obligation to keep them to continued labor. Nobles, their wives and children, were brought to the market-place, and sold under both these aggravated forms of slavery. Heavy and painful irons were attached to others, which they continued to wear through life. The property of all criminals reverts to the sovereign; but, in the case of the Christians, their houses, furniture, and cattle were allowed to become the prey of the rabble, thereby bringing into existence a numerous band of spies. The judges were incessantly occupied upon examinations; and the least act or word, the vaguest suspicion, exposed all, from the highest to the lowest, to be dragged before them. The country was scoured in all directions by the instruments of the Queen and the idol-keepers. Domiciliary visits were of daily, often of hourly recurrence; and slaves—usually an affectionate and trusty class of the inhabitants—watched their owners' every movement, and, for the first time, found themselves listened to in a court of justice. Numbers fled from these all-encompassing dangers to the mountains, or hid themselves in the depths of the native forests, eking out a scanty subsistence until want and exposure put an end to their lives. Others constructed hiding-places in their own houses, and on their own farms; and were there tended and supplied with food by their relatives for years, reappearing long after they had been accounted dead. There are few villages, few farm-houses where, at the present time, the traveller may not hear the awful tale of hairbreadth escapes, or be shown some excavation in the living rock, some dark hole among the cattle-pens, which was once a human habitation under these circumstances. Six native Christians made their way, after great hardships and difficulties, to the sea-coast, and were there fortunate enough to attract the notice of a vessel, by which they were received on board and brought to England. A measure of the extent and general nature of these persecutions

* Native account, preserved by Mr. Ellis.

† The "bullock-chain" is a peculiar instrument of native torture—just alluded to in the case of Rasalama—by which the hands and feet of the victim are bound in one close knot.

may be learned from a native account of the small village of Ilafy, to the north of the capital. At their commencement, this village numbered thirty-eight Christian converts. Of these four were hunted down and put to death, three died in fetters, six were subjected to the Tangena, of whom two died. The remainder continued steadfast to the end of the persecutions.*

In this brief record of firmness and constancy under trial, we may not look for proof of the doctrine, or moral excellency of its recipients—every student of history knows that these are equally characteristic of heathen as of Christian forms of belief. We introduce it as placing beyond a doubt the imperishable hold which Christianity must now take on the native mind. Either the lessons of history are deceptive, or a church thus baptized in fire and blood, whatever may be its future vicissitudes, can never entirely cease from the land.

Through all these terrible years, not their least remarkable characteristic is the absence of any grave or unworthy accusation against the native Christians—praying, and altering the customs of the country, are the only charges brought against them. Their character of “a praying people” appears to have been their chief offence in the eyes of the authorities. “These people would have been good servants † indeed, if it were not for their praying,” was the remark forced from one of the judges. “To change what the ancestors have ordered and done, and to pray to the ancestors of the foreigners, not to Nampanemerina and Lehidama, and the idols that sanctify the twelve kings, and the twelve mountains that are worshipped—who ever changes these observances, I make known to all people, I will kill, saith Ranavalo,” is the public edict of a monarch. Property entrusted to their keeping was returned, it was admitted, with scrupulous honesty; their private dealings were marked by industry, straightforwardness, and intelligence; and they held themselves aloof from all political or insubordinate movements.

* This village now possesses a church and a European clergyman; and—sufficient commentary on religious persecution—numbers 298 native Christians attending divine worship.

† Servants of the sovereign—subjects.

Much, no doubt, of this violence of persecution is to be attributed to the cruel, bigoted, and deeply superstitious mind of the Queen, acted on by the idol-keepers, who beheld their influence rapidly and permanently passing away, when the sudden and unexpected death of Radama gave opportunity of striking a vigorous and decisive blow. Not a little of it, however, is to be fairly attributed to the deep-seated traditions of the country, and a fear, never entirely absent, of its passing into the hand of the stranger. We have already made allusion to the close connection in the native mind between religion and loyalty. The person of the monarch is sacred, and royal descent is deduced from the national idols, or gods, of whom they are supposed to be symbolical. On all solemn occasions it is the custom to recapitulate this descent, and to claim the high powers and privileges of the sovereign by reason of it. Thus religion has come to sanctify royalty, and the throne to be regarded as unsafe without it. To adopt any particular form of religion was to pay adoration to the founders of that religion, and to swear fidelity to their present lineal descendant. A follower of the Malagasy form of heathenism was bound by the principles of his religion to yield obedience to the monarch of the country—a convert to Christianity, the religion of the English, was supposed to become a subject of the English sovereign. The missionaries appear to have performed their task far too thoroughly and conscientiously—and, indeed, the native intelligence is far too considerable—to permit of this confusion of spiritual and temporal considerations in those more fully admitted to Christian communion with them. But a narrow-minded and obstinate queen, the hostile idol-keepers, and the mass of the natives still incapable of examining the question for themselves, were not in this position. History does indeed repeat itself—and that in widely distant and unexpected portions of the globe; and there can be little doubt that the ruling powers of Madagascar fell into an error not very unlike that of the Jewish high-priests.

For some years after the departure of the missionaries in 1836, the fires of religious persecution raged with great fury. In 1845, some European traders

to the port of Tamatave made complaint that the native laws were being put in force against them; and the governors of Mauritius and Bourbon, on their representation, endeavored to effect an amicable adjustment. The attempt proving wholly ineffectual, one English and two French men-of-war were despatched to the coast. These landed forces, burned the small seaport town, and made an attack on the neighboring fort. A number of natives were killed and wounded; but, ultimately, the English and French were obliged to retire, leaving thirteen of their number in the hands of the Queen's forces, whose heads, according to national custom, were placed on poles opposite the fort. This disastrous attempt appears to have greatly exasperated Ranavaloa. All intercourse with foreigners was strictly interdicted; the export of rice and cattle prohibited—much to the loss of Mauritius, which had hitherto trusted chiefly to the rice-fields and extensive cattle pastures of Madagascar;—and the traditional jealousy of Europeans considerably revived. It served, too, to blow into fresh conflagration the smouldering embers of religious persecution now rendered all the more violent from Christianity exhibiting its influence within the court and the Queen's own family. The Queen's son, then in his seventeenth year, was reported to have undergone the rite of baptism; and Ramonja, a prince holding a high official rank, and nephew of the Queen, made public declaration of his conversion to the new faith. The year 1849 was marked by as relentless a persecution as any which had preceded. On the strong intercession of the Queen's son, Prince Ramonja's life was spared, though he was degraded to the lowest ranks of the army; but on the hereditary nobles and lesser subjects, fines, confiscations, irredeemable slavery, life in chains, and death in various and most cruel forms were imposed with relentless severity. Isolated from the rest of the habitable globe, and strictly confined within its sea-girt limits, the island seemed now entering on a night of heathen darkness, and triumphant fanaticism; and intelligence of Christian progress rarely reached England, and then indirectly from Mauritius. Nevertheless, these ac-

counts, generally written by some native convert to a Christian refugee, left no doubt that Christianity was increasing both in numbers and in firm hold over those who had embraced it; and in 1852, the London Missionary Society, induced by these simple records of suffering, heroism, and unswerving faith, came to the determination of sending a gentleman of experience and ability to ascertain more exactly the condition of the native Christians: as, also, whether any hope remained open of influencing the Queen to a more lenient course of policy.

It is thus for the first time we make the acquaintance of Mr. Ellis, in connection with missionary labor in Madagascar, in his two works which we have placed at the head of this article. Amid no lack of conflicting statement, the Society's selection appears to us a wise one. The task required delicacy, discretion, and no ordinary powers of conciliating; and these the narrative of Mr. Ellis' intercourse with native heathen and Christian enables us to trace in him. Other not unimportant qualifications we shall have occasion to recur to in the course of the second, and, if possible, more interesting, act of modern progress in Madagascar, to which he now conducts us. Here it may be sufficient to state that, while not free from certain severities in his own adoption of the Christian's life,* in the midst of a naturally warm-hearted and not over-rigid people the Independent minister appears to have gained the respect and esteem—not seldom the strong affection—of prince and noble, as of the more simple peasantry among whom his errand bore him. Following in the steps of his Society in their earlier efforts in the island, he has not been slow to perceive the advantages to be derived from exhibiting the truths of Christianity in close connection with the temporal progress of Christian countries. A knowledge of medicine and the more simple operations of surgery thus opened to him much of native domestic life. His skill in photography proved similarly ser-

* Thus, at the banquets of the Malagasy nobles he refused to take wine; and when a spectator of the court dances, hesitated not to declare that the religious denomination of which he was a member did not practise dancing.

viceable, while it has added to the attractions of his books; and he was generally in a position to satisfy the eager inquiries of the more educated with regard to the polity, modern discovery, and social progress of England, "the happy land" of the Malagasy noble. We should have liked, indeed, to have added more fully to our slender knowledge of Malagasy government and native form of heathenism, but we recognize the difficulties of his position with regard to both these subjects; even when changing events made him the confidential and affectionate adviser of the monarch, he informs us that he forbore all expression of opinion on political matters, save when expressly invited to do so. His first work, too—as the preceding narrative of Messrs. Freeman and Johns—was written under very considerable reserve. The publication of names of native converts, in connection with Christian progress—the least clue which might lead to the detection of those still practising Christian rites or holding Christian principles (indications are not wanting throughout the work that such had recourse to Mr. Ellis for communion and advice, and even engaged in divine worship with him under these truly dreadful risks), would have drawn destruction upon them from the merciless bigot who then held possession of the throne. But Mr. Ellis became the connecting link between the Christian world and that new and outlying portion of it whose origin we have endeavored to trace in the preceding pages.

In the summer of 1853, Mr. Ellis arrived at Mauritius; and, by help of a small sailing craft, completed his voyage to Madagascar. The village of Tamatave, overlooking the port, contains some 3,000 inhabitants; but, owing to the extreme fear of foreign invasion already alluded to, the harbor is left uninviting—a condition in which the village takes its share. The inhabitants, desirous of a renewal of trade, were friendly and hospitable, adding strong expressions of hope that Mr. Ellis would obtain permission to proceed to the capital. In about three weeks, his letter containing this request—forwarded in company with a memorial of the Mauritius Chamber of Commerce for a resumption of trade—received its reply through

the hands of the native authorities at Tamatave. It was carefully—even courteously—worded, but urged great pressure of public business upon the Queen's hands at the time, and recommended Mr. Ellis to return across the water before sickness should overtake him. Deeming the country thus closed against him, Mr. Ellis reluctantly returned to Mauritius. The few weeks, however, spent in Tamatave were not without their interest and encouragement; nor, notwithstanding the perils of the subject, was information on the progress of Christianity entirely wanting. Indeed, the meeting between native and European Christian, after an estrangement of seventeen years which had left many deep and still bleeding wounds in their course, was at times strange and moving.

"Our frequent intercourse with them" (writes Mr. Ellis, who, on this visit, was accompanied by Mr. Cameron, formerly instructor of mechanical and architectural arts under the first mission) "was intensely interesting, and sometimes deeply affecting. Much important information was received from them; and our best advice and kindest Christian sympathy appeared to be both welcome and cheering. On one occasion, when one of the friendly natives whom we had expected to see entered the place where we were sitting, after looking earnestly at each of us for a few moments, and almost mechanically giving us his hand, there came over his whole countenance such an expression as I had never before witnessed in any human being. It was not ecstasy, it was not terror, and yet an apparent blending of both, marked by an intensity of feeling but rarely seen. During the whole interview, which was long, there was a strong uneasiness mingled with evident satisfaction which it would be impossible to describe. It would be unsuitable to make any mention of his name or rank; or of the present circumstances of some, or the tragical end, on account of their faith, of others most closely connected with him."—(*Visits to Madagascar*, p. 38.)

This visit was also of service in procuring the native and very beautiful fresh-water plant, known as the *Ouvirandra fenestralis*, or lattice-leaf plant, specimens of which may now be seen at Kew, Chiswick, the Regent's Park, and the Crystal Palace, as well as some very attractive orchids.

For the attack made on the port of Tamatave in 1845, the Queen of Madagascar had demanded an indemnity of

50,000 dollars; and the merchants of Mauritius, on the return of Mr. Ellis to that island, deeming a renewal of trade worth that sum, subscribed the amount among themselves. Mr. Ellis availed himself of this opportunity to renew the attempt in the summer of the following year; though, unfortunately, with no better result. A most severe attack of cholera had broken out in Mauritius previous to his departure, and this circumstance was made use of as reasonable ground for a second refusal of permission to proceed into the interior. It was not until his return to England that this permission—in the form of a voluntary offer from the Malagasy Government—was placed at his disposal; and, acting on it in 1856, Mr. Ellis reached Tamatave in the July of that year—this time unaccompanied—and found instructions awaiting him for his escort to the capital. For the interesting details of a journey of some 300 miles through country of a beautiful and highly romantic character, we must refer the reader to the book itself, our business more properly lying with the history of native Christian progress. It may, however, throw some light on the native disposition toward Christianity to state here that Mr. Ellis's escort, some one hundred of the tall, vigorous, and athletic Betsimarakas, or inhabitants of one of the maritime provinces, exhibited much docility, willingness, and good humor; that each local chief or Government officer received him with considerable hospitality and manifestation of kindness; and that a strong native interest, having its origin in the earlier Christian movement and the wide-spread desolation and misery caused by the persecution, appeared to pervade all classes, as well as all intermediate districts. Such glimpses of Malagasy peasant life as the following are not without their own attractions, while they also bear on our subject:

"On entering the house in which I was to spend the night, I found myself in a true Malagasy peasant cottage. The inside, not above twenty feet square, was divided by a rush partition into two compartments or rooms. The first, into which the door opened, was appropriated to a pen for calves and a pen for lambs, in which one was bleating for a long time, and also a pen for ducks and chickens. The inner apartment was work-

ing-room, cooking-room, eating-room, sitting-room, and sleeping-room. In this inner apartment, when we entered, the husband was watching a large pot of rice boiling on the fire, and the wife was seated on a mat on the floor before a fragile rustic loom, weaving a fine silk lamba, or scarf, such as are worn by the Hova chiefs on holidays or public occasions. The loom was of most simple materials and primitive construction. Four stakes of unequal length, fixed upright in the ground, with rods across, composed the framework of the loom. In front of this, the woman sat on the ground. At the distance of six or seven feet were two short sticks, driven into the ground, with a rod stretching across; and over this the woof of silk to be woven was fastened. It is with apparatus so simple and fragile that the beautiful lambas of the Hovas, with their rich colors and elegantly figured patterns, are woven. Silkworms are numerous in some of the provinces, and silk might be produced in great abundance. Although on entering I requested that the woman would not disturb herself, she soon untied the different parts of the loom, rolled up the silk, placed it in a rush basket standing by her side, pulled up the stakes, and, in less than five minutes, no sign of the work in which she had been engaged was to be seen. The bedstead, I found, was a fixture, the parts being driven into the ground. The fire-place was near the foot of the bed, and a small window at the end.

"In the course of the evening, upward of twenty friends came down from the capital to express their thankfulness and joy at my arrival. Some of them were remarkable-looking men, whose presence would have commanded respect in any intelligent assembly, and whose past history of peril and deliverance was amongst the most remarkable and deeply interesting of any I had ever listened to. They quite filled my little room. Ejaculations of grateful joy at our meeting were all that, for some time, could be uttered, and these were mingled with tears. Many earnest and affectionate inquiries after friends who had formerly resided in the country were made. Many deeply affecting accounts of events and changes and deaths among themselves were related, and long, indeed, it was before we separated. How much more interesting and permanently affecting has the history of a number of these men since become!"

At the end of a month, Antananarivo, the city of a thousand suburbs, as the name in true Eastern hyperbole implies, appeared in view; and three of the Queen's officers — intelligent-looking young men, dressed in European fashion, and speaking tolerable English—met Mr. Ellis for the purpose of conducting him to the house set apart for his use. In

common with all the inland towns—doubtless for better defence—Antananarivo clothes the top and sides of an elevated ridge some two miles long; and, as the highest point of each village is allotted to its chief personage, so the royal palace, its largest and most lofty building, crowns this Acropolis. This structure is some sixty feet high, well—indeed, admirably—planned for a people so lately entitled to aspire to the rank of civilization. It is surrounded by a double balcony, and the golden eagle, the emblem of the Hovas, surmounts the whole. The residence of the Queen's son adjoins—a smaller building, but in similar good taste, and also bearing the golden eagle. The house set apart for Mr. Ellis's accommodation was a neat, well-built, two-story house; the rooms large and lofty, measuring about fourteen feet from floor to ceiling, covered with excellent matting, and furnished with all suitable requisites. Presents of oxen, poultry, eggs, rice, and other articles followed each other in rapid succession—as, previously, had been the custom on the journey to the capital. In the evening, the courtyard was filled by persons desirous of paying visits of congratulation to the new missionary. "Friends seemed as if they could not keep away, but came with anxious and yet joyous look, just to offer a brief though fervent welcome, and then depart."

On the following day, took place Mr. Ellis's first and highly important interview with the Prince Royal, on whom so much of the future of Madagascar was now considered to depend. The Prince, at this period, was twenty-six years of age, and had been for some time married. Small, but well-proportioned, with expressive and highly intelligent features, quick sensibilities, and a manner marked by very considerable natural courtesy, he appears to have strongly prepossessed in his favor all Europeans with whom he came in contact. "He deports himself amazingly well, and on public occasions is dignified and self-possessed," says Lieutenant Oliver.* "He

is not like a Malagasy at all, but much more like an English gentleman," is the character which M. de Lastelle gives of him—probably not without the delicate flattery of his countrymen—to Mr. Ellis. "Youthful, light-hearted, and fond of fun . . . the benevolence and kindness of the Prince appeared innate, and was exercised irrespective of color, rank, or nation," is the affectionate verdict of Mr. Ellis himself on his future and favorite pupil. With an excellent ear the young Prince played and sang well; had a ready wit; and in his domestic relations exhibited much natural affection, gentleness, and consideration. But the most distinguishing trait in his character was his sense of the sacredness of human life, and his unconquerable aversion to its destruction:

"I have often thought that, if not originated, these were matured and confirmed by the shock and revulsion of feeling produced by the waste of life, and the spectacles of bloodshed which must have been made familiar to him during his mother's reign. I believe it was his firm purpose that no human life should be taken by his authority, and that his reign, whatever might be its duration, should be designated by succeeding generations as 'the bloodless reign.' At least, so he once said to me." (*Madagascar Revisited.*)

That a strong feeling of attachment to the heir to the throne should pervade all classes of the community was to be expected from the close connection between loyalty and religion existing in the native mind. Even toward the she-wolf who then held possession of it, sentiments of reverence and submission which a European would regard as due alone to the Supreme and Divine Ruler of all were to be heard from her subjects, whose flesh she tore and whose blood she was spilling like water. But the personal tie existing between his countrymen and the new Radama—for by such title was he already known—appears to have been of a far more close and cordial nature than this. In the cold gray of the morning and the driving mountain mist of the highly elevated Imerina, he was to be seen, cloaked and booted, among his men, superintending those great public works which were to advance his country in the scale of civilization. As he returned in the evening, the peasant hastened from his field, spade in hand, to lay before him his simple offering of

* Lieutenant Oliver was attached to the Mission sent to convey presents from Her Majesty the Queen to Radama II. in 1862. His work is copiously illustrated with sketches, which give a very lively idea of the persons, scenery, and architecture of the island.

poultry, or the first fruits of his husbandry. Each chief triumph of the housewife's art, whether it might be a jar of honey, or a bale of native undyed silk, or some known favorite of the Prince's taste, was reserved for the Silver Palace; and as he handled or tasted, and pronounced it good, "they looked at each other with satisfaction and then sat for some time gazing at him without speaking, but with evident delight." National usage imperatively demands that the health of the Sovereign be drunk last; after which the feast ends. But at the banquets of the native nobles his name was proposed next in order of honor, and with an enthusiasm which told of a glorious future expected for their country when the course of nature should place him on the throne. To the native Christians he had at all times proved a ready friend in their great and sore need, manifesting, in addition to his instinctive hatred of cruelty and bloodshed, an abhorrence of all religious intolerance. When a boy, he is reported to have visited his near relative Prince Ramonja, and to have wept as he beheld his coarse fare, scanty clothing, and meanest drudgery of a private soldier; and when the tempest of religious persecution raged fiercest against lesser subjects, and they fled in crowds to his house, he encouraged them to hope, supplied them with food and money, and favored their escape from the capital. It is even added that he broke into a council of his mother and her advisers, and pleaded their cause:—"Why should they be put to death? They have done nothing but good in the country. If they are to suffer because they are Christians, I too am a Christian. If those are to die who read the sacred Book and pray, I have done this. I too must die." These acts had drawn upon him the attention of the idol-keepers, and more than once they had urged strong remonstrance upon the Queen. But maternal instinct appears to have been the one soft point in that cruel and unrelenting breast. "He is only a youth, and he is my son," was reported to have been her reply. We have already stated that, in earlier years, the Prince had permitted himself to be baptized by the native Christians; but his precise religious views at the period of Mr. Ellis's visit were the subject of con-

siderable controversy. It appears beyond a doubt that he had entirely disentangled himself from the superstitions of the native religion, and even that he spoke in open derision of the idols and their power; but evidence is wanting that he had replaced these by the adoption of a purer faith. It was even insinuated that an earlier English instructor had suggested deistical views to him; and it is certain that, at a subsequent period, unhappy differences in Christian forms of belief were pressed upon his notice. So far it may be desirable to speak in anticipation of the Prince's character.

On the present occasion, Mr. Ellis describes him as entering into conversation with him with natural ease and dignity. "What can we do to promote the prosperity and stability of the nation that Madagascar may become like other countries?"—appears to have been his leading thought on this, as on several subsequent interviews. "We conversed," continues Mr. Ellis, "a long time on a number of subjects not connected with religion, in some of which the Prince was deeply interested; and becoming greatly excited, spoke with a degree of earnestness and animation which, considering the quietness of his manner during the early part of our interview, I had scarcely expected." On a subsequent visit, he came accompanied by his wife, the Princess Rabodo, also of royal blood. In a few days Mr. Ellis received an intimation that the Queen would accord him a public interview; and, in the courtyard of the palace, the widow of the first Radama held her audience, and accepted from him—not without some appearance of relief and satisfaction—the assurance of friendly intentions toward the Malagasy with which he had been entrusted by the British Government. Ranavalona was, at this period, in her sixty-eighth year, apparently in good health, and not altogether unprepossessing in appearance, her countenance affording no indication of the cruelties which had marked her reign. The whole ceremony, we are assured, was characterized by a becoming dignity and propriety of demeanor in all present.

Attentions from the chief persons of the capital, indicating considerable kindness and delicacy, followed; and the subsequent period of Mr. Ellis's residence

at the seat of government appears to have been fully occupied by increasing demands on his photographic skill, by visits to various portions of the city and adjoining country in company with the Prince, and by a succession of pleasant, and, to all appearances, not inelegant hospitalities. Of the Prince himself, Mr. Ellis now writes in terms of unaffected love and friendship, and there is every reason to believe that the feeling was warmly and sincerely returned. We are left in no doubt that, during this period, the English missionary entered into close and confidential intercourse with the native Christians dwelling in and around the metropolis. Many of these had remained from the time of the former missionaries' sojourn, twenty years before; numbers had since joined their ranks, and not a few were near relatives of the martyrs of 1840 and 1849. The spirit of persecution, however, though it had now slumbered for some years, was by no means dead; and the task, we may well believe, needed the exercise of no small care and discretion.

As the period specified for Mr. Ellis's residence in the country approached its termination, the Prince made efforts to procure its extension, but ineffectually. The Queen was not unmindful of courtesy, but firm; and Mr. Ellis took his reluctant departure, apparently to the great regret of all his friends:

"The Prince," he writes, "was more than usually grave; and we were long engaged in earnest conversation. He spoke much of his anxiety for the people, and his distress at events that occurred. He said it was like tearing his heart out. About three o'clock we rose to depart, when the Prince, with a degree of feeling that almost overcame me, came, and taking my hand, led me out of the house through the crowd of officers and people, to my palanquin. As soon as I was seated, he entered his own, as did also the young noble his companion. Thus accompanied, I commenced my homeward journey."

In 1857 Mr. Ellis reached England, and made report of his mission.

Neither age, however, nor signs of approaching dissolution, appears to have exercised any softening influence on the merciless and inexorable heart of the Queen. The year following Mr. Ellis's departure from the country was marked by as extensive and unrelenting a persecution of the native Christians as any

which had gone before. On this occasion, death by stoning was chiefly inflicted; besides which, great numbers were loaded with heavy fetters, which they wore until death released them. During a subsequent visit to the country, Mr. Ellis obtained the chains which a distinguished Christian had thus worn during life, and brought them to England; they were found to weigh over 50 lbs. All testimony concurs in attributing to the Prince great humanity, and numberless acts of direct interposition, during this terrible period. Evidence, when possible, was held back from the Queen, and many fugitives were provided with the means of escape. On this occasion, Ranaivalo again recurred to her expedient of calling on the Christians to denounce themselves, but the people, warned by past experience, more sparingly obeyed the summons. Many of the native narratives of this and preceding scenes of Christian persecution—chiefly drawn up by actual sufferers in them—wear a singular charm of simple dignity, honesty, and intelligent unsuspecting faith. They are the accounts of persons who regard these persecutions as temporary and short-sighted impediments to a great and glorious future, and we look in vain in them for an expression of haste, of vindictiveness, or of doubt, that the purposes of God are triumphing over the obstructions of man. At the risk of exceeding our limits, we cannot refrain from extracting the concluding portion of one of these narratives, written by a Christian convert when in chains; but who, nevertheless, was unwearied in his exertions to benefit his countrymen both heathen and Christian:

"After this, false reports about the Christians were brought to the Queen again; and those who had been bound together with us in prison were loaded with additional chains, and four were sent to Isifalahy, among the Sacalavas. But we four brethren were kept in chains.

"On account of the numerous ways or kinds of occupation in the land of the Queen, I considered; and I asked God what I should do that I might learn to dispense medicine; and I translated a book about administering medicine, which Dr. Tavel [attached to the earlier missionary staff] left for those whom the Queen sent to learn at Ambodinandahalo. It was in 1852 that I was learning about medicine.

"When, by the help of God, I was able, I bought some medicine; and took it to heal those that were sick. By the blessing of God, many of the sick who came were healed, and also many of the poor who had nothing to pay, to whom I took the medicine in pity. Many were thankful for the medicine of the Europeans; and from my desire, and through the blessing of God, I had strength to visit the sick, such as I found every day, and those I met at noon in the streets of Antananarivo.*

"The severity was relaxed in 1855; and in the middle of the month Adaoro of that year, at the ceremony of the circumcision, the heavy chains were taken off us two brothers, and we were able to visit many more who were sick. When Mr. Ellis came in the next year, he brought medicine, and gave some to Ratsimahara and me; and we two agreed to use the medicine. And when there was more than ordinary strong disease which I did not understand, I looked in the book of medicine which Mr. Ellis left with us; and five hundred and thirty-six people among the Christians were healed; and the number of others who were healed, we sent to you. And when, by the blessing of God, that medicine was increased, great was the joy of the Prince, and he gave me some little boys, slaves, to assist me in that work of compassion.

"This is the state of the work of the Lord with me, which I make known unto you, beloved brother; and all the friends here visit you. May you live, and have happiness, saith Rainitsoutsoraka and his brother.†

Mr. Ellis was fortunate enough to obtain an excellent photograph of this truly noble man—whom he designates as "my daily and most pleasant companion"—on the very morning of his departure from the capital. It indicates great simplicity of character, benevolence, and conscientiousness. Preceding portions of the autobiography record evidences of very considerable mechanical and constructive talents in the possession of the writer. He perished in this latest, and probably most severe, ordeal through which his Christian countrymen have passed.

At length, in 1861, tidings reached Europe of the death of the Queen, and the accession of her son to the throne, under the title of Radama II. By nature superstitious, cruel, and pitiless, the idol-keepers had found Ranavaloa no unwilling instrument in their persistent

efforts to suppress the Christian movement. Nevertheless, strict justice cannot refuse some consideration to the peculiar circumstances in which the Queen found herself placed. The widow of Radama had succeeded to, or at least possessed herself of, a partially consolidated kingdom. Radama had, indeed, overrun the whole island; but his death was the signal for a vigorous effort to throw off the yoke of the Hovas, and the earlier years of the Queen's reign were little more than a succession of merciless and exterminating expeditions into these distant and revolutionary provinces. Messrs. Freeman and Johns, who wrote their narrative in 1840, set down the number of human beings who had fallen up to that period at 100,000, and those brought back to the capital and reduced to slavery at twice as many more. Under these circumstances of a disputed allegiance in more distant provinces, disaffection in the heart of the Hovas stimulated by the adoption of a new form of faith was all the more likely to provoke immediate and unhesitating efforts at repression.

These tidings came accompanied by an invitation from the new King to Mr. Ellis to repeat his visit to Madagascar, and take up his residence at the capital; which was complied with in the summer of 1862.

It is difficult to imagine a course of policy more opposite to the preceding one than that which Mr. Ellis now found in actual practice on landing. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the new Radama entered on the fulfilment of his promise of "a bloodless reign," that predominating idea of his mind, in its most large and perfect acceptation. A decent, orderly, and devout congregation awaited the English missionary at the port of Tamatave, prepared to celebrate divine service with absence of all restriction or concealment. Numbers of exiles were met along the way to the capital, now permitted to spend the evening of their lives in security amid its earlier scenes; and the city itself was found peopled by those who had been long regarded, save by their nearest relatives, as having finally succumbed to the violence of persecution. "It is like coming again from the dead," was the exclamation heard on all sides. "Some of these," writes Mr

* Prisoners in Madagascar are frequently permitted to leave their place of confinement during the day, and earn a livelihood by work, or, more generally, by begging.

† The account was written and forwarded to a native convert residing in Mauritius.

Ellis, "I found feeble, wasted, bedridden sufferers. Yet to them and to their friends their return was indeed a jubilee, but a jubilee kept with tears, and with touching memories of the absent. To some it was like coming to their Christian home and friends to die; to others it was to live, and to rejoice in the free course of the Gospel in their country. Some few of them have never regained any amount of robust health, but remain sickly and feeble." No less remarkable a feature of the metropolis was the freedom with which Christian saluted Christian, and spoke on religious matters. The new King he found superintending the building of a school; and sites for six places of public Christian worship, on the scenes of the late persecutions, and to be known as "the Memorial Churches," had already been granted.

Other political changes of importance now quickly followed. The ordeal by Tangena was abolished, as also all capital punishment. All confiscations were restored, political offenders pardoned, and the inhabitants of refractory provinces who had been reduced to slavery were permitted to return to their homes; even the bones of those who had died in bondage were remitted to their native districts in order that they might repose in the tombs of their ancestors—a concession of singular value to the Malagasy, which appears to have laid the foundation of a strong feeling of loyalty in those hitherto disaffected provinces: on the occasion of a powerful and warlike tribe coming to the capital to take the oath of allegiance to the new monarch, they made public surrender of their implements of war; but the King returned them to them, requesting that they would keep them for use against his enemies. All restrictions were removed from foreign trade, and import and export duties, hitherto oppressive and vexatious, wholly abolished. Mr. Ellis strongly and frequently objects to this latter innovation, though he nowhere places us in full possession of the grounds of his objections; and, possibly, they had their origin in the religions, rather than in the economic, results of the measure as calculated to bring the natives into sudden and close contact with an undesirable class of foreign traders. This change appears to be connected in his

mind with much succeeding disaster—though that disaster was wholly internal in its origin and progress—and he made it the subject of strong remonstrance with the King. But on this point the new Radama was firm, and his firmness appears to us to have been accompanied by a largeness of view and native penetration not always found in association with better and longer opportunities of observation. He confessed his inability to see the necessity of a repeal of the edict; there was now no war, and his object was to perpetuate peace; customs made things dearer to everybody, and with peace and commerce the country might hope to do without them; he himself needed money for himself, for his family, in order that he might build his new palace (which appears to be incumbent on all new sovereigns), but he could not consent that the price of necessities should be raised on that account; besides, he had passed his word that he would take off the duties, and if he now reimposed them both his own people and foreigners would say that he was unstable, that he did not abide by his promise; and they would neither respect nor put confidence in him. Finally, he would consider the subject, though his heart did not tell him he had done wrong. "I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that my giving up the duties should not be thought well of by my friends abroad; but, if the country prospers, they will perhaps change their opinions." "Radama, on this occasion," adds Mr. Ellis, "exhibited more decision and firmness than I gave him credit for. He spoke with much animation, but with perfect self-command and courtesy." Another change was the abolition of all restrictions on the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, which had been of extreme rigor during the preceding reign. And here, though the most enthusiastic of free-traders may find some grounds in the actual circumstances of the case for Mr. Ellis's further remonstrances, the reply of the King is not wanting in similar indication of a clear and independent turn of thought. "There was intoxication in my mother's time, when its punishment was death."

It was under these altered circumstances that Mr. Ellis now, for the second time, took up his residence at Antanana-

rivo. He held no official appointment in the country, and, indeed, as he himself assures us, studiously abstained from all expression of opinion on its national policy, unless when, as in the preceding instances, he received a special invitation from the King to state his views; which he did in the presence of others. Unofficially, he became the intimate friend and companion of the new King; but his public position remained that of agent or representative of the London Missionary Society, in building the several places of public Christian worship, sites for which had already been granted; in distributing the new staff of teachers which the Society now sent out; and in organizing a general school system. In addition, the nobles and chief officers of state expressing a strong desire that their sons should participate in those opportunities of education denied to themselves, Mr. Ellis received them for two hours daily at his own residence; and writes in very favorable terms of their aptitude and general progress. The King also asked for an hour a day for his own study of English; during which Mr. Ellis read with his royal pupil in some English book, generally the Bible, and conversed on matters of European polity. We deem it thus necessary to enter into explanation of Mr. Ellis's position at the seat of government, in the face of coming disaster. The position was one of difficulty in the midst of conflicting elements—both religious and secular—now beginning to rise into notice when freed from the dire weight of the late Queen's rule; and we repeat that Mr. Ellis appears to us to have filled it with tact, delicacy, and a spirit of usefulness. A man of less reserve, of more unscrupulous freedom of action, might, indeed, have pressed his counsels upon the King with greater persistence, or thrown in his fortunes with him at the close—and it is difficult to repress a sense of regret that the hapless Radama was left friendless at his hour of sorest need—but that course, there can be little doubt, would have embroiled his own government—would have deprived the Society of its strictly spiritual character—and would have fastened on the native heathen mind a still stronger impression of the political tendencies of Christianity.

It is with very considerable difficulty

we trace the rise and growth of these new elements. The impediments which lie in the way of disentangling any given fact of native origin are generally admitted by all European residents of the capital; and Mr. Ellis—though not unobservant of affairs around him, and certainly, of all Europeans, in possession of the greatest facilities for information—is much more at home when dealing with native domestic life and manners than with political intrigues and matters of state. Other accounts—native, French, and Roman Catholic—are certainly tinged with the peculiar interests which influenced the writers. We have designated these new elements as both religious and secular; and it is at least certain that the idol-keepers were not now the only party which looked on with discontent. We have already stated that the sovereign, in actual practice, sought the advice of the great officers of state, who, in time, came to form a recognized council. But, besides these, there was also a royal bodyguard, known as the Menamaso, whose duties consisted in protecting the person of the King, in forming his retinue on ceremonious occasions, and even in partaking of his social pleasures and recreations. They were young men, chiefly chosen from the sons of the nobles; but the King could also elevate to its ranks any one whose particular qualities caught his fancy, or whose personal appearance promised to add attraction to the corps. The close and intimate royal favor accorded to them rendered them arrogant and overbearing to their less privileged fellow subjects; and at all times, they appear to have been an object of jealous suspicion to the rest of the nation. The Menamaso of the new King consisted chiefly of the former companions of his youth, and his genial spirits and love of social amusement appear to have thrown him much into their hands. The chief officers of state and of the household under his mother still continued to hold office under the new Radama, but the Menamaso came gradually to invade their proper function as a council of advice. They sold offices, exercised the chief patronage, and were generally regarded as acquiring an injurious influence over the King. The preparations for the coming coronation of the new monarch—

which the period of national mourning for his mother had deferred to close on a twelvemonth after his accession—had prevented any very open expression of discontent; and the coronation itself, held with all the pomp and splendor which the nation could call to its aid, and assisted by the presence of representatives of both the British and French Governments, seemed to revive in its full enthusiasm the early popularity of the sovereign.

But other agencies were also at work. The perfect religious toleration which had marked the new reign was all the more distasteful to the idol-keepers, as they could indulge in no hope of changing that ruling instinct of the King's nature; but, indeed, it appears to us that these guardians of the native religion received a serious, if not disabling, blow in the death of Ranavaloa. However, they were now by no means idle. Mr. Ellis mentions certain native death-tokens as left at his house; and on one occasion, when reading with the King, he states that his life was placed in extreme peril. A number of idol-keepers and their fanatical followers burst into the room, armed with staves; and though they retired in obedience to the King, who stood by Mr. Ellis, placing his hand on his shoulder, and waived them off, the more furious of them again returned, and were expelled only by force. They directed their chief efforts, however, to influence the minds of the people. Rumors or visions and voices of the royal ancestors spread through the city, though from no apparent source. Reports of a new and strange disease in the country districts followed; and, presently, the disease itself appeared in the capital. Young persons, chiefly females, exhibited themselves as seized by an involuntary dancing mania, and were to be seen daily dancing through the streets, market-places, and other localities of public resort. Chiefly, however, they were attracted toward the palace, the tombs of the royal ancestors, and the buildings for Christian worship now in course of erection. Slaves appeared to be peculiarly liable to the dancing sickness; but, eventually, a number of soldiers, when at drill, broke from the ranks, and exhibited all the symptoms of the strange infection. The King's son, a lad of some ten years of age, appears to have been

tampered with. He was seized with fever; and, escaping from his bed and from the precincts of the palace, he exhibited all the symptoms of the dancing mania, declaring that he heard voices from the spirit world, and that the royal ancestors had spoken to him. Among a people whose native religion consisted of little more than superstitious fears and forebodings, these occurrences produced a strong impression; and even extended their influence to the mind of the King. Truth, however, compels us to add that the religious element of the coming catastrophe was not wholly confined to the native form of faith. Some short time previously, a staff of Roman Catholic missionaries, of the Jesuit order, had established itself in the capital; and, from exceedingly small and discouraging beginnings, had come to acquire influence at the palace. Mr. Ellis does not withhold his admiration from the self-sacrifice and devotion of these men to their order; he acknowledges their right to make converts to their own peculiar form of Christianity. But the Independent minister seems to have evinced slight disposition to accord sympathy or coöperation to these followers of Loyola; and, indeed, in the reports of that body—which our critical conscience has obliged us to examine—it is charged against him that, "fanatical and envious preacher that he is, he preferred plunging Madagascar into barbarism to sharing with Catholics the honor of civilizing it." *

However, we have already stated our

* Indeed, it was not until we had consulted these reports, published under the sanction of the Propaganda, that we were aware how much forbearance Mr. Ellis had exercised in the matter. He is there described as "the man with the long nose," "the designing plotter," "wretched fanatic," "the author of the disgraceful revolution," "the evil genius which directs all this disorder," "the individual whose atrocious conduct I cannot put on paper," "who exercised a sort of magnetism over the King," and "is, at this moment, raising the slaves, and urging them to assassinate the French;" we are not sure but he is alluded to as the arch-fiend himself in the following: "We have a hand-to-hand fight with the devil, who would fain have us flee before his face." Mr. Ellis did, indeed, stand between Madagascar and Roman Catholicism, be it his praise or his reproach—though he certainly appears to us to have done so more by the moral dignity of his position than by the active and unscrupulous interference here attributed to him, and which we believe to have had existence only in the sus-

opinion that the revolutionary movement was a political one, though much complicated, in all probability, by religious considerations; and these latter appear to have been chiefly instrumental in imparting to the King that hesitation, bewilderment, and final obstinacy which so fatally heightened the catastrophe. Beyond all doubt, a growing and culminating resentment against the Menamaso, as the evil advisers of the King, was the predominating idea in the public mind; nor was it long without receiving strong proofs of justification. Mr. Ellis will have it that the abolition of the customs duties gave great offence to the nobles and chief officers of state; and, in the case of such of them—a considerable number, we believe—as derived their chief revenues from the collection of those duties, he is probably right. But royal proclamations and changes followed of a far more impolitic character. A certain M. Lambert had been a resident in the capital during the preceding reign, and had strongly ingratiated himself with the Prince Royal, obtaining promises from him to be carried into effect on his accession to the throne. The King now proceeded to ratify these engagements, and they were discovered to be of an extensive and highly unpopular nature. M. Lambert was to organize a French Company, to which certain territorial alienations were to be made; and the Company was further empowered to establish a mint, to search for and appropriate minerals, and to issue a state coinage. It would be difficult to imagine concessions more in opposition to Malagasy prejudices. They abhor the idea of any alienation of the soil. The people were never free from certain fears of French invasion; and the issue of a state coinage was naturally regard-

ed as a usurpation of the functions of their own sovereign. Strong remonstrance was pressed upon the King before affixing his ultimate signature to this agreement. But Radama pleaded his promise, signed the treaty, and M. Lambert sailed for France to organize his new Company.

A more astounding event followed. Hitherto, suits at law were argued before twelve judges, who appear to have exercised the functions of judge and jury together, with a final appeal to the King. The King now announced his intention to issue a proclamation that, after a certain date, all such suits were to be decided by battle, and that, in these judicial combats, it should be lawful for a man to kill his adversary. The announcement, emanating from a monarch hitherto recognized for his humanity, love of progress, and strong personal interest in the welfare of his people, appears to have come like a thunderclap on the land. Mr. Ellis boldly asserts that his royal pupil had lost his senses. From that hour the Menamaso, to whom the whole was attributed, appear to have been doomed to destruction. On the morning of the day which was to witness the publication of this extraordinary edict at Zoma, the great market-place of the capital, there was a meeting at the residence of the Chief Minister; and a long procession of nobles, clad in the graceful native lamba, wended its way, silent and thoughtful, through the streets of the metropolis to the palace, to make a last appeal to the King. Two hours afterward it was seen returning, more silent and more thoughtful still. The King had been obdurate and replied, "I will not take off my law; it will do good for my country." It is even added that the Chief Minister knelt to him before the assembled nobles, but without effect. Then—so ran report—the Chief Minister rose, and calling on the nobles to bear witness to his words, asked the King was it to be war with the Menamaso? to which the King replied, "Go—arm yourselves!"*

* Such are the words attributed to the King in a native version of the transaction by Rainilairivony, commander-in-chief, and brother of the Chief Minister, himself present on the occasion. Mr. Ellis's visits to the palace appear, at this period, to have been wholly restricted to the reading lessons.

Mr. Ellis's last interview with the King, on this eventful day, is of interest for the light it throws on some previous matters to which we have alluded :

"Thinking it right to go to the King again that day, in the hope that some opportunity might occur of speaking a word in favor of peace, yet not wishing to be out so late as usual, I went at two o'clock, instead of three, in the afternoon. I found the King sitting in a room with two Catholic priests; and among others who were present was the man who, as I was afterward told, was the leader of the party who had laid the death-tokens at my door, and intended to do what those tokens indicated, though I was ignorant of anything of the kind at the time. I asked Radama if he wished to read, and as he answered in the affirmative and rose to go out, I followed him into the room in which we usually read together. There I delivered to him a roll of specimen lithographs of places and scenes in Madagascar, which I had that morning received for him from Lieutenant Oliver. As I sat down beside him and opened the book, the two priests came in and sat down, and as we were about to begin, Père Finaz said, 'I have a little business.' On which I proposed to retire. The priest remarked that it was only a very short paper which he wished to read. I said to the King, 'If it is very short I will stay, otherwise I must go.' The priest then drew a pamphlet from under his dress, and began to speak in a very inarticulate and confused manner about something I had said on a former occasion in reference to Father Jouen, pointing to the pamphlet. Interrupting him, I said, 'Not now. I have not time to hear or say anything about that now—another day;' and turning to the King, I said, 'If your Majesty pleases, I will retire; I have business at home.' The priest still urging that it would not be long, the King exclaimed, 'He says another time.' I then hastily shook hands with the King, bowed to the priests, and left the room, apparently much to their surprise."

Such was their last meeting. In the mean time, the Ministerial party—ministerial, of late, only in name—were by no means inactive. On returning to the house of the Chief Minister, they drew up a formal indictment against the Menamaso, and, without separating, passed a resolution of death against the entire body. The army they still possessed, its commander-in-chief being of the Ministerial party, and acting in concert with his brother, the Chief Minister. Their arrangements with regard to the troops appear to have been prompt, vigorous, and highly effective. Before sunset,

every approach to the city was garrisoned, without confusion or disorder. It is estimated that 20,000 soldiers were assembled in and around the city of a thousand suburbs, with scarcely any appearance of movement. So unexpectedly came the whole manœuvre on the Menamaso, that none of them appear to have had the least intimation until the messenger of death, armed with the fatal spear, stood before each. Ten fell on the public thoroughfare—in their houses—at their places of business: and, as they fell, their bodies lay untouched till the shades of night permitted their removal. One barely found time to spring upon the back of a swift horse, and escape to the depths of the native forest. Thirty-three fled toward the palace, and were received within its walls by the King, who hastened to the gate to meet them. By evening the whole of the Menamaso were either dead, virtual prisoners, or hopeless fugitives. Not the least extraordinary part of this purely native movement was the absolute order and security of property which marked the scene of it. No private citizen was interfered with; no private house was entered; the very gardens were not trampled upon. With the morning, the Menamaso who had taken refuge in the palace were demanded of the King. Radama refused, expostulated; and at length consented to surrender them on condition that their lives should be spared. Exile in chains was the most lenient commutation of sentence which the King was able to obtain on their behalf from the Ministerial party, and they were led off to Zoma to have their chains affixed. Europeans who witnessed the sad procession were struck by its singularly melancholy aspect. The Menamaso had been stripped of their gay uniforms; incessant rain poured on their bare heads and streamed down the few garments left to them; and, during the whole way, they lifted not their eyes from the ground. Arrived at Zoma, while their chains were being affixed, the spearmen fell upon them, and in a few moments they ceased to live.

Nor was the revolutionary movement to stop here. At midnight, two nobles presented themselves at the palace, and sought admission to the King. It was replied that he was asleep, and could not

be disturbed. They repeated their visit an hour later, with the like result. With early dawn, they again presented themselves, accompanied by a few followers. They effected an entrance—broke into the King's apartment—and dragged him from his bed. The Queen interposed with cries, and promises that their demands would be satisfied—Radama would yield—they could depose him—both would retire from the capital; with difficulty she was forced from the apartment. The young monarch is stated to have met his end with dignity. "I have never shed human blood," were the last words uttered by him as the fatal napkin stifled all further speech. His body, by inexorable native usage dealt to criminals, lay unmoved until nightfall. Under the covering of night, it was stolen out of the city, and consigned to earth. With such extreme secrecy were these unhonored rites conducted as to give occasion to subsequent rumors that Radama still lived.

So perished a ruler whose accession to the throne, but a twelvemonth before, was, to his own countrymen, as the sun rising on the dark and terrible night of his mother's cruel reign—an event which Europe had awaited, not without impatience, as the termination to deeds shocking to humanity. With all the causes tending to produce so singular a reverse of fortune, we may, perhaps, never become fully acquainted; but we are forced to regard a wild and unreasoning fear of foreign subjugation—a feeling that, under the new reforms, a European power was growing up in the midst of the land, as lying most largely at the bottom of the movement. No doubt, the extraordinary edict of the King legalizing ordeal by battle precipitated matters; but, with the concessions to the French Company, and more especially, those alienating native territory, the King appears to us to have sealed his doom. M. Lambert had sailed for France to organize his Company, in accordance with the terms of his treaty; and his arrival was now daily expected, in a French man-of-war, on the coast. In the mean time, the name of the late King was removed from the list of native sovereigns which it is customary to recite on all solemn occasions—the new ruler ascended the throne as the immediate

successor of Ranavaloa—and to assert that Radama still lived, even to repeat his name, was proclaimed a capital offence.

The character of this ill-fated monarch cannot but be accounted singular. The growth to maturity of many noble and highly prepossessing qualities amid the strangely uncongenial atmosphere of his mother's court evinces no ordinary originality and independence of mind. His love of social pleasures made frivolous the latter months of his reign; nor can they be freed from graver charges of folly and dissipation. His natural gayety and quick sensibilities greatly heightened the effects of wine, and he was easily intoxicated. But his detestation of cruelty, his kindly affection, his freedom from all malice, and his unfailing sympathy with all that ennobles or makes truly great, remained undimmed to the close.

The Crown was now offered by the Ministerial party, without delay, to the Queen; by whom it was accepted. Rabodo was of royal birth, and was, perhaps, the next heir to the throne; but on the present occasion—the first, it is stated, in the history of the country—it was made a condition that she ascended it by the will of the people. Other conditions were also added. Capital punishment was to be again in force, but without the Tangena.* Customs duties were to be resumed; and a form of trial more nearly approaching that by jury was established. Religious tolerance was to be continued, and foreign commerce encouraged. In accordance with native usage, the Queen adopted the reigning title of Rasoharina; under which name she has since continued to exercise sovereign power.

It was not without considerable anx-

* Not the least remarkable characteristic of this peculiar native ordeal is the hold which it appears to exercise over the country. As a test of guilt or innocence, it is most barbarous and contemptible in the extreme. Nevertheless, though thus excluded from Malagasy courts of justice by royal edict—an exclusion sought to be further confirmed by a distinct article of the subsequent English treaty of 1865—many of the more intelligent and better educated nobles have expressed desire for its reintroduction. This, as well as the unfortunate proclamation of the King legalizing ordeal by combat, would seem to point to considerable difficulties in the course of Malagasy justice.

iety the native Christians witnessed these revolutionary changes. No time, however, appears to have been lost by the Ministerial party in making intimation to the missionaries that the movement would in no way affect their position in the country; and a similar assurance was repeated on the occasion of a public interview with the new sovereign, to which they were invited. In a few weeks, complete confidence returned, and the attendance at the several places of public religious worship resumed its former appearance. Subsequently the Queen accorded a public reception to her Christian subjects; on which occasion Mr. Ellis estimates that more than 7,000 were in attendance, including several nobles and officers of high rank. Their number and appearance—by no means inconsiderable, if we take into account that little more than a twelvemonth had elapsed since a period was put to a series of most cruel and relentless persecutions—seem to have given rise to some surprise, but no expression of alarm or displeasure was made. In 1865, opportunity was taken of an amended form of the English treaty to introduce a clause guaranteeing full religious liberty to all native Christians. The importance of such a safeguard, thus forming portion of a solemn international treaty, is greater than might at first sight appear; and should a desire for Christian persecution again arise, the traditional native policy would hesitate before breaking with a European Power. The number of native Christians in the capital and its immediate neighborhood is now estimated at 18,000, distributed among seventy-nine churches, under care of seven English missionaries, and ninety-five native pastors and teachers. There are also twenty schools including a training school in full working order, with preparations to enlarge this portion of missionary work. This estimate is comprehended within a radius of twenty miles from the capital, and is exclusive of distant and more scattered fields of Christian labor.

With such brief and necessarily imperfect record, we now take our leave of this most interesting subject. Our readers will have already learned that nowhere, in modern times, has Christianity so fearlessly and so successfully grappled with brutal superstition and heathen fa-

naticism. But the earlier intercourse of civilization with barbarism is at all times, and under all circumstances, perilous to the latter; and, during some succeeding years, the course of Malagasy progress must be watched with solicitude. Any considerable relapse from Christianity we regard as unlikely. The people have shown themselves peculiarly fitted for its intelligent and permanent reception, and those fierce storms of religious persecution which might upturn a more weakly growth have only sent its roots deeper into the soil.

Fraser's Magazine.

MODERN VERSE WRITERS.

BETWEEN the first of January, 1865, and the first of January, 1866, there were published in the United Kingdom two hundred and seventy-five volumes of verse. If we but consider the mental and physical disease, the unrest, the baffled ambitions, the piteous wrestling with circumstances which these volumes typify, we shall say that in the social history of that year there are few more pathetic facts to be met with. Clever newspaper-writers applying to such a statement their handy trade-gauge of utilitarianism, would probably dismiss it into the limbo of treated topics with a few happy remarks concerning the new deluge. But the fact remains: whether we regard it as a symptom of the unhealthy tendencies of modern life, or of a growing want of judgment on the part of amateur versifiers, or of the unconscionable negligence of critics. Probably at no period since the ingenuity of man lit upon the fatal "accomplishment of verse" has there been any lack of those young gentlemen who love to rhyme in secrecy. Had Lydia truthfully replied to the question of Horace, she would most likely have said that Sybaris, shunning the sunlit field of Mars, was only trying to write ridiculous sapphics about her pretty eyes, or fingers, or feet; while it is morally certain that numbers of Roman youths must have been in the habit of privately composing *Æneids* with their own foolish self for hero and with no adventures to speak of. In those days, so far as we can learn, Sybaris was content if his jolting dactyls won a kiss from the lady they celebrated;

and the authors of spurious *Æneids* got through the measles of imitation without harm to themselves or trouble to their friends. Pretty nearly all Shakespeare's lovers are rhymers; but where do we find one of them trying to sell the feeble offspring of his love to a Moloch of a publisher? Valentine himself, when at the end of a sonnet he had anticipated in one line—

Sylvia, this night I will enfranchise thee—

a great political project of the present day, stuffed poetry and politics together into his cloak-pocket, and had nigh gone mad when the duke brought them to light. It has been reserved for the civilization of a later age to create, during one year, in the minds of nearly three hundred men and women, the conviction of the possession of heaven-born genius.

One cannot avoid a suspicion that much of this hallucination and of its consequent misery has been produced by careless criticism. Versifiers depend upon reviews for what recognition, correction, and guidance they are likely to receive, simply because reviewers alone read their volumes. This is a duty entrusted by society to the conscience of critics. It may be said that the duty is a public one; that, to avoid the painful possibility of a struggling genius being crushed down by neglect, we ought to inform ourselves of the actual merit of each of these books. The principle is praiseworthy; but its application will become possible only when man's life ceases to be narrowed by the limits of birth and death. Not even in the exhaustive catalogues of human duty furnished by Lothario, or Jarno, or Wilhelm himself, do we find that it is demanded of us to read all contemporary literature—and all previous literature, for the matter of that, in order to form just comparisons. Mankind have other and as important duties to perform, the omission of which would be virtual suicide. We therefore ask the critic to tell us what is of value in such volumes as come before him; and how does he do his work? "Why," he says, "I am paid by the length of the review which I write. Most books of verse are only worth four lines; many of them the newspaper, or magazine, or review for which I write would not mention at all. If I were to spend my

time gratuitously in reading each volume carefully, I should starve; and there is no divine law which commands me to starve for the benefit of any verse-writer, big or little." The critic, therefore—we speak not only of the average critic as he is to be found in modern journalism—cultivates the art of saying nothing gracefully; and the book is shut with a few faint sentences of approval. So far well. The next best thing for a man who cannot do good is to refrain from doing ill. Occasionally, however, the critic loses sight of the great merit of saying nothing. Perhaps some not unnatural wish to vary the monotony of such a column of colorless criticism leads him to depart from his theory of negation, and he commits himself to rash verdicts which may be productive of the saddest consequences. Let us take an instance. Mr. John Harris is a "Cornish poet" who has written some decent verse, chiefly descriptive of rustic life and natural scenery. We choose the following specimens of his lines solely because they happen to be the first and last verses of the "Minor Poems" in his most recently published volume:

In Windsor's royal chapel,
The nobles of the land,
The flower of dear old England,
Assemble heart and hand;
And mitred bishops cluster
Around the royal pair,
Far Denmark's bud of beauty
And Albion's noble heir.

"Good evening, Enoch Elk," said I,
"Good evening, sir," said he:
"If men would only seek the Lord,
I know they'd happy be;
For He has sent His Spirit down
And whispered peace to me."

Now let us look at what reviewers have said of a man to whom the writing and publishing of these verses (amongst others greatly better, be it said), was a possible thing. "The genius exhibited in the book to which we are drawing the reader's attention is of the highest order," says one. "His lays abound with some of the finest ideas we remember ever to have read," says another. "A man whose soul glows with the fire of genuine inspiration," says a third. "John Harris has written his name indelibly among the poets of the age," says a fourth. "The 'Mountain Prophet'

contains some of the finest lines in the language," says yet another. The *Athenæum* observes that his writing "stirs the blood like wine, and fills us with a fuller strength;" the *Literary Gazette* styles him, "one of the truest poets of our time." Is it to be wondered at that Mr. Harris should in his pages continually talk of himself as a "poet," and give the history of his life as "Peeps at a Poet," without seeming to have the remotest glimmering of the grandeur of the title he so easily assumes? Is it to be wondered at that men who know their verses are incomparably superior to those we have quoted should fling themselves into print in the hope of obtaining an equally flattering recognition? Mr. Harris we believe to be personally a most worthy man; and there is something which stirs the heart toward him in the circumstances which prompted even such bald lines as the following:

The last eleven months thou'st been too hard—
Ten pence per day is all I've had of thee,
And this has caused the silent tears to flow
My wife and I have sat beside the hearth,
And told our sorrowing tale, with none to hear,
But Him who listens to the raven's cry.
My silent lyre has rusted in my cot,
Or if 'twas strung, 'twas strung to notes of woe, etc.

but there is cruelty as well as dishonesty in proclaiming him a true poet. If he is one of the few great ones whom the earth has from time to time received, he may well be bitter with the world for so far neglecting his books as to leave him in a position where he cannot procure "the better education of his children," which he seems to desire.

We have made it our business to read with some attention a tolerably large number of recent verse writers, especially that class which does not usually obtain for itself notice in current reviews. The task has not been wholly unprofitable. "A vein of Poetry," says Mr. Carlyle, "exists in the hearts of all men. . . . A man that has so much more of the poetic element developed in him as to have become noticeable, will be called Poet by his neighbors." In these volumes the most unobservant reader cannot fail to be struck with occasional glimpses of better material among heaps of undeniable rubbish; and the question naturally suggests itself whether, in the event of

such a thing being possible, the boiling down of the three hundred volumes of any year would leave as residue one book of true poetry. Before proceeding, however, to adduce a few of the peculiarities of the most characteristic rhymers we have encountered, it will be necessary to show the reader on what principle we have endeavored to distinguish between different kinds of verse. That principle may be thus briefly stated,—*Nothing is poetry which could as well have been expressed in prose, or, more correctly, That idea is not poetical the conception of which does not suffer by being expressed in prose.* The test, we admit, is a somewhat severe one. It strikes whiteness into manifold passages in Byron, for example, and obliterates whole pages of Wordsworth, while it leaves Shelley and Keats almost untouched. We nevertheless believe it to be practically sound. Let the most skilful and graceful prose-writer of the century endeavor to embody in prose the conception of even such simple poems as Motherwell's "Jeannie Morrison," Heine's "Die schöne Augen," or Shelley's "Lines to an Indian air." He may adhere as he likes to the choice diction of the original, and paraphrase the lines without a word of commentary, yet the subtle aroma of the verses will assuredly be gone. The rule is not without exceptions; but it will serve our present purpose. For in most volumes such as these we proceed to notice, not even paraphrase is necessary to show the absence of poetry: if the lines are but "run on," to use a printer's phrase, the duldest of prose is the result.

He who reads for the first time *Disappointed Aspirations, a Satire upon the Present State of Literature*, by Mr. F. A. White, will probably consider it an effort to make fun of the morbid fantasies of a disappointed poet; but further study of this singular little book will do more than merely suggest the fact of Mr. White being the real plaintiff in a serious case. If we err in this conviction, it must be acknowledged that Mr. White pleads warmly, earnestly, and withal gracefully for the imaginary "Leonard Leanheart" who is the hero of the volume, and the author of its largest poem. "My life," says this Leanheart, "has, alas! been frittered away

in the vain pursuit of an empty shadow. I have at length ceased from pursuing, but not from longing." Doubts of his own inspiration struggle with bitter thoughts of his ill success being the consequence of neglect. He complains that a modern critic will at a glance dispose of the poem over which he has spent his life. He maintains that he has "a sacred right to a hearing," and advocates the formation of an office under Government, which shall receive, read, and give a definite opinion regarding all MSS. submitted to it. "From a Government that so liberally pensions successful genius, struggling genius has a claim for some assistance; if it protects a Copperfield's literary property *in esse*, it should protect mine *in posse*." Against "Copperfield," whom we take to be Mr. Dickens, Mr. Leanheart is very bitter; perhaps because of the rejection of certain contributions offered to *All the Year Round*. "Even he," writes Mr. Leanheart—

Had he been trod on as he treads on me,
By those that then were as he now is, never
Had made a name that shall endure forever,
But long had banished from life's busy scene,
Forgot with "Boz" in *Ainsworth's Magazine*.

He owns his incapability of writing to please "Copperfield." "In the attempt I lose all the magic fire of heaven, and sink into the frozen feebleness of imbecility. It would be to the full as fair to ask him to give us a new *Principia*, a book of essays, such as Bacon's, or a scheme of government equal to one of Sièyes'. It is as unfair as absurd. But Talent can do all this; while Genius can utter not one word either less or more than is in its sacred commission. Talent can perform to order whatever style of work is for the time being most in request—is, in a word, what Johnson erroneously defined Genius to be." Crushed by poverty, tortured by doubt, and consumed by a burning sense of wrong, Leanheart, so far as we can gather, takes to drink, and insanely fancies that a writer in *Somebody's Luggage* wishes to make cruel sport of him. "Nothing short of instinct could have supported me under the agony of so many wretched years that might have been most happy; and yet you jeer at me as a drunkard; you, who yourself by your heartless cruelty taught me and myriads like

NEW SERIES.—Vol. VII., No. 1.

me so truly devilish, treacherous a remedy for our cureless malady." It is not of poverty but of neglect that Mr. Leanheart complains. He does not seek an extension of the Literary Fund for the benefit of such persons as Poet Close and the Orange Minstrel, Robert Young. He would probably give assent to the view which Mr. Carlyle, with so much good feeling and bad argument,* takes when he hints that some modest portion of starvation may be deemed beneficial in the great "Organization of Men of Letters," which the future is to develop. But the same objection applies to his scheme for the recognition of struggling genius, and the scheme for the pecuniary relief of poor literary men. Who is to be the arbiter? Genius only can recognize genius. Must we, then, transfer our best writers to a sort of literary Lying-in Hospital, and make them sit up all night to watch the birth of infantine men of letters? Or shall we, as we do now, leave the decision in the hands of some Prime Minister who has just been called upon to settle the design for a new National Gallery or put a finishing touch to a Reform Bill scheme? Thereof come Messrs. Close and Young.

The four "Laments," to which is given the title of *Disappointed Aspirations*, are merely the thoughts contained in the dedication paraphrased in verse. The third "Lament" is much the finest of the four, in which he prays God to spare his children "the fell infection of my Siren song." It is an energetic, sometimes incoherent, protest against the inhumanity of neglect, and contains "a chorus of victims of the arch-fiend Cruelty, awaiting their murderers here in the nethermost hell below." Homer, Socrates, Tasso, Camoens, Kepler, Shakespeare, Bacon, Rousseau, Chatterton, and

* "Byron, born rich and noble, made out even less than Burns, poor and plebeian." Why? Because Byron had not the natural gifts of Burns. Byron in Burns's position would probably have drunk himself to death without writing a line. Burns in Byron's position would have enriched the world with further song instead of breaking his heart on the bleak pasturage of Ellisland. Goethe, with all his severe adhesion to self-culture, says that he never would have risen above the writing of Wertherism, had he been compelled by need of money to pander to the popular taste he had himself created.

Marat appear and recite their wrongs or the crimes to which they have been driven. The fourth "Lament," ostensibly written by Mr. White, tells the story of Leonard's life, and also how, having been jilted by his sweetheart and despised by cold-hearted editors and publishers, he commits suicide. Leonard thus anticipates his end:

Curst be the law that blocks the avenues
Of Fame's dear temple with a hireling crowd.
That come not in themselves nor suffer others!
Cowed by the hubbub, stifled in the press,
Meek, inert genius, with a sigh gives way
To bustling talent, skilled in puffing fraud,
And in some dark retreat, lone as the grave,
All broken-hearted pines away and dies.

There is no incontinent screeching against destiny in "Patrick Scott, Esq." He relates these *Legends of a State Prison* with a grave, majestic air, a grand unconsciousness of bathos, which overpower and awe the querulous judgment. Reading them, we fancy ourselves listening to the grandiloquent speech of a provincial recorder, whom it would be frank blasphemy to interrupt. The legends relate to various historical celebrities who have at one time or another been inmates, against their will, of the Tower of London; and are written in the irregular octosyllabic measure which *Marmion* made popular. Several situations in the stories are dramatically conceived; but we have looked in vain through the entire volume for the tiniest bit of poetical description or feeling. Here is a picture of Sir Walter Raleigh being led out to execution, which may indicate Mr. Scott's manner:

No more he stands ornately drest,
But in plain mourning-suit, and meek
And loving, one whose better mood
Had thriven on sacramental food.
A haggard beauty stamps his face,
But on it there exists no trace
Of trouble; nought to mark the sense
Of the wrong done him, for he calls
That world a larger prison, whence
Some hourly are ta'en out to die,
As he from his own narrow walls
This day, while others longer lie,
Making but little difference.

A marked characteristic of most verse writers is their fun. A man who has produced an almost perfect imitation of Mr. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and who writes apparently in the deepest sadness, will suddenly break out into a hectic

laugh and cut antics like a penny showman. It seems to be a want of self-control which prevents these gentle imitators preserving their secret; or perhaps it is an inordinate desire to show their wit as well as their wisdom. Men whose writing is calm, thoughtful, and even readable so long as they confine themselves to what is sad or tender, betray a hopeless imbecility and a grossly bad taste whenever they try to be funny. And it is not wild mirth which they chiefly affect; godless satire and Bacchanalian fervor are equally distant from these mild pages. We have, instead, a playful chattiness, an air of knowing shrewdness, with here and there a pun, and here and there a little modest bit of cynicism; in short we have Mr. Sala or Mr. Yates done into rhyme. Mr. J. G. Maxwell, M.A., adopts another plan, however, and boldly arranges his poems into three divisions, calling the volume *Sighs, Smiles, and Sketches*. Mr. Maxwell's "Sighs" are good in tone; several of his "Sketches" are well written; but his "Smiles" are somewhat sad efforts. They form an unpleasant anticlimax to much that is full of fine feeling in the previous portions of the book. At one time he would be merry, and writes a letter to Mr. E. Capern, "the poet postman of Bideford," congratulating him on having "tallow on his ribs;" at another he would be droll, and puts down the love-breathings of a young woman who has caught a severe cold. Amidst such material, "A lay of love on Dartmoor" is wholly out of place. There is in this quaint little effort a blowing of fresh wind which reminds us of Allan Ramsay:

'Midst Dartmoor's rugged Torra, one summer's
day,
Among bright heather bells and furze brakes
yellow,
Where golden plover breed and fox cubs play,
A strapping damsel met a lusty fellow;
With drooping head and half-averted glance,
Twiddling her thumbs the bashful maiden
stood;
The bolder swain first grinned, then looked
askance,
And thus poured forth his passion's rising
flood.

The damsel has lost her way on the moor, and the swain, about to show her the path, wishes to take her hand, which she refuses to give him:

JAN.

Cum, Girzie, dan't be zo onkind,
I only want vor pit e straight;
Zartin the way ee'll never vind
Naw, dan't a walk at zich a rate.

Thee warn't zo crass ta Okinton,
To Giglet market t'ither day;
Thee never aimed to squall or rin,
When Tummas kissed e there, no vay!

GIRZIE.

Why, what a lyart, Jan, thee bel
A niver didn't no zich thing;
A warn't be kissed by zich as he,
A han't a zeed mun zince the spring.

Cum, dan't e go vor crame my arm,
Zo zure as life a'll scat the vace;
What was't I yeared 'bout Varnie Varm,
Why don't e go vor thacce place?

Jan indignantly denies that he has anything to do with Fernie Farm or the people who reside there, and says he cares not if it were burnt. He denies all knowledge of a certain "Nan;" and a reconciliation, followed by a betrothal, are the natural consequences. These closing stanzas show that Mr. Maxwell can write decently when he forbears to be funny:

The thin gray mist along the hill-side crept,
And slowly spread its curtain o'er their way;
The speckled trout in every deep pool leapt,
Sprinkling its darkening face with silvery spray.

The sun's last rays were glancing on the scene—
Yes-torr and Hazle glittered in their light,
Old Cawsand's rugged side warmed in their sheen,
And glowed with purple deep and gold bedight.
The sparkling Taw was rushing on its course,
Gurgling hoarse music to its granite bed;
The green rush waving marked each streamlet's source,

And o'er its breast its downy snow-flakes shed.
The water ouzel skimmed along the stream,
The raven sought his mate on Haytor's height;
The heron left the shallows with a scream,
And noisy rooks winged home their straggling flight;

The shadows lengthened on the fern-clad hill,
As Jan and Girzie left their love tryst there,
But somehow in the lanes they lingered still,
For Girzie never got to Morton fair.

The mirth of verse writers is, generally speaking, not exhilarating; but their copying of the mirth of other writers is simply intolerable. This is a deep into which, it must be confessed, few fall; even an imitator knows how much better it is for him to go into the house of mourning. For, indeed, a certain amount of poetical sympathy is at the root of all

this imitation—a certain amount of native tenderness which instinctively clings to the more sentimental of our poets. Milton is seldom copied; Shakespeare almost never. Our minor poets may adopt or borrow from the dramatic terseness, the keen analysis, and occult thought of Robert Browning; but our verse writers prefer the melody, the felicitous phrasing, and sensitiveness of Tennyson. What shall we say, however, of the gentleman who falls down and worships the *Ingoldsby Legends*? These legends are clever enough, as every one knows, and sufficiently pleasant reading; but imitations of them—witness the *Bentley Ballads*—have hitherto been deplorable. Mr. E. C. Nugent, in his apology for *Anderleigh Hall*, ingenuously asks, "Is Ingoldsby inimitable?" and proceeds to tell a long story in that hysterical rhyme which has awakened his imitative faculties. The amount of labor bestowed on this little book is considerable. The cadence of the lines is almost perfect; and in the 112 pages there is scarcely to be found a false rhyme. The same quantity of work, otherwise expended, would surely have produced something better than *Anderleigh Hall*, which is merely a novelette, with conventional characters and a worn-out plot, rendered further unreadable by being put into verse. The author appears to have aimed at smartness rather than humor, and has attained his object; but the result is neither interesting nor cheerful.

A very different volume is *Philoctetes: a Metrical Drama after the Antique*. The author of *Philoctetes* is unknown to us, but we should not be surprised to see him ere long remove himself from the ranks of mere verse writers. He seems to be a skilled and practised writer, who has not yet learned to trust his own choice of subject. The finely modulated blank verse and pure English of these pages are linked, in the first place, to a subject which Sophocles has suggested to a host of poets, and, in the second place, to shades of thought which bear the impress of Shelley and Tennyson. He has taken for the subject of his poem little else than the interview between Ulysses and Philoctetes in the island of Lemnos, having cunningly interwoven some subsidiary interest with the story of *Ægle*, a girl who has attended the

hero in his sufferings. The complaints of Philoctetes against the tyranny of Zeus are well written; but the finest passages in the book are undoubtedly to be found in a conversation between the wounded man and this Lemnian maiden. He says:

Thou comest to me like music, and my pain
Ebbs out before thee. Thou dost lay thy hand
In comfort on the throbbing and it dies.
Thou bringest about me thy light beautiful hair,
And thy sweet serviceable hands and warm
Bendings beside me helpful, the live glance
Sweetening the tact of aidance.

She deprecates the warmth of his gratitude in some lines of charming simplicity:

O hero, had I wisdom in my brain,
As ample as the pity which dissolves
My very nature, seeing thee so great,
Greatly afflicted, silent in the joy
Of time, a life secluded, an orphan soul—
Since it is given thee to endure these dregs
Of bitterness—I then might comfort thee.
But a mere maid most simple I can bring
Nothing to help thee save a few warm tears.
For thou art wise and I am no such thing;
And heroes speak thy name, but I am set
To graze my kids unnoticed in a small
Corner of this small island. So shall I
Meet at God's hand hereafter silent days,
And no man after I am dead shall say
She lived in any honor, no not one.
But the sea fed the labor of her sires
Ignoble, and the earth is on her breast,
Ay, and so sleep she.

In his reply, Philoctetes speaks of the disappointment attending upon those nobler destinies which she had unknowingly envied, and of man's perpetual unrest:

But those old common duties and desires,
Monotonies of home and kindred love,
He lays them by disdaining: in his hall
The bride may chant alone her cradle song;
Fortunate islands beckon him away;
And nobly fronted in the yellow dawn
Their cliffs are gleaming: night goes down behind:
And one by one the stars break from the gray.
Ye surely now find haven. Can ye hear
The boughs at music and the infinite voice
Of the sweet inland waters? swallows cry
And flit between the aloes: the lark goes
Away in heaven: the almond orchards heave,
The harbor margin is one marble stair,
Copsed in with myrtle: and the maidens sing,
"The heroes come, they come!" and hold their
arms
Seaward.—Ah, fools and blind, Charybdis churns
In all her caverns yonder and your keels
Are driving on her,

In *Philoctetes*, Ulysses figures as a paltry trickster, a sort of Grecian

Barnum; or rather a conceited old wiseacre; who blunders at every effort he makes, like the Mephistopheles of German burlesques of *Faust*. At the close, *Ægle* accompanies Philoctetes when he leaves to smite the Trojans with the arrows of Hercules; and the action of this section of a drama ends. The choruses, occurring at intervals throughout the book, are very musical, and are creditable imitations of the antique; but our chief hope for the author of *Philoctetes* lies in his blank verse. He must avoid, however, the too frequent use of an allowance which is delicately and moderately used by Mr. Tennyson, but which has become a positive nuisance in Mr. Swinburne—the breaking of the monotonous fall of the ten syllables by irregular accents. Sparingly used, this interruption of the regular cadence is not unpleasant; carried to excess, it becomes an offensive vice.

In Mr. Alfred B. Richards, we find another type of verse-writer, almost as rare as the preceding. Gifted with a clear intelligence, with sound and generous sympathies, possessed of much reading, and boasting a singular acquaintance with poetic forms and symbols, in the combination of which he exhibits a wonderful manipulative power, Mr. Richards produces something which, if not poetry, is marvellously like it. Mr. Richards' imagination does not deal with ideas acquired by personal experience, but with expressions of ideas which he has learned in books. This whipping-up of metaphor and sentiment is varied and beautiful; but an occasional repetition suggests the true original, as, for instance, when he speaks of one—

Whose eyes, like blue forget-me-nots in rain,
Deepening, o'erwaved by mist of shadowy hair, etc.

And elsewhere varies the simile by adopting the botanical name of the forget-me-not:

Her eyes, myosotis fresh deepened with dew,
In a cloud-mist of gold waves her banner of hair.

We have "red Days of Fear," "storm-vext seas," "dusk Oblivions, girt by awful Shapes," "midnight Oceans in the starless gloom," in every second page—in short, a very torrent of phrasing; but we fear to say how little im-

pression is produced by Mr. Richards's gracefully written rhetoric. Occasionally, indeed, we come across some really fine lines, such as these :

Hark! how the hollow thunder
Smites dumb the shuddering bay ;
Out leaps the tawny levin,
As serpents strike their prey ;
Till the loud surges answer,
Like wolves from out the dark,
And foaming worry ribless,
The seaman's shattered bark.

or these :

Weep for Ophelia, cold as rain-beat stone,
With purple eyelids in death's shadow set ;
Like Sorrow's effigy by wind o'erthrown
On bruised snow-drop and pale violet.

The subjects treated by Mr. Richards, in his *Religio Animæ*, etc., are numerous, and such as would naturally occur to any educated gentleman who looks abroad on passing events, and strives to clear his vision from the fogs and mists of English "Philistinism." We find, however, in these philosophical and social speculations of Mr. Richards nothing which might not have been a great deal better set down in prose, whether he speaks of a possible immortality or the treatment of paupers. The blind infatuation which, at this present time, is prompting one or two of the most promising of our young writers to use a vehicle which directly militates against the force and practical value of their thought, has also tempted Mr. Richards to embody in pointless rhyme many sound and sensible suggestions, which might have been of definite use elsewhere. The tone of a few foot-notes scattered throughout this volume shows us very clearly that Mr. Richards would do more good to the world by writing in a penny newspaper, than by striving to earn the thankless renown of a minor poet.

We now come to by far the largest class of verse writers: those, namely, who have no characteristics whatever. Their name is legion; and their work is the most puzzling which can be set before a reviewer. There is not a point or angle which he can touch: he attempts to seize some thought or expression of opinion, and the lines run through his fingers like sand. There is nothing bad enough to be blamed, nothing good

enough to be praised, in these colorless pages where the very blankness of desolation dwells. Thin indignation, imbecile mirth, vapid rhapsodies, and moral twaddle, are the plums which are sparsely stuck into a pudding of hopeless mediocrity. All this one recognizes at a first glance. But who is to tell of the trembling anxiety, the wild dreams, the good intentions, with which these poor volumes have been given to the world? We can conceive of no sadder destiny than that of him who has the desire, but not the power, to be a great poet, and who sets his life to the accomplishment of an impossible end. While other men are toiling all around him at work which gives its daily tangible product, he alone, hoping against hope, struggles year after year to reach forward his hand and anticipate the clutching of the golden crown which he dimly sees before him in the treacherous future. It is well, indeed, with him if death, instead of disappointment, draw a thin veil of blindness over his eyes; if he is permitted to finish the struggle without the conviction of his own feebleness being thrust upon him.

We do not now speak of those versifiers whose vanity has prompted them to publish, for their own gratification, the inane trifling of leisure moments; but of men in whom nervous disorganization, or heart-disease, or a certain mental weakness, has awakened a consuming passion to be recognized as of divinely poetic origin. They are more numerous than most people not acquainted with certain phases of modern life would imagine. There is no occasion to burden these pages with quotations from their writings. Whether the offender is a mere complacent jingler of rhymes, pleased with the tinkling of meaningless words, like a monkey with its cap and bells, or a poor enthusiast, whose feverish ambition and helpless poverty of brain are likely to procure for him only a swift extinction from the earth, to pillory him or his productions were surely unnecessary cruelty. The only use of criticism in such a case is, that it may possibly have a deterrent influence upon others likely to become the victims of a similar infatuation. The critical sword need not be drawn against these poor people in punishment

of their misdeeds; the soft hand of Oblivion steals quietly down and erases the sad, blurred lines, as the rain washes out the figures that children have drawn on the sand.

From St. Paul's.

THE DECAY OF THE STAGE.

PERHAPS one of the greatest delusions of the day is, the pleasant delusion that there exists a "sound healthy taste" for the drama, and that now, if ever, are the palmy days of the stage. The number of theatres, the state of the profession—like every other, overcrowded—the perfection to which scenery and machinery have been brought, the salaries, and the crowded houses, are substantial evidence of this palminess—an epithet which somehow has been considered the special property of things theatrical. With pieces "running" one hundred and two hundred nights, with such triumphs of "realism" as coal-mine shafts, water caves, set streets, city offices reproduced; and, above all, conflagrations, house-burnings, that to the eye can hardly be distinguished from the original models, with water, fire, ice, grass, imitated perfectly, and with the easier resource, where it can be done, of bringing the real objects themselves on the stage, things surely ought to look palmy. Yet it may be declared that if we were to take the sense of the profession generally, managers and actors, it would be admitted that decay is setting in. The mechanists, scene-painters, and actors—they are named according to their proper precedence—are at this end of their tether. They have exhausted their fertile fancy. The burlesque "arrangers" and actors have tried every conceivable physical extravagance within the compass of "break-downs," low dresses, goddesses looped up at the knee, parodies of songs, etc. The mythology is run out. The opera stories are done. So, too, with scenic effects. In real life there are only half-a-dozen tremendous and dramatic physical catastrophes which can confound and surprise. When we have seen a fire, an earthquake, a breaking of the ice and drowning, an accident, very few things remain either difficult to imitate or

likely to astonish. We have had all this. But one "sensation" effort remains untried, the hint of which is at the service of the skilful playwright—the running off the line of a train, and its being precipitated over a bridge. What will come next? It must be something of this "school," new, but of lower interest, in which case our excitement will be languid. The man who has drunk brandy always will find tea insipid. So with the break-downs, the dressing, the mythology, and the vulgar parodies of songs. They can only reproduce now. By and by even the admirers of this class of entertainment will find that the stage has grown dull.

But for others, who expect another sort of entertainment, it may be fairly asked, is not the stage dull now? How many are there who set out for the night's amusement, with a complacent alacrity of anticipation, as Johnson might say, and by eleven o'clock are suffering a strange agony, compounded of tediousness, fatigue, a sort of eternal weariness, and a sense that the whole will never end! Of course we hear laughter and sounds of enjoyment in the body of the house; but it must be remembered that here are persons who have been working hard all the day and all the year, and to whom, perhaps, the annual visit to the play-house, the sight of the company, the lights, the gay scenery, is a treat. The cheap test of what is called a run nowadays, is no evidence of a flourishing profession. A certain class of people must go to the theatre to fill in their evenings; and, above all, it must be remembered, that the London theatres are the theatres for the kingdom, and that the audiences are changing every night. The manager is catering for England, Ireland, and Scotland, and a sprinkling from the Continent. This is another result of a fatal centralization, and, it may be added, of the "sensation" fashion now in fashion. These costly spectacles will not pay unless exhibited for so many hundred nights. Sight is a much more costly sense than hearing; the eye is more extravagant than the ear, as any manager knows; but no manager has discovered as yet—none at least have had the courage to act on the discovery—that the mind is the cheapest of all to enter-

tain. This we will understand presently. But as to this decay, what is the sense of the profession? It will tell us that "it is going to the bad;" that the stage is going down, but that actors are flourishing. Salaries are high and well paid—to "stars." The profession, they will tell you, is in confusion. It is a scramble. Neither training nor genius tells. The fellow of yesterday—raw, untutored—has the same chance as the old hand of ten or fifteen years. Like the laborers in the vineyard, those who come last are paid as liberally as those who have worked all the day long. And it may be asked, why not? Good looks and a handsome face and a pert voice do not improve by service—are rather in better condition the first day. A tyro of a week's standing can wear a short dress as well, if not more becomingly, than a lady who has served in the ranks. A few weeks' training will teach the steps of a break-down. In short, the physical gifts which sensation requires are found by nature.

We can make no reasonable protest against Pantomimes. They are a genuine show; belong to their proper season; and come in well as an alternative. They do not pretend to be more than they are. The great Garrick had his pantomime every Christmas. We have the associations of that cheerful season, of the delighted row of children's faces, whose exquisite relish of the show should be a hint to the grown-up as to the class of audience whom such things were meant to entertain. Just as the conductor of the Grand Opera lays down his bâton when the ballet begins, and disappears, and another gentleman of inferior degree takes his place, so may the Drama gracefully gather up her dress, and sweep away with dignity during that merry time, abdicating for a few weeks in favor of her Cinderella sister.

The truth is—and we have been approaching this gradually—the proper entertainment of the drama has passed away. The delightful amusement that used to be known as "the stage" is not with us now. It is gone; and with it the associations, the tone of mind and training which led audiences to enjoy it so exquisitely. Instead, the eye is feasted and the ear. The vulgar enjoyments

of the senses are gratified. Scenery and accompaniments, which in the old days were merely a set-off, an adornment, have usurped the chief place. We are in an utterly false groove. As was said at the beginning, we are no longer amused, simply because we have given up the true "stage," and have gone after a pure fiction and sham—a series of costly shows. Sight-seeing in cities is, as we all have found, the most wearisome thing in the world.

What is the true foundation of theatrical enjoyment? It is found in the picture of human life—the play of mind on mind, of passion on passion, of wit on wit, set off by shrewd observations and elegant treatment. It is the spectacle of mental action. The old Greeks understood this perfectly, and had the finest principle for the tragedy in the world, based on the Pagan belief that soul was the creature of destiny, and at the same time possessed the exercise of this free will. Here were elements for a splendid dramatic struggle; the good man struggling to do what was right, exercising his will, sacrificing his inclination, and yet at the same time forced on to destruction by the secret unseen power of destiny acting on events and circumstances. Such a struggle would absorb an audience whose faith was in such a contrast. The whole city looked on in those vast amphitheatres, and from these masters we can learn the true subordinate position of scenery. They had one grand scene, which was invariably the outside of a temple, splendid and dignified, a sort of link between the dramatic and real life—not wholly real nor wholly scenic. Indeed, reverting for a moment to the topic we have left, it may be said the more ambitious and perfect scenery becomes, the more narrowly and minutely it attempts to reproduce nature, the more does it bring about a sort of *désillusionment*. The surprising elaborateness, instead of satisfying, challenges the doubts of the spectators. It is so well done that it must be unreal. The true position of scenery, as associated with the drama, is indicative; it should travel no higher than a general effect; and I firmly believe that a good play should not be set off by anything more ambitious than an interior of a drawing-

room or a cottage, a forest, a street—all elegantly done of their kind, but more or less conventional. Elaborate set pieces—mimicries of waterfalls, fires, drownings, etc.—should be all relegated to scenic pieces in art, to show off such tours de force. They should be subsidiary.

This can be very well illustrated by an instance taken from the decoration of pottery, and the law which regulates that branch of art. We often see a whole dinner-service “illustrated,” as it were, by painters of eminence; every plate set down before the guest having a fine landscape in the centre. This is admitted to be an entirely false system, for the result is not a decorated plate, but a landscape painted on a plate. The plate has sunk into a secondary object; it has been devoured by what was meant to adorn it. So with scenery and the drama. And instead of the former being used so as to set off the latter, the dramatic artist is now set to work to put together a few characters and dialogues to set off the scenery and effects.

The bearing of this fatal corruption on “the music-hall question,” which is now attracting attention, is more direct than would be supposed. It is the very decay of the stage that has brought theatres to the degradation of being threatened by the competition of such places. The truth is, it is the theatres which have encroached on the music-hall business; and as they have descended to the competition, they must bear the consequences of defeat. The music-hall is quite dans son droit. It provides a class of show which appeals to the eye and ear—which requires no exertion of the mind, no attention even—which is so bold in outline as to allow of eating and drinking and conversation going on at the same time. The real drama, true comedy, and tragedy—observe, not the buffoonery of our existing comic dramas, which have no story and no dialogue—require the most perfect silence and attention to follow the plot and the delicate wit of the dialogue. Mind, as well as eye and ear, must be kept at work. Here is the distinction that should keep music-halls and theatres ever distinct. Both would flourish. But on the present system—with a sensation piece running, with tremendous scenic

effects, and a plot that appeals to the eye—the pots and glasses and little tables might be present in the pit, and do very little harm. Such theatres are half music-halls already.

The palmy days of the drama were the days of the good old comedies, beginning perhaps about one hundred and twenty years ago with Garrick’s management of Drury Lane. When we see that under his judicious reign of nearly thirty years everything rose from the most utter chaos into order; that fine actors were trained, fine plays written for the fine actors to act, and fine and never-failing audiences came to see the fine plays which the fine actors acted; and that the moment he retired, and the wayward Brinsley took up the reins, disorder and decay set in once more, it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that judicious management has much to do with the control of the public taste. Actors and actresses, with the exception of the few who have to struggle against their own system—where are they? Good acting lies buried under the heavy folds of cumbrous scenery. There is no school, no training, no serving in the ranks, as the old actors did. As I have shown, such is not wanting for the sensation pieces. There is no opportunity to train good actors, for when a piece “runs” three-quarters of a year there can be no training. In the real palmy times of the drama a piece ran at most nine nights together; but it was judiciously put into the repertoire and played at short intervals during the season. In a theatre like Garrick’s Drury Lane, with a staff of clever actors, and a large staff too, each one had his department and round of characters;—all would have ranked as “stars” now;—and each night of the week brought a different play, perhaps different actors, and an infinite variety. For this too is one of the features and healthy conditions of the drama—constant change—and it trains while it amuses. We may look back to the cast of the “School for Scandal” on its first night with a sort of despair, and think with wonder what acting must have been, with performers like King, Gentleman Smith, Jack Palmer, Yates, Parsons, Dodd, Aikin, Farren, Abington, Pope, and Hopkins. Fortunate indeed the

play of which it has been said, that no new performer ever appeared in any one of its parts, who was not inferior to the person who played it originally. All these had been trained at Drury Lane, and formed in a correct school—a school that insisted on principles of judicious, bold, yet regulated expression. Absolutely in our time has been lost, with the other good histrionic things, the art of filling the house with the voice, and of making the features play. Above all, too, has been lost or forgotten the art of making words tell—the weighty, yet natural way of delivery which comes of study, play, practice. We may see traces of this sort of delivery in the few old actors who were so brought up in the traditions of the old school, and whose delivery of a single sentence seems to make it tell in quite a surprising way. The old school of humor is quite gone. The modern fashion is like all the rest, addressed to the eye. A modern farce relies on a ridiculous merry-andrew dress, forced catch-words repeated again and again, a kind of rapid pattering from the throat, in a grotesque twang, a speaking out of the corner of the mouth, and abundant “gag.” All is absurd, exaggerated buffooning, and out of nature. This is broad modern farce. The French farce lies in comic but not very far-fetched situations—like that in “Box and Cox”—which is carried off by surprisingly natural acting and an understood air of burlesque. We steal these things, vulgarize them into downright earnest, and force incidents which are natural to French life and manners into British dress and habits to which they are wholly foreign; turning the light French blagueur—a Charles Jules—into a vulgar Mr. Tittimus in pink and blue trousers.

If we look at Zoffany’s portraits, or at pictures of scenes from plays which he painted, we can catch a faint notion of what was the principle of humor then. It was purely intellectual; it was unconscious. The Garrick face in Abel Drugger—all stupid delight, joy, expectation, and vanity—shows what a surprising power of expression he had, and how much could be done by the face. There was an absurd or ludicrous situation, and the actor threw himself into it, and aimed at being perfectly and naturally

in earnest, striving to exhibit a real terror and genuine alarm, which is the true secret of a comic situation. Our present comic rule is to exhibit comic pantomime in any crisis—something grotesque, but inappropriate.

There is a well-known essay of Lamb’s on the artificial comedy of the last century, in which he deals with the delicacies of the playing in the “School for Scandal,” and which shows fatally that we have not the drama now. It gives us a faint glimpse of what acting was, and it may be confessed that to see it in the hands of one of our existing performers—to whom, no doubt, it is unfamiliar—would be almost amusing. It certainly would not be his notion of acting. There were refinements then in playing that we never dream of now. “When I remember,” says Charles Lamb, speaking of Jack Palmer, “the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice, the downright acted villany of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness—the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy, I must needs conclude the present generation of play-goers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. . . . A player with Jack’s talent, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might lead to unrealize, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators. . . . John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part; he was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. . . . The pleasant old Teazle, King, too, is gone in good time. His manner would not have passed current in our day. . . . Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain—no compromise. His first appearance must shock and give horror. Oh! who that remembers Parsons and Dodd—the wasp and butterfly of the ‘School for Scandal,’ and charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy—would forego the true scenic delight—the escape for life, the oblivion of consequences, the holiday barring-out of the Pedant Reflection—those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours—to sit instead

at one of our modern plays?" I repeat, is not all this—and there are many pages of this exquisite analysis—utterly unintelligible to our modern actor—certainly to the play-goers? "The escape for life," or "holiday barring-out," is not to be found at the play-house. I say again, this delicate refining on refining is a lost art. Managers and actors will say, We have tried comedies and pieces of this intellectual sort; they fail, and do not draw. The reason is, they are not acted; the parts are played according to the conventional canons of our "sensation" times.

In those days London audiences were not literally shut out of their own theatres by one piece keeping possession of the house for months. I open one of Geneste's wonderful ten volumes—monuments of laborious industry—and choose a place at random. The following is a month's bill of fare:—The Beggar's Opera (Miss Pope); Macbeth (Garrick and Mrs. Barry); London Merchant; Clandestine Marriage (King); Mourning Bridge; Rival Queens; Richard III. (Garrick); Merchant of Venice; School for Lovers (Mrs. Baddeley); Padlock (Dibdin and Bannister); All in the Wrong; Suspicious Husband (Garrick); Zara; As You Like It; The Revenge (Holland); The Stratagem; Much Ado about Nothing; Cymbeline (Miss Younge); The Wonder (Garrick); Othello; Artaxerxes; Tamerlane. Those were the days of entertainment! No wonder the stage entered largely into social life; no wonder there were good houses, and that people could talk of "going to the theatre" with enjoyment.

But leaving actors, and looking to the plays that used to be written, a feeling almost of despair will come upon us. Going to the library, and taking down even a few of these pieces, we shall be astounded at the store of wit, gayety, and, above all, of humor. Putting what is now written beside them, the writing, as well as the acting, would seem to be a lost art. What brightness, what briskness and gayety, even where wit was wanting! The collection of characters, the tone of humor, all in the key of Fielding and Steele—which turns on character writing, not on the poor quiddities of punning and catch-words—is in-

deed surprising. The gallery of portraits is long, and painted in the freshest, clearest colors. Each character is round and distinct; or even where there was a failure or inferiority, there was the attempt at being round and distinct. There were characters for actors to play, and actors to play the characters. Even now, when the drama makes a faint attempt at rally, it takes the shape of story, not of character—an utter forgetfulness of what is the true function of a play, that oft-quoted holding a mirror up to nature and not to the novel or story-book. For what does nature show us in common life? Not these extraordinary and exceptional adventures, but character, and its operation on other characters, which, artfully suspended or checked, constitutes the true secret of dramatic interest and amusement.

What a series, I say again! Colley Cibber—so fresh, bold, and full of spirit, with his pleasant "Careless Husband," whose admirable Lord Foppington and fashionable people, seem to have furnished the whole tone and treatment for the "School for Scandal." The gayety and intellectual bustle—for the plots are not very strong—are as natural as can possibly be conceived; and the whole always sparkles with good humor and good things, not ostentatiously introduced, but flowing naturally from the cheerfulness of the characters. Where can we now find dialogue like this?

"*Lady B.* Why, what would you have one do? For my part, I would no more choose a man by my eye than a shoe——"

"*Lady E.* But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like than I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

"*Lady B.* Ay; but a poor wretch tells me he'll widen them, or do anything, and is so civil and silly that one does not know how to turn such a trifle as a pair of shoes or a heart upon a fellow-creature's hands again."

The reader will see there is nothing forced in the introduction and sustaining of this pleasant metaphor. It is merely the natural flow of spirits of two lively ladies. So, too, when Lady Easy says that a lady's favors are not to be like places at court, "held for life," Lady Betty Modish replies that "no, indeed, for if they were, the poor fine women

would all be used like wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation." So with Lord Foppington, who talks of "bombarding a woman's mind," and adds that "a fine woman, when she's married, makes as ridiculous a figure as a beaten general marching out of a garrison." So with "The Provoked Wife," written with the most extraordinary vigor and spirit—every line of the dialogue, character. We may pass to that wonderful clergyman's play, "The Suspicious Husband," which Johnson seems to have considered as excelled by no comedy of the century, and to which he placed Goldsmith's play equal. The brightness, gayety, and spirit were admirable; and it is surprising that no manager has thought of reviving it. Its pendant—and quite as good—is "The Clandestine Marriage," which may be called Garrick's, and was all but written by Colman to his dictation. This, too, would repay revival; it would be as fresh as the morning, inspiriting as mountain air; and two newer and more spirited characters than Lord Ogleby and Mrs. Heidleberg could not be conceived. Colman's own "Jealous Wife," in which Garrick also had a share, is excellent. Macklin's "Man of the World," with Sir Pertinax, is familiar to our generation. What a store of characters and humor in all Foote's pieces, which run off as boisterously as the fun of a lively rattling Frenchman at a supper-party! What a variety! what "fun!" what pleasant reading even! We have Goldsmith's two unique comedies, alas! only two; Sheridan's "School for Scandal" and his "Rivals;" Cumberland and Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Cowley and Mrs. Centlivre, General Burgoyne and Arthur Murphy, with his capital "Way to Keep Him," "All in the Wrong," "Know your Own Mind," and "The Upholsterer." But if these pieces are so good and substantial, if they are really fine works, it must be recollected that the writing of a play was then a different thing from what it is now. Any one who turns over Garrick's vast correspondence will see what a serious and important business the writing of a play was. Author, manager, and actors had all to be considered and consulted. Whole acts were condemned and

thrown out. Scenes were re-written and new situations contrived. The preparation was often spread over years. And what is a most important proof of the character of the composition, its real value to the author was from the sale of the copyright—the piece being written to be read as well as to be seen. Goldsmith and other writers received large sums from this source. Even the smaller fry fell into the tone of the good models before them, and got up a showy dash and spirit and wit that was respectable. How few have heard of Mrs. Griffith, and yet she wrote a very spirited comedy. As I have said, these were the days when we could amuse ourselves at the play-house. There we were diverted with the atrange side of human nature—those turns and crannies of the human heart, the oddities of our species, which it is not our luck to fall in with, or we have not time to look for or think about, which skilled men put before us.

Mr. Thackeray has somewhere a pleasant burst of gratitude to Fielding and such writers, whose Amelia and Tom Jones, and Parson Adams and Uncle Toby, are as real to him, or at least as well known to him, as Bayard, or Richard I., or any other figure of history. They have been as much living characters;—they are as historical to us as persons who have lived and died. But on the same principle, Mr. Hardcastle and Lady Teazle, Sir John Falstaff, and the other figures of the stage, have a better vitality; for we seem to see them in the flesh and blood, with the voice and bearing, with their humors and weaknesses, with their dress and gestures.

Now that we have finished with this rather dismal dramatic prospect, it may be asked, what is recommended? Is there no remedy? Can nothing be done? It is only to be answered that the reform must come, if it come at all, gradually. The fault is to be distributed among the critics, writers, players, manager, and audience, and all are more or less accountable. Every one sees now the helplessness of the public in the matter of criticism. They have grown to be so spoon-fed, to rely so much in matters of judgment on their daily and weekly guides, that they have become incapable

of judging for themselves. This naturally has thrown an enormous power into the hands of those who guide them, which in their turn may be directed by other influences, not altogether intellectual. The audience should exercise a little of its old independence—learn to be pleased or displeased, without being told when or why. Advertisement now takes the place of dramatic merit, as it does in the case of merchandise; and a piece well advertised, by criticism and the like means, is now a true success. Managers should have the courage to go back by degrees and bring out pieces of the good old sort, and actors should study such pieces. That such would soon “pay” there can be no doubt. There should be some classification of theatres, and burlesque and “sensation” things confined to proper houses of their own. And very soon we might look for the return of those “palmy days of the drama” which seem to belong to mythology, and find ourselves enjoying a hearty laugh and rich entertainment at our theatres.

P. F.

JOAN OF ARC.

Und büßen will ich's mit der strengsten Buße
Das ich mich eitel über euch erhob.—SCHILLER.

I read or dreamed, one sultry summer time,
How, at the last, France's knightly maiden died,
And lived in silent honor, nobly wed,
Leaving her heritage of deathless fame
To the chance partner of her mortal shame,
Who should have died with her, and died instead.
Then, with two lines of German in my head,
I shaped her after-life in moody rhyme.

A mossy battlemented wall went round
A rosy space of odorous garden ground,
Where the blue brooding sky hung very low,
Above the quaint-peaked shadow of the towers,
Above the sunny marge of ordered flowers,
Among the which I saw a lady go,
Telling her beads, with steady pace and slow;
These done, she lifted half her cypress veil
With marble hands which might have held a sword,

And I beheld her face, sweet, still, and pale,
With tearless eyes, bent on the dewless sward.
Then raising her calm brow, but not her eyes,
To woo the sweetness of the summer skies,
Of her own desolate estate she sang,
Not sadly; but her patient singing rang
So heavily upon her silver tongue,
A tale of peace and patience worse than pain,
That, as I heard, I knew her youth was slain;
And yet her rounded face might still be young,
Who, making music neither high nor low,
But borne along a level stream of woe,
Sang words like these as nearly as I know:—

“The banners of the battle are gone by,
The flowers are fallen from my maiden crown,

Thorns choke the tender seed of my renown,
Bleeding in sick astonishment I lie,
Where He who set me up hath cast me down.
If only I could hear the clarion cry,
Nay, only feel the chain, and eye the stake;
But it is over now, I cannot wake,
My sun is set, and dreams are of the night;
Dreams? one long, leaden dream, which will not break,

Lies on my aching eyelids till I die.
Dreaming I walk between the earth and heaven;
And heaven is sealed, and earth is out of sight:
No cries, no threats, no heavenly voices now;
Only the memory of a broken vow;
Only the thought of having vainly striven;
And France is still in bonds, and so am I:
I chose my bonds, and shall I be forgiven?
Nay, therefore, I am cast away from God;
For He hath made me like a broken rod
Not worth the burning when its work is done,
That bleaches idly in the summer sun,
Then rots as idly in the autumn rain,
Nor wonders why it left the root in vain.
I am God's broken rod; shall I complain?
I wake from dreams at best but bitter sweet,
Dreams chilled with danger, flushed with self-conceit;

Only the waking seems so like a cheat;
And yet I would not dream the dream again.
I was so blind, so fierce, so cruel then,
When, foremost in the press of fighting men,
I panted with my banner and my sword,
And fought, meseemed, the battles of my Lord.
Alas! His poor are always full of pain,
Whether our Charles or English Henry reign.
My sisters still are happy the old way,
Their lives have taken root in soft deep clay,
In peace they grow, in peace they shall decay,
Seeing their fruit before they fade away;
But all my barren flower of life is shed
In gusts of idle rumor overhead.
They have their wish: I would not be as they.
I have my wish—to rest—I rest in pain;
My wishes kill each other, and the dead
Buzz still with ghostly stings about my head,
Not to be caught, and never to be slain.
O God! is there worse pain in hell than this—
To taste and loathe the quietness of bliss,
To shudder from the very sins we miss,
To long for any change, and yet to know
That any change must bring a bitterer woe!
God! do the lost in torment praise Thee so?
Counting Thy curse the lightest curse like me,
When loathing their sick selves, from self they flee

To hang with lesser loathing upon Thee?”

Her parched tongue ceased; but still her feverish face

Seemed speaking, but no words found way again,
Till she stood quivering in her lord's embrace,
As chill reeds quiver in the warm spring rain.
For it was but a screen of thick pleached yew
Had kept him hidden from her heedless view,
In whose kind ears she cared not to complain;
Because his ever ready eyes, she knew,
Would water her dry heart with barren dew.
He was a courteous knight of thirty years,
With that wise look that comes of early cares
And pondering long to have life over soon;
His life was over, and he was content:

Peril, he thought, made ease a double boon,
 As Easter comes the blither after Lent;
 So all men knew him, wheresoe'er he went,
 By the grave leisure of his open brow,
 That frankly seemed to ruminate on naught,
 And gloat upon a vacancy of thought—
 For one of those who sleep of afternoons,
 And hum the listless ends of lusty tunes.
 But he had saved her from the flame for this,
 The cruel flame, where one not two had died,
 And she had ridden unsleeping at his side,
 To that far castle, still and hardly won,
 For which his early feats of arms were done,
 And often bent her head to meet his kiss,
 And whispered willingness to be his bride:
 So she was walking in his garden now,
 His quiet garden, where no rough wind blew,
 Which seemed to sleep forever in the sun
 Of harvest, as its comely lord slept too;
 For he had land enough, and naught to do
 But keep the rust from idle helm and glaive,
 And whiten for the garner of the grave
 At leisure, with his tale of years half run.
 She paid him duteous, lingering kisses still,
 She worked, she spoke, she rested at his will;
 And only now and then took leave to sigh,
 When he, who loved her dearly, was not by.
 But with the growing years a dull pain grew
 That made her cower from his slumbrous eye,
 And wonder when it would be time to die,
 And wonder why her head would not grow gray;
 But she had cheated him until that day,
 With petty feints of woes she did not feel,
 To hide what words were wanting to reveal.
 Her skill grew with her trouble: even then,
 Unwatched of serving maids or serving men,
 She kept her passionate speech below her breath,
 And let the blind tears burn her eyes unshed,
 Only her marble cheek was pale as death,
 As, finding voice before her lord, she said:
 "The sun beats hotly, friend, on your bare head."
 But he, "I heard you sobbing, did I not?
 No? let me turn with you, the sun is hot."
 Thereat they turned, where matted yew-trees
 made
 A sudden cool of black undazzling shade,
 Then half appeased the knight, "All well, my
 sweet?
 You tremble now so often when we meet."
 "Yea, well, love;" and she braved his eager
 look,
 That sought to read her pale face like a book,
 And noted sallow cheek and swollen eye,
 Whence he opined she suffered from the heat,
 And felt her hand, the skin was hot and dry;
 He asked what ailed her, and how long, and
 whence,
 And shyly muttered hints of pestilence.
 Laughing almost, she swore she ailed no part.
 Then far more tedious than a perfect fool,
 Quoth her wise lord, "What, lady, sick at heart?
 Tell me?" "I cannot, nothing troubles me,
 My heart is not your heart to beat by rule."
 "Your feet still stagger from the stormy sea;"
 "At least the sea was living; now I stand
 On dead waste flats of sultry, stagnant land."
 "You kissed that safe shore, and my helping
 hand
 Once, when I think you did not care to die."
 "Saint Katherine and Saint Margaret did not faint,

But saw their crowns, and put deliverance by,
 Following the Bridegroom: I am not a saint."
 "Thank God, not quite too high for me to wed."
 With a meek kiss she paid her thanks, and said,
 "You do not think the saints will judge the
 world?"
 "They will judge you did well in saving France."
 "As well say that the pennon of your lance
 Slays all whom those that ride behind it slay;
 Yet the torn pennon shall be nicely furled,
 When men at arms are trampled into clay."
 "Yea, and the brightest banner wins the fray.
 You were the banner, nay, the soul of France:
 Her mighty men were nothing but for you."
 "Nay, but I needed others to work through."
 "You grudge that others share your earthly
 fame;
 Trust me, heaven's harps ring only to your
 name."
 "You flatter me; heaven's harps ring only true."
 She paused. "Not fame, but famous deeds to do!
 Why am I kept idle? If I only knew!"
 "Because God gives you early of His best:
 I thank Him for this harvest of rich rest,
 I thank Him, who did so much less by me,
 And yet not less, because he set you free."
 "The cowards, for they dared not let me go
 Themselves, had need of a good knight for show
 Of rescue." Her good knight made answer,
 "Nay,
 Doomed by the Church, why let you slip away?"
 "Why? must I teach you kings of France are
 men?
 Why? the whole world cried shame on him, and
 then
 His conscience might have woke to cry Amen."
 "Wife, if God reckoned with you He might miss
 Something of gratitude for all your bliss."
 With sunken eyelids and with folded hands,
 She stood, as a meek guardian angel stands,
 Who sees a sinner wandering out of reach.
 He, stung to answer her unspoken speech,
 Said hotly, "Three things are insatiable—
 Our God, and any woman's heart, and hell."
 Then lifting for a parting kiss her head,
 With half a smile wrung out from somewhere,
 "Well!
 I go to give our maids fresh work," she said,
 "They are insatiable of spinning wool."

I dreamed: her saints were far more merciful.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

G. A. SIMOOK.

Belgravia.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

On the 25th of August, 1867, died a great chemist, a profound electrician, a sincere Christian, and a good man. The name of Michael Faraday will be honored and revered as long as civilization lasts. And even were it possible for humanity to fall into the decadence of another dark age, still it is probable that traditions would linger of one whose name is associated with so many great discoveries, and who was so good withal. Amongst

the votaries of science may be found the names of men as great as, nay greater than, Faraday; yet probably of these there is no name that has won for itself such a measure of public regard, or has been so incorporated with the household words of the language. Somehow it happened that almost everybody, in whatever occupation, in whatever rank of life, had heard of Faraday. It somehow happened that even those who, not moving in his circle, not knowing him personally, not coming within the immediate sphere of his genial influence, could lend no personal attestation to his many good qualities, had yet some undefined notion of his worth. The writer of this knew the great philosopher well; the first acquaintance dating from the year 1834, when he, then being a boy and living in a remote part of England, having written a letter to Faraday relative to a London scientific career, received by return of post a kind and courteous reply. Since then, up to the time when Faraday's active occupations at the Royal Institution ceased, the acquaintance lasted; and on many occasions the writer has been indebted to the great and good man now gone for the kindest advice and assistance; nay more—once, upon an occasion to be narrated in the sequel, Mr. Faraday (for thus he always preferred to be called, though a D.C.L.) promoted an arrangement much to the writer's sole pecuniary advantage, though, according to every rule of strict justice, the result should have been participated.

It is worth while, if only on grounds selfish and personal, to investigate the causes of this well-nigh universal affection. That which we all of us long for—the respect of those we live among, the establishment of friendships, the avoidance of enmities—was achieved by Michael Faraday in a very high degree; perhaps the highest. It concerns us all to know how we might do the same; and if I am not mistaken, the formulary is one not referable to any discovery made by the man whose career we now are passing in review. To do unto others as we would they should do unto us, was the precept that governed Faraday's practice, and which to the end he fully carried out. Instances are not rare of men rising from the people to high

social and scientific position, but very rare of individuals rising, as Faraday rose, without borrowing some tinge of evil from surroundings. It is said that La Place plumed himself more on the circumstance that he was peer of France than that he was author of the *Mécanique Céleste*—perhaps the grandest mathematical literary labor ever achieved, the *Principia* of Newton not excepted. Sir Humphry Davy toward his latter days grew foppish in dress, and in some sense a tuft-hunter. Faraday was none of these; nor in avoiding the blemishes which society is wont to impart to those who have been drawn suddenly within its reserved circles, did Faraday, nurturing the pride that apes humility, assume a bearing of plebeian roughness, which to many who would avoid the opposite is the resource so prompt at hand. Faraday in society was a courtier in all that belongs to honest courtierly bearing. His spoken language was a model of perfection; and in whatever principle was not concerned he lent ready usage to society's unwritten but imperious laws. He had the rare merit of satisfying his pride—for at heart he was a proud man—by honoring the avocations by which he had achieved the right to be who and what he was. The thought would never have occurred to Michael Faraday that his position before the world would have been enhanced by the reception of any sort of title the Crown could have bestowed. The discovery may have been arrived at by some who peruse this sketch, that the high seigneurs who boast of descent from great people have by no means a monopoly of generic conceit of origin. There is another pride—the pride of ascent—which, when pushed to extremes, is assuredly not less arrogant than that of descent. “I was a working man—behold me” (expressed): “fall down and worship me” (implied)—that is pride too. There is nothing like pride of ascent, well rubbed in, to establish a social sore and make it fester. Faraday had none of that. He never invoked his belongings without cause; never (cause being) did he keep them out of sight. Thus chanced it once that the philosopher had been lecturing at the Royal Institution on illuminative gas. He had devised an ingenious means

whereby the noxious products of gas combustion might be carried away externally. After evolving the theory of the matter and showing the principles on which the result depended, he addressed his audience somewhat as follows: "Thus much for my part," he said. "I believe I devised the scheme; but I should never have carried it into practice but for the casualty that I had and have a brother who is a gas-fitter."

The tale of Faraday's connection with the Royal Institution has been often told. In the year 1812, when Sir Humphry Davy was in the zenith of his fame, it seems that a young man, a bookbinder's apprentice, had found means to gain admission to the chemical lectures then delivered by Davy at the Royal Institution. The young man had a taste for science. He took copious notes, which having written fairly out, he bound them in a volume. The young man was Faraday, who—the year of his birth being 1791—was then twenty-two years old. This is the common account. It is the one attested by the late Dr. Paris in his life of Davy. The record goes on to state the following, viz., that the young bookbinder took the liberty of sending to Sir Humphry the MS. volume of notes, accompanied with a request. The young man is stated to have represented that he had great love for science, and great respect for men of science; that trade was not congenial to him, and would never be, however profitable. Could the baronet do anything for him? could a place be found for him as assistant or otherwise? Davy is represented to have answered promptly, but not hopefully; to have told the young aspirant that his high opinion of men of science was overdrawn; that they were men very much like other men; that the young man, in short, had better put up with the ills he had than fly to others that he knew not of. Still, if he continued in his present state of mind, his case should be remembered, and on occasion aided. Such is the usual history—such the common belief. A slightly different version of the affair, however, was stated to have been given by Mr. Woodward of Islington, but since contradicted. According to his account, Sir Humphry chanced one day to look into Ribaud's shop with the intention of having bound the MS. of some lectures

he had delivered. Various specimen books were shown him for inspection, but a certain volume was allowed to remain upon the shelf. The circumstance caught Davy's attention. He wanted to know why that particular volume had not been shown him among the rest. "It only contains some private notes of mine," the apprentice is reported to have said—"notes of chemical lectures." So he was fond of chemistry? Yes. "May I see the notes?" said Davy. Granted. The baronet saw the notes, and perceived they were of his own lectures. The two statements coalesce at the point at which the request was made, and on Davy's part acceded to—that, should an opportunity occur, Faraday would not be forgotten. Nor was he forgotten. Much time did not elapse before the young bookbinder was taken out of the workshop and attached to Davy in a mixed capacity of secretary and assistant. Davy went to the continent in 1813, and remained till 1815, special concession having been made in his case by Napoleon, though, the continental system being then in full vigor, France, and the continent generally, was as little pressed by English feet as Arabian sands or the Sahara. Davy, whilst travelling, did not neglect chemistry. In Italy he unfolded some Pompeian scrolls; he analyzed some Pompeian enamel colors; he investigated the nature of chlorine, and studied the relations of the then newly discovered element, iodine. On Davy's return to England in 1815, Faraday became his chemical assistant. He held the office during Davy's professorate, and continued to hold it after the accession of the late Professor Brande. With all the good-will in the world on the part of the baronet and of Professor Brande toward the young man, whose social position was so inferior to theirs, but whose talents were gradually exalting him to the high pinnacle of fame which he subsequently attained, the way must have been difficult to pass. Human nature would not have been what it is, had Faraday not been made to feel at times his social inequality. On this point various anecdotes are current; but the general verdict must be, that, upon the whole, the relations of Faraday with his then chiefs were pleasant. Davy I never even saw; he was before my time. Pro-

fessor Brande I knew intimately. He was one of my firmest allies in promoting the interests of a certain process I once devised for the purification of sugar of lead. He made it the subject of a Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution, and the task devolved upon me of preparing the instruments and tests in the Royal Institution laboratory. That was in the beginning of 1850, and well do I call to mind a little incident that then occurred. As it will serve to illustrate a phase of Faraday's simple unassuming nature even in the height of his renown, I will recount it.

Whilst I was working in the laboratory Faraday came down and gossiped about things in general. The preparations for a chemical lecture involve many details of work not pleasant, and for the most part dirty. There are corks to be bored and adapted, joints of apparatus to be made good, stains to be removed, slops to be disposed of. That duty, aided by the Royal Institution assistant, was mine. Instinctively Faraday began to help—not choosing mere fancy work, however, but aiding right and left, doing whatever he saw had to be done. Handling a retort, I chanced to let it fall, and then there was a slop of some corrosive liquid. In an instant Faraday threw some soda on the floor; then down on his hands and knees he went, slop-cloth in hand, like any humble housemaid. Laughing, I expressed my desire to photograph him then and there; he demurred to the pose, begged me to consult his dignity, and began laughing with a childish joyousness. Hilariously boyish upon occasion he could be, and those who knew him best knew he was never more at home, that he never seemed so pleased, as when making an old boy of himself, as he was wont to say, lecturing before a juvenile audience at Christmas. Reverting to the feeling that subsisted between Professor Brande and Faraday, it was, so far as my experience goes, of the kindest. This is the more creditable inasmuch as Professor Brande—though the model of precision in lecturing, a good expounder of facts, whether lecturing or writing, a highly educated man withal—hardly, despite all his opportunities, advanced chemistry or physical science beyond the point at which he

found them. His was not a creative genius; the divine afflatus was wanting. If I mistake not, Professor Brande made only one chemical discovery during the whole of his long career. That one was the demonstration of the existence of alcohol already formed in fermented liquors. The question had been whether the act of distillation did not generate the alcohol. Brande settled the point negatively by evolving alcohol without distillation. Perhaps it would be out of place to explain to general readers the line of demonstration.

Chemistry occupies so large a field, and addresses itself to propositions so widely diverse—it moreover involves so many specialities of predilection and capabilities—that no one individual can hope to acquire an even knowledge of each department. Accepting chemistry in the sense most popularly received, Faraday can hardly be said to have appertained to the rank of great chemists. Neither in the department of analytical nor synthetical chemistry did he transcend. In the most modern walk of chemistry, the organic, it may be doubted whether Faraday ever conducted an operation in his life. In his lectures he availed himself to a slight degree only of the refined symbolization of modern chemistry. This is not disparagement; it merely involves a limitation of terms. In any other country than our own, Faraday would have been called, not a chemist, but a physicist; a word that we sometimes use, indeed, though it is barely English. He loved to let his magnificent intellect loose in the region of physical forces. His was a poetic nature, finding expression in the terms of science. From conditions open to the ken of all, Faraday had the gift of evolving special conclusions. He laid bare to mental vision things that none else had seen; though once revealed, the wonder was they had not been seen. His scientific life was made up of demonstrations wrought by columbiad eggs. One may be almost pardoned the expression, that to Faraday had been imparted the special gift of gazing upon the invisible. To have heard him expatiate on law and force, expounding the immutable behests whereby the God of Nature has controlled His atoms, to have watched his gleaming eyes, genius-fired, as he would

speak lovingly, ay, worshipfully, on those emblems of truth unalterable, a stranger might have even thought that Faraday worshipped the sethings, holding them to be great first causes. It might have even seemed that Faraday was a pantheist. The fact may gratify some to know—at any rate, the writer is bound to state it—that through life this philosopher studied Holy Writ reverently and deeply. According to the belief, that what each man in his conscience thinks right is to that man right—a view that tolerates every complexion of faith—it is still a fact to be insisted on, in these times especially, that Faraday's scientific inquiries never weakened that humble childish trust in mysteries revealed, which is said to be the best attribute of a Christian. In philosophic cast of mind a close similarity of attribute is recognizable between Faraday and Goethe. It is impossible to study the writings of the great German poet and philosopher without being impressed with the dominance in his cosmogony of the idea of elemental motion. The “*unendliche Bewegung*” is a theme which in Goethe's writings continually recurs. His highest attribute of God is energy, creation, motion. Nothing in all creation rests, the poet-philosopher sings and sings again—moving, fleeting, dying, redeveloping. No one to whom the privilege has occurred of hearing Faraday lecture on almost any department of physical science but must have been impressed with the dominance in his mind of the same idea.

It would be uninteresting in a popular memoir like this to set down a narrative of Faraday's scientific labors in order of time, or even to furnish a precise inventory of his discoveries. Such a technical reflex of a philosopher's labors would possess inferior value in any mere popular sketch. The broader features of scientific research are all that properly belong to an occasion like this. The salient points of a man's private and philosophical character are all that pertain of right to the delineation of a sketch. It has been rightly observed by Liebig that the first great characteristic of a scientific mind, the first great need in inductive demonstration, is truthfulness. That quality Faraday possessed in an exalted degree. By truthfulness

here is not meant the quality of spoken truth; by its opposite is not meant the quality conveyed in written or spoken lies. There is in all things a lying more injurious than word-lying, as being more absolved from social reproach. The scientific advocate lies when—fearing to reveal so me issue to his case adverse—he avoids the demonstrations out of which the truth may come. Of this sort of lying in science there is plenty. Faraday was utterly devoid of this. He accepted no brief but the one indorsed by nature. The pages of nature's own book he ever scanned to the fullest scope of his magnificent intellect. To whatever issue the evidence contained in that book might point, that would he attest, come weal, come woe. Of this the following case gives illustration. Davy gained honor and hard cash, as most of us know, for his discovery of the safety-lamp. What some of us do not know is, that there are circumstances—one in especial—under which the so-called safety-lamp is *not* safe. Faraday was aware of those circumstances; and, although Davy's own assistant at the time, he did not and would not attest the universal safety of Davy's lamp before a parliamentary committee. On this issue arose a coolness between chief and assistant, which boded no good to Faraday. No matter. The spirit of truth, as understood by Liebig, was in him. He had read the book of nature, and would not belie its teaching.

In the beginning it was stated that the subject of my memoir once conferred a pecuniary advantage on the writer; and as the circumstances tend to illustrate Faraday's disinterestedness, I make no apologies for the recital. In 1852 Mr. Faraday delivered at the Royal Institution a course of lectures on the non-metallic elements, a report or abstract of which I had to make for publication in a chemical periodical of which I was then proprietor. It pleased Faraday to felicitate me on the general accuracy of the rendering. He went on to state that a publisher—Murray, I think—had offered him a considerable sum of money for the copyright of these lectures, and, to save trouble, had proposed to depute the task of reporting them to a shorthand writer. “I refused,” said Faraday. “Lectures literally reported never read.

well." I took the liberty of asking whether he would allow me to publish the subject-matter of these lectures in a volume. To this he not only acceded, but kindly lent me his lecturing notes for my guidance. I sold my book yet unwritten; and having sold it, I lost no time in calling on Faraday to discuss about apportionment of profits. He would hear of none—he would have none. The book was mine, he said: the trouble would be mine; the proceeds should be mine. It was so extraordinary, that I told him my fear of being misunderstood by the publisher. "We'll soon settle that by writing," was his reply. And thereupon he gave me a formal letter of assignment.

It is remarkable that Faraday should have devoted himself to just those branches of physical inquiry commonly thought to demand a considerable acquaintance with mathematics, not being a mathematician. The circumstance has been stated on good authority that Faraday boasted on a certain occasion of having only once in the course of his life performed a mathematical calculation; *that once was when he turned the handle of Babbage's calculating machine*. Be that as it may, perhaps no other man ever went through an equal range of investigation in sciences having a mathematical foundation without mathematical aid. Here again a certain similarity between the English philosopher and Goethe is recognizable. "The mathematicians laughed at me," the latter is reported to have said, "when I began to examine into the laws of light; but many of them have come round to my way of thinking."

The first grand discovery made by Faraday was in 1823, when he demonstrated the functional identity between gases and vapors. Up to that time the two classes were believed to be functionally distinct. Gases were said to be elastic, non-condensable fluids; whereas vapors were said to be condensable. In the year above mentioned, Faraday demonstrated that some gases at least were amenable to liquid condensation; thus opening the way to Thilorier and others for advance upon that field of inquiry. Some gases, as chemists are well aware, have resisted all efforts to condense them—hydrogen amongst the number. Now

the curious fact is, that hydrogen—light and invisible though it be—has many of the attributes of a metal. Faraday told me he never worked so hard in his life as when endeavoring to condense hydrogen. If once brought to a liquid or a solid state, then, he told me, he should have expected to find hydrogen manifesting some of the recognized qualities of a metal.

About the year 1819 it was that Professor Oersted of Copenhagen made the brilliant discovery that electricity and magnetism stood in such mutual relation that they might be henceforth considered identical. Faraday took up the investigation with ardor, and more than any man helped toward the development of electro-magnetic laws, which have found such manifold application to telegraphic purposes. For many years before I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance Faraday would have nothing to do with that branch of chemistry—the commercial—which of all others is most lucrative. No inducement offered could make him assume the position of chemical advocate, tendering evidence in a court of law. I have heard him much commended for this; but it admits perhaps of question whether so complete a reticence be desirable. In early life he imposed no such restraint. He gave evidence once in a judicial case, when the scientific testimony, starting from given premises, was so diverse, that the presiding judge in summing up launched something like a reproach at the scientific witnesses. "Science has not shone this day," was his lordship's remark. From that time forth no one ever saw Faraday as a scientific witness before a law tribunal.

It will be proper now to note how England remunerated this good and great man. Verily, as England is wont to treat such persons—liberally. After Faraday had ceased to be assistant, and had acquired the Fullerian Professorship of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, his stipend was a clear 80*l.* per annum, with apartments, coals and candles to boot. This was all he received from his professorate till some time past 1850. In 1835 the ministry of that time put him down for 300*l.* per annum on the civil list, and more lately he was in the receipt of other small sums. Did Fara-

day ever receive so much as 500*l.* in any one year? The thing admits of doubt. How her Majesty gave him, when somewhat old, apartments in Hampton Court is known. There, of late, he settled down, tranquil and dreamy. Going to that unknown bourne, which to him was a development—no more—he at last sank into second childhood, at peace with all. From his pensive introspection few things would rouse him—a thunderstorm one. So often as the dread artillery of heaven began to wake the echoes and the fire-tongued lightning to flash, then would the old genius of the elements move within him and move to life—then would the stricken philosopher gaze rapturously upon the scene, meditating no doubt on elemental laws. When the commotion quelled and the big clouds parted, rolling away from the empyrean they had mantled in their gloom—then would he commit himself to dreams again: and thus he died.

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THE MILITARY ARMAMENTS OF THE FIVE GREAT POWERS.

THERE was no more striking feature in the Paris Exhibition this year than the display in every department of material of war. From the outermost limits of the enceinte to the very inmost circle, implements of destruction were to be found. Side by side with the most delicate fabrics of the loom, or the machines that belong essentially to the arts of peace, might be seen the grim muzzle of a cannon, or the little less deadly breech-loading rifle. The circle of the "useful arts" teemed with guns and projectiles; portable arms were classed with "clothing." The greatest steel manufacturer in Europe showed, as his chief triumph, a monster piece of ordnance; and the iron workers of every country seemed with one accord to have converted their ploughshares into swords. To those who remember the first Exhibition in 1851, where weapons of war scarcely held a place, the contrast was almost startling. And if we look deeper than the mere surface, and consider what is the real significance of this curious outward change, we find all the great nations of Europe vying with each other in the

improvement of the arts of destruction, and their rulers striving to turn whole generations of men into trained soldiers. All this can have but one meaning; this, namely, there is no trust between state and state, and in an age of so-called civilization, might, instead of right, is daily becoming more and more the law of international society.

In this peculiar condition of affairs, the study of the armaments of foreign powers becomes of vital importance to every Government; and accordingly each has done its best to ascertain all about its neighbor's military arrangements, while endeavoring, more or less carefully, to conceal its own. In this country we made a few feeble attempts to conceal our earlier improvements, and the gun factories were at one time closed even against officers of artillery, when the Armstrong guns were being made. But the useless effort was soon abandoned; and now we make little or no secret of our improvements in manufacture. Our experiments are thrown open to the public; foreign officers are afforded every facility for examining our arsenals and workshops; and a healthy criticism of our military administration is constantly going on in Parliament and the press. France keeps a tighter hold over her journalists, and strives to conceal all details from the eyes of the curious, keeping even the officers of the French army in many respects in the most complete ignorance. But in these days secrecy can hardly exist. In the words of one of the ablest of French writers, himself a soldier, who has lately criticized with admirable justice the proposed scheme for reorganization of the French army;—in these days, when nations live, as they now do, in the midst of perpetual interchange of communication and of unlimited public information, mystery in regard to new inventions and improvements is both useless and impossible. It is the law of the age that we either know to-day, or shall know to-morrow; and those armies will be the best advised that, in a perfectly open manner, submit their ways and means to the freest discussion, comparing them with those of other nations, which it is their bounden duty to study with the utmost care.

Perhaps there could be no more forcible example of the two systems—frankness

and concealment—than that afforded by Prussia and Austria during the late campaign in Germany. While every facility was afforded by the Prussians to the foreign officers who accompanied them to the front for studying not only the nature of their armament, organization, and administration, but even the disposition of the troops and the plans of the campaign, the Austrians pursued the “ostrich system,” and studiously withheld every particle of information. It is matter now almost of certainty that the Prussians knew better than any officers of the Austrian army, except perhaps the immediate head-quarter staff, the strength, condition, and position of the Austrian troops. When the dire disaster of Koenigratz overtook him, Benedek withdrew his rigorous orders on the subject of secrecy; and to judge by what one sees at Paris, there is now the most remarkable frankness in regard to the Austrian military armaments—a frankness contrasting with the reserve of France. The Prussian and Russian Governments exhibit little or no material of war; but Krupp, the great steel manufacturer of Essen, may be taken as the expositor of their systems of artillery; and ample information concerning their armaments has been at one time or other collected from different sources. We have now military attachés at the Courts of the great Powers; but they seem, as a rule, to be kept a good deal in the dark, being looked upon, perhaps, somewhat in the light of professional spies; and the information which they send home is always kept so private by the authorities as not to be publicly available. Other sources of information, however, exist—such as the published accounts of the annual tours made by artillery officers on the Continent. This year, France has been their field; last year, Russia; and the preceding year, Austria and Prussia. From one or another of these reports, and from further information which it is not necessary to particularize, we propose to place before our readers a slight sketch and comparison of the armaments of the five great Powers.

And first, as regards the artillery, the importance of which as a principal arm is now universally acknowledged—the lead in the introduction of rifled field-

guns was taken by France. The present Emperor is himself an artilleryist of no mean order. He has written the best history of artillery that has yet seen the light; but, while examining the past, he looked forward, and saw that changes were needed. First, he introduced a powerful smooth-bored shell-gun, known as the Napoleon gun, throwing a 12-pound projectile, which superseded the mixed batteries of guns and howitzers formerly employed, thus simplifying the equipments, and obtaining uniformity in every gun in the field. At this time, however, the advantages to be derived from the employment of elongated bullets with rifled firearms had not become fully apparent. The “carabine à tige,” invented by Colonel Thouvenin, with the elongated bullet of M. Delvigne, were given to the French army, in Africa, as early as 1846; but there were so many drawbacks connected with this system, such as the liability of the pillar to breakage, and the fatigue to the soldier in ramming down, that rifled arms did not seem destined to play any great part in war. But when, by the invention of M. Minié, the expansion of the bullet into the grooves of the bore had no longer to be affected by the sheer muscular force of the soldier, exerted through the ramrod, but was performed with absolute certainty by the action of the gas from the powder on the cup at the base of the bullet, then the great advantages of accuracy and long range became evident. At first the rifle was restricted to certain special regiments, and the old smooth-bore held its ground in the bulk of the army; but at last it gave way, and the whole of the troops were provided with long-range arms of precision. Then arose an outcry that the days of artillery were numbered. It was asserted that with rifles which would make accurate practice at a thousand yards, gun detachments would be picked off man by man; for the fire of smooth-bored field-artillery was not effective at very long ranges, and the guns, in order to do any execution, must come within reach of the long range arms of the infantry. But the principle which had gained such great things for the foot soldier might also surely be turned to the benefit of the artilleryman, and guns, like muskets, might be rifled, and discharge elongated

projectiles. The first to seize this idea and utilize it was the Emperor of the French. With little delay he introduced rifled field-pieces into his army; and the bronze "canon de 4 rayé," introduced into the French service in 1858, played its part in the Italian campaign of 1859, and in the open ground overpowered the Austrian smooth-bored artillery. The French batteries engaged in this war were not all armed with these guns; but those that were gave immense advantage to the French at the battle of Solferino. At 2,500 yards they played with considerable effect on the village; at an almost equally long range they stopped an Austrian column from turning the Sardinian right. At one point, a battery of Austrian horse artillery was sent with some of Mensdorff's cavalry to cover the retreat of an overmatched Austrian battery. An eye-witness relates that they had hardly got within 1,700 yards, when of six guns, five were dismounted. Another battery was sent up; in one minute from starting, three guns were dismounted, and a great number of horses killed. The effect of these rifled batteries would probably have been even greater, had not the fuses of the shells frequently failed, owing to their defective manufacture in the great hurry and pressure before the campaign.

Rifled artillery was now destined to become a part of the armament of every European power; but all set to work in different ways to obtain it. The French had every reason to be satisfied with what they had got, and they wisely resolved upon retaining the guns that had served them so well. The bronze muzzle-loading "canon de 4 rayé," rifled on the "système la Hitte," with six angular grooves, and firing projectiles with zinc buttons, is now, as it was in 1859, the recognized field-gun of the French service. For guns of position and siege guns, the Napoleon 12-pounder shell-gun and others have been rifled; and though they can hardly be considered first-class guns, being rather too light in proportion to calibre, and thus recoiling with too much force, they are good and serviceable.

Austria had learnt a lesson from her opponent. While the war was going on, she had striven to arm her gunners with copies of the very gun which her

adversaries had used with such deadly effect against her. But the campaign was of short duration, and long before any number of these guns had been completed, the peace was concluded which cost her Lombardy. And now, by dint of hard study and careful experiment in the laboratory, an Austrian officer had, as it seemed, brought to great perfection a substance that was to supersede gunpowder, and give new superiority to artillery. Baron von Lenk had long been engaged in studying the manufacture of gun-cotton, invented some years before by Schonbein; and, abandoning the French system, the Viennese military authorities commenced to arm their batteries with guns specially designed by Lenk for this substance. But it soon appeared that there were terrible drawbacks to this fair-seeming innovation, and that more study and more experiment would be required before it could be safely substituted for the long-tried powder, all too hastily discarded. So Austria again changed her system, and introduced the pattern of field-gun now employed by her, and which did its work right well in the war of last summer. It is very similar to the system introduced by Lenk for gun-cotton, but varies in form so as to suit the altered cartridge. Like France, Austria uses bronze for her field-guns; but they are rifled on a peculiar method, adopted by this nation alone. Circular eccentric grooves are cut in the bore, and the projectiles, coated with a mixture of tin and zinc, have ribs along their surface corresponding in form to the grooves cut in the gun. Like France, too, Austria employs muzzle-loading field-guns, and the same piece is used both by her horse artillery and field batteries, but drawn by a greater number of horses when required to move at the rapid pace of horse artillery. The bore of her field-gun is very little smaller than that of the French piece, and the same projectiles are used: shrapnel shells, designed to burst in front of a line of troops, when the shell opening gently, the bullets continue their onward course—and common shells, intended to burst explosively among the enemy, and deal destruction by their splinters. Case shot, too, are carried with the guns, and

used at short ranges, issuing as a shower of bullets from the mouth of the cannon.

While the French and Austrians have thus adhered to bronze muzzle-loaders, the Prussians, Russians, and ourselves have gone on quite a different principle for our field-artillery. We all had bronze muzzle-loading smooth bores; but, instead of rifling them, we all seem to have arrived at the conclusion that bronze was too soft a metal to be really efficient for rifled guns, and to have sought elsewhere for a metal suited to our requirements. Theoretically we were right; practically we were wrong. That is to say, bronze will not last so long for rifled guns as iron or steel, as it will wear away by reason of its softness; but it will answer well enough for a reasonable length of time; and had we, for instance, in this country been content at starting with rifling our old guns, we might have sought at our leisure to find the very best among the systems which time, and the value of the prize to be competed for, would have been certain to produce. What we did in England was this:—penetrated by the idea that a breech-loading system was better than any known muzzle-loading plan, seeing on the horizon the signs of a storm brewing on the Continent, knowing the necessity of having rifled guns, and that at once, we accepted in its entirety the only complete system of artillery offered: breech-loading guns built up in such a manner as to ensure extreme strength, projectiles possessing immense superiority over any others at that time known, at all events in this country, and fuses suited to this peculiar system of breech-loading rifled gun, in which the old fuses were no longer available, for the flame that used to ignite could no longer reach them. The very complication of the breech-loading system of the guns and of the shell, and the mechanism of the fuse, approaching to the delicacy of an astronomical instrument, had a charm that beguiled, for it was considered that war was no longer to be rough and ready work, but guided and aided in every step by the lamp of physical science. And so, when Mr. Armstrong brought forward his beautiful complete system of artillery—for beautiful it is, if too complicated in its details—he was

received with open arms. The old establishments in the Arsenal at Woolwich for casting guns were broken up, and new buildings sprung up on all sides for the construction of the Armstrong built-up guns, with their coiled tubes of bar iron, and forged breech-pieces made from solid slabs. That system we still retain, almost exactly as we first accepted it. The guns have had little or no alteration; steel has taken the place of coiled iron for the inner tube; wrought iron has taken the place of steel for the vent-piece. The projectile, the wonderfully ingenious segment shell, by many considered the best projectile existing for field service, still holds its own. Available as solid shot, if need be, as common shell, or, in some measure, as shrapnel shell and case, it has peculiar merits of its own. But like every other Jack-of-all-trades, it is master of none. It is not as efficient as any one of the projectiles named; so case shot have been introduced, invented by Lieutenant Reeves, and Colonel Boxer's shrapnel is trying hard to push the segment shell altogether out of the limber-box. It has not yet succeeded, and meanwhile Armstrong's original fuses, modified repeatedly by other inventors, still afford the necessary aid to the projectile that is needed to produce its deadly effect.

This Armstrong gun of ours was tried in March, 1865, in comparison with the French field-gun, and it was found that our 12-pounder, the weapon of our field-batteries, exceeded considerably, while our 9-pounder, the weapon of the horse artillery, equalled the French gun both in range and in accuracy. As the French gun makes good practice at 3,000 metres, we need not complain of the gun which we have got. It is true that a committee of superior artillery officers which lately assembled pronounced an opinion in favor of muzzle-loaders over breech-loaders, on the ground of their greater simplicity of construction, and freedom from liability to derangement; and we should probably be better off if we had a first-rate muzzle-loader, such as we now understand how to produce; but the gun as it stands did good service in very rough work in China and New Zealand, and stood well enough, while in range and accuracy it is all that can be desired.

It was wise, then, of the Duke of Cambridge to express his opinion, as he has done, that the trifling advantage that would occur on a change would be more than balanced by the enormous expense to be incurred by a sudden transformation, or the complication of stores and drill that would arise from a gradual replacing of the guns. And so we shall for the present, at all events, stick to what we have got. The Commander-in-Chief gave another reason for deprecating a change, namely, that other great Powers were armed and arming with breech-loaders.

This is the case with both Prussia and Russia. Both have adopted breech-loading field-guns, with projectiles coated with lead, as we have; but whereas our guns are built up of wrought iron, or of steel cased in wrought iron, they have both trusted entirely to steel alone. Russia seems to have followed the lead of her western neighbor; and Prussia's decision to pin her faith to steel is probably due to the fact of her possessing at Essen, in her Rhenish provinces, the greatest steel works in the world, those of Herr Krupp. This establishment, which has existed for forty years, has gradually been developed and increased, so that each year from its origin has seen it extended by an addition of a sixth to a third of its former size. The works now cover some 450 English acres, of which 200 are under roof. Eight thousand men are employed at the works, and 2,000 more at Herr Krupp's coal mines near Essen, his furnaces on the Rhine, or his iron pits on the Rhine and in Nassau. The value of the yearly production of the works is upward of a million and a half English pounds sterling. Herr Krupp's reputation for the management of cast steel is unrivalled; and he has overcome, in the most extraordinary manner, the difficulties attending the manufacture of very large ingots of steel. To him the Prussians have gone for the material of all the field-guns in their service; to him Russia has had recourse. Both nations employ the same field-gun, that known as the 4-pounder, because the weight of its spherical shot would be 4 pounds; the actual weight of its shell is about 9 pounds, the same as that of our horse-artillery gun. The Prussians have a steel 6-pounder, throw-

ing a shot of about 14 pounds weight, for their gun of position, and both they and the Russians have rifled their bronze 12-pounders for the same purpose, which, like the French gun, would throw 25-pound projectiles. We, in England, have 20-pounder batteries of position, and we should employ 40-pounders wherever the country would permit of their movement.

Each of these field-guns of Krupp's is made from one solid ingot of cast steel, drawn out and forged under the hammer, and then bored, turned, and rifled by the Prussian Government at the gun-factories at Spandau, near Berlin, or by the Russians at the arsenal of St. Petersburg. As regards the method of closing the breech, the Prussians have a thousand guns on the well-known Wahrendorff system; but that which has been their service construction, and which was employed in the Bohemian campaign, is known as Krainer's double-wedge system. It has not been found thoroughly satisfactory, and is now about to give place to a patent system of Krupp's, exhibited in a 4-pounder gun at Paris this year, and combining simplicity and strength. The Russians have adopted this system definitively, preventing all escape of gas by the use of the Broadwell ring, which acts like the Bramah ring in a hydrostatic press. They have also wisely resolved no longer to put their trust in a foreign manufactory alone for material for ordnance, and have started steel works about four miles from St. Petersburg, known as the Aboukhoff works. It will go hard with them, however, to equal Krupp's skill in the management of this metal.

Our guns do not appear to have been actually tried in competition with the Prussian steel gun. As regards range and accuracy, there would probably be little to choose. We should probably have the best of it, but then our guns are heavier, which is a decided drawback. As for material, steel is uncertain; some of Krupp's small guns, even, have burst; and when steel does burst it flies into destructive pieces; whereas our wrought iron will rend, but not fly. Shrapnel, shell, and case are the projectiles of both Prussian and Russian field-artillery; but the Prussians spoilt the effect of their shrapnel in the late war by using them with percussion instead of time fuses.

The real truth of the matter is that there is very little choice between the field-artillery of the five Powers. Their advantages and their drawbacks balance each other, and it will be a question of officers and men, more than of guns.

While France, as we have seen, took the lead in the adoption of rifled field-guns, Prussia was the first to recognize the value of breech-loading small-arms for infantry. There is no more strange chapter in the history of military armaments than that which relates the extraordinary apathy about, nay more, the aversion to the system of breech-loading arms for infantry that for long pervaded the councils of all the other European Powers. Prussia was looked upon as a monomaniac when she supplanted all her old muzzle-loading arms by the breech-loading rifle designed for cartridges carrying their own ignition, the famous Zund-nadel-gewehr, the needle-gun, which has now been as much overpraised as formerly it was decried. Strange as it may now seem, Prussia was then considered so little likely to be a troublesome neighbor, and her power was so much underrated, that it was considered little matter how she was armed, so long as there was no great preëminence shown by any one of the other Powers. But the needle-gun was actually tried and condemned, at all events by France and England. The arguments which carried the day in our own country may be looked upon as a fair specimen of those that prevailed elsewhere. In the first place our authorities were fully imbued with the idea that it was highly dangerous to employ cartridges containing their own principle of ignition, and in which consequently detonating composition must be contained together with gunpowder. In the next place rapidity of fire, the chief point of superiority of a breech-loader, was not only not recognized as an advantage, but was positively set down against breech-loaders as one of their disadvantages. It was argued that it is, even with muzzle-loading arms, a difficulty to make a soldier reserve his fire, and that if a weapon were put into his hands which he could fire with great rapidity, he would expend all his ammunition before the crisis of the action arrived. Then the needle-gun was exam-

ined through the false medium of these notions. It was pronounced unsatisfactory, not on the grounds on which we now pass it over, as being too slow and clumsy, but as being too rapid an arm to trust in the hands of any but veteran soldiers, and as involving great danger in the storage and transport of its cartridges. But Prussia in this, as in many another point of her military system, was, unlike her neighbor, wise before the event. She trusted to the confidence that would be given to her troops by the knowledge that they could fire three or four times to the one shot of the enemy, and that this would induce them to reserve their fire till the range was such that the superior rapidity could tell with certainty; and she knew by experiment what we contented ourselves with contradicting without a trial, that there was little or no danger in the employment of self-igniting cartridges. And so, while we held to our muzzle-loaders, as did the French and the other great Powers, she adopted for her troops of all arms the needle-gun which Herr Dreyfus had invented.

It is not, however, perfectly true to say that we had not introduced breech-loaders until quite recently. Their superiority as an arm for cavalry had been recognized, even in this country, for many years; and in order to abolish the difficulties attending the loading a muzzle-loading arm on horseback, we armed our cavalry with breech-loading carbines more than ten years ago. The carbines known as Sharp's, Green's, Terry's, and Westley Richards' were experimentally issued, the last being a thoroughly good specimen of the capping breech-loader. But with a capping arm the greatest advantages of a breech-loader are lost. With a rifle where the cartridge carries its own ignition less time is occupied; there is no fumbling for the cap with cold or wet fingers, the piece can be loaded with the least possible exposure of the body, and there never is a "miss fire" from the powder getting wet, or the nipple being choked. Still, as we have shown, these advantages were supposed to be over-balanced by the imaginary faults we have named; and it was not till the Prussian needle-gun was actually tried, and not found wanting, in the Danish war of 1864, that

we woke up to the belief that the other side of the question might, after all, possibly be the right one.

Then a committee was appointed, which recommended the arming of all our troops with breech-loaders, signing its report to this effect on the 11th July, 1864. A single instance of what the needle-gun effected in the Danish war will be sufficient to show what grounds we had for this decision. We extract this from the report of the professional tour of artillery officers in 1865. At Lundby, in Jutland, a detachment of 100 Prussian infantry, commanded by a Captain Schlotterbach, was attacked by two companies of Danish infantry, supported by half a squadron of cavalry. The Prussian commander reserved his fire until his enemy was about 250 paces distant, when he commenced "quick firing," and in a very short space of time inflicted a loss on the Danes of two officers and ninety-five men killed and wounded, the casualties among his own party being only two wounded men! The attack was, of course, repulsed.

To the credit of England, it may be said that she was the first to appreciate at its true value the lesson of the Danish war. The needle-gun, though as a breech-loader with self-ignition cartridges far superior to any muzzle-loading small-arm, was wisely set aside as too complicated and unwieldy to be adopted by us; and, very sensibly, it was resolved to try whether our immense and costly store of Enfield rifles could not be converted into breech-loaders on some better system. Out of the competition which was invited by the Government grew the "Snider converted Enfield," which is, for the present, the arm of the British infantry. Experiments made at home had demonstrated, beyond the possibility of doubt, that cartridges carrying their own ignition could be made not only as safe, but infinitely safer, than the old pattern for muzzle-loading arms. In mercy to our readers, we will spare them the tedious details of the squabbles over the rifle itself, and the Boxer cartridge, and only remind them, with a sigh of regret, that while a paper war was being carried on, the inventor himself, Mr. Snider, died in the grip of poverty and debt—a lasting disgrace to our country, let what special

pleading there may be used to excuse the fact. This is the weapon with which all our troops at home and in America are armed, and with which all the rest will soon be supplied. Let us compare it briefly with the Prussian needle-gun. It has a cartridge impervious to wet and fire-proof, while no amount of rough usage is likely to injure it so as to render it useless. The action of the arm is very simple; there is a complete freedom from complication of mechanism, and the discharge is very rapid. Eighteen shots and more have been fired in a minute. The needle-gun has a paper cartridge, not so strong or water-proof. It is heavy, complicated in its mechanism, and liable to injury by the breaking of the needle which pierces the cartridge to ignite the fulminate. And its rate of fire is half, or less than half, that of the Snider rifle. But, wisely, we are not satisfied with this arm, if a better can be obtained; and, accordingly, a competition is now going on for the future arm of the British infantry. Out of more than a hundred rifles sent in to compete, nine have been selected, and in this month of November they will be subjected to further trial on a large scale. It is impossible to predict which of these will be chosen, but, whichever it be, it will be even better than what we have now got.

The conversion of the Enfield rifle upon the Snider system had been actually decided upon in England one month before the battle of Koenigratz. It was not till after the Bohemian war that the other Powers became convinced of the immediate necessity for a change in their armament. The Danish war had taught Austria no such lesson as it had taught us; or, if she had seen the value of the new weapon, she shrank, in the bankrupt state of her exchequer, from the expense attending so great a change. And so she still was halting between two opinions, and, to use the favorite phrase of our own War Department, "making further experiments," when the wily Prussian Minister seized the opportunity, and she was dragged into war with a disadvantage in her infantry armament of at least three to one. Then it was that Benedek tried to give the confidence to his troops that they should have had by this time from another source, had the lesson of the Dan-

ish war only been properly accepted. "The enemy," he said, "have for some time vaunted the excellence of their fire-arms, but, soldiers, I do not think that will be of much avail to them. We will give them no time, but will attack them with the bayonet and with crossed muskets." Alas, poor Austria! why had she not been wise in time? Now her arsenals are alive. The muzzle-loading arms are being converted on the Wänzl system, exhibited by Würzer in the Paris Exhibition. The chamber is closed by a solid block, which hinges in front and throws over along the barrel, like the well-known Mont Storm system; but the arrangement is clumsy, and unnecessarily complicated with springs, always an element of weakness. The arm which she has chosen for the future is on Wörndl's system, a simple and quick small bore. But it will be long before she will have her troops all armed, for she dallied too long with other systems, trying, amongst others, two thousand of Remington's arms.

Neither the Austrian conversion nor the new arm have anything in common with the needle-gun as far as the mechanism is concerned, though the new arm is, like the needle-gun, a small bore. But France has unwisely allowed herself to be bitten with the needle system, and the Chassepot rifle, the new arm chosen for her troops, is but a modified and improved Prussian needle-gun. It is rather simpler than its parent, but has many faults. It has far too many springs, and, like the needle-gun, requires a paper cartridge not water-proof. Moreover the escape of gas is checked by the close fitting of a piece of india-rubber, and this must wear out of form far sooner than metal. Nor is the shooting of the Chassepot to be compared with our Snider converted Enfield. The French troops themselves are dissatisfied with the arm, and many prefer the old arm, which, like our own, is being converted as rapidly as possible on the Snider system, to be used with Boxer's cartridge. All the experiments instituted in this country point conclusively to the fact that the needle system cannot be considered desirable for military purposes. Comparing, then, the French arms with others, their conversion is the same as ours, and rather superior to Austria's;

while their new arm is decidedly inferior to the Austrian Wörndl gun, and is sure to be left behind by any of the systems which we elect for our new weapon; but it is decidedly superior to the Prussian needle-gun, which there seems no inclination on the part of that Government to abandon. Without doubt the confidence which the Prussian army has gained in this weapon in the war of last year is worth much; and it is probably with a view to frightening his future antagonists, and giving confidence to his own troops, that the Emperor of the French is constructing these mysterious pieces, to be worked by turning a handle, which it is said can keep up a continuous shower of rifle bullets, at the rate of sixty a minute, and which, if rumor speaks truly, are to be supplied to the infantry, at the rate of two per battalion. These are probably constructed somewhat on the plan of the American Gatling gun; for of course the story about the projectiles being thrown by centrifugal force is untrue. The secret has as yet been very well kept. It is said at Paris that the different parts are made at different factories; and that only a select few know their mutual application. Stories are afloat of Prussian officers disguised as workmen hovering about the practice ground at day-break, when the experiments are carried on. To our mind such studious concealment argues imperfection rather than success, and these wonderfully mysterious weapons of which the world has so often heard seldom come to much in the end.

Russia is behindhand in the race for breech-loading small-arms. She is about to convert her muzzle-loaders on the Terry system, a capping arm, long since tried for cavalry carbines, and discarded, in our service; but she delays even over this. It is asserted, however, that she intends to adopt a magazine rifle, probably Laidley's, as her new weapon. If so, she will, in our opinion, take a step to which sooner or later we shall all have to come. When once the principle is thoroughly and universally recognized that the soldier is to be educated and trained up to the character of his weapon, and not that the weapon is to be kept down to suit the comprehension of the dullest and most ignorant soldier in the

ranks, then the magazine rifle must come into universal use. These rifles, of which Spencer's is the best known, having been employed to a considerable extent in the American war, contain a reservoir of cartridges in the stock, from whence, by the action of a handle, six or seven, or whatever number the reservoir will hold, can be pumped up with the utmost rapidity, and discharged in succession almost instantaneously. For the critical moment, to meet a charge of cavalry, or in advancing against the enemy's line at close quarters, such a fire will be deadly in its effect; and if it be urged that the temptation to the soldier to fire away his ammunition too rapidly will be too great, we reply that he must be trained to be cool, as the Prussian soldiers are, and not to fire till he is bid so to do. The magazine need not be called upon; the arm can be used as an ordinary breech-loader for all ordinary purposes; and the soldier must be trained so to use it. He must learn to withhold the contents of his magazine till the moment when all depends on the fire that can be given in a few seconds.

Such is, in brief, a sketch of the field armaments of the five Powers. To enter on the question of heavy guns and fortresses would take more space than can be here afforded, and moreover is a question of far less moment. It is in the field that armies will now settle the differences of nations, and not behind stone or iron walls. Fortresses will still have their uses, but the Bohemian campaign has shown how the policy commenced by Napoleon of masking and leaving them behind is that most in accordance with the spirit of modern warfare. Naval armaments form, of course, an entirely separate question. The sketch which we have given will enable a fair comparison to be made of the weapons that will be used in the event of any European war taking place before long. If, as we believe, the main issue of battles will in future, as hitherto, be decided by infantry, then we predict that the nation which shall first perfect and utilize the idea of the magazine rifle will reap the same advantage in that conflict that the Prussians gained last year by their needle-gun. But it is not by the rifle alone that success can be attained. Numbers being equal—and it is probable that the

four great continental Powers could each put into the field armies practically equal, for all would be as large as could be handled or moved to advantage—numbers being equal, the tactics best adapted to the improvements in arms will win the day, and the great aim of tactics must now be rapidity of movement. To this end the old idea which converted the soldier into a mere machine must be abandoned. Instead of being taught that he is not to think but only to obey, he must learn to think, that the shortest way may always be followed. Instead of roundabout manœuvres, invented that every man may always hold the same place in the ranks, simpler movements must be adopted. Changes of front and flank or rear movements must be performed by the very methods which are now considered disgraceful as "clubbing" the troops, but the men must be taught not to lose their heads when they are clubbed. Prussia has taken the initiative in this, as she did in the present system in the days of Frederick. France is following in her footsteps. The others must follow sooner or later. Let us be wise and learn the lesson at once. Small as the contingent is which we can ever throw to either side, bearing only such a proportion to any other great Power's army as did the Saxon army to the Austrian or Prussian in Bohemia, it should be the best in the world. But we labor under fearful disadvantages. Other nations take the flower of the manhood of the country for their armies, and the highest and the lowest of their sons fight side by side in the ranks. Too independent to accept compulsory personal service even for our country, we yet are unwilling to pay the cost of our exemption, and instead of making the army the best of all professions, so as to attract men of intelligence and ability into its ranks, we seek only for how small a sum it is possible to get men of any stamp, and we lower our bidding till we can just fill our army with the dregs of our cities, and only raise the offer when even they cannot be drawn, even by the lies of a recruiting sergeant, into the ranks. While this continues, it is well for England that she is girt with the sea, and it is by her naval armaments that she must seek to keep up her reputation.

The Saturday Review.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION AND GREEK NATIONALITY.

THE Cretan insurrection was supported by the Greeks with the expectation of compelling the three protecting Powers to reconsider the position of the Greek Kingdom; but the enterprise proved too great for the ability of the men who engaged in this attempt to open the Eastern question. The struggle, after being maintained with energy for a year, has ended in lassitude. The auxiliary insurrections of Thessaly and Epirus turned out to be only incursions of brigands. Among the Greek subjects of the Sultan in European Turkey, there was a complete collapse of patriotism, and in Crete the flame of the insurrection flickered as soon as volunteers, money, arms, ammunition, and provisions ceased to be poured into the island from the Greek Kingdom. The systematic campaign of Omar Pasha overpowered the enthusiasm of Greek nationality, and refuted the misrepresentations of the Hellenic press, by dividing Crete into three sections. From the fortresses of Canea and Candia he formed lines of military posts across the island to the southern sea, where his fleet formed a second base. He then drove the insurgents and volunteers first from the eastern part of the island, then from the central, and he has since shut up the insurrection in the rugged mountain district of Sphakia.

In examining the history of this revolt, it is necessary to separate the chronic evils of the Ottoman domination from the schemes which converted the demands of the discontented Christians for redress into a rebellion for union with Greece. The spirit of the times is always impelling the Orthodox subjects of the Sultan to revolt, and the ambition of the subjects of King George keeps them always ready to profit by any opportunity to attack Turkey. For the present, the success of the Ottoman arms and the concessions of the Sultan have damped the courage of the Greeks; and Russian diplomacy appears to have abandoned the expectation of using the Cretan insurrection as a key for opening the Eastern question. But the mountain districts will be able to shelter small bands of armed men, and the raids

of these mountaineers into the plains will be represented by the press of Athens, and perhaps of Moscow, as a guerilla warfare carried on by suffering Christians in the cause of civilization, nationality, and orthodoxy.

Many circumstances combined to render the insurrection unsuccessful. It was soon evident that it was carried on under false colors. The earliest protest of the Cretan Assembly was marked by obvious insincerity, and indicated a reservation of pretensions which created distrust in many friends of liberty who were disposed to support a demand for local institutions. The political grounds of the insurrection were boldly stated in a petition to the Sultan, from a number of Christians, on the 26th of May, 1866, who constituted themselves into a representative assembly. This petition declared that the taxation in Crete was intolerable; that the system of farming the land-tax was vexatious; that the Sultan's Government neglected to make roads and build bridges and school-houses; that the manner of electing the local magistrates was defective; that oil-merchants drove hard bargains with the proprietors of olive-trees; that the administration of justice required reform; and that the Sultan's Government patronized religious intolerance. There is no doubt that there was great truth in all these allegations. But the Christians who paid more taxes than the Mussulmans escaped the conscription, which might have sent them to perform military service on the banks of the Danube or the Euphrates. The farmers of the land-tax in the Christian districts were usually Orthodox Christians. The Government of the Sultan has done more for railroads, roads, and bridges than the Government of Greece, and not less for school-houses. The trade of the oil-merchants, and the administration of justice, both by Turkish Cadis and Greek Bishops, were very likely great grievances, though the Sultan could probably do very little to remove them. And to complain of the religious intolerance of the Sublime Porte showed a singular want of candor, and a strange confidence in the ignorance of the European Cabinets to whom this petition was really addressed. The Cretans felt assured that their petition would obtain

for them the direct intervention of the Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris. Their object at that time was to secure foreign protection, not union with Greece. This is evident from the mention that is made of the respect shown by the Turkish Government for the municipal privileges of one of the provinces of Crete. It is said that the canton of Sphakia "has no need of a revision of its system of taxation, for at all times it has governed itself by its own laws." It may assist those who are not familiar with the policy of Russian and Greek agitators in the East, in forming an accurate knowledge of the practical administration of justice between Greeks and Turks, to learn how the Sphakians exercised their powers of self-government. Captain Spratt, R.N., in his *Travels and Researches in Crete*, published in 1865, mentions a fertile district of Apokorona, embracing several "prettily situated villages," and adds:—

This may now be called the lowlands of the Sphakians, as they have, little by little, become possessors of considerable land within it by obliging the Mussulman population to retire to the towns and sell their lands for what they could get. For the Sphakians so worried them by stealing their cattle or their produce, and so alarmed them by continual night-raids from the mountain plains of Askyphe and Kallikrata, and by wanton violence and bloodshed too, when an opportunity offered, that one by one the Mussulman peasants succumbed and retired.—Vol. ii. p. 122.

The Ottoman Government paid no attention to the petition, and Greek agents seized the opportunity of working on the minds of the Cretan Christians. A self-constituted General Assembly, on the 2d September, 1866, decreed the union of the island of Crete with the Hellenic Kingdom. War commenced. The Ottoman Government sent forces enough to suppress the insurrection had not the insurgents received ample supplies of arms and ammunition from Greece. Numbers of able officers and non-commissioned officers from the Greek army and hundreds of enthusiastic volunteers, Greeks and Garibaldians, soon joined the cause. The military operations, from the commencement of hostilities in August, 1866, to the month of April, 1867, when Omar Pasha assumed the command of the Ottoman army, were

carried on without skill or system by both Turks and Greeks. The Turks expected to weary out their enemies, and shut them up in the mountain districts, where they would be compelled to live at the expense of the Christian population; and the insurgents, under the direction of a committee at Athens, sought to prolong the war by petty skirmishes, and to secure foreign intervention by fabricating battles. The first hostilities had hardly commenced before the press was filled with accounts of murders and atrocities so numerous, and so like old stories resuscitated, that they raised distrust instead of gaining credit. The heroic self-immolation of the garrison of the monastery of Arkadion came opportunely as a proof of devotion to the cause of independence and religion.

The success of the insurrection was from the first entirely dependent on foreign intervention. It was, therefore, the chief object of those who directed it to persuade foreigners that intervention was the only means of re-establishing peace. The Christians were represented as masters of the whole island except the fortresses, and telegrams announced the destruction of one Turkish army after another. As long as the Cabinets of Europe believed that the contest would remain local, or be only a question between Greeks and Turks, they were not disposed to interfere. Public affairs nearer home alarmed most of them, and the official information transmitted from Crete persuaded them that the forces of the belligerents were tolerably equal. The Italian Consul at Canea, who was believed to be one of the persons on whose information the greatest confidence could be placed, wrote to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Florence that there were 20,000 Christians under arms (*Italian Green-book*, Canea, August 9, 1866). A gentleman resident in Crete, of English descent and connections, wrote shortly afterward, "The two armies are in sight, of nearly equal numbers, about 20,000 each." The forces collected by the Christians, the spirit displayed by the Greek people, the heroic defence of the monastery of Arkadion, the daring of Greek sailors in blockade-running, the enthusiasm of Greek and Garibaldian volunteers, and the active assistance afforded by the Greek Govern-

ment, made the cause popular, and persuaded many that it would prove successful. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire was forgotten, and Russia prudently remained in the background.

The abortive attempts to invade Thessaly and Epirus, and to cause troubles in Turkey from which Russia prepared to profit, the meeting of the Panslavonic Congress at Moscow, and the diplomatic memorandums circulated by the Russian Cabinet in the present year, awakened considerable alarm, which was not lessened by the endeavors made to persuade England that the union of Crete with Greece would secure peace, establish goodwill between Greeks and Turks, and set the Eastern question at rest. This cajolery was frequently alternated by threats, and the Greek press informed the British Government, that, if it delayed assisting the Greeks, the fire lighted in Crete would become a conflagration in the Ottoman Empire which England would be unable to extinguish. Russian influence became gradually more and more evident; and if the insurrection should be continued after the late concessions of the Sultan, it will be because Russia, and not Greece, gives the word of command.

The revolt was confined to the orthodox population in Crete, and nearly one-third of the Greeks in the island are of the Mohammedan religion. Even of the Orthodox Greeks, the greater part of those who inhabit the eastern half of the island never took an active part in the insurrection. The causes of the outbreak, and the motives which incite the Greeks to attack the Turks whenever an occasion offers, have been so often stated and misstated of late that it would be a waste of time to repeat them. Yet some notice of two great delusions of the modern Greek mind may not be uninteresting, because, though they are delusions, they are operating as incentives to revolution in the Ottoman Empire. Nationality and orthodoxy are used by the Greeks to compose the superstition which they call their "great idea." It is a political idiosyncrasy of the nineteenth century to be well furnished with great ideas. The Italians had *Italia una*, which they have realized. The Germans are advancing to accomplish their great idea of a united

Germany, in which they are much assisted by the eloquence of the Emperor of the French. The French have a great idea that France has some natural frontiers, but this appears to foreigners to be almost as complete a delusion as the great idea of the modern Greeks. The Russians cannot rest satisfied with anything merely great. They must have a gigantic idea, and with Panslavism they propose extending the blessings of Russian despotism and the use of the Russian language from Dalmatia to Japan. The "great idea" of the modern Greeks is to revive that degraded type of the Roman Empire which is called the Byzantine Empire of the Paleologoi, and which the Turks merited the gratitude of mankind for destroying, since, unlike the Ottoman Empire, it showed itself incapable of reform. This great idea of the Greeks is to be realized by gaining possession of Constantinople, and placing the Hellenic race, as a dominant people, in the position now occupied by the Turks. It implies a strange combination of pedantry and ignorance in its votaries. The Greeks form hardly one-fifth of the population of Constantinople. According to the ethnological map of European Turkey by Lejean, and recent statistical accounts, there are upward of seven millions of Orthodox Panslavonians, and only about one million Orthodox Greeks, in the Ottoman territory on the European Continent. If one million and a quarter be added as the population of the Hellenic Kingdom—of which, however, 300,000 are of the Skepitar race—and a liberal allowance be made for the population of the islands under Turkish domination, it appears that the Hellenic race, if united under the same Government, would be less numerous than the Bulgarians, who inhabit the country up to the very walls of Constantinople. So much for the power of modern Greek nationality, which is not a very pure feeling even in the breasts of the citizens of the Hellenic Kingdom. For they appear never to feel themselves so superior to the rest of mankind as when they strut about in the snow-white petticoat, the richly-embroidered jacket, and the shaggy capote of an Albanian janissary of the time of Ali Pasha of Joannina.

Orthodoxy is quite as unsafe a foun-

dation for the political greatness of modern Greece as the principle of nationality. The Patriarch of Constantinople (whom the vulgar consider to be the head of Orthodoxy very much as the Latins consider the Pope of Rome to be the head of Catholicism) is singularly exempt from Hellenic aspirations and all desire of change. Like the Archbishop of Canterbury, he has the greatest respect for the Sultan. Turning from the ecclesiastical to the temporal power of Orthodoxy, there can be no doubt that it is vested in the Czar of Holy Russia. The synod of the Greek Kingdom is a mere local institution, possessing neither the moral character to win temporal authority, nor the theological learning required to obtain religious influence.

Modern Greek nationality is founded, not on race and blood, but on language and literature. Greek families have no genealogies; the Greeks of the purest race, until lately, had no family names; the Greek rural population have very few traditions. Greeks boast of the glories of the past, but in order to boast, they look back two thousand years, and they predict national greatness in the future to be realized by their great idea. The present is always overlooked. And indeed the present is very unlike the picture that is formed of the past, or the visions that are conjured up of the future. At this moment the ablest Greeks are in the Sultan's service, not acting as Ministers in the Hellenic Kingdom; and Orthodoxy has not established its home at Athens. Yet, if the modern Greeks would be true to themselves, they possess the means of exerting great influence in the East. It was not by the principle of nationality that Athens and Rome exercised their power in the ancient world. Nor is it the strength of nationality which gives England her high place among nations to-day. Neither nationality nor Orthodoxy will enable the Greeks to increase in numbers so rapidly as to give them the smallest hope of overthrowing the Ottoman Empire, or counterbalancing Russian influence, without some powerful aid. The real strength of the Greeks and of the Hellenic Kingdom lies in free institutions and a well-organized system of government. Waste land in the East admits of a rapid increase of the

Greek race both in Turkey and Greece. The plough and the spirit of liberty have already made small nations great. *Ubi libertas ibi patria* is a principle that banishes nationality, and often religious orthodoxy, from the breasts of more than 100,000 Europeans annually, and sends them across the Atlantic with the determination to leave nation, language, and traditions behind. We now see Greece and Russia in close alliance to attack the Turks, and the marriage of the King of the Hellenes with a Russian Grand Duchess will probably place the Court of Athens in dependence on the Court of St. Petersburg. But between the Greeks and the Russians there can be no permanent community of feeling. Their existence as nations places them in a condition of inherent opposition. Greeks cannot, like Bulgarians, amalgamate with Muscovites, and the despotism of Panslavism would be compelled to stifle Greek nationality if placed under its domination. The Greeks have already received a solemn warning that they must prepare their forces to resist the ambitious projects of Russia. At one of the numerous banquets given by Russian officials to the members of the Panslavonian Congress in the month of June, no toast was received with more enthusiasm than "May the flag of Holy Russia soon wave above the Church of Saint Sophia at Constantinople, and over the castles of the Dardanelles." If that day come, the Patriarch of Constantinople will be a Russian. A Slavonian patriarch once told the Greeks in the Church of Saint Sophia, in his contempt for Hellenic grammar, that his soul abhorred diphthongs and triphthongs. A Russian patriarch would probably tell them that his soul abhorred the second article of their Constitution, which says that the Church of Greece is self-governed and independent of every other Church, administering its governing rights by a Holy Synod of Bishops of the Kingdom.

The abortive insurrection of the Cretans, the dishonest dealings of the Hellenic Government in its recent intercourse with foreign states, the notorious incapacity of Greek ministers since the revolution of 1862, and the facility with which the people are made subservient

to the revolutionary schemes of Russian policy, have almost extinguished Philhellenism in the West. The time has arrived when the Greeks must make their final choice between political liberty and good government as the foundations of their future progress, and their "great idea" as a means of attaining sovereign power in the East.

Chambers's Journal.

ABYSSINIA.

ABYSSINIA—a country which has been, for many weeks past, so prominent a subject of interest to us—is, it seems, almost a *terra incognita* to the world in general. The amount of ignorance which exists upon the subject is astonishing, considering our comparative proximity to the place itself, and the fact that, by its former name of Ethiopia, it was well known to the ancient Jews, Greeks, and Romans, with all of whom it carried on a frequent intercourse. How continually, also, do we find mention made of Ethiopia and the Ethiopians in the Bible, affording evidence of its having attained a certain degree of civilization even in those remote times. Still more remarkable is this ignorance, since Abyssinia (the word is merely a corruption of the local name, "Habash") is the only professedly Christian country upon the whole African continent. The gospel was introduced into it by Frumentius as early as the year 320 A.D. We cast aside, as unworthy of credit, the traditions that St. Matthew and St. Bartholomew preached there; or that an attempt was made by the eunuch of Queen Candace, whom Philip baptized, to introduce Christianity amongst his brethren; and still more, the wild superstition, yet prevalent, which would assert that the Virgin Mary, with the child Jesus himself, came into the country when they fled from Egypt. It is enough for us to know that, for fully fifteen hundred years, Abyssinia has professed the Christian religion, maintained the Christian church after the Greek model, and has doubtless acted up to the measure of her lights, naturally dim and imperfect, when we reflect on her comparative isolation from the rest of the Christian community. The Roman Catholics have, indeed, always kept up an occasional in-

tercourse with this outlying flock from Christ's fold. St. Athanasius sent nine missionaries into the country; and Jesuit priests have, again and again, found their way into it. The Moravians have also maintained a mission in Tigré for some generations; but their efforts appear merely to have given great offence to the native priesthood, without producing any beneficial effects. Such influences as these have not been sufficient to prevent the doctrines and practice of the Abyssinian Church from partaking very strongly of both a Jewish and a Mohammedan element—followers of both these creeds having been numerous in the country from time immemorial; while the latter is the national religion of many contiguous peoples.

This little-known country into which we are about to send a formidable expedition consists generally of a central plateau or table-land, which is surrounded on two sides by lofty mountains, that rise from the literal flat which abuts on them, and which sinks gradually on two other sides into a low level country, the home of the true negro. This plateau is again diversified by different ranges of mountains, that rise from out it, and is in parts densely wooded. Its climate is temperate, dry, and salubrious; but on descending into the low lands that lie contiguous to it, we find, on the contrary, a climate hot, relaxing, and unhealthy; while between these two extremes there are many huge tracts, possessing different degrees of salubrity. On the whole, we do not anticipate that our troops will suffer from the climate to the extent which is apparently expected by the daily press—or that a force acclimatized in India will experience much inconvenience from heat; provided always that it does not attempt operations before the month of November, when the prevalent malarious influences which always prevail during the autumn months will have subsided, and the fierceness of the solar rays will have considerably decreased.

In one respect only, however, does it appear that there is much to be *gained* from the expedition; we refer to the cause of science, for there can be no doubt that Abyssinia offers a novel field for research in many branches of inquiry. Its mineralogical wealth is only as yet a

matter of speculation, its botany is all but unknown, and its zoology has been studied only in the most cursory manner. We know, with regard to this last, that it is probable that many species of mammalia exist which are new to science, and that most of the usual game peculiar to the African continent is to be met with. The lion and the leopard are not uncommon; and there are several varieties of wild-cats, including the civet cat, and a beautiful species known to the natives by the name of the Nebry Guolgnal. There are certainly two species of hyænas, and two of the wild-dog; one of these latter is of a brindled color, having legs covered with spots. These animals hunt in packs, and are said occasionally to attack even the elephant and buffalo. The description of them seems to coincide with a variety which has been found in the Karakorum Mountains, in Central Asia, from which place we believe a skin was procured by Captain Peyton of the 18th Hussars. The other species found in Abyssinia seems identical, or nearly so, with the *Canis venaticus* of India. Jackals of three varieties are to be met with. The elephant and the buffalo are common in the low grounds upon the banks of the Mareb river, and in a few other places. The giraffe and rhinoceros are found in one portion of Tigré, and the hippopotamus abounds in the Tacazze river. The antelope tribe, though not nearly so abundant as in Southern Africa, is still more or less scattered throughout Abyssinia. That curious bird, the Abyssinian hornbill, is frequently met with; and the ostrich and bustard are found in the wilder parts of the country. To these may be added crocodiles, boas, monkeys, wild-boars, hares, rabbits, grouse, partridges, wild-fowl, and snipes.

The present race of Abyssinians certainly bear a striking resemblance to the type of people depicted in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which is generally supposed to be intended to represent the old inhabitants of Ethiopia. If so, the race must be an ancient one, and must have preserved its purity of blood for many thousand years, which would disprove the general tradition, that the present Abyssinians are of mixed blood. They certainly differ considerably in appearance; some of them being perfectly

black, though the prevailing tint of skin is of a copper color. They are generally of middle stature, seldom exceeding six feet. They are well shaped; and the women are decidedly good-looking, so much so, that they are in great request in the harems at Cairo and Constantinople, to which places many find their way, although females of the Galla tribe are often palmed off upon the Egyptians for Abyssinians. With respect to the capabilities of the Abyssinians for meeting Europeans in the field, nothing can be known by experience; but, of course, no barbarous or semi-barbarous nation, much less an Asiatic or an African one, can contend against a civilized people, aided by the appliances of war. Still, for bravery and endurance, the Abyssinians have always borne a high character upon the African continent, and it is probable that the material for soldiers in Abyssinia is excellent. The cavalry is very numerous, and much of it—especially that portion recruited from the Galla tribes—is good. It is chiefly armed with lances, of which each man carries two; but we fancy that the troopers of Jacob's horse, with their steady discipline, will make short work of it, unless greatly overmatched in point of numbers. The infantry is chiefly armed with matchlocks—large, heavy, and clumsy weapons, the loading of which is the labor of minutes, and which are continually missing fire. Besides these arms, they always carry a sword and shield; the former is often two-handed, and nearly four feet long; and the latter is generally made of buffalo hide. It appears that Colonel Mewether, who is, it is said, to command the cavalry portion of our force, and who has already been collecting information for the use of Government, recommends that the plain of Ailat be selected as the spot upon which to form a camp. He appears to be principally guided in this selection by the fact, that the immediate neighborhood is well adapted for the action of cavalry. We cannot but think, however, that it will be a fatal mistake to allow any considerable portion of our troops to remain longer than is necessary on this side of the mountain range. The climate of Ailat is hot and unwholesome, and the neighboring country thickly wooded and

abounding in malaria. Ailat itself is a miserable place, consisting of only a few scattered huts, and is chiefly remarkable for possessing some hot springs. Its inhabitants are Bedouins of the Bellaw clan, a pastoral tribe owning considerable herds of cattle.

The neighborhood of the town of Kiaquor, which is about three marches further on, and several thousand feet higher above the sea-level, offers, in our opinion, a far more favorable position for an intrenched camp, should one be considered necessary for the purpose of keeping open our communication with Massowah. Good water will be found here, and the climate is, comparatively speaking, cool and healthy, which is the chief desideratum to be looked for; and although the road from Ailat to Kiaquor is a somewhat hilly and difficult one, and deficient in water for a considerable way, once arrived in the vicinity of the latter place, a noble sandy plain will offer every facility for the encampment of a large force. The inhabitants of Kiaquor are Abyssinians proper; but the Shohos, another pastoral tribe of Mohammedans (possessing no affinity in language or race to the Bellaws), wander over the country in its vicinity. Here commences the great province of Hamaseyn, one of the finest in Tigré, and the country in advance is populous, and studded with villages, from which a considerable quantity of supplies ought to be procurable. The soil of this part of Tigré is extremely rich, and were cultivation properly attended to, the finest crops would be the result. Such a state of anarchy has, however, prevailed in Abyssinia for ages, that vast tracts of land, which once supported a large population, are now permitted to remain untilled. The inhabitants of this province, too, possess no reputation as warriors, and consequently their land has been continually overrun and devastated by their fierce Amhara neighbors.

Adowa, the capital of Tigré, to which place a well-beaten road, or rather track, from Kiaquor exists, and which lies directly in the way to Magdala and Dehra Tabor, will probably be the next point to be gained by the expedition. Before reaching it, however, the river Mareb will have to be twice crossed, an operation itself of no great difficulty at a late

season of the year, as the stream will have greatly diminished in its channel, and be easily fordable. On approaching Adowa, lofty and precipitous mountains will be observed; they are bare and rocky, and bear some resemblance, in the grotesqueness of their forms, to that curious range, the Dolomite mountains of Carinthia. Nestled in one of their valleys, and itself between four and five thousand feet above the level of the sea, lies the principal town of Tigré, which, although, in common with most other African cities, consisting but of an assemblage of huts and rude cottages, will be found, we believe, one of the most favorable places for a halt, as well as for recruiting the resources of our commissariat department. Grain is grown in the neighborhood in considerable quantity. The soil in the valleys is very rich, and both wheat and barley can be readily obtained. The sanctuary of Medhainé Allem, which exists here, is one of the most revered in Abyssinia, and all persons are obliged to dismount and walk when arriving within a certain distance of it. We cannot but think that if we can manage to secure the alliance, or even the neutrality, of the Wagshum Góbazyé of Tigré, a prince who is now in arms against King Theodore, our forces will not encounter any serious opposition up to this point. Here, however, our difficulties will begin; and the Amhara people, whose territories will bar our advance, and from whom King Theodore chiefly recruits his army, must be expected to put in an appearance. It is impossible to surmise what course may be taken by the Wollo Galas, who are now in arms against Theodore, and by whom he has lately been driven to such extremities—nor can we anticipate the attitude of Menilek, the son-in-law of the Negus, and the various other chieftains who are now quarrelling amongst themselves within their unhappy country. Notwithstanding the professions of amity which it is understood Menilek has lately made to our resident at Aden, it would not surprise us to hear that a peace had been patched up between him and Theodore, and that they had sunk their long and violent enmity in the hope of opposing the common enemy.

The above remarks have been penned

on the supposition that Massowah is really to be the point of debarkation for the expedition under the command of Sir Robert Napier. It certainly holds out considerable advantages for the purpose in its admirable harbor, while no opposition is likely to be offered us by the inhabitants of the immediate mainland. The climate of Massowah is, however, a very hot and unhealthy one, and water is scarce and bad, being entirely brought from wells some miles distant. Still, the whole coast of the Red Sea possesses these unwholesome characteristics, and on the whole, we see no other place more suitable. We believe it to be a mistake to suppose that carriage to some considerable extent will not be procurable there; both donkeys and mules abound, and the nomadic tribes who inhabit the tract called Samhar, which intervenes between the coast and the mountains, could, we should imagine, be readily induced—for a consideration—to aid us in this respect. With regard to the release of our much-to-be-pitied countrymen, looking to the character of Theodore, his ignorance, bigotry, and obstinacy, and to the absurd reliance he is supposed to place upon the wretched pieces he calls his artillery, we wish we could think that the knowledge of our approach, or the dread of it, would be likely to induce him to surrender their persons. That such may be the case, however, and that we may be proved wholly mistaken in our surmises, is our most sincere desire.

All The Year Round.

THE CASE OF LEBRUN.

THE Dame Mazel was a haughty lady, who lived alone (excepting her retainers) in a large hôtel in the Rue Maçons-Sorbonne, Paris. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, women of quality thought they could do much as they liked, and Madame Mazel, rich and a widow, did not differ greatly from the rest of her class. She gave grand receptions on stated days, with sharp card-playing and splendid suppers. At other times, her sole though not her constant companion was the Abbé Poulard.

At the epoch when these events occurred, almost every wealthy house

reckoned among its guests—we might say among its parasites—one or more ecclesiastics of greater or less respectability. The Dame Mazel harbored an unfrocked monk. Did the Abbé Poulard act as the lady's confessor? Or was he bound to her by dearer ties? All that was known for certain was, that he took up his quarters in the house as if it belonged to him, finding fault with the servants, hard to please in respect to bed and board, irregular in his habits, and not concealing his contempt for the rules of the Church on abstinence days and during Lent. At table he spoke with authority, discussing the merits of dishes and their sauces, and worrying the old cook-maid almost to death. His bedroom was like a lady's boudoir, full of trinkets, ornaments, and luxurious furniture. So completely was this self-indulgent cell to his taste, that, in 1673, he submitted to excommunication by the Prior of Cluny rather than quit it.

In spite, however, of his fondness for his bower, he was not satisfied with that alone. In order to be thoroughly at liberty, he hired a room in the neighborhood, where he frequently slept. On those occasions he returned to the hôtel noiselessly, early in the morning, by means of a master key with which he could open the street door at pleasure.

The personage of next importance in the household was Jacques Lebrun, who, at the age of sixteen, had entered Madame Mazel's service as valet-de-chambre. He had now lived with her nine-and-twenty years, serving her faithfully, and enjoying her full confidence. Although at forty-five he was still called the valet-de-chambre, he had in reality become the maître d'hôtel, the steward. It was he who bought everything, who paid the tradesmen, who gave orders for repairs and renovations. The cash and the plate were under his charge, and he locked them up in a strong-box kept in a secret hiding-place. His long-tried integrity was above all suspicion; and in those days an old servant became almost a member of the family. He was at once a domestic and a friend. He was set down in Madame Mazel's will for a legacy of six thousand francs, with the half of the clothes, and the household linen.

Lebrun was married and lived happily with his wife; he brought up his children religiously. His duties, which were strict and numerous, did not allow him to have his family in the house. The Dame Mazel had indeed offered him apartments in the upper story, where there was more than accommodation enough for two such families as his; but on her reception days—twice a week—when her mansion was frequented by fashionable people, it was also thronged by lackeys waiting for their masters and mistresses, whose loose style of conduct and conversation seemed to Lebrun to be anything but a proper example for his own young folk. He therefore installed them in a lodging close by. The establishment consisted, besides Lebrun, of two housemaids, a cook, a coachman, and two little lackeys.

Madame Mazel's hôtel was four stories high. You reached the first floor by the ground staircase, passing through a room which served as a pantry and containing a closet in which the table service was locked up. One of the housemaids kept the key. In this room, on the side next the street, a portion had been partitioned off, where Lebrun slept when he did not pass the night at home. The rest of this story consisted of a suite of state apartments in which Madame received company when she gave her card and supper parties. Her bedroom was on the second floor, looking into the court. It was reached by two ante-chambers, one of which, opening on the grand staircase, was always left open; the other was fastened when the lady had retired to rest. She was the only person who slept on this story of the house. Two doors led out of her bedroom; one opened on a little back staircase, the other to a wardrobe which also had an outlet on the same little staircase. The first of these doors was at the side of the bed next the wall, and Madame Mazel could open it without rising. At the head of the bed hung a couple of bell-pulls, corresponding to the chambers of the two housemaids. In the wardrobe was a closet, the key of which was laid on Madame Mazel's bolster; and in this closet was the key of the strong-box.

The third story of the hôtel was completely untenanted, except the chamber

occupied by the Abbé Poulard, which was situated over the wardrobe. It was entered by the back staircase, which led to the door at Madame Mazel's bedside. On the fourth story, the two *femmes-de-chambre* and the two little lackeys slept. The cook slept down-stairs in a wood-house; the coachman, in a nook under the staircase. The latter had charge of the great coach door leading into the street, the key of which hung on a nail in the kitchen ready for use by any of the inmates of the house. The roof of the hotel formed a vast attic, always open, and in which there was a garret window allowing access to a broad rain-gutter running along the bottom of two sloping roofs, which was prolonged for a considerable distance along the row of houses. The door of this attic was never closed.

Some time before our story opens, Madame Mazel had asked Lebrun for a master-key which he had made use of to go in and out as he wanted. She gave it to the Abbé Poulard. Lebrun, however, had a second master-key, and continued to employ it for the same purpose as before.

On the first Sunday in Advent, the 27th of November, 1689, Lebrun's daughters came to pay their respects to the Dame Mazel after her dinner. She received them as usual, kindly, requested them to come and see her again, and left them to go to vespers. Lebrun gave his arm to his mistress, the two little lackeys following them. When he saw her comfortably seated on her bench in the chapel of the Convent of the *Prémontré* Nuns, Rue Hautefeuille, he was at liberty until the conclusion of the service. He went and gossiped with the cook's husband, one *Lagiée*, a locksmith. They agreed that their two families should pic-nic together that evening, so they went to a cook-shop to buy something for supper. Lebrun ran for a moment to his wife's lodgings, and then at eight o'clock he went to the house of one Dame Duvan, where he was to find his mistress, the coachman, and the two little lackeys. After conducting his mistress to her hôtel, he returned to his friend *Lagiée*.

The Dame Mazel supped *tête-à-tête* with the Abbé Poulard as usual. During the repast, the abbé announced that

he intended sleeping out, in his other chamber. The Dame Mazel went to bed at about eleven o'clock. Lebrun had stayed late at his pic-nic supper. Just as the two waiting-women, after undressing their mistress, were preparing to retire, they heard him scratching* at the back staircase door.

"Who is there?" asked the Dame Mazel.

"'Tis M. Lebrun," said the femme-de-chambre.

"A pretty time of night!" exclaimed the irritable lady.

Finding that they did not let him in by that way, Lebrun retired, went round, and returned to the chamber by the grand staircase. His mistress gave her orders for the next day's supper, which was a reception-day. He then finished his service for the night in the customary way. He closed the door of the chamber by pulling it after him, after laying the key on a chair inside; then, as was his practice every evening, he locked the door of the second ante-chamber and laid the key on the chimney-piece of the first—i. e. of that first entered from the grand staircase.

That done, Lebrun went down into the kitchen, laid his hat upon the table, took the key of the great door with the intention of locking it, but first warmed himself before the logs which still blazed on the hearth. Insensibly he fell asleep; his sociable supper had made him drowsy. When he awoke he went and locked the door, which he found wide open, and took the key with him to his sleeping-place.

Early next morning he started on his errands. He had to go to the butcher's, and make preparations for the evening's supper. He met a bookseller, with whom he had a friendly gossip. His remarks were cheerful, even jocose. At the butcher's he hurried the sending of the soup-meat; his mistress would want a basin of broth before it was late. Returned to the hôtel, he met three of his friends near the door; he insisted on their stepping into the kitchen for a moment. He was in such a merry mood,

that, taking off his cloak and putting it on the shoulders of one of the party, he pretended to thrash him with a leg of mutton, saying, "I have the right to beat my own cloak as much as I please." He then cast an eye on the preparations for supper, and gave one of the little lackeys some wood to carry up to Madame's chamber. Meanwhile the clock struck eight, and his mistress had not yet rung for her waiting-maids. Lebrun noticed it, and appeared uneasy. The Dame Mazel usually awoke at seven.

He fidgeted a few moments longer, continually expecting the bell to ring. He stepped out of doors for an instant and went to his wife's, to give her seven louis-d'ors and a few crowns, which he did not wish to keep loose in his pocket. On leaving her, he said, "Madame is not yet awake; I don't know what can be the meaning of it."

He found the servants seriously alarmed at their mistress's silence. They resolved to go up-stairs and knock at the several doors of her room, shouting "Madame Mazel! Madame Mazel!"

No reply was made.

"Can she have had a fit?" said one of the servants.

"It must be something worse than that," replied Lebrun. "I don't at all like finding the coach door wide open last night."

They sent for Madame Mazel's eldest son. He knocked at the door with no better result, and then sent to fetch a locksmith. "What can it be?" he asked Lebrun. "It must be apoplexy."

"If we sent for a surgeon in any case?" suggested one of the waiting-women.

"It is not that," said Lebrun; "it is much worse; there must have been foul play. I am very uneasy about the coach doors being open last night."

The locksmith opened the bedchamber door. Lebrun, the first to enter, ran to the bed, drew aside the curtains, and exclaimed, "Madame has been murdered!" He then went to the wardrobe, and took out one of the bars of the window, to give more light. The Dame Mazel was seen stretched on her bed in a pool of blood. Her face, neck, and hands, were covered with wounds.

At this sad spectacle, Lebrun's first thought seems to have been that robbery

* "When you call to pay a visit, knock or ring very gently, just enough to make yourself heard. Formerly it was considered *bon ton* to do no more than *scratch* at a great man's door."—*La Politesse Française*, Par E. Muller.

could have been the only motive for his mistress's murder. He ran to the strong-box and raised it; the lock was uninjured. "She has not been robbed," he said. "What can that mean?"

On examination, fifty wounds, apparently made with a knife, were found on the body. Not one of them, in itself, was mortal. Loss of blood was the sole cause of death. The victim might, therefore, have called for help. In the bed was found a piece of a cravat with embroidered ends stained with blood, and a napkin twisted into a nightcap, still retaining the form of the head which had worn it. The napkin, much blood-stained, bore the mark of the house. It was presumed that the victim, struggling in self-defence, had snatched from her assassin this bit of cravat and this improvised cap. Between the slashed fingers of the defunct were a few hairs, quite unlike Madame Mazel's hair, and which she had evidently torn from the murderer in her moment of despair. A knife was found in the ashes of the hearth. The two bell-pulls were tied in two knots to the curtain-rod, so that pulling them had no effect on the bells. The key of the chamber was not on the chair where it was usually placed every night; there was no trace of violence on the doors, either of the chamber or the ante-chamber. The two doors opening on the back staircase were fastened inside with hooks. The key of the closet was in its customary place on the bolster. When the closet was opened, they found there the purse in which Madame Mazel kept her card-money; it contained nearly three hundred francs. The key of the strong-box was still in the closet; they opened it, and it contained several bags full of silver, an open purse, at the bottom of which was a half-louis-d'or, and all the victim's jewels, valued at fifteen thousand francs. Lastly, Madame Mazel's pockets contained eighteen pistoles in gold. At first sight, it was easy to suppose that theft had not been the motive of the murder.

On searching Lebrun, they found upon him the key of the pantry, and a master-key which would open the first turn of the bedroom lock. This fixed suspicion on him, and he was not allowed to go out of sight. They tried on his head the napkin twisted into a cap; it was

much too small for him. They examined his hands, which he had not yet washed. He was made to wash them: they bore no trace of blood—not a sign of a scratch. His box was inspected; nothing suspicious was found. Nevertheless, the master-key seemed to witness against him. He and his wife were immediately arrested.

Next day, the 29th of November, the lieutenant-criminel made a fresh inquiry. The idea struck him, a little late, to examine the back staircase. He found on one of the lowest steps a new rope, very long, ending in a triple iron hook, and tied into knots at intervals so as to serve as a sort of ladder. The same day, they found in a corner of the attic a shirt whose front and sleeves were bloody, and a cravat collar stained with blood at both ends. If this linen belonged to Lebrun, it was surprising that no marks of recent washing were to be found on his hands or on his neck.

An expert wig-maker affirmed that there was no resemblance, either in color or stoutness, between the hairs found in the victim's fingers and Lebrun's hair. Cutlers, interested in the task, declared that there was no relation between the knives in Lebrun's possession and the knife which the murderer had thrown into the fire. None of the ropes in the pantry, in the house, in Lebrun's lodging, had anything to do with the knotted rope of the back staircase. These negative proofs of innocence had no weight. The prosecution closed their eyes to them. All they would see was, that although Madame Mazel had taken back her master-key, Lebrun still possessed another; that when they talked of apoplexy, he expressed his belief that "something worse" had occurred. His motive was, impatience to touch the legacy of six thousand francs, and the rest. The rope on the back stairs (which had not been used, as the knots were not drawn tight), and the bloody shirt hidden in the garret, were merely tricks to direct suspicion to some one else; while every circumstance implied a complete knowledge of the ways of the house.

Nevertheless, seamstresses, called in to express an opinion on the linen found, declared that there was no resemblance between the bloody shirt and Lebrun's

linen. Moreover, there was a *femme-de-chambre* who believed she remembered washing a singular shirt for a lackey, of the name of Berry, who had been turned out of the house for dishonesty. Another said she had seen Berry wear an embroidered cravat resembling the bit torn from the murderer's neck. This significant clue was not followed up.

Moreover, the Dame Mazel had three sons, in high positions. The eldest, René de Savonnières, was a counsellor of parliament; the second, Georges de Savonnières, lord of Lignères, was a treasurer of France for the generality of Paris; the youngest, Michel de Savonnières, was a major in the regiment de Piemont. Now, fifteen years before, René, the eldest, had married a young person whose scandalous conduct provoked Madame Mazel's high displeasure. The angry dame obtained against her daughter-in-law a *lettre de cachet*, with which she had kept her imprisoned more than twelve years in a provincial convent. But the counsellor was very fond of his wife, and consented to the separation only from a sense of filial duty, perhaps also through fear of the effect which resistance might have on his mother's will. Young Madame de Savonnières had several times escaped from her cloister prison; but the mother-in-law, watchful and implacable, soon had her taken back again.

There was a rumor, and its truth was ascertained, that in the month of March, 1685, at the same time that Berry robbed the Dame Mazel of a sum of fifteen hundred francs, Madame de Savonnières was concealed in Paris. Toward the close of August she again broke loose, and again remained hidden for a certain time in a house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. She said to one of her friends, "This will not last long. *In three months* I shall have no need to hide myself, but shall return publicly to my husband's house."

No conclusion or inference was drawn from these curious coincidences. Such was the state of society then, that Lebrun's advocate dared not insist on their significance. Neither the lieutenant-criminel nor the judges of the Châtelet hesitated to sacrifice Lebrun's innocent head to the influential people who were interested in concealing the real source

of the crime. Lebrun was only a poor unprotected wretch, who could be found guilty without any great distortion of facts. All they had to do was to keep silence respecting certain double-edged circumstances. Thus, Madame de Savonnières was shut up in a convent at Bourges; Berry was a Bourges man; yet no one asked where Madame de Savonnières was, nor what incautious expressions she had let fall. Witnesses declared that the bloody shirt and cravat belonged to Berry; notwithstanding which, Berry was not even named by the prosecution. Nor was the Abbé Poulard examined.

And yet there were other reasons beside his suspicious relations with the deceased which ought to have caused his examination. It was not of very important purport that he should be named in Madame Mazel's will, not for any special legacy, but for the continuation of the same advantages which he had enjoyed during her lifetime. M. de Savonnières, the elder, was bound to board and lodge the excommunicated monk. But the ex-Dominican had a sister, a widow, Madame Chapelain by name. This person, penniless like her brother, and with an attractive countenance, was publicly sought by M. de Savonnières de Lignères, Madame Mazel's second son. In spite of her poverty, she hoped to get the young treasurer to marry her. By clever coquetry and artful resistance she managed to shut his eyes to the ill-assortment of their union. The Dame Mazel, absolute in her will, opposed the marriage; the Abbé Poulard ardently desired it. Only six months before the crime, Madame Chapelain, all the while persisting in her rigor, had accepted from her suitor costly presents, such as a complete dress, comprising even the shoes, made of gold and silver brocade. Here was an interest in Madame Mazel's death quite as powerful as poor Lebrun's.

The Abbé Poulard had lately obtained the master-key which Lebrun had been made to give up. During his last meal with the murdered lady, he repeatedly mentioned that he was going to sleep out that night. He had well known, at Madame Mazel's, the lackey Berry, afterward discharged for theft. Still he was not interrogated.

Another thing told much against him. Ever since the commission of the deed, he industriously spread strange and inconsistent reports respecting Lebrun. Sometimes he accused him of being the sole agent in the murder, mixing up calumnious insinuations on the memory of his benefactress; sometimes he charged him with complicity with Berry, whom the prosecution persisted in leaving in the shade. "The Dame Mazel," the ex-monk stated, "had a child in her youth by a grand seigneur, who left a considerable sum to bring it up. This child was no other than Berry, afterward lackey to his own mother. Lebrun, aware of his mistress's errors, had revealed to Berry the secret of his birth, in the hope of making him his son-in-law. When driven from the maternal residence, Lebrun had tried to reinstate him, introducing him by night into his mother's bedroom. Berry had tried to soften her in vain. Yielding to her violent temper, she had seized him by the throat; on which he drew his knife in self-defence, and killed her without premeditation."

This absurd romance, combined with Poulard's interest in Madame Mazel's death, awakened the suspicions of the defence; but the prosecution would listen to nothing. The master-key was poor Lebrun's ruin. Of eleven judges, three voted for further inquiry, three for the preparatory "question" or torture, five for a sentence to death.

The sentence actually pronounced on the 18th of January, 1690, declared Lebrun "attained and convicted of having taken part in the murder of the Dame Mazel; in reparation of which he is condemned to make honorable amends, to be broken alive and to die on the wheel, after the previous application of the ordinary and the extraordinary question to obtain the revelation of his accomplices; all his goods confiscated to the king, or to whom appertains the right, first mulcting them with the sum of five hundred francs of fine, in case the confiscation is not to the king's profit; eight hundred francs of civil reparation and damages to the Messieurs de Savonnières; one hundred francs to pray God for the soul of the Dame Mazel; the said Lebrun declared unworthy of the dispositions and legacies made in his favor in the will of the said Dame Mazel, and con-

demned to all the costs; suspension of further inquiry against Madeleine Tisserel, wife of Lebrun, until after the execution."

Lebrun appealed against this sentence before the Tournelle. On the 22d of February the affair was brought on for consideration. Twenty-two judges voted—two only for the confirmation of the sentence, four for further investigation, the remaining sixteen for the ordinary and extraordinary question. On the 23d, M. le Nain, reporter, proceeded to the application of the torture. The fearful sufferings of the rack were unable to extort from the unhappy man the confession of a crime which he had not committed.

On the 27th, a definitive sentence was pronounced, quashing the sentence of death delivered by the Châtelet, and ordering further inquiries against Lebrun and his wife during the space of a year: Lebrun, meanwhile, to be detained in prison, and his wife to remain at liberty. The question of the nullity of the legacy, and of damages, was reserved. In consequence of this sentence, Lebrun, who had hitherto been kept in strict seclusion, had at last the consolation of seeing his wife and friends. But he did not enjoy the favor long. His body had been crushed by the rack, his spirit was broken down by grief. A week after the sentence, he expired, protesting his innocence and pardoning his judges. It is to be remarked that public opinion, ready as it is to believe any accusation, never once admitted his culpability. His body was buried in front of the altar to the Virgin, in St. Barthelemy's church. His funeral was attended by crowds of sorrowing relations and friends.

Scarcely was poor Lebrun laid in his grave, when proofs of his innocence appeared in all directions. What a few persons had suspected, and what still fewer had clearly perceived, became evident to the eyes of the public at large. They found Berry. A lieutenant of the horse patrol arrested him at Sens, where he lived by horse-dealing, on the 27th of March, a month after the sentence delivered at La Tournelle. When they laid hands upon him, he offered the leader of the brigade a purse full of louis-d'ors if he would let him go. They found upon him a watch which Madame

Mazel had worn the day before her death.

Berry (whose real name was Gerlat) was, as we have said, born at Bourges, where his father and mother still resided. His first situation had been with a canon in his native town; he then lived as domestic with a M. Benard de Rosé; and from thence he passed into Madame Mazel's service.

Transferred to Paris, several witnesses deposed that they had seen him there at the time of the murder. This he stoutly denied.

The facts imputed by public rumor to the Abbé Poulard were too grave and glaring to make it possible to refrain from arresting him. He was taken to the Conciergerie and confronted with Berry. From that moment, all trace of him is lost. He disappeared, and was never mentioned afterward. Doubtless, to avoid the scandal of an ecclesiastic's being mixed up with an affair of murder, perhaps also to avert a disgraceful exposure from the powerful family of the De Savonnières, they handed over the excommunicated monk to the tender mercies of the Church authorities.

As to Berry, he was left to his fate. His guilt became manifest as soon as people chose to see it. The shirt and the cravat had really belonged to him. The napkin twisted into a cap fitted his head exactly. The knife had been seen in his hands, and the victim's watch was found on his person. It was impossible to entertain a doubt. But had Lebrun been Berry's accomplice? The latter, unable to deny participating in the murder, endeavored, nevertheless, to accuse the valet-de-chambre of having suggested it; but on the day of his execution he acknowledged the truth, and relieved his conscience of that calumny. In the presence of Reporter Le Nain and Counsellor Gilbert he made a circumstantial statement, from which it appears that he, Gerlat, alias Berry, was the sole perpetrator of the murder and the theft.

"I arrived in Paris," he said, "on Wednesday, the 23d of November, 1689, and put up at the sign of the Golden Wagon. My plans were laid. I was perfectly acquainted with the disposition and the habits of the Mazel establishment. The following Friday was the day I selected for the execution of my

design. At dusk, I quickly slipped in by the great door, which was left open; there was nobody in the court. I then mounted noiselessly into the little attic which you reach by passing through the corn-loft. I remained there until Sunday, watching my opportunity, and living on some potatoes and a little bread which I had brought with me.

"On Sunday morning, I was on the alert. At the first stroke of eleven I began my preparations; I well knew that at that hour Madame Mazel usually went to mass. I came down slowly from the attic, using every precaution. Madame's chamber was wide open, and nobody in it. From the dust, I judged that the maids had only just finished putting it to rights. Without loss of time, I tried to creep under the bed, but found it impossible to do so with my coat on. Fearing a surprise, I rapidly returned to the attic, where I took off my coat and under-waistcoat, and came down again to the chamber in my shirt-sleeves. It was still unoccupied.

"I slipped under the bed, and soon heard my former mistress come back from church. She fidgeted about, grumbled, scolded, and made a fuss. I kept quiet and snug, holding my breath.

"She went to vespers. When I heard the carriage roll out at the great gate, I came from under the bed, where I was ill at ease. My hat incommoded me, so I left it there and took a napkin from behind the looking-glass, and tied it up so as to form a cap. I also took advantage of the opportunity to tie up the bell-ropes to the curtain-rods.

"Evening was coming on; all was ready. I warmed myself and enjoyed a short doze in madame's arm-chair, until I heard the carriage roll into the court. I then got under the bed again, and remained there until midnight.

"Madame Mazel had been in bed an hour; I expected to find her fast asleep, but her eyes were wide open. She stared at me. 'I want money!' I said. She tried to sit up in the bed. 'Don't call out, Madame,' I said to her, softly. 'If you call out, I will kill you!' She stretched out her arm, but could not reach the bell-ropes. She began screaming 'Help! help!' At that, seeing that her fright prevented her listening to reason, I drew my knife and gave her

several stabs. She made a slight attempt to defend herself; but soon, her strength failing, she sank down in the bed with her face on the counterpane. I then gave her a great many cuts, until she ceased to stir. If she had not screamed, I should not have killed her.

"That done, I lighted a candle and took from the bedside the key of the closet. In the closet I found the keys of the strong-box, which I opened without any difficulty. I took all the gold there was in a purse; it might amount to five or six thousand francs. I put that sum into a linen bag which I took out of the strong-box, and in which there was a little gold. I then closed the strong-box, and put the keys in their place in the closet, where I found a watch which tempted me.

"I put the key of the closet close to the bed in its usual place; I threw my knife into the fire. As to my cravat, and the napkin which I made into a cap, I cannot tell how I lost them. I took my hat from under the bed and left the chamber, the key of which I found on a seat close to the door. I made use of it to shut the door, fearing, if I pulled the door without the key, to make too much noise. The door of the ante-chamber was shut; I opened it, and left it open.

"I then returned to the little attic; it was bright moonlight. I saw that my hands were all red, and I washed them with my urine. I took off my shirt, and left it under the straw. I do not know whether I also left my cravat or collar there. I put on my under-waistcoat and coat without any shirt, and went downstairs. It might then be an hour after midnight. I went to the street door and felt if it was bolted; finding it unbolted, I opened the wicket door and went out, leaving the door open.

"In case of the bolts being close, I had brought a rope ladder, by which I meant to descend from one of the first-floor windows. If I could not do that, I should have followed the rain-gutter of the great attic until I found an entrance into some neighboring house. Once out of doors, I threw the key of the chamber into a cellar in the Rue de Maçon, and returned to the Golden Wagon. A half-asleep maid-servant let me in, and I then went to bed."

On concluding this general confession,

Berry added: "What I have just stated is as true as that God is in heaven and that I hold this crucifix in my hands." He said nothing about family complicities or promptings, which were supposed to be at the bottom of the affair; at least, if he did, all that part of the business was suppressed. Berry was executed. He died with courage.

Lebrun's innocence being completely proved, the rehabilitation of his memory, the restitution of the widow's property, and the payment of his legacy, ought not to have met with the slightest difficulty; nevertheless, by a monstrous abuse of power, seven whole months passed away without the widow's being able to obtain redress. By tormenting and intimidating the unhappy woman, they tried to frighten her into stopping the action for damages which she brought against M. de Savonnières. The civil court had condemned Lebrun to the cruel torture which was the cause of his death; it was at least bound to make the widow the only possible reparation—an indemnity. M. de Savonnières was mean enough not to understand that obligation. He resisted the claim for damages.

On the 30th of March, 1694, a decree of the parlement reinstated Lebrun's memory, and, in spite of Counsellor de Savonnières' resistance, confirmed the legacy of six thousand francs. But the De Savonnières carried every other point. They were simply sentenced to pay the costs and the interest on the sum bequeathed from the 27th of November, 1689. The torture and death of the honest servant, the ruin of his family, counted for nothing. M. de Savonnières was a magistrate, influential, rich, held in high consideration; the valet's widow might deem herself fortunate in being able to obtain even partial justice. This is one of the cases which, constantly accumulating in number and never decreasing in iniquity, tended to bring about the terrible social revolt known as the First French Revolution.

Popular Science Review.

"A MESSAGE FROM THE STARS."

BY ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S.

AN attentive study of the philosophy of the experimental sciences, will speedily lead to the conviction, that many of

the simplest phenomena, which, from their constant recurrence, are ordinarily regarded as commonplace and insignificant, contain the germs of truths of the most exalted character. The laundress who spat upon her smoothing-iron to determine if it was hot enough for her purpose, never dreamed of the "spheroidal state" of matter, or fancied that her simple test would lead to important discoveries in connection with heat, or advance us to the magical experiment of freezing water in red-hot vessels. Yet so it was.

With the spontaneous evaporation of water—the drying of linen for example—every one has been acquainted for ages. Yet this diffusion of vapor into the air failed to teach man a great truth until recently. The adhesion of water to a perfectly smooth and clean piece of glass, and the "sucking up" of the same fluid by a sponge, or by a lump of white sugar, though constantly observed, never instructed the observer until lately in the action of material surfaces on fluids and gases, or indicated to him the existence of a Force, or Forces, surrounding every atom, which appear capable of exerting an intense mechanical power of condensation. The careful study of these phenomena has, however, gradually advanced us from one discovery to another, until it has enabled us to read with precision a great truth, brought to us by a Meteorite, which once moved in the remote spaces through which comets travel, and where nebulae are slowly concreting into worlds. It is necessary for the correct understanding of the curious results obtained by Mr. Graham, which have advanced our knowledge by certain steps, to the remarkable discovery of the *Occlusion of Hydrogen Gas by Meteoric Iron*, that we should concisely trace the progress of the inquiry from its earliest development.

To Dr. Priestley* we are indebted for the earliest observations we possess in relation to this subject. Having occasion to transmit a gas through stoneware tubes surrounded by burning fuel, he discovered that the tubes were porous, and that the gas escaped outward into

the fire, while at the same time the gases of the fire penetrated into the tube. Priestley does not appear to have had any idea of the value of this observation: it was to him a barren fact. Dr. Dalton perceived the important indication, and clearly saw the bearing of Priestley's observation on the properties of aerial bodies. Experiments, well devised and cautiously varied, led him to the discovery that any two gases, allowed to communicate with each other, penetrated each other, or mixed, in opposition to the influence of their weight. Taking the lightest known gas, *hydrogen*, and the heaviest, *carbonic acid*, he placed them in two vessels which communicated with each other, so that the dense gas was in the lower vessel. According to the solicitation of gravity, the two gases should have remained as they were arranged; but it was found that the lighter gas descended and the heavier one ascended, until in a few hours they became partly mixed.

But for the operation of this diffusive power, the healthful condition of the Earth's atmosphere would not be maintained. When light and heavy gas are *mixed*, they do not exhibit any tendency to separate on being allowed the most perfect repose. Common air is essentially a *mixture* of oxygen and nitrogen: these gases differing in weight in the proportion of 971 to 1105. Yet if a closed tube of air, many yards in length, be kept upright and perfectly still for months, no change whatever takes place, the air at the top and that at the bottom of the tube being in precisely the same condition. If, however, into a similar tube we pour a heavy gas, and then carefully float on it a light one, they will have diffused thoroughly, in a few hours, every portion of the tube containing the same mixture.

Mr. Graham found that gases diffuse into the atmosphere, and into each other, with different degrees of ease and rapidity. His mode of observing this was by allowing each gas to diffuse from a bottle into the air through a narrow tube, arranged in such a manner that the gas had no tendency to *flow out*, but was compelled to *diffuse* in opposition to the effect of gravity. Each gas penetrates into the space occupied by the other, not at the same rate in both

* Priestley, "Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air," iii. p. 29.

directions, but according to a well-determined law. To express this disposition—or rather diversity of disposition in gases to interchange particles, the term *diffusion volume* has been adopted. The diffusion volumes are inversely as the square root of the densities of the gases, and the time of effusion and diffusion follow the same law.

It has been found convenient to adopt with precision the following terms: *effusion*, or pouring out—this expresses the passage of gas into a vacuum by a small aperture in a thin plate; *transpiration*, the passage of gases through tubes of fine bore and of some length; *diffusion*, or the power of interpenetration; and *evaporation*, which is the ordinary process of spontaneous vapor diffusion.

The general laws which regulate the latter alone need claim our attention. It is desirable to show that the ordinary process of evaporation is one of diffusion, and that, differing only in degree, it presents a striking analogy to the diffusion of gas through gas, and of fluid through fluid. The spontaneous evaporation of water into air is affected by three circumstances. 1st. The dryness of the air. A certain fixed quantity only of water vapor can rise into air. Dr. Dalton discovered that the evaporation of water has the same limit in air as in a vacuum. It is only necessary to know what quantity of any vapor rises, at a particular temperature, into a vacuum, and we learn the quantity which will rise into air. 2dly. The influence of warmth in modifying spontaneous evaporation; and 3dly, the removal of the incumbent air as it becomes saturated with moisture. Hence the advantages of a current of air for rapidly drying a wetted surface.*

Döbereiner of Jena made the first observation on the escape of hydrogen through a crack in a glass receiver. He did not observe the whole phenomenon: he ascribed it to capillary action, which indeed it resembles in some respects. It was reserved for Mr. Graham to clear

the difficulties and give a correct interpretation of the law. In repeating Döbereiner's experiments under different forms, he observed that hydrogen never escapes outward by the fissure without a certain portion of air penetrating inward. Extending the experiments, and adopting an instrument which would measure the rate of the interchange, it was found that the diffusion of gases through fissures, or through porous septa, is regulated by the same law as when they freely communicate with each other. *The relative diffusibilities are inversely as the square roots of the densities.*

It has now been determined that diffusion will take place at different rates—though always at the same rate for the same substance—through such porous bodies as wood, cork, charcoal; thin slips of many granular foliated minerals, as magnesian limestone; through unglazed earthenware, slices of plumbago, and Carrara marble. These porous bodies may be regarded as a series of capillary tubes. The resistance of a capillary tube to a gas passing through it is proportional to the surface. (It is, of course, assumed that the ordinary conditions of capillary attraction are understood. The mechanical force which draws a fluid *into* a capillary tube acts upon any gas or fluid passing *through* the tube.) Hence, as was observed by Poiseuille, the resistance of the passage of a liquid through a capillary tube is nearly the fourth power of the diameter of the tube. The porous solids possess, no doubt, a similarly reduced penetrability as that possessed by a congeries of capillary tubes. It must, however, be remembered that the times of diffusion through tubes or pores have no relation to the transpiration of the same gases. Graham has given with much clearness the generally received hypothesis,* which bears so strongly on the final result of this paper, that it is necessary to state it in as few words as possible.

A gas is supposed to consist of solid and perfectly elastic spherical atoms, which move in all directions, and are

* The papers by Dr. Dalton, and those by Professor Graham, should be consulted on this interesting subject; but, beyond all, "Études sur l'Hygrométrie," by M. Regnault, "Annales de Chimie" (1835), should be studied.

* See "Mathematical Physics," by John Herrepath (1847), and the Memoirs of Bernoulli, Joule, Clausius, and others.

animated with different degrees of velocity in different gases. Confined in a vessel, the moving particles are constantly impinging against its sides (should we not recognize the influence of the force on the surface of the confining vessel attracting the atoms?), and occasionally against each other. Owing to the perfect elasticity of the atoms, no loss of motion arises from such collisions. If the containing vessel be porous, then gas is projected through the open channels by the atomic motion, and escapes. The external air, or gas, is carried inward in the same manner, and takes the place of the gas which leaves the vessel. The molecular movement is accelerated by heat and retarded by cold; the tension of the gas being increased in the first instance and diminished in the second. This hypothesis assumes that when the same gas is present both within and without the vessel, and therefore in contact on both sides of the porous plate, the movement is sustained without abatement, molecules continuing to enter and leave in equal number, although nothing of the kind is indicated by change of volume. Is it not rather that the force residing on the surfaces of the pores of the septum compels this movement in and out? *

An interesting application of this knowledge has been made by Mr. George F. Ansell, for the purpose of detecting fire-damp in our coal mines. The disastrous consequences arising from the explosions which from time to time occur in working coal, render every one acquainted with the fact that carburetted hydrogen gas, or rather a mechanical mixture of carburetted hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid, is constantly escaping, in some mines, from the coal, and that mixing with a certain quantity of atmospheric air becomes fearfully explosive. When a flame, such as that of the Davy safety lamp, is brought into an atmosphere containing fire-damp, its presence is indicated by alterations in the condition of the flame, and the practised eye can determine very readily the

presence of the enemy. Sometimes this carburetted hydrogen escapes from the coal suddenly, but generally it escapes gradually from the seam, and, not unfrequently, insidiously increases to a dangerous degree without its being observed. To avoid this, and under all circumstances to indicate the presence of fire-damp, Mr. Ansell avails himself of the knowledge we possess relative to the diffusion of gases. His apparatus takes various forms: the most simple being a thin India-rubber balloon full of atmospheric air, having a ligature of linen bound round its equator to prevent its lateral expansion. This being placed in any part of the mine, it is proposed to connect it by a wire with any ordinary electrical bell at surface. As the balloon expands upward by the diffusion of the carburetted hydrogen into the air which it contains, it releases a catch, and connection being made by a simple mechanical arrangement with the electrical or magnetic apparatus, the bell is rung. After this signal has been given, the Fire Damp Indicator has only to be removed for a few minutes into good air, and it is restored to its original state. Another form of instrument is that of the aneroid barometer, a porous earthenware plate or a slice of Sicilian marble being substituted for the brass back of the box.

This little instrument, which is only of the size of an old-fashioned watch, is carried by the colliery viewer in his waistcoat pocket. At any suspected place it is taken out, and the index gives the barometric pressure at that depth; this is noted; then, if any fire-damp is present, the index moves a certain number of degrees, thus indicating with precision the percentage of carburetted hydrogen present in the air.

This instrument must be regarded as one of the most beautiful of the applications of science. It bears no very remote relation in its principles to the lamp of Davy itself, and it supplements it in a manner which appears to promise the possible highest utility.*

The diffusion of liquids into each other is a remarkable expansion of the facts

* "On the Law of the Diffusion of Gases" (Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. xii. p. 222). "On the Motion of Gases" (Phil. Trans. 1846, p. 573). "Capillary Transpiration of Gases" (Phil. Trans. 1846, p. 591; and 1849, p. 349).

* It is important to notice here the facts just brought out by a well devised series of experiments. The safety lamps, of all varieties, are found to be rendered unsafe by the improvements in ventilation. By increasing the velocity of the currents

discovered with regard to gases. When two liquids of different densities, and capable of mixing, are placed in contact, diffusion takes place; the rate of diffusion varying with the nature of the liquids, the temperature, and the degree of concentration of the solutions used. The manner in which the experiments are made is exceedingly simple. An open phial is filled with the solution to be experimented on, say the ammonia-sulphate of copper, and a light float placed upon its surface. This is placed in a confectioner's glass jar, and water is steadily poured in so as to cover the open phial to the depth of about an inch. The saline fluid in the bottle is now in contact with the water in the jar, and diffusion proceeds. The ammonia leaves the copper, and the purple solution becomes of a pale blue color, the volatile alkali being found diffused in the water. The amount of salt diffused, called the *diffusate* or *diffusion product*, is determined by chemical means. Such is the general mode of experiment, and such the character of the results. It is sufficient for the present purpose that the general law is stated. "The velocity with which a soluble salt diffuses from a stronger into a weaker solution is proportioned to the difference of concentration between two contiguous strata."*

Graham has found that bodies may be divided into two classes in relation to diffusion. One class, which are the most diffusive, he terms *crystalloids*. Another class are non-crystallizable, as hydrated silicic acid, hydrated alumina, and metallic oxides of the aluminous class, when they exist in the soluble form. Animal and vegetable extractive, gelatin, starch, gum, etc., are of this order. Gelatin is regarded as the type of these, and from *κόλλη*, *glue*, the term *colloids* is adopted. This peculiar form of aggregation is called the *colloidal condition of matter*, and we find it to be a state required in all the substances which can intervene in the processes of life. Space will not admit, on the present occasion, of that examination of this remarkable class of bodies which is

desirable, since they play a highly important part in natural phenomena. The colloidal is regarded as a dynamical state of matter, while the crystalloidal is the statical condition. Colloids are ever in a state of mutation. Metastasis has been well said to be the condition of their existence. So remarkable are the phenomena of colloidal bodies, that those minds which have a materialistic tendency look upon them "as the probable primary source of the force appearing in the phenomena of vitality."

These colloid substances are separated from other bodies by a process called *dialysis*. This will be explained in the fewest words by describing an experiment. If a sheet of very thin letter-paper, well-sized with starch, and having no porosity, be laid on the surface of water, a depression made in its centre, and a mixed solution of cane sugar and gum arabic be poured upon it, the sugar diffuses through the water, while the gum remains above. The vegetable parchment or parchment paper of De la Rue is peculiarly adapted for experiments on *dialysis*.

The passage of liquids through porous septa, which was first studied by Dutrochet, was originally designated by the correlative terms *endosmose* and *exosmose*: in place of which Graham proposes the simpler term *osmose* (from *ὥσμος*, *impulsion*). Osmose has been supposed to be the unequal absorption of the two liquids placed on either side of it by the porous septum. Graham comes to the conclusion that osmose depends essentially on the chemical action of one of the liquids on the septum. The following passage, quoted from Graham's *Elements of Chemistry*, appears to embrace all the points necessary for our present consideration:

"These experiments were made partly with porous mineral septa, partly with animal membrane. The earthenware osmometer consisted of the porous cylinders employed in voltaic batteries, about five inches in depth, surmounted by a glass tube 0.6 inch in diameter, attached to the mouth of the cylinder by means of a cap of gutta-percha. The cylinder was filled to the base of the glass tube with a saline solution, and immediately placed in a jar of distilled water; and as the fluid within the instrument rose

in the levels of a colliery, the explosive atmosphere is driven through the lamp, and the external mixture fired.

* Phil. Trans. (1862), p. 1. Journ. Chem. Soc. xv. p. 277.

during the experiment, water was added to the jar to equalize the pressure. The rise (or fall) of the liquid in the tube was very regular, as observed from hour to hour, and the experiment was generally terminated in five hours. From experiments made on solutions of every variety of soluble substance, it appeared that the rise, or osmose, is quite insignificant with neutral organic substances in general, such as sugar, alcohol, urea, tannin, etc.; so likewise with neutral salts of the earth and ordinary metals, with the chlorides and nitrates of potassium and sodium, and with chloride of mercury. A more sensible but still very moderate osmose is exhibited by hydrochloric, nitric, acetic, sulphurous, citric, and tartaric acids. These are surpassed by the stronger mineral acids, such as sulphuric and phosphoric, and by sulphate of potash, which are again exceeded by salts of potash and soda possessing a decided acid or alkaline reaction, such as binoxalate of potash, phosphate of soda, or the carbonates of potash and soda. The highly osmotic substances were also found to act with most advantage in small proportions, producing, in fact, the large osmose in the proportion of one quarter per cent. dissolved. The same substances are likewise always chemically active bodies, and possess affinities which enable them to act on the material of the earthenware septum. Lime and alumina were always found in solution after osmose, and the corrosion of the septum appeared to be a necessary condition of the flow. Septa of other materials, such as pure carbonate of lime, gypsum, compressed charcoal, and tanned sole-leather, although not deficient in porosity, gave no osmose, apparently because they are not chemically acted on by the saline solutions."

Osmose appears to play an important part in the functions of life. In osmose there is also a remarkably direct substitution of one of the great forces of nature by its equivalent in another force, the conversion, namely, of chemical action into mechanical power. Viewed in this light, the osmotic injection of fluids may, perhaps, supply the deficient link which intervenes between chemical decomposition and muscular movement.

There is yet another set of phenomena

which, although not generally associated with those which have been considered, appear, upon closer consideration, to be intimately related to them. These are the phenomena of *catalysis*, or contact action. A sheet of perfectly clean platinum being plunged into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, compels their union; the action of this metal in a spongy state is well known, and the action of ferments is familiar to all. Each of these are substances which have the power of establishing chemical relations by the action of contact with considerable energy.

We have seen that gases interpenetrate in a very remarkable manner, and that the diffusion of fluids into air, or into each other, exhibits a force sufficiently powerful to break up strong chemical affinities. We have observed the power of porous bodies in compelling the passage through them of gases and fluids; capillarity has been briefly noticed, osmose action described, and contact action slightly indicated.*

We have now to advance a step yet farther, and mention the surprising passage of gases through the homogeneous substance of a plate of fused platinum or of iron at a red heat, the discovery of H. St. Claire Deville and Troost. The porosity of graphite, of earthenware, of marble, and the action of those substances on gases and fluids, may be regarded as fairly understood. A new kind of porosity in metals is imagined, of a greater degree of minuteness than the porosity, of graphite and earthenware; this is an intermolecular porosity, due entirely to dilatation. At low temperatures neither platinum nor iron admits any passage of gas; but by the expansive agency of heat the pores are opened, and these metals admit of, encourage indeed, the diffusion of gases. "Such a species of porosity," says Graham, "if it exists, may well be expected to throw a light on the distance of solid molecules at elevated temperatures when gases introduce themselves. The experiments were essentially of the following character. A vacuum was produced in a platinum tube placed within a porcelain tube charged

* In addition, the striking Memoir by Mr. Graham, "On the Absorption and Dialytic Separation of Gases by Colloid Septa" (Phil. Trans. vol. 156, part ii. p. 399) should be studied.

with hydrogen; this tube was raised to a red heat, and the dense metal then became permeable to hydrogen. The same result was obtained with iron.

The passage of a gas through a colloid septum is preceded by a condensation of the gas in the substance of the septum. "Is," asks Mr. Graham, "a plate of ignited platinum capable, then, of condensing and liquefying hydrogen gas?" By an ingenious arrangement the experiment was made, and the result proved that platinum exhibited a new property — *the power to absorb hydrogen at a red heat, and to retain that gas at a temperature under redness for an indefinite time.* It may be allowable to speak of this phenomenon as a power to *occlude* (to shut up) hydrogen, and of the result as the *occlusion* of hydrogen by platinum. Experiments were made with many other metals, and their powers of occlusion carefully determined; that of *iron* alone can be mentioned in this paper. This was determined by first exhausting iron of any gases held within its pores by exposing it to a high temperature, and then cooling it gradually in hydrogen gas; the metal absorbed and retained this gas after cooling. The iron experimented on was capable of holding 0.46 volume of hydrogen; but when the same specimen of iron was charged with carbonic oxide gas in the same manner, it was found to be capable of taking up *at a low red heat and holding when cold 4.15 volumes of carbonic oxide gas.* This discovery cannot fail to have a bearing on the important process of steel manufacture.

Pursuing this extraordinary line of inquiry, and obtaining at every step new, confirmatory, and beautiful results, it was resolved to ascertain if the masses of matter obtained from the atmosphere — Meteoric Stones — and which bear evidence of having been at a very high temperature, gave any indication of the kind of atmosphere in which they were formed.

A slice from the meteoric iron of Lenarto, which was analyzed by Wehrle, and found to be of sp. gr. 7.79, and to consist of iron 90.883, nickel 8.450, cobalt 0.665, and copper 0.002, was obtained. This was made the subject of careful experiment, and the Lenarto iron yielded 2.85 times its volume of gas, of

which 86 per cent. nearly was hydrogen.

"Hydrogen has been recognized," says Mr. Graham, "in the spectrum analysis of the fixed stars, by Messrs. Huggins and Miller. The same gas constitutes, according to the wide researches of Father Secchi, the principal element of a numerous class of stars, of which α Lyræ is the type. The iron of Lenarto has no doubt come from such an atmosphere, in which hydrogen greatly prevailed. *This meteorite may be looked upon as holding within it, and bearing to us, hydrogen of the stars.*

"It has been found difficult on trial to impregnate malleable iron with more than an equal volume of hydrogen, under the pressure of our atmosphere. Now the meteoric iron examined gave up about three times that amount without being fully exhausted. The inference is, therefore, that the meteorite has been extruded from a dense atmosphere of hydrogen gas, for which we must look beyond the light cometary matter floating about within the limits of the solar system."

The series of results which are described in this paper, though differing in their general character, have yet a strict relation to each other. When carefully studied, it will be seen that the sponge and the sugar sucking up water are only modified examples of the dense metals absorbing gases. It is by the cautious questioning of nature, and by closely inspecting the phenomena which are constantly occurring around us, that we advance to a knowledge of sublimer truths. Priestley's observation on the porosity of stoneware tubes was the germ of that discovery which may without any poetical exaggeration be described as

A MESSAGE FROM THE STARS.

—♦♦—
The British Quarterly.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

"A LONG time ago," while veritable fields still separated London from Islington, and "omnibus and rail" were

* (1). *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* Collated

alike unknown ; when winter visitors, thankful for the exchange from the blinking oil lamps of the past to the brighter gas, picked their way along muddy paths, or hailed the stage, that, with six insides, jolted leisurely along from Highbury to the Royal Exchange at the rate of three miles an hour ; a number of friends, chiefly young people, were accustomed to meet at each other's houses, for conversation and discussion on various subjects. These were pleasant meetings—so thoroughly social : there was far more sociality among acquaintances some forty years ago than now ; so, in no elaborate full-dress, or prepared to meet a full-dressed party with “Jeames to enounce the names,” but as a weekly gathering of friends who all felt themselves at home, we met, taking tea together, and enjoying some three hours' conversation on a subject previously arranged, and sometimes introduced by a short essay.

It was in the spring of 1820, at one of those meetings, at the house of an Islington friend, that a very young man, apparently in delicate health, first appeared among us. He was a neighbor, we were told, and very partial to literary pursuits ; but although he seemed to take a quiet interest in the discussion, he never joined in it ; indeed, we think he was silent the whole evening. When the notice of the next meeting was given, the new visitor was invited to join it ; and very soon after, as a regular member, Thomas Hood took his place among us. “Thomas Hood”—that pale, solemn, earnest-looking young man, so quiet, so reticent—we had almost said so shy—whoever could dream that the author of the “Comic Annual,” of the world-famed “Song of the Shirt,” of that unrivalled “Eugene Aram's Dream,” was there among us !

Some weeks after, our new member was prevailed upon to give a short essay. The subject was one that afforded no indication of his future bent, either comic or poetical ; for it was on the “Plurality of Worlds.” After the lapse of so many years, our recollection of this essay is necessarily slight ; but we well remember that it treated the subject in a somewhat

scientific manner, and that there was no indication of comic humor.

Very different was his next appearance. With the approach of summer, our meetings ceased—to be resumed in the following autumn ; and at the closing meeting of this year, our new member surprised and gratified us by reading a poetical address. The copy, on gilt-edged paper, now yellow with age, lies before us with the title, “Address to the Social Literary Society, July, 1820,” written in that beautiful hand which rivalled copper-plate engraving, and which, even to his last days, was always characteristic of Thomas Hood. As the poem, although probably not his first, must yet rank among his earliest efforts, and as it seems to have been lost sight of, we will give two or three extracts from it ; the whole, consisting of more than two hundred lines, would be too long for insertion. There is a slight indication of the peculiar humor of the future author of the “Comic Annual,” in the opening lines :

“Nature, like man, her summer coat puts on,
Her mourning over, and the winter's gone ;
The Serpentine is clear, Hyde Park is green,
And verdant trees in Tothill fields are seen,
And summer's warm and vegetative powers
Are seen in Covent Garden's fruit and flowers.
Now rouse the swallows from their torpid sleep,
And through the air in wanton circuits sweep ;
The butterflies escape from winter cells,
And shine abroad like other beaux and belles ;
London's gay ladybirds emerge in white,
And even city drones prepare for flight.

“A vast migrating host,
They swarm like locusts, all along the coast ;
Princes and pedlars, all pursue the same,—
Hunters they are, and happiness the game.
Some look for fortune, in the fickle pack,
And some for pleasure—on a donkey's back !
Some go to advertise a pretty face,
And some to deal in cognac and lace ;
Some seek for husbands, some from husbands run,
And some are ‘done,’ or ‘done for,’ or ‘undone.’”

For those who cannot go so far, the suburban fields may offer sources of recreation ; and it is suggestive to find references to Hornsey Wood, and Canonbury Fields, and the New River. What would both Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb say to the cruel submersion of that far-famed stream, and “the pleasant row of Colebrook,” now actually riverless ?

“But chief of all the joys that cockneys know
In summer days is—gypsyng to go.
Oh, how delightful underneath a tree
To sit, and sip a rural cup of tea !

arranged, and edited by his Daughter ; with Preface and Notes by his Son. 2 vols. Moxon.

(2). *The Works of Thomas Hood.* 7 vols. Moxon.

All on the grass—for table there is none,
And taking tea, as Adam might have done."

Some pleasant lines describing a gypsy party follow, and then the pleasures of country excursions are celebrated; excursions, too, into foreign lands—although, even thus early, Thomas Hood expresses little sympathy with the then prevailing fashion of visiting France, that land—

"Where shining novelties the giddy please,
And empty vanity is quite at ease,
Where folly has its day, and fashion rules,
The potent sovereign—the Pope of fools."

These are vigorous lines; and so are these—well worthy, in their keen feeling for the needy, of the future author of that grim satire on heartless wealth—"Miss Kilmansegge:"—

"Yet oh! that these would ne'er forget the lot,
The want, the woe, in many a British cot,
Where manly hearts distil the big round tear,
And bleed in silence like the stricken deer
Shall gay, ungalled hearts go bounding by,
And heedless wealth its patronage deny?
Sweep on, sweep on, ye citizens, nor look
On overflowing tears that swell the brook
Seek other homes—in other pastures range,
And say that tyranny provoked the change.
Go! make your coward infamy your boast,
And fly, when patriots are wanted most."

In conclusion, although now about to separate, yet—

"When dame winter shall in clogs approach,
Wrapped in Bath cloak, and calling 'Hackney coach,'
Then this society shall meet anew."

And, with a few lines of graceful compliment to the principal members, he concludes:

"And I, to occupy an idle time,
May teach you all, as now, to prosa in rhyme;
Then hopes the Muse a merrier tale to tell,
Than now, when doomed to finish with 'Farewell!'"

The meetings were resumed in October, and then another poetical address welcomed us. A great portion of this was subsequently incorporated in Hood's poem on the "Departure of Summer." The commencement—

"Summer is gone on swallow's wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers,"
is the same in both, but the following lines are, we think, better than those which supply their place in the published copy,—

"There's gloom on autumn's shadowy face
And mistiness in his pale eyes,
The tempest blots his painted skies,

The spoiler's in his dwelling-place;
And, as the ruthless One bereaves,
Of all his few, last, golden leaves,
Along his naked bowers he sighs,
And grieves, as waning Beauty grieves,
When each dear charm successive flies.
Season of Pleasure, then, adieu!
Till thou shalt visit us anew.
Yet who, without regretful sigh,
Can say 'adieu,' and see thee fly,
Like some bright fair one,—cold, unkind,
Nor leaving one sweet smile behind!
Farewell! Thy birds again shall sing,
And sunny hours return and bring
Many a bright and lovely thing.
Again thy blushing roses bloom,
And zephyrs flutter on a wing
Laden with music and perfume;
Sweet flowers shall be where flow'rs have been,—
As if they had but slept awhile;
Thy waving bowers be clothed in green;
Thy skies shall glow, thy waters smile;
Then farewell, summer, yet farewell!
We hope in other years to find thee—
But leave, to cheer the glooms we tell,
Leave Mirth and Pleasure still behind thee."

In the copy now before us, the lines commencing, "But say, hath winter, then, no charms?" to "Hark, those shouts," follow with but few alterations; then the description of winter sports, but given at greater length, "hunt the slipper," "blindman's buff," and "forfeits," each receiving due notice. The conclusion is wholly different. After referring to "graver" meetings, and recalling the various subjects which had engaged the attention of the Society, he concludes:

"Happy are those who thus can meet,
And find such conversations sweet!
Happy are those who thus can choose
Such blameless themes, that oft amuse,
And oft improve. No stories sprung
From Envy's heart to Satire's tongue,
No praise oblique that ends in blame,
No scandal loving to condemn
All virtue but her own—the gem
That's foiled upon another's shame.
No pride, disdaining to resign
Its very errors for the right;
No anger with more heat than light,
Nor vanity that burns to shine.

"Thus then we meet; and if ye bring
Wit, Beauty, Sense, and everything
Ye took away—and Mirth and Health,
That have more honey-sweets than wealth,—
Welcome, thrice welcome! whether come
From Paris, Islington, or Rome,
Or even Como's far-famed lake,
A warm and hearty welcome take!"

We have been, perhaps, rather too lavish of our extracts, but there is always a peculiar interest in the first productions of a writer destined ere long to achieve a wide fame, to—in

those modest efforts, intended to gratify but a small circle of friends of the poet who, in after years, shall hold thousands spellbound by his numbers.

At this opening meeting in October, 1820, Mr. Hood provided almost the whole entertainment of the evening. Not only did he give us the pleasant poetical address, but a story in verse, entitled "Juliet." This, under the name of "Bianca's Dream"—but slightly altered—subsequently appeared in the second series of "Whims and Oddities;" but, as originally given, it was followed by a capital appendix of "Learned Notes, after the Manner of the Learned Martinus Scriblerus." In these, we had the first indication of Hood's singularly varied humor. The solemnity with which he marshalled his authorities, the whimsically recondite names he bestowed on them, the quaint learning he displayed, really astonished some of the members, although their reading had lain greatly among the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Altogether, that first meeting of our little Society convinced every one that gifts, which "the world would not willingly let die," were possessed by that quiet, unpretending young man. "Depend upon it," said one of them to us, "Thomas Hood will soon be a name in our literature."

During the winter and spring, Thomas Hood frequently provided amusement for us. His first contribution was an essay upon "Independence of Mind,"—of this we have but slight recollection; his next was "The Journey of a Cockney from Islington to Waterloo Bridge," which, subsequently, under the title of "A Sentimental Journey," was one of his earliest contributions to the "London Magazine." The "Praise of Ignorance," which appears in the first series of "Whims and Oddities," was also read at one of our meetings; and a general discussion on "Pastoral Poetry" produced, shortly after, a humorous essay on Pope's pastorals, concluding with a "Modern Bucolic," which the reader may see in "Hood's Own," where Huggins and Duggins celebrate the charms of their respective shepherdesses in the homeliest and most laughable verse.

It was in the spring of 1821 that the most important event of Thomas Hood's

literary career took place. In consequence of poor Scott losing his life in a duel with Lockhart, the "London Magazine," of which he had been editor, became the property of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, and they invited Hood to assist in the editorship. It seems to us rather doubtful whether the "London," under its new proprietorship, had a "regular" editor. We never heard, either from general report or from Hood himself, the name of any literary man mentioned as holding the office; we therefore think that, as then was the case with the "Retrospective Review," one of the firm acted in that capacity, the well-known ability of the whole staff of contributors limiting the duties of editor to little more than arranging the order of the articles, and seeing them through the press. This will account for a young and unknown writer being entrusted so early with a department strictly belonging to the editor—the answers to correspondents.

In his pleasant "Literary Reminiscences," Thomas Hood tells us with what delight he exchanged the profession of engraving for that of literature, how the correction of the proofs was to him a labor of love, and how he "received a revise as though it had been a proof of regard." But to take some part in the magazine was the very height of his ambition; and this was ere long provided for him, when, under the title of "The Lion's Head," his singularly humorous talent found scope in imagining quaint titles to pretended articles, which were rejected with the most laughable solemnity. Occasionally a short poem was accepted with much gravity. We think we are correct in saying that all these were his own.

Meanwhile, Thomas Hood still attended the meetings of our Society, quiet and unobtrusive as ever; indeed, it was only by chance that we heard of his new engagement. We well remember congratulating him on a change which must have been so congenial, but with the modesty that always accompanies genius, he earnestly begged us not to tell our friends. During the first year he was remarkably reticent as to the "London;" subsequently it was a pleasant subject of conversation both to him and to his *personal* friends, but only to them. We re-

member, almost as though it were but yesterday, the glee with which, on returning from Fleet street in the evening, he would often call in, and take out his pocket-book, well crammed with letters, or fragments of "copy," and show us the autographs of those various celebrities who had given to the "London" a standing higher than had ever yet been attained by any magazine. And pleasant was it to look at the very handwriting of Elia, at a time when every periodical was celebrating his praises, and every one asking, "Who is Elia?" or the copy, with its unmistakable impress—the laudandum stain—of one of De Quincey's wild visions; and to listen to the enthusiasm, real enthusiasm, with which he, who had already taken no mean place among writers, told us of his delight when he looked "bodily" upon those who had been but a distant dream. How delightfully, full sixteen years after, in his admirable letters on "Copyright and Copy-right," does he refer to these days:

"My own obligations to Literature are a debt so immense as not to be cancelled, like that of Nature, by death itself. Adrift early in life upon the great waters—as pilotless as Wordsworth's blind boy in the turtle-shell—if I did not come to shipwreck, it was that, in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued, like the ancient mariner, by guardian spirits, 'each one a lovely light,' who stood as beacons to my course. Infirm health and a natural love of reading happily threw me, instead of worse society, into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages—to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors—who often do more than fathers, and always more than godfathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests—from these mild monitors, I learned something of the divine, and more of the human religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, and bewildering doubts—when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness like a new creation, and gave it 'two great lights,' Hope and Memory—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun."

And how heartily does he conclude with those noble lines of Wordsworth—himself one of the "guardian spirits" to whom the grateful writer refers:

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
How gladly would I end my mortal days!"

The aspiration has been fulfilled; and the name of Thomas Hood stands, and will stand, in company with those to whom he looked up with such loving reverence.

Had Hood, like Wordsworth, given us a poem similar to the "Prelude," we are sure that among the influences forming his character, most important in its moulding power, as well as most abiding in its results, he would have placed his friendship with Charles Lamb. From that evening, when, sick and sorrowful, he sat alone, as he has told us, and his hand was first grasped by the friendly Elia, to that day when, with "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," he stood beside the grave in Edmonton churchyard, Charles Lamb was emphatically the "guardian spirit," watching with never-failing interest over the career of that gifted young man. There was great congeniality of taste and feeling; great similarity of mind, too, in that quick perception of the ludicrous, combined—as it so rarely is—with an even keener perception of the beautiful and poetical. No wonder Thomas Hood ever enshrined Elia and all his sayings and doings among his most cherished memories, and honored him as a father. We well remember the delight with which we were told of that first visit to Colebrook Cottage, and the hearty welcome he received from both Lamb and his sister.

Nor were the benefits derived from association with Charles Lamb, and his gifted circle of friends, the only advantages. In Elia's most miscellaneous, but capital library, Thomas Hood found "fresh fields and pastures new" peculiarly suitable to his tastes and feelings. Those old dingy folios, those thick, squat quartos, from which the fine-gentlemen readers would have turned with contempt, were lovingly opened by him; and under the guidance of the writer best read in, and from his fine poetical feeling, best fitted to appreciate the priceless wealth of our early literature, the future author of the "Plea of the Midsummer Night Fairies" soon became an enthusiastic student of the great poets

and dramatists of Elizabeth's age. These were his exemplars; and how diligently he followed them may be seen in all his serious poems—poems, even to the present day, with the exception of two or three of the shorter ones, sadly unappreciated, save by a few.

It was soon after this most happy acquaintance with Charles and Mary Lamb, that Thomas Hood took a really high place in the magazine that numbered among its contributors the first names in our literature. We think we can trace the influence of Charles Lamb's quaintly poetic mind in the contributions during 1822. That fine "Hymn to the Sun," and "Lycus the Centaur,"—almost believed by some readers to have been written by Coleridge; and the less known, but gracefully quaint story of "The Two Peacocks of Bedford," are among these. In this last are many stanzas of exquisite beauty, scarcely surpassed even in his palmiest days. Here is an extract:

"Oh! that the vacant eye would learn to look
On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from the Holy Book
Drink the warm-breathing tenderness and grace
Of love indeed! Oh! that the young soul took
Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and addressed its strife
To win the riches of eternal life!

"Doth the vain heart love glory, that is none,
And the poor excellence of vain attire?
Oh! go, and drown your eyes against the sun—

"Oh! go, and gaze,—when the low winds of even
Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod
Their gold-crowned heads; and the rich blooms
of heaven,

Sun-ripened, give their blushes up to God;
And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riven
By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense
May quench its longings of magnificence!"

But while thus advancing in his career as a writer of both verse and prose of no ordinary merit, Thomas Hood was still as simple in manners and modest as ever. We well remember one evening, soon after "Lycus" had appeared, he called in with the usual pocket-book well filled with notes and specimens of copy from some other of the contributors to the "London;" and while our companions were examining these interesting stores, the writer took up a little note from Barry Cornwall, addressed to "dear Lycus;"—and "Who is Lycus?" we asked.

"Myself," was the quiet reply. "You wrote 'Lycus!'—why, it has been assigned to Coleridge himself!" "It has; but that has been indeed too complimentary, for I wrote it. You see, he has been very kind" (referring to Barry Cornwall's note) "in his admiration." Thus simply, almost humbly did Thomas Hood receive the praises of his brother contributors—praises that would have turned the heads of most young poets not half so gifted as he.

It was pleasant during this time to hear Hood talk about Elia; "him," as he remarks in those pleasant "Literary Reminiscences," who was "not only a dear and kind friend, but an invaluable critic; one whom, were such literary adoptions in modern use, I might well name, as Cotton called Walton, my father." And pleasant were the accounts of the celebrated men he met there. Living within a mere stone's throw of Colebrook Cottage, Thomas Hood seems to have spent almost every disengaged evening there, always welcome, alike to Elia and to Bridget. He has told us of his disappointment at the conversation of Wordsworth—not with his poetry, as that beautiful sonnet addressed to him testifies—and his admiration of Coleridge, that "old man eloquent, pacing to and fro, with his fine flowing voice making glorious music." With Coleridge he seems to have been remarkably interested, and to have looked up to him with a loving reverence, inferior only to that which he felt for Charles Lamb.

"It is not with a hope my feeble praise
Can add one moment's honor to thine own,
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;
I seek to glorify myself alone:—
For that some precious favor thou hast shown
To my endeavor in a by-gone time,
And by this token I would have it known
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme!
It is my dear ambition now to climb
Still higher in thy thought."

Thus he writes in the dedicatory sonnet prefixed to his "Hero and Leander," and we may well imagine the pleasure with which Coleridge received the tribute.

During the winter of 1822-23, our literary society languished. We lost one of our members by death, and two or three by removals. Thomas Hood, however, still occasionally attended and gave us some of the comic poems that

were subsequently inserted in "Lion's Head." He gave us also the article on "Dreams," which appeared in the first series of "Whims and Oddities," but it was, we think, combined with another paper. Meanwhile, other attractions withdrew him from our circle, for in the sister of that delightful contributor to the "London" who claimed the pseudonym of "Edward Herbert," he found that excellent wife and judicious friend whom he ever affectionately acknowledged as the chief blessing of his life. On his marriage, in 1824, Hood quitted Islington; and as we were not then acquainted with the lady he had married, we saw him but seldom during the following two or three years. We were not, however, forgotten, as we ere long found, when copies of the "Odes and Addresses to Great People," and subsequently of his "Whims and Oddities," with kind notes of remembrance reached us.

It were much to be wished that these "Odes and Addresses" could be accurately assigned to their respective authors; for the work was a joint production of Thomas Hood, and his brother-in-law (John Hamilton Reynolds), the Edward Herbert above mentioned. The addresses to Elliston and Maria Darlington were certainly not by Hood; and we think that, when some years after he referred to the work, he told us that the ode to Dr. Ireland was his, but that to Sylvanus Urban belonged to Reynolds. It must have been especially gratifying to Hood to find these clever *jeux d'esprit* heartily admired—indeed enjoyed by Coleridge, who persistingly assigned their authorship to Charles Lamb. We are not so greatly surprised at this, for we think that in his earlier comic writings much similarity to Lamb's may be traced. We were much struck with this when lately turning over the first series of "Whims and Oddities." There is the same quaint, fanciful, but *quiet* humor to be traced in many of them, that formed the charm of Elia's essays. "The Complaint against Greatness," and "The Popular Cupid," and "that excellent piece of foolery," "Walton Redivivus," may be referred to among others. And here we may ask why, although many inferior articles are retained, these, together with some

others, have been omitted in the general collection of Hood's works?

Those very clever "Whims and Oddities" lose, however, much of their suggestive humor, by being separated in the collected works from the capital wood engravings, with their most happily chosen mottoes. The squaw, with her precious adornments of fish-bones and dog's teeth, her head surmounted by the huge marrow-bone, and the motto, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore;" the ragged urchins swarming in wild glee round the empty sugar cask inscribed, "Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life;" the prize ox toiling along, wearying the patience of his hump-backed, one-legged drover, so truly exclaiming, "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" and "Piscator," never to be forgotten as he stands by the New River in his huge buckled shoes, spectacles on nose, about to take the infinitesimal fish so tenderly off the hook, and place it safely in the narrow-necked bottle! The wonderful humor of Hood's woodcuts often seems to us superior to his comic verse.

We may here remark that Thomas Hood drew remarkably well. We have seen beautiful pen sketches, thrown off with the ease of a practised artist; and he also etched beautifully. Indeed, had he continued in his original profession—engraving—we have no doubt that he would have taken a foremost place in it. In his earlier days he painted remarkably well in water-colors. Some were beautiful little things, so delicately finished. One we well remember, even after the lapse of so many years, for its poetic beauty—a lake, with two swans sailing into a bright stream of moonlight, and in the background a large tower girdled round by a giant serpent. He told us it was intended for a fairy tale, which we think he said was not yet written. It evidently had reference to that pretty little poem, the "Two Swans," who from the shadow of that grim tower, and its guardian serpent—

" — sailed into the distance dim,
Into the very distance—small and white,
Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim
Over the brooklet."

Hood's pictorial power was indeed great; and we have often thought that,

had he exchanged the pen for the pencil, he would, as an artist, have achieved no common fame; that we might have seen another Hogarth, with all his truth, his deep feeling, his stern power, combined with a delicacy of perception, a poetic range of thought, to which that great painter could lay no claim.

In 1827, the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," together with "Hero and Leander," and some other poems, appeared in a small volume. It was with feverish anxiety that Hood watched its reception by the public, who had so eagerly welcomed his comic poems. He had taken high place in an inferior department, and he now sought to assert his claim as a writer of sweet and noble verse—as the emulator of those glorious poets whom from boyhood he had loved, and whom, under the guidance of Charles Lamb and Coleridge, he had of late learnt so keenly to appreciate. But the public, with strange caprice, refused to welcome the modest little volume; and while "Whims and Oddities" reached a third edition, the "Plea of the Midsummer Night Fairies" met with few purchasers; and it was eventually withdrawn from the publishers, to save it, as Hood bitterly said, from the butter shops. The rejection of a volume containing so much sweet and graceful poetry seems indeed strange;—perhaps somewhat of excuse might be found, if we remember that, supplied as the public had been, some thirty or forty years ago, with *narrative* poems, readers were scarcely prepared for a poem of any length, which told no story, but merely described Titania and her attendant elves, and Shakspeare pleading their cause so eloquently against destroying Time. Still, had there been aught of poetic appreciation among the mass of readers, this graceful "Plea" would not have asked a hearing in vain.

Soon after, we renewed our more intimate acquaintance with Thomas Hood, and formed a friendship with his excellent wife; continued through many years, though closed too early by her death, so soon after that of her gifted husband. Many a pleasant remembrance rises to our mind, as we look back upon the evenings spent with them in Robert street, Adelphi. It was scarcely until we saw Hood in his own house that we

were able fully to appreciate his singular conversational talents. Always reserved in general society, it was when surrounded by some half-dozen personal friends in his home, and by his own fireside, that the stream of his conversation would flow on in such pleasant variety—now referring to the current literature of the day, or to the topics then engaging public attention; now playfully quizzing some friend, often by giving him credit for some opinion or taste which he particularly disliked; or telling some strange story with such minuteness of detail, that we were fain to believe it true, until his sly laugh proved that we had interested ourselves in what was only "the coinage of the brain."

The new discoveries and inventions—of which there were many about this epoch—also furnished him with themes of continual *badinage*. The opinion, seriously maintained some forty years ago by a continental chemist, that as diamonds were a species of carbon, coals might be turned into diamonds, afforded him much amusement; and merrily did he speculate on the strange effects that might follow, if coals became dear and diamonds cheap. The Horticultural Society, too, had just offered prizes for the cultivation of new fruits and vegetables, and solemnly he would predict, that as there was a bread-fruit tree, ere long there would be a bread-and-butter tree, and perhaps by successful grafting, even a plum-pudding tree! We believe he made a slight sketch of the last, with merry children dancing, as well they might, around it. But the most constant subject of his merriment was the railway, as yet scarcely known. How he used to "quiz" Mrs. Hood's mother, a very clever old lady, who enjoyed the fun as much as he did, with an apocryphal picture of the "woes and pleasures" of railway travel; how the steam might land them upon the dome of St. Paul's, instead of conveying them to Camberwell; how some spiteful ostler, enraged that, like Othello, his occupation was gone, might fill the Tender with slates, and the Train for want of fuel come to a stand-still, just when the passengers, watch in hand, were anticipating their dinners! But then the pleasures—surely, with so much boiling water, the

old ladies might obtain a cup of tea, and by a little arrangement of the fireplace, perhaps the stoker, with a clear fire, might provide toast also. Moreover, barrel-organs could be played by steam; and with most laughable whimsicality, he would suggest appropriate tunes for the "solace" of the passengers. Never was there a companion so delightfully amusing as Thomas Hood, when enjoying himself among his friends. We remember one night, when he met a small party at our house, how he kept us two or three hours at the supper table, all unwitting of the time that had passed. One of our guests on that occasion, who had met most of the "conversational lions" of the day, assured us that Thomas Hood surpassed them all—even Theodore Hook—then, by common consent, the chief of conversationalists.

(To be continued.)

The Art-Journal.

DORÉ'S "VIVIEN" AND "GUINEVERE." *

NOT unfrequently an illustrated publication comes before us, which, to have ample justice done to it, demands far more space than we can assign to its notice without excluding other matters of interest to the general public. This is the case with the splendid edition of two of the Poet Laureate's most exquisite poems just published by Messrs. Moxon and Co., to which we can only give, at a time when the Paris International Exhibition occupies, necessarily, so many of our pages, very limited attention. Our feeling of regret is, however, not a little mitigated by the recollection that to Doré's former work, Tennyson's "Elaine," we endeavored to do full justice when considering his merits in what may be termed a new phase of his art, of which the present may be regarded as a continuation. In both we have a somewhat similar range of character and scenery; in both we are transported to a world of romance and enchantment, dimly seen through the cloud-land of traditional history, but revived and made beautiful by one of England's most

gifted modern poets. Whatever doubts we may at one time have felt as to the power of Doré to bring his wild, strange, yet diversified genius down to the comprehension of Tennyson's poetic descriptions and delicate subtleties of expressive character, were at once dispelled on the appearance of the edition of "Elaine;" while the opinions we then uttered are more than confirmed by the works now on our table.

The two poems, "Vivien" and "Guinevere," are published both separately and jointly; each contains nine illustrations from Doré's designs respectively, engraved on steel by several of our best known line-engravers, Messrs. Baker, Barlow, E. Brandard, G. C. Finden, Godfrey, Greatbach, Jeens, Mote, Ridgeway, Saddler, Stephenson, and A. Willmore. Taking the subjects in the order of the two poems, we find in the first engraving of "Vivien," Vivien and Merlin reposing under a gigantic tree, the trunk of which only is visible. Merlin, crowned with a leafy chaplet, is seated, gazing earnestly on the maiden, who, with face uplifted to his, and resting her arms on his knee, looks imploringly, if not insidiously at him. The group is well composed, and the engraving, by Ridgeway, is good; but from the fact of the enormous bole of the tree occupying so large a portion of the plate, the engraver has had little opportunity of exercising his skill. Next we have Merlin and the lady disembarking on the sands of Breton, which lie at the feet of a rock-bound coast. The figures here fill but a small portion of the plate—engraved by Godfrey with much delicacy. This is a charming bit of coast scenery; the waves gently ripple over the uneven sand-bank, and one can almost hear their monotonous music, while the cliffs above rise ruggedly and perpendicularly from their base, like the strong walls of some ancient fortress; the light and shade of this design are admirably managed. The landing effected, Merlin and his companion enter the woods; this forms the subject of the next engraving—by Saddler. As in the last print we had a solitude of rocks and water, there is here a solitude of woody grandeur in the background, and in front a limited expanse of broken foreground, along which the enchanter seems

* "VIVIEN" and "GUINEVERE." By ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Published by Moxon and Co., London.

to beckon Vivien, who follows with downcast head: the figures, though small, are very effectively "placed." In the *Knights' Carouse*, engraved by Mote, Doré found a field for the display of a scene where a number of figures, circumstanced as these are, admits of dramatic action. Several of the knights have dismounted from their horses, and all have gathered round a table laid out under the shade of some lofty trees, which seem more of Eastern growth than that of Breton. The knights have been engaged in discussing the question of the foundation of the "Round Table," and are drinking success to the institution; the group, in its varied action, is picturesquely represented, and stands out well against the sombre background of wood. The *Knights' Progress*, over fallen timber and through tangled brake—engraved by A. Willmore—is a spirited design, full of life and energy; but looking at it by the laws of pictorial composition, it was a mistake to arrange the three foremost figures in the manner they are here; the two horsemen on the flanks of the centre have turned the heads of the animals in almost opposite directions, as we occasionally see them in groups of equestrian sculpture. In such examples the arrangement is justifiable, as the exigencies of the art may require it; but it is not so in a picture.

Merlin blotting out the bird and putting in another device on the shield he found a young squire painting, is one of the most attractive subjects in the series. The youth, seated on a bank of wild-flowers and grass, holds his shield for the weird artist to correct; the attitudes of the two are graceful and easy; behind them is a dense mass of trees, drawn with great elegance of natural forms. The scene is admirably engraved by T. O. Barlow. The "Sea-Fight"—worthily engraved by Stephenson—is a composition of great power. Of the

"Two cities in a thousand boats,
All fighting for a woman on the sea,"

we have, as principals, two ships filled with armed men attacking the vessel in which the pirate succeeds in bearing off the prize from both parties. The confusion of a barbaric hand-to-hand sea-fight is vividly expressed by the artist. The

"Cave Scene"—engraved by Barlow—where is discovered

"A little, glassy-headed, hairless man,"

is full of fancy, but the picture has about it a theatrical air, such as one sees on the stage introductory to a Christmas pantomime. The last plate in the series illustrating "Vivien," is one of the best. It is engraved by E. Brandard, and depicts the close of the story, where Vivien having possessed herself of Merlin's charm, leaves him on the huge oak which the tempest had struck down. Doré has departed somewhat from the text in this composition, but has acted judiciously in doing so. Tennyson says,—

"And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,"

but the artist represents him seated on the tree, and his subtle tempter hastening from him, yet looking back on her victim. The scene, both in the disposition of the figures—which at once reveals the abandonment—and in the grandeur of the forest-trees, is most striking.

"Guinevere" opens with an illustration of great beauty—the separation of the Queen and Sir Lancelot on the banks of a stream, from which rises numerous trees, graceful in form, and delicate in their foliage. The knight and Alfred's unfaithful wife are both mounted, and she holds him in a strong embrace. The plate is one of the best that A. Willmore has produced at any time. It is appropriately followed by that of the Queen taking her lonely ride, after the parting, not to the royal court, but to Almesbury, whither she

"Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald."

A grand scene Doré has drawn, with wildly rushing water-stream, castle-crowned rocks and almost barren trees above and around the path of the rider; while over all the moon has just emerged from a mass of rolling clouds, and sheds sparklings of light on the cataracts of water. The subject is finely transferred to steel by J. H. Baker. The Queen has reached the place of refuge, and is now seen in an apartment of the nunnery, where she is visited by a nun. This subject was put into the hands of J. Godfrey, to whose skill, as an engraver of architecture especially, our own pub-

lication has often borne witness. The two figures in the picture manifest the fault common with Doré—and also with many other French artists—of being “elongated.” From the interior of the convent, Doré next takes us to the terrace outside—engraved by Jeens—where, under a brilliant, starlit sky, the “little novice” continues to talk with the refugee, telling her of the news abroad respecting the “wicked Queen.” Guinevere, resting on the balustrade of the terrace, looks upward in an agony of remorse. Next follows a richly-wooded moonlight scene, where one of the knights of the Round Table discovers, as related by the young nun,—

“Three spirits mad with joy,
Came dashing down on a tall, wayside flower.”

There are other numerous spirits, little winged creatures, sporting about among the high grass and wild flowers. The engraver of this plate is G. C. Finden. The “Fairy Circle,” engraved by W. Ridgeway, is a subject which the artist has treated in a truly playful and charming manner. On a lofty cliff to the right, and at a distance, is seen the same knight mounted, horse and man standing out in bold, yet dim, relief against a dark bank of clouds, with the moon above them. On the left, and also distant, are high precipitous banks, on which stands a massive tower. In the valley between float along, in all kinds of fantastic attitudes, an innumerable multitude of nude female figures, covering the entire width of the narrow valley at its base. This print cannot fail to be a favorite with every possessor of the work. We must dismiss the remaining three of the series—“The Finding of Arthur,” “The Dawn of Love,” and the “King’s Farewell”—with the bare enumeration of their titles, for we must draw our notice to a conclusion. These three, however, will be found to have as much interest as the majority of the others.

The two superb books, as we intimated at the commencement, not only prove that Doré can comprehend Tenyson’s language so as to express it in his own art, but that he can also suit his designs to the requirements of steel-engraving. No more delicate and beautiful plates than these, of their kind, have been

placed in the hands of the public for a long time. The possessors of the “Elaine” will certainly also become possessors of “Vivien” and “Guinevere,” and those who have not the first, and would enrich their libraries with illustrated books of the highest merit, will not fail to procure the triad—a worthy memento of the genius of poet and artist.

We may remark that Messrs. Moxon have published an edition of the poems with the same illustrations in photography.

Once a Week.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

It has been remarked that nowadays no young lady’s education is complete till she has written a three-volume novel. Without going so far as this, we may assert that few damsels of the present day seem to reach the years of discretion without having forwarded a little poem, a short essay, or an innocent ghost-story to the editor of some popular magazine. Of the general scope and peculiarities of these efforts we shall speak in the sequel; and we believe that the few remarks we shall offer will, if read attentively, and “in no carping spirit,” help on the endeavors of those who aspire to the doubtful honors of appearing in print.

But first a word of warning to all who believe that, by becoming contributors to a periodical, they are insuring a large and immediate addition to their income. In our youth there was a legend of an Etonian who, having sent a joke to Punch, received by an early post a check for five pounds. Who that Etonian was, we never succeeded in discovering; but the story long remained, and may still be a favorite one with school-boys; and, inspired by it with a desire to be served likewise, we lost no time in forwarding to Fleet street a batch of deformed puns and exasperating *jeux d’esprits*, under a firm conviction that we should reap in return a flourishing crop of bank-notes, with “compliments and thanks” into the bargain. That we are not the only credulous mortals, who have wasted time, incurred headaches, and copied and enclosed manuscripts with a superstitious reliance on the generosity of publishers,

is shown by the numerous contributions and appeals that daily flood the editorial table. Evidently it is an article of popular faith that the proprietors and conductors of a periodical have such an unbounded supply of hard cash that they have the greatest difficulty and anxiety in the world to get rid of it. Kind, or at all events confiding, friends enclose papers, often painfully silly, from young ladies in reduced circumstances, under the plea that the writers thereof are at their wits' end for a means of subsistence. An aspiring and under-paid governess encloses three short poems, in the hope that they may be found available, and, as even a trifle would be welcome, wishes to know the rate at which the editor is prepared to reward a successful effort. A gentleman has just taken a mastership in a grammar-school, and, having a wife and family and next to nothing to live upon, forwards a translation from the Greek, and would be thankful for any assistance, in the shape of money or of advice, that the editor is in a position to offer.

A curate's wife transmits per book-post a novel in sixty chapters, which she believes will afford satisfaction; in the event of its being accepted, she feels that the sum of eighty pounds would not be considered in excess of its merits. A lady sends a short paper on life in Germany, requires a decision before the following evening, and is prepared to part with the copyright for a clear fifty pounds. Let it here be stated, once for all, that payment comes from the proprietors, that an editor is not of necessity a millionaire, and that he has *not* uncontrolled sway over the contents of numberless well-filled money-bags, from which he can scatter golden favors broadcast right and left. Let it be distinctly understood that six halting lines on autumn or winter, of which three are ungrammatical and only two will rhyme, are never, under any circumstances, rewarded with the conventional "five pounds" which have been fixed upon by the British public as the standard rate of remuneration for successful efforts. Neither is an essay on a subject of no interest to any one living in England in the nineteenth century, and written in an illegible scrawl, and with a bold defiance of the rules of composi-

tion, at all likely to bring in twenty or even ten guineas to its author. If people are so dreadfully pressed for money, and want immediate returns in the shape of a check in the course of a day or two, they had better rest their hopes on a surer foundation than the prodigality of editors.

But some persons, like a lady of our acquaintance who shall be nameless, seem to argue with a sense of their own worth that prevents them from exercising an unbiassed judgment upon matters that touch their own productions. An amiable acquaintance offered her ten pounds for two little pictures of no great merit; but before the bargain was concluded, the fair artist learned, truly or otherwise, that Mr. Poynter had received £800 for his "Israel in Egypt," and from this fact she deduced the strange corollary that, if the painter named could get so large a sum for one picture, she herself deserved more than had been offered her for two. "It is the finest child that ever was born," murmurs the delighted mother when her first-born enters into the world; and authors and artists, especially inferior ones, are apt to view their own productions with like complacency.

Again, as there is usually some delay between the receipt of a manuscript and its acceptance or rejection, it is concluded that editors keep back contributions for the sake of extracting their pith and marrow,—of which there is usually little enough,—to return them when they have made free of their contents to their own glorification and pecuniary advantage, but to the detriment of the original writer. It may calm those afflicted with such misgivings to be told that, at the office of a magazine there is always a heavy press of work, and that it is to this circumstance, and not to any dishonesty on the part of the editor or proprietor, that delays in the notification of a decision are owing. Every post brings in a formidable supply of plethoric envelopes, aldermanic packages, and huge rolls of paper, some of which have nearly tumbled to pieces on their journey. The work can be got through only by degrees, and upon a certain system. Each applicant must be content to wait his turn, and he may be sure that when the time comes he

will have full justice done to him. But it is not always possible for an editor to form a decision at once; for, though a paper may be meritorious, the amount of matter already accepted may stand in the way of its being made available, and unless room can be found for it by a certain date, the interest of the subject may have evaporated. But half the delay complained of is owing to slovenliness and a want of attention on the part of the contributors themselves. A few simple directions are given on the cover or on the first page of each number of this magazine,* and, were they followed by authors, there would be a saving not only of time, but of postage-stamps; for the manuscripts of authors not complying with the regulations alluded to are necessarily returned unread. Why, we may ask, is there so general an unwillingness to comply with that simple and intelligible request, that the pages of a manuscript may be carefully fastened together, and that the name and address of the writer may be inscribed legibly on the first page of each separate contribution? Unless these rules were rigidly enforced, confusion would reign in the editor's basket, which overflows with papers on all sorts of subjects, from all sorts of people, with whose handwriting no one in the office is acquainted. How else could it be satisfactorily learned from whose pen an article had come, to whom it should be returned if unsuitable; whither, if accepted, the proof should go, or to whom the remittance should be sent when pay-day arrived? And yet, if one of thirty loose sheets of every shape and size should chance to be mislaid, there would be endless remonstrances, and the angry contributor would be the last person to believe that his loss was owing to the fact that none of his pages had a number, a title, an address, or, indeed, the slightest link to connect it with its fellows.

When, we should like to know, does our author intend to write his papers legibly, and to save a wearisome delay to himself, and hours of bewilderment and trial to those whose duty it is to read them? Pity the poor editor who has to wade through a manuscript that,

in the eyes of the uninitiated, might pass for Syro-Chaldee or Coptic; pity the poor compositor who has to "set it up," and blame your own carelessness, and not the printer's sense of the ludicrous, when some of the passages you most cherish are perverted into nonsense of the most drivelling and despicable character. Resolve to do better in future; and when you correct your proof, write so that doubts may be set at rest, and confusion not be made worse confounded.

A great part—we might almost say the majority—of the articles received by an editor display penmanship in its crudest and most aggravating forms. Mr. Pitman and his six lessons might be patronized by the semi-literary world with great advantage. Instead of interpretable characters, we have nothing but up-strokes and down-strokes; the latter portentously stout, and the former as ridiculously lean, regardless of Lord Palmerston's advice, with flourishes, splashes, erasures, and interlineations, setting the decipherer's art at defiance. Of course stops are sedulously avoided, or used in a vindictive pepper-castor fashion, so as to destroy the contributor's meaning whenever he is in any danger of becoming coherent. One sentence runs into another, and paragraphs are joined and disconnected so as to set the editor on a five-minutes' puzzle to find out what the writer really *does* mean. Some gentlemen have a partiality for crushing their upper lines into those immediately below them, till they resemble a series of once parallel trains brought into collision by an earthquake. Your ingenious writers affect a caligraphy which is painfully suggestive of the Lord's Prayer on a sixpence; and manage to compress a novel in twelve chapters into three sheets of foolscap. Divers employ "slips," with a mournful similitude to an account for dilapidations and repairs; others use long ribbons, filling an intermediate position between the pages of a telegraph-book and the panoramas of the Lord Mayor's Show that are hawked in Fleet street on the 9th of November. Less eccentric individuals use "quarters" or "halves" of blue or white foolscap. Ladies have a weakness for delicate cream-laid, sometimes with gilt edges;

* Once a Week.

and though the fair sex are behindhand in the matters of names and addresses, their MSS. are generally tied or sewn neatly together, and the worst excess of their penmanship is the coercion of letters into an upright position, when the refined nature of the author's mind would be better exemplified by an appropriate slope in the right direction. Papers from Ireland are all so abominably written that a very large proportion have to be returned unread. Essayists of a grim, sarcastic, and cynical turn of mind dash off their productions with so reckless a contempt for the reader's comfort as to betoken that they regard an editor as a base-born churl, whose mental provender could not be too much bespattered and mangled.

But to the generous multitude, who are not quite in the seventh heaven, or entirely forgetful of other people's feelings, and who do not want to give more trouble than they can well help, we beg to submit the recommendations that follow as worthy of adoption. Let your articles be written in a clear, legible hand, on uniform sheets, with ruled lines, which save confusion, and with a margin left for correction. Avoid interlineations as far as you possibly can. If, on reviewing your paper, certain passages seem to need material alterations, rewrite the entire page, or at least the corrected passage, and paste the amendment either over or on the side of the original paragraph. Again, we would urge you to write on pages of an uniform size; for unless your papers are pretty much of a size, it is difficult to calculate the space which they would occupy in print. Details such as the foregoing may seem trivial; but they have far more influence than is usually supposed on a writer's success. Experience teaches that the slipshod MS., with its hasty amendments and slovenly erasures, is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a mere reflection of the confused and imperfect ideas floating through the mind of its author. Genuine talent is reasonable and painstaking; the blockhead who never succeeds is your self-elected genius who dashes off his articles in a fine frenzy, and treats practical considerations with disdain.

We shall here pause to remark that an editor has other things to do besides

reading MSS. His correspondence is voluminous, and the statements and applications that claim his notice are on widely differing subjects, some of them amusing, others aggravating, and a good many much to be pitied. Young ladies, for instance, write avowedly without their parents' leave, and, rashly assuming the editor to be as ready for a lark as themselves, beg that answers may be sent to some neighboring post-office. Again, *materfamilias* expresses to the editor her hopes that no more tales about vampires will appear, as they prevent her daughters from sleeping at night. A gentleman wishes to state that he has made certain inquiries, and that the subject-matter of an article published some years ago, and purporting to be authentic, is apparently fictitious. Nor is this all. Correspondents without number expect answers to all sorts of impertinent questions, but forget to enclose stamped envelopes. But why should the proprietors be fined countless pennies because strangers are careless?

The damsel who used to sign herself "a school-girl," and who wrote to headquarters whenever she could detect a printer's error, and obligingly pointed out mistakes when they were past rectification, has not lately been heard of. The editor returns thanks for her former suggestions, and hopes, for her husband's sake if not for her own, that she has settled down into an unliterary and uncensorious British matron. A would-be contributor is obliged for the pains taken with his MS., but sneeringly thinks it just as well to add that, "being unable to get at the rule by which judgment is made, he shall not subject himself further to the disagreeables of refusals." Another author complains that the printed punctuation of some verses of his, inserted in a late number, "seems to have been studied with the intention of stultifying the whole thing, and making the idea unintelligible." An artist begs to forward some original sketches, and states that he is willing to accept any employment that may be offered; though, as he adds rather damagingly, he has not much experience in the sort of work he wants; is a tyro at figure-drawing, and has never drawn on the wood. A photographer would be oblig-

ed if the editor could assist him in procuring sittings from literary celebrities among his contributors, as the dull autumn and winter weather is approaching, and before the end of another month he requires at least two hundred good subjects. A lady presents her compliments, and, regretting that her former note was illegible, writes another (nearly as difficult to read), with the hope that it may pass muster. Some young hopefuls offer their services merely because they have a very small income and plenty of time at their disposal. An astute experimentalist hopes that, if his papers are rejected, the editor will not disfigure their margin with the term "not suited," as it might prejudice his chances of acceptance in another quarter. A pert miss is "surprised that her story was declined, and, at the recommendation of her friends, returns it, believing that it is not worse than a tale which appeared a month or two ago;" and seems to infer that, if the editor has been taken in once, he is pledged to the acceptance of rubbish by the cart-load. A clergyman would be glad to be informed whether certain MSS., which he names, have ever come to hand, and throws out vague suggestions of compensation and lawyers.

To pass on to graver matters. A chorus of respectable Unitarians from half-a-dozen distant towns find fault with a story in which an early Christian martyr makes use of the expression, "Holy three in One," and maintain that "the Doctrine of the Trinity was not formerly enunciated till some years after the date at which the event in the story is fixed."

A skit on a certain famous but fantastic novel having appeared, certain dull-brained readers wish to know "whether it is actually true that the worship of the ancient Roman divinities is being resumed in certain parts of London, and that such proceedings are approved by the editorial chair." "A working-man in distressed circumstances forwards a paper, with the statement that he came up to London a short while since to find employment, but without success; that he is wholly dependent on his trade, has no friends to help him, that his little capital is all expended, and that he has taken to poetry in despair, and would be glad to receive for it even

a penny a line. A poor creature, literally all but starving, sends a short but hopeless article, with a note in which he declares that, if it is refused, he shall commit suicide before the next day.

And here we come to the least pleasant feature of an editor's life; the necessity under which he is of turning a deaf ear to many a tale of distress and undeserved suffering. Before all things, he has to consider the success of his magazine; and for many reasons the proprietors don't care to employ those who are in want of resources, and have not bread to put into their mouths. It is not convenient to men of business to be called upon for money at a moment's notice; and men head over ears in trouble can rarely compose with the requisite *verve*; added to which, they have not the means to procure special information, and too often verify the old adage that "it's ill working on an empty stomach." But we are forgetting the young lady whose efforts have not been successful, and who, with bitter sarcasm, explains to the editor that she was emboldened to lay her first attempt before him by the character of certain tales lately published in his magazine, and from which she gained a favorable idea of his benevolence and indulgence.

Having got back to the fairer half of creation, we may next inquire why they persist in spelling accommodate with only one *m*, and separate with an *e* instead of an *a*? Ladies, and gentlemen as well, are constant defaulters as regards the omission of the relative; both sexes write "who" for "whom," and, by an excessive use of the participle, make their papers needlessly heavy and grandiose. "As I walked, I saw," is preferable to "Walking, I saw;" a form of expression not used in conversation, from one end of the day to the other. Lastly, we have to condemn a fondness for long and unintelligible words and pompous sentences. Be it known to all men, that pure Anglo-Saxon is pleasantest and more forcible than elaborate Johnsonese, or the most sonorous medley of French, Greek, and Latin.

Why is it, we would next ask, that people are so impatient to fly before they can walk or even waddle? Young writers, both male and female, unknown to the world of letters, are strangely fond of

trying their paces at starting in novels ranging in length from a dozen chapters to sixty. Now, what conception can they have formed of an editor's engagements? Unless the writer has already proved his efficiency in works of less pretension, nobody has any great inducement to tackle MSS. of a bulk so prodigious. It is perfectly true that in the despised bundle may lie a second "Jane Eyre," but it is beyond dispute that the elaborate productions of raw beginners are almost invariably great rubbish. Now, would it not have been more prudent for the author to have announced his claims to notice in a form less ambitious and repulsive? An editor, as we have said, has usually plenty to do besides reading MSS., though the fact is one which the world of struggling authorship seems little disposed to recognize; and when unknown contributors request his immediate attention to several reams of closely written foolscap, they should remember that they are severely testing his faith and patience, and have no reason to grumble if their demands are not immediately satisfied. And yet, the longer the MS., the less does the writer seem disposed to be patient; and almost as soon as the infliction has come to hand, the editor receives a note inquiring whether it has not been mislaid, and how soon the author may expect a decision. The fact seems to be, that young writers fancy themselves in an exceptional position, and forget that thousands of others are struggling in the same path, and, consequently, that their own works are not the only ones which claim the notice of an editor.

However, if beginners *will* enter the list in a three-volume form, in mercy let their stupendous productions be accompanied by a sketch of the plot. The plea, that it is impossible to tell what a story is like till you have read it all through, is merely a tacit admission that its framework will not bear inspection by itself, or, in other words, that the tale is worthless; for no novel with a weak, rambling plot can possibly succeed.

It is not necessary for an experienced reader to wade through every sentence in every chapter to decide on a story's merits. If all or most of the passages that meet his eye are ungrammatical,

prosy, or badly constructed, it is not unfair to presume that the work as a whole is undeserving of attention. The author of a really good tale does himself no more than justice by providing an intelligible outline of its contents. Curiosity is aroused, the reader's sympathies are enlisted, and if the opinion which he forms be somewhat prejudiced thereby, the last person to suffer is the author. Slips of language, and offences against taste, escape the notice which they would otherwise attract; and, if the writer is as successful in his dialogue and descriptive passages as in the construction of his plot, the former acquire from that circumstance additional lustre. However, the most graphic word-painting and the raciest dialogue cannot form a story of themselves. For a novel to be even passable, it must have a framework—respectable, at all events; and it is surprising and a matter of regret—the exertion and time spent by really clever writers in elaborating the details of a story, of which the main incidents are often not merely commonplace, but positively ridiculous.

However, the greater part of the first and early attempts that solicit an editor's notice are crudely constructed, as well as morbid, imitative, and silly. Those written by the fair sex have a strong family likeness. They are, for the most part, weak reflections of the works of more talented ladies, occasionally varied with a vile caricature of the mannerism of Dickens or Thackeray. The sentiment is almost invariably stilted and false. Pride or revenge serves as the mainspring of action, and conjugal infidelity is turned to account largely. The descriptive passages are bombastic and tedious. The dialogue, though now and then forcible, is, as a rule, flat, or turgid and incoherent. As respects the *dramatis personæ*, the heroines are weak, perverse, and doting. The "principal lovers" are, without exception, the worst form of prig, and, as might be guessed, their locks are raven, their eyes flash disdainfully, their lips curl with scorn, and their arms are folded in defiance. They despise the world, by which they are rated at their proper value, and vent their spleen on their wives or *fiancées*, who worship them in consequence. The plots are almost mournful in their im-

becility, and the motives by which the characters are stirred to action are either wholly inadequate or perversely immoral. It is a remarkable fact that if any one in any of these stories writes a novel, he or she never disposes of the copyright for less than a thousand pounds. If one or two of the leading personages are tolerably natural, the rest are sure to be mere dummies, or far-fetched caricatures, put in to fill up and drag out the tale to its appointed length.

And here we must protest against the common mistake of starting with an idea that a work should be made to occupy a certain space, and against the consequent introduction of subsidiary characters and incidents that weaken the general interest. For the benefit of those who are not above taking a hint we offer the following suggestions, which will be found useful, though they may not admit of full adoption in any individual instance: Before you begin to write, have a clear conception of the groundwork of your story. Think it well over, elaborate it by degrees in your mind, and, when it has assumed something like consistency, commit it to paper, and from time to time refer to it and jot down such modifications and additions as may seem advisable. If the principal motive-power or the leading idea is a good one, a consistent and amusing, if not a very original, plot will be worked out by degrees. But, should the former be insufficient or the latter defective, nothing remains but to throw the sketch aside and begin another, remembering those two homely sayings, "Practice makes perfect," and "Rome was not built in a day." By looking at one's work with a critical and not too indulgent an eye, its crudities and inconsistencies are brought to light; alterations for the better suggest themselves, the various parts appear in their proper relationship, and it will be possible to connect the several incidents more effectively, and to make a fair calculation of the length to which the story should be allowed to run. When the plot is finished to your satisfaction, beg the least indulgent of your friends to criticise it without mercy. If it meets his approval, you have an encouragement, such as it is, to persevere; if he points out faults, try and mend them; if he suggests alter-

ations, turn them over in your mind, and don't be ashamed to adopt them if good; if sound reasons are advanced for condemning the work as a whole, have nothing more to do with it, but begin a fresh plot, convinced that we learn as much by our defeats as by our victories, or possibly even more.

In literary composition, especially of an imaginative kind, too great a store is laid on genius or natural instinct, and far too little on judgment and application. Without exactly asserting that any one who chooses can become a successful novelist, we may remind the would-be author what Sir Joshua Reynolds said to his pupils,—“If you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have no talent, industry will almost supply its place.”

In shorter tales, occasional contributors appear to more advantage. They are less hampered with considerations of detail, and their powers of invention are not too severely taxed. In works of this description, the most noticeable faults are, undue haste, entailing faultily constructed sentences, loose and redundant phrases, vain repetitions, and offences against good taste and Lindley Murray.

Writers also show the worst of taste by selecting titles of a repulsive, or at least a very questionable, character. How can any one be so mad as to send to a decent magazine papers with such headings as "A Grunt from Hell," "Thievery, Knavery, and Harlotry," "Siren Street," and "Eve in her Bath?" Yet trash of this description is constantly turning up, and the authors can never be made to understand that there has been any sound reason for declining their offers.

Again, Indian MSS. come by the score from officers whose time hangs heavily on their hands; but the fact that a certain house at Westminster is counted out, whenever Indian topics are uppermost, may help to explain why so few of them are accepted. The ambitious have a tendency to spin out what would be a very tolerable short tale into an unsatisfactory long one. Many of the stories received show ability, but few are finished with sufficient care to justify acceptance. There is a dangerous fondness for legal and nautical phrases, details of chancery suits, or trials for murder, disquisitions on the law of lunacy,

etc.; blunders on any of which topics would bring ridicule on the writer, and discredit on the magazine that contained his paper.

Authors would be largely the gainers if they would more carefully consider the tone of the periodical to which they send their contributions. It is needless to deluge a magazine which eschews political and religious subjects with papers on "The Compound Householder," and the "Growth of Ritualism." A serial affecting short articles too often receives essays long enough for a quarterly. The "heavy" magazines are pelted with light and frivolous tales of a sensational type, and the less pretentious with discussions on "Prison Discipline," and "The Origin of Man."

Again, it is a common mistake with amateurs to suppose that, so long as the subject is a good one, it matters not a straw how carelessly the article is put together; that errors of phraseology or construction will be rectified by the editor, or, in other words, that the essay will be rewritten by his friendly pen, though they themselves will have the pay and the credit of it. Now, under exceptional circumstances, *i.e.*, where the writer is the only person at all acquainted with the subject of which he treats, and where that subject is one of great general interest, much allowance will be made for indifferent writing, and possibly the article may be deemed of sufficient intrinsic value to justify its being partly remodelled; but an author should bear in mind that, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, he is not the only person who has special information; that the topic he has chosen, though agreeable, may yield the palm of interest to another; or that the editor to whom he has applied can obtain from known authorities a carefully digested paper on the same subject which he himself has treated with such slovenliness and carelessness.

As for the verses (so-called poetry) which are sent to magazines, the less said about them the better. Generally weak, they often won't scan, are usually ungrammatical, occasionally coarse, and more frequently than not disfigured with false rhymes and ridiculous mannerisms. Young ladies especially are

warned to be more sparing in their infliction of maudlin sentimentality in stanzas of "eights and sixes," or in so-called sonnets of a more pretentious shape and style. They would do well to eschew the moon, and the stars, too, and all such rhymes as "love," and "dove," "kiss" and "bliss," "lip" and "sip," "roam" and "home."

To pass to another subject, on which plain speech is pardonable and necessary: Pilferings are occasionally made from one magazine, and sent as novelties to another. For instance, a year or two ago there appeared in "Once a Week" a tale that had been "adapted" *verbatim et literatim* from another periodical, little more than the title and names being changed. A polite note was sent to the copyist requesting the favor of an early call. He soon appeared, all smiles and satisfaction, and evidently supposed that he was going to reap the fruits of his iniquity in the form of a check or bank-note. The editor complimented him on the spirit and interest of his work; but inquired whether it was purely original, or if it had ever been in print before. In reply he received emphatic protestations. "Because," he continued, "I have been told that it is very like an article in a back number of ——. I have a copy of it here," he added; "perhaps you will just look over it and explain the coincidence." The pilferer was taken aback; he did as suggested, stammered, stuttered, "supposed there was a mistake somewhere," and coined a whole string of excuses, beginning with the hypothesis that the story had escaped from his drawer, and winding up with the remark that he must have lent it a friend who had turned it to account. "Well, Mr. ——" said the editor, "shall we write to the conductor of ——, and ask from what quarter it came to his hands?" Mr. —— thought "it would hardly be worth while;" and so he had no alternative but to lose the money for which he had diplomatized, to submit to the confiscation of the other papers he had sent, and to the publication of his name and address in the next number as a "literary pirate" of whom all editors had much better beware.

Some people, more honest than the hero of this anecdote, but equally ingenious, have their suspicions on various

subjects, and do their best to catch the editor tripping. We remember the case of a lady who, fancying that her MS. had been sent back unread, turned every fifth page of her next contribution topsy-turvy, in order to test the correctness of her theory. We pledge ourselves on behalf of the editor that, if any suspicious author will kindly try the experiment of putting a five-pound note inside his article, he shall have satisfactory proof that the latter had been duly examined before being returned to his hands. For the benefit of those who reluctantly admit that their contributions have been printed and circulated in private, we beg to announce that few editors will take anything that has ever been printed at all before. Once a subtle individual had the foresight to send out duplicates, one to each of two rival magazines; but this artifice, which might have led to complications, was discovered, and both copies were speedily returned to their owner.

Many persons, and especially young ladies, are very fond of sending in pen-and-ink sketches as illustrations to poems and tales. Most of these are grotesque caricatures of drawings already published; but had they all the talent in the world, they could seldom be turned to account. It is popularly supposed that the designs of the engravings in magazines are made on paper. This is not the case. They have to be drawn on the wood, and on a block of a certain size,—a feat requiring much experience, and a knowledge of the style and requirements of the engraver. Photographs and sketches sent with topographical papers are useful as hints to the draughtsman, but they are no source of remuneration to the original artist.

Before concluding, we must beg to ask why authors are so fond of sending in their papers too late or at inappropriate seasons? A serial goes to the press some weeks before the date of publication; why, then, have Christmas tales a knack of turning up about the twenty-third of December or in the middle of January, ghost stories in the early spring, dissertations on Fenianism when the subject has been worn threadbare, and papers on partridge-shooting or Alpine adventures when the public is

clamorous on the matter of burlesques and pantomimes?

Lastly, we would say to all would-be contributors, Depend less upon inspiration and more on common-sense; take pains; think your work over and carefully correct it; and, if you fail, believe that the fault is more on your own side than on that of the editor, who usually, if not always, is only too glad to discover any hidden gems of real talent. There are magazines, perhaps, in which favoritism is the order of the day, and where the best of papers, if it comes from an outsider, is tossed unread into the wastebasket. However, in "Once a Week" the case is different. Acceptance goes by merit; and stress may be laid on the fact that the veriest tyro in literature has as good a chance as the most experienced *litterateur* of the day. Don't aim too high at the outset; don't be too touchy or sensitive of early repulses; remember that it is not every arrow that hits the mark; that success will come in the long run if you fight for it; and bear in mind that though good work deserves, and generally meets with, adequate remuneration, neither the editor nor the proprietors are in possession of a British Golconda. These recommendations being attended to, bushels of nonsense will be replaced by papers of originality and merit; the public will praise both editor and contributor; and the author, young or old, will not only be saved trouble and mortification, but will have something to be proud of, and a pound or two to put into his purse besides.



Chambers's Journal.

BIRDS OF THE LEVANT.

WHILE the pelican has been fishing in the Cayster, or the Nile; while the owl has hooted on the towers of Afra-siab; while the swan, with its white breast, has floated up and down the windings of the Mæander, amid patches of blue and white water-lilies; while the thrush has poured forth her magic song from the trees around the tomb of Zeus; while the nightingale has been charming the waters of Tempe with her notes of

sorrow—a hundred empires and kingdoms have risen, flourished, and disappeared on the shores of the Mediterranean. How comes it, we ask ourselves, that, on this globe, nearly all creatures are unchangeable except man? If we traverse the lilyed plains of the Nile; if we ascend Lebanon, or pitch our tent on the banks of the Euphrates; if we plunge through the defiles of Taurus, or direct our footsteps athwart the mighty levels that stretch between it and the Euxine; if we cross the Hellespont, and prolong our wanderings through Thrace, Macedonia, and Epirus to the shores of the Adriatic, we shall move among the same families of birds as were the companions of Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle. Whatever we may have done, they, as so many species, have molted no feather; but what was green or red then, is green or red still. Their song, too, when they sing, their scream, when it is their habit to scream, their flight, their nests, their food—all are identical with what they were before the rape of Helen. But where are the men whose forefathers went with spear and target to Troy? Where are the Medes and Persians, whose laws, the ancients thought, were never to know change? Where are the Egyptians with their hieroglyphics, their mummies, and their beautiful Macedonian queens? Where are the Idumæans, who built their seats amid the rocks—the Tyrians, the Sidonians, the Anakim, and the mountaineers of Gilead? All have melted away like the snows of last winter, and left no successors on the surface of the earth. If a man could eliminate from his experience all that belongs to his own species, he might go through the whole Levant without one sigh for the past. On the banks of the Nile, he might sit and behold at sunrise vast flights of pelicans stretching over his head, their white breasts tinged with bright pink by the morning light—he might watch them soar higher and higher into the blue, till what almost seemed an army on the wing, looks like a dark crooked line, or a series of small spots in the firmament. While his mind is intent on the movements of the giants of the air, his eye alights, perhaps, on a flight of white ibises, flying northward, and settling with their drooping tails like huge snow-

flakes on the dark verdure of the sycamore. Close at hand, moveless as a relic of Egyptian art, stands the meditative stork, half-knee deep in some shallow part of the river, till a fish attracts his gaze and awakens his activity; he then ceases to be statuesque, his whole ungainly figure falls into motion; he plunges his long bill into the mud, and gobbles up eagerly whatever he can catch. This Homer saw when strolling leisurely through Asia Minor collecting materials for the *Iliad*; this amused Socrates, as lying full length under the plane-tree, he gazed at the shallow Cepheissus while discussing love and logic with Phædrus.

If you sail up between the shining Cyclades, flights of sea-birds court your gaze on all sides, some sitting on the rocks overhanging the sea, some moving in columns or wedges through the clear sky, directing their course across the Ægean toward the plains of Ionia, where, in former times, they witnessed the burning of Sardis, the campaigns of Agesilaus, and the thronging of barbarous cohorts and battalions toward Ilion. Few sights are more poetical than that of a body of wild swans careering through the air, over rivers, forests, and mountains; sometimes in search of food, sometimes for the mere pleasure of sporting through their aerial element. To them the old poet of Chios thus alludes:

Milk-white swans on Asia's flowery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and wave their rustling wings.

On northern coasts, the birds that frequent bogs and marshes are comparatively rare, because, with the increase of population and culture, the homes of these creatures are invaded, drained, and converted into cornfields. In the Levant it is quite otherwise. Every bittern may there, if he lists, have a whole bog to himself, where he may boom at his ease

From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve.

On any morass where water and earth mix and blend and produce wild-flowers, belonging, properly, to neither element, you may, early in the morning, behold representatives of nearly all the aquatic tribes—coots, wild ducks, plungers,

snipes, woodcocks, wild-geese—foraging about amid the mosses and flags in search of provender. In the woods hard by, the turtle-dove sits cooing to his mate, the ringdove nestles, the black-bird sings, while through the air above, the cuckoo passes along like a wandering voice. If you climb the summits of Mimas or Olympus, the golden eagles that wheeled in airy circles about those peaks when the Dardanian shepherd wooed Aphrodite, in those love-lighted solitudes wheel there still, with the glory of three thousand years upon their wings. Instead, however, of the sons of Priam, in Phrygian bonnets and purple mantles, they now behold the men of Kurdistan, with their wives in red boots, and children half naked, walking after their flocks, or smoking such tobacco as Syria and Salonica alone can furnish. There is much pleasure, doubtless, in contemplating a cultivated landscape, dotted thickly with towns, villages, rustic homesteads, and church spires; but the feeling is tame and insipid compared with that which fills the bosom when, from some wild rock, you look down upon spreading plains where the wolf and the buffalo seem almost the only lords of the land. There your presence is scarcely noticed by birds of any kind: the kingfisher pursues his vocation in the stream at your feet; the owl looks out unmoved at you from his ivy bower; the hawk, whose piercing eyes, and flight almost invisible from its swiftness, made the Egyptians select him as an emblem of the divinity, perches on a laurel-bough at your side; the swan arches his white neck with the playfulness of a cat before you; while the cormorant and the seamew eat their breakfast of fish close to the nose of your camel.

Everywhere, the early morning is made beautiful by birds. Refreshed by sleep, they emerge from the bosom of darkness, and hail with rapture the renewal of light. If, then, you take your stand on some lofty slope of Gargarus, and look eastward, you behold the whole mighty level of Asia Minor bathed in purple light, while behind the peaks of Caucasus, the reflection, as of a universe on fire, kindles the whole orient. You then appear to be watching the advent of creation, the tremulous blushing of

earth and heaven in the overpowering presence of the Deity, who flings profuse splendors and glory over his nascent works. As you think and meditate, the wail of some solitary jackal awakens the echoes among the hills; the cawing of rooks overhead carries you by association to far western lands, though the force of your imagination is soon checked by the approach of birds of gorgeous plumage from beyond Sahara and the Mountains of the Moon. What balmy freshness then fills the air, what scent of wild-flowers, what incense from the young buds, from the pine, from the cedar, from the fir, from the fragrant linden, from the white-blossomed acacia, from the majestic and regal Vallona oak! If you go down by Ephesus or Miletus, you are encountered at certain seasons of the year by large flights of cranes, which, having done their work in Mozambique or Abyssinia, are coming northward to make war upon the frogs in the quagmires of Asia Minor. Yonder, amid the evergreen foliage of the arbutus, with its shining blossoms, or rich red fruit, which scents the air like a heap of strawberries, you perceive the golden-crested hoopoe, preferred by the ancient Greeks before the eagle, as the truest claimant of the bird-sceptre. To see this bird in his real home, you must cross the Ægæan, and take up your stand amid the leafy glades of Parnes or Cithæron, whither of old he retired from the bustle of Athens, to exercise his authority in peace. As a king he could not but dislike the noise and license of a popular government, where everybody was his own king, and, as our neighbors express it, governed himself *tant bien que mal*. Several of his subjects were suspected of cherishing a hankering after the uplands of Hymettus, for sinister purposes—they were partial, it was thought, to the flavor of honey; and as the bees there piled up their fragrant white combs, scenting the mountain and dripping with pellucid dew, the honey-sucker and several of his companions hovered constantly over the beds of wild thyme, and took advantage of every opportunity to dip their little bills in forbidden sweets. The old comic poet of Attica, whose imagination rivalled that of Shakspeare in richness, suggested a very strange

project to the birds of his time. The Divinities of Olympus, and especially their monarch, Zeus, having grown somewhat exigent, he counselled the subjects of the hoopoe to erect a vast metropolis in the air, and by spreading out their wings on all sides, to hinder the ascent of the fumes of sacrifices and smoke of incense, on which the Olympians were supposed to live. By this means, he affirmed, the gods would soon be brought to reason, and made to understand that they depended entirely upon man for the supply of their larders. In the development of this grotesque fancy, the Athenian dramatist brings together all the birds of Greece, many of whose characteristic notes are distinctly heard in his verses, twittering, chirping, or pouring forth their liquid voices in song.

It is difficult to connect any idea of happiness with cold. To enjoy life, you must have a genial atmosphere, which enables the heart to perform its functions with a thrill of satisfaction, and sends the blood tingling with pleasure through the veins. We talk of the merry month of May, of leafy June, of scorching July, of golden August; but the true type of the North is a man standing in a doubtful attitude, with one eye on the clouds, and the other on his umbrella, which he keeps ready to flap up at any moment against a shower. In many parts of the East, it is quite otherwise. Without fear of coughs or catarrhs, without shivering, without greatcoat, without umbrella, you may sit on rock or fallen tree, or recline at full length on the brown sward, listening to the cicada or the nightingale, while the sweet soft breeze, redolent of a thousand flowers, fans your cheek. Probably, traditions of the past enter largely into your feelings, and steep your fancy in poetry, which may account for the rapt delight inspired by listening even to the twittering of a sparrow amid the ruins of Chulminar, Palmyra, or Karnak. Here, in the highest temple ever reared by mortal hands, you may meditate or dream for many hours in the morning, undisturbed by a single footstep, till you fancy yourself alone with the past, and call up before you generations coeval with Menes. There is in Egypt a white eagle, not, properly speaking, an inhabitant, but a visitor

from the interior, far beyond the sources of the Nile. This bird, as you sit on a fallen shaft, often perches himself on the summit of the ruin, and appears to be watching you as intently as you watch him. His whole frame is motionless except the eyes, which roll incessantly in their sockets, and assume at times a fierce expression, as if he meant to fly at your throat. Suddenly, however, his attention is called away by some sound inaudible to you, and off he flies toward the river. If you rise and watch him, you may behold his form disappear among the waters, and soon afterward emerge again with prey in the beak. He is a fishing eagle, and lives on the mute dwellers in the Nile.

In the distant island of Crete, your eye and your ear are at once delighted by the form and notes of the blue thrush, the rarest bird in the Mediterranean. As you sit and listen on the southern slopes of Olympus, you behold the brilliant songster, seated, perhaps, on the waving bough of some golden willow, its little breast palpitating with music, invoking passionately the coming night—for the thrush never sings so sweetly as at evening's close, so that its latest song is often mistaken for that of the nightingale. Amid the deep gorges of the white mountains, which send their bases sheer out into the sea, you may often hear from the deck the lays of the thrush, which are scarcely terminated ere they are taken up by those of Philomela, so that for a while you almost forget the transition. Soon, however, your ear, if endowed with sensibility, detects the superiority of the queen of night, as in throbs and gushes, she commemorates the causes of her sorrow. In those latitudes, all nature seems to be but one instrument of music—everything is in harmony—the calm, deep-blue sky, the rocks, the wood-clad mountains, the streams, the ripple of the waves among white pebbles upon the beach. Suddenly, a sharp, shrill cry is heard far up between the crags—it is the scream of the night-hawk, as it darts upon some prey gliding timidly through the darkness.

The true region of birds, however, is farther east, where Garganus overlooks the plains, where the Mæander winds, where Ephesus and Miletus in ruins, speak of Hellenic civilization, where the

Carduchian shepherd drives his flocks, where the Turk, calm and quiet, mutters: "La illah, il ullah!" to himself at midnight, or smokes his refreshing pipe amid the splendors of the dawn.

Storn winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime!

Even in December, marigolds and anemones spring from the turf beneath the olive-trees, myrtles are in full blossom, and in the groves the orange-trees display their golden fruit amid the dark-green foliage. Little more than a month later, the almond-trees are in flower; hyacinths and daffodils are profuse in the meadows; while the bees in every copse and thicket hum busily at their work. It is then extremely pleasant to sit at midnight on the house-top, and listen to such sounds as greet the ear at such an hour. Among these, one of the most extraordinary is the noise made by the cranes, which, high up in the air, call to each other, apparently that they may not miss their way in the dazzling moonlight. The imagination of the Arabs created a race of beings analogous to humanity, who could share the pleasure of the cranes by flying through the air, and gazing upon the beauty which earth displays in her sleep. This, in fact, was only attributing sense, reason, and the power of observation, to storks, cranes, and other night-wanderers, which must, they imagined, enjoy extreme delight while passing over deserts, broad rivers, lofty mountains, large cities, towers, towns, villages, and hamlets bathed in moonlight, or touched by the mystic glimmer of the stars. A favorite bird with the Muslims is the curlew, to which they attribute a knowledge of religious truth, affirming that, in its solitary flight, it pronounces incessantly one of the orthodox professions of faith: "Lak, lak, lak! la Kharya Kalak fih il mulk"—God alone is king of the world, without second or companion. In the Great Desert, the traveller is often startled by this religious exclamation of the curlew, uttered in a sharp, shrill tone as he wings his way through the air. The belief is common in the East that all birds have a language, which, through incessant study, may be learned by man; and it is certain that these aerial creatures understand each other as well as we do.

Upon superficial observation, their notes appear to be few, so that we arrive at the conclusion that their ideas are so likewise; but this need not be the case, since every inflection of the voice with them, as with us, may convey different shades of meaning, so that their language may be far more copious than appears at first sight. Of course, they have made considerable proficiency in botany, natural history, and meteorology, since they would otherwise be unable to discern, as they do at a glance, the nature of plants, the character of animals, and the changes of the weather. By this knowledge, they preserve themselves from being poisoned, from attacking animals which they are unable to master, and from remaining longer in one climate than suits their health or their provisions. They are likewise extensively acquainted with geography, so that they can traverse vast tracts of country without ever losing their way, directing their marches no doubt by observing certain mountains, rivers, or coasts, which, from their elevated points of observation, they discover at a great distance. When we ourselves desire to describe the shortest distance between any two places, we say, "As the crow flies," his flight being regulated with mathematical precision in a right line. Notions like these have led the orientals to indulge in wild speculations on the wisdom of the winged creation, which can not only comprehend the present but foretell the future; in which opinion several ancient nations concurred, persuading themselves that they might discover the course of coming events by the flight of birds, and the import of those events by the notes they uttered.

From this frolic of eastern fancy, the good folks about Parnes, Cithæron, and Hymettus make a terrible descent, and alight in the kitchen, in which birds of all sizes and colors are suspended for culinary purposes, from the wild-duck and the widgeon to the sycophas, beccafico, or ortolan of our northern vocabulary. Travellers who happen to be gourmands might, in the season of ripe figs, make a voyage to Attica, exclusively to taste of this rare delicacy in perfection. When brought to us it is often stale and musty; but in Attica the sycophas comes to table sweet and fresh, dressed in a vine-leaf,

and flavored with the taste of its favorite food. Intending to devour him, man diligently studies his habits and manners. As soon as the figs begin to ripen, and put on that purple bloom more exquisite than even that of the banana, the sycophas appears in clouds, and settling on the stems of the huge green leaves, pecks adroitly at the rind of the fruit, which its bill penetrates, and draws its delicate nourishment from the pulp within. By this succulent food, the little garden-thief grows so fat that he experiences some difficulty in making his escape, when the lord of the creation, fowling-piece in hand, appears to terminate his delights. In multitudes, therefore, the sycophas falls, and after passing through the fire to the Moloch of the kitchen, is transferred in his vine-leaf shroud to the table of the epicure. A few years ago, and perhaps still in many parts, the falcon was used as a purveyor of delicacies, but not being gifted with the discrimination of his master, he often flew at birds not very well adapted for eating. Instead, for example, of a fat pigeon, he would pounce upon a speckled owl, which, in truth, is no better than a winged cat, feeding on mice and other vermin. In one season of the year, nature precipitates a delicacy on the Levantines, of which we can scarcely form an idea—we mean the quail, which, breeding Heaven knows where, is blown, as it were by a hurricane, into Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece. The partridge is fine, especially when cooked in Burgundy, and flavored with its red wine; but the quail without this accompaniment, for which is substituted a tumbler of Nile-water, must, we think, be allowed to be far more delicate eating. The plover, too, wherever found, makes good its claim to be ranked among the foremost of edible birds, though there is some risk of its being exterminated from England by the rage for its eggs. Desirous of making an experiment on a new kind of game, we once attempted to devour a pelican. What a disappointment! From its breast, when roasted, we hewed a slice larger than could have been obtained from the fattest Norwich turkey. But what was it like? We can compare it to nothing but bull-beef tasting like a fish! No civilized stomach could relish so Cyclopean a feast, so it was handed

over to the savages who accompanied us, who speedily picked it to the bones.

GREAT NATURAL TEMPLE.

By W. H. Bidwell.

THERE is a temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, which no human eye has seen or footstep entered. There is also one temple on earth not made with hands, wondrous in its origin, and in its superlative beauty and grandeur. Its foundations were laid in remote ages. No human eyes were present to witness the ceremonies; no human architect had drawn the plan, or sketched its outline; no human history records its beginning or its progress. It was begun long anterior to the Temple of Solomon, or of Diana, or of Karnak, or Baalbeck, or all the temples of antiquity. It is not yet completed. It is of colossal proportions. Its vast halls, and domes, and columns, and ornaments of surpassing beauty and magnificence, are as fresh to-day as they were ages ago. The old temples of antiquity have crumbled and fallen by the hand of time or the resistless power of earthquakes. But no ravages of time or earthquakes have disturbed or marred this wondrous temple. Its architecture is inimitable in its outlined grandeur, and in its marvellous and minute details. All human genius and skill combined could not erect another temple like it. It is as if a divine architect had planned and built it thus far, as an exhibition of infinite wisdom and skill, to put in the shade all human efforts. Its materials contain no wood or iron, or brass, or silver, or gold, or marble, or precious stones. And yet its countless columns and walls seem to sparkle with myriad diamonds. Millions of little workers are incessantly busy at all hours in advancing, and moulding, and finishing up this unique temple. No rays of the sun ever light up the aisles, or arches, or domes of this vast temple. And yet forty thousand candles have imparted to it a splendor such as no other temple of earth has exhibited. No pen can adequately describe the amazing structure, or convey a full impression of it to the mind. The human eye must see it, gaze upon it, study it in all its varied aspects, in order to receive a perfect idea of it.

But we must not longer detain the reader in the vestibule. Let us go into the temple itself. We had scarcely known or read much of this edifice till shortly before we entered it.

We stepped into the express train in early morning at the chief central city of Europe. It was a cloudless summer day in 1867. Old Phœbus had started the chariot horses of the sun an hour before us, and was driving up the western sky faster than our railroad speed, amid a halo of golden splendor. Our iron horse, as if excited to rivalry by the celestial racer, started off at high speed across the fertile and luxuriant plain, and then up a beautiful valley, begirt with Alpine cliffs, and anon bridging the rushing and roaring streams, and climbing the hills and mountains by winding and zigzag railway tracks in a marvellous way, as if resolute to scale the highest Alps on our route.

This vast panorama of magnificent mountain scenery belonging to the great Alpine family extended three hundred miles along our track at a high elevation, till we lighted down, late in the afternoon, at the station, a short walk from the entrance to the temple. A guide conducted us at once to the official bureau of the grotto. The order was promptly made out for its illumination. We went with the janitor and his men along a beautiful avenue of trees to the iron gate which leads into the long vestibule of the temple. We sat down alone in the shadows of evening, near the entrance gate, while the attendants disappeared, whither we could not see or tell. Silence reigned. No human habitation was near. The pulse of mental excitement and curiosity beat strong. A new chapter and new scenes were about to open before us. It was a strange episode in the romance of travel. Curtains concealed all from view.

At length the sound of footsteps came from within the temple. Lights gleamed along the vestibule. The iron gate swung open on its hinges. We were bid to enter; we advanced along the vast Gothic portico with increasing bewilderment, till suddenly it opened into the great hall of the temple, which is three hundred feet long, and its dome one hundred feet high. The attendants had illuminated this vast room with nu-

merous lights, which gleamed around and imparted splendor to the scene, while we waited outside the gate. This is, properly speaking, the great antechamber or reception-room of the temple.

We have ventured to call it the great temple of nature, in obedience to the impressions we received of its vastness and the magnificence of its dimensions. It might, indeed, be described as a series of temples, under one immense dome, or series of domes. We had stood in utter amazement in the antechamber, amid the blaze of lights. As we advanced further along the aisles, into the deeper and still deeper recesses of this wonderful structure, we inquired of the keeper, with feelings of mingled astonishment and awe, "What is the extent of this grand temple?" "It extends five miles," was his answer. Think of a temple equal in dimensions to five hundred like that of St. Peter's at Rome! I can think of no better comparison to convey an impression of its vast magnificence and grandeur.

Thus far this description may seem quite enigmatical. But, enigma aside, we beg to conduct the reader into the antechamber of the great natural temple in the mountains near Adelsberg, Germany, three hundred miles from Vienna. It is regarded as the grandest exhibition of the kind in all Europe or the world. The wonders and beauties of this vast grotto are formed by stalactite incrustations of surpassing richness and variety. They have accumulated in the countless ages of the past, and are still in process.

Let us now attempt a more minute description, although it is almost a hopeless task to attempt a description of the immense and almost infinite variety of natural forms and groups, with their pendent stalactites and stalagmites, arranged on every side, representing graceful halls decorated with fantastic forms, long galleries, immense recesses, animals, vegetables, statues, draperies, festoons, vases, that appear most brilliant and variously colored; crystals, pyramids, obelisks, porticos, vestibules, and colossal monuments adorned with columns and other ornaments, that seem to have been carved and erected by the most patient and skilful hands. All these objects awaken astonishment and admiration of the strange beauties and

the glittering decorations which these vast temple recesses present to the gaze of the visitor in such abundance and perfection.

Passing from the antechamber let us go stand, first, in the Cathedral, so called. This vast and imposing area has the form of an immense cupola, dome-shaped. It is ninety feet high, three hundred and seventy feet long, and one hundred and sixty feet in width. It has been sometimes called the *Temple of Neptune*. Perhaps it is because of the subterranean river, whose murmuring waters flow by near at hand. It is the river of the temple, over which is an artificial bridge erected for the convenience of visitors. This river, after its long subterranean passage, issues forth beyond the mountains.

Pass we on now to the next scene, of smaller dimensions. Before us are some beautiful stalactites, so arranged by nature that they resemble an enormous pulpit. Near at hand is the Market. The concretions are in the form of hams, sausages, hanging from above; other objects are noted, such as a head in antique costume, a garden, a diamond mine, a dolphin, various hanging draperies, a stove, the throne and statue of the Madonna and Child.

Passing on, we enter the principal gallery, adorned with various artistic groups, some representing cascades, the aurora borealis produced by an artificial arrangement of light, and then we arrive at the Prison of the temple.

We pass on into the next hall, which is called the Chair of St. Peter, because the stalactites and stalagmites are so singularly united as to form a group, exactly resembling the Cattedra di San Pietro at Rome. Beside the chair rises a column that seems to have been placed there for the purpose of bearing up the entablature of this majestic hall. The next columns which meet the eye are of extraordinary beauty. Magnificent curtains veil them like festoons, descending from above in superbly arranged folds. It would seem as if nature had designed in this manner to adorn to perfection this noble and sumptuous hall.

We pass on next into the great Music Hall. We should call it the "Academy of Music." It is sometimes called the Ball-room, though a temple seems a

singular place for a ball-room. It is called sometimes the Tournament Hall. It is about two hundred and twenty feet in length, ninety feet in width, and forty feet in height. The ground floor is smooth, and on the walls are many forms that represent cascades. On one side is an oval court, through which we pass into another small room covered with snowy crystallizations. This may be called the Lady's Retiring Room. On another side of the music hall we noticed a superb orchestra of ample space. In the main hall we noticed also a beautiful stalactite, which had the appearance of a sheet hanging from above. In this wondrous temple hall every year, on Monday of Whitsunday week, the young peasants and pretty country girls of the vicinity assemble in great numbers to enjoy a most brilliant festival. A numerous orchestra is present to impart music and animation to the scene. On such occasions all the halls and avenues are lighted up in this vast subterranean temple. We were informed, while traversing its aisles and halls, that a year or two since there was a grand gathering of Austrian nobility—a great assembly of beauty and fashion—when these halls were illuminated with forty thousand lamps, adding brilliancy to the scene. Hundreds come from distant cities on these occasions to visit the temple and enjoy these festivities—so magical as to resemble scenes in the enchanted palaces of the immortal Ariosto.

Behind the Mummies is the name of the next scene. Here the eye meets a beautiful stalactite chandelier, a perennial fountain, the Taper Closet, so called, and a picture that seems encased in a column some forty feet in height, of a brownish color, while all the rest is of the purest white. Next we stand before the mummies. The forms and folds of these stalagmites naturally recall the idea of mummies placed upright, with their bodies wrapped in cloth. Then by an open gallery into which we enter behind the mummies. From this standpoint are seen many forms of stalactites of incomparable beauty, which seem the work of exquisite art, rather than the handiwork of nature.

We pass next into the Sepulchre, so called from its exact resemblance to

that idea. It is not strange that a temple should contain a sepulchre. We had just returned from visits to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Beneath an arch is a wide, open space. All around it is adorned with stalactites and stalagmites, resembling the various objects which surround the Holy Sepulchre. The numerous columns of different forms and sizes, and an obelisk placed above it, complete the natural beauty of this marvellous group. Near by these is a recess, called by the name of an imperial lady, which is studded with rose-colored stalactites in veins. An elegant column, also some eighteen feet high, is pink-colored, with superb curtains suspended from above. A little beyond this is a small recess, which is called Little Calvary, from the beautiful and strange groups within it. A little further on are magnificent columns that seem incrustated with diamonds. Then next are innumerable stalactite threads which resemble the falling of rain. A little beyond are seen two little girls sleeping in a niche. Their heads are white, their clothes of a deep rose-color. And then, in strange contrast, we see the sword of Damocles, suspended by a most delicate stalactite, nine feet in length, and all around are scattered groups of exquisite beauty.

We next pass on to the pavilion *Belvedere*, so called because it contains a monument to the Emperor of Austria. The groups of colored calcareous concretions are truly wonderful in form and variety, as if nature was inexhaustible in her stores. And then, a little distance beyond, are seen colored tapestries, hanging from the walls in varied forms. And then transparent tents in ample folds, great brown columns rising from the water, and, to heighten the matchless beauty of the scene, the visitor or traveller hears near by the soft music of water from a perennial fountain falling from a height of sixty feet upon a stalagmite in the shape of a basin. The drops of silver spray fall condensed into a beautiful miniature lake which receives the waters of the fountain.

We had been wandering for hours along the gorgeous avenues and through the domed halls of this singular temple, note-book and pencil in hand; taking no account of the passing hours. We were

absorbed in wondering amazement at the scenes of beauty all along our path. We began at length to inquire of our guide when we should get through, and when we should find the entrance. We were in a labyrinth of wonders, and could never find our way out alone. We were close on to the midnight hours. We were in the bowels of the mountain, whose mighty superincumbent dome was over us; while the massive walls of this grand temple of nature shut us in, and shut us out from all the surrounding world. We thought it time to bend our course toward the land of the living, and so signified to our guide and his attendants. We were miles distant from the place of entrance. We seemed to take the parallel range of aisles and halls on our return. After a short walk we arrived in a sort of valley, in which we found singular and very beautiful groups entirely composed of many columns twisted together in all forms. Near this spot are immense masses of stalagmites heaped upon each other, and from that gigantic pile rises majestically the great column of St. Stephen.

This colossal column is decorated on either side with two other columns of smaller dimensions. On the summit is the statue of a saint, meaning St. Stephen. A short distance farther on we arrive at the foot of the so-called Mount Calvary. The scene here is indescribable. The eye rests upon a mountain of enormous stalactites, which seem to have been sundered and fallen from above. Upon these have been formed, in the lapse of ages, innumerable stalagmite masses, of all forms and many-colored, of surpassing grandeur. A path leads up to the summit, and on the way the eye lights upon a human skull of white stalagmite. And, strange as it may seem, near by this spot is another mass which represents the "Rape of the Sabines," so famed in the old art-world.

At the summit of Calvary we are filled with astonishment at the stupendous spectacle of nature seeming to represent the numerous statues and obelisks on the summit of the Cathedral of Milan. And then there is another column called the Watch Tower of Trieste; and here also rises a gigantic stalagmite mass called "Noah's Ark,"

and on the last summit a stalagmite covered or adorned with little columns, called appropriately "The Altar." The entrance to Calvary presents another object of wonder. It is full of grandeur. The entrance is estimated at a hundred feet high, adorned with calcareous incrustations of surpassing variety and beauty.

We come at length to the avenue of columns. On the right and left are ranges of beautiful columns, which give it the name Path of Columns. But we must not linger to describe many other objects of interest in our subterranean night journey in this wonderful temple. We only add the soft tones of chimes struck on the stalactite columns and the rainbow colorings on the lace bed-curtains of great beauty. At length, after long wanderings amid such scenes of absorbing interest, we heard the sullen roar of the rushing water near the entrance to the temple. We crossed the bridge, and soon issued outside to look upon the glittering stars of the midnight hour, very weary, but immensely delighted with our memorable visit to this grotto in the mountains of Adelsberg. By what natural laws of chemical combinations these varied forms and representative coincidences could be made to appear in this grand gathering of nature's family wonders, we are not philosopher enough to explain. We can only say, great and marvellous are Thy works, Thou great Creator and Architect of the world! With early dawn we resumed our journey in the cars.

Translated for the EOLYPTO from the French of
Erckmann-Chatrian.

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

[We begin in this number of the EOLYPTO a translation of a tale by the twin writers, Erckmann-Chatrian, whose historical novels have acquired such celebrity in France. No modern works of French fiction surpass them in popularity, in fidelity, and in interest. "The Conscript of 1813" and "Waterloo" have rapidly gone through fifteen or twenty editions. The present tale is translated from its fourth edition. Among the other writings of these authors are "Stories of the Mountain," "Madame Thérèse," "Confidences of a Clarionette Player," etc. Free from many of the vices of French novels, all of these striking tales have the charm of simplicity and vivacity. They are written conjointly by two authors, whose harmonious coöperation is one of the unexampled traits of this remarkable series of works of fiction. ED. EOLYPTO.]

I.

SINCE you wish to know about the blockade of Phalsburg in 1814, I will tell you all about it, said father Moses of the Jews' street.

I lived then in the little house on the corner, at the right of the market. My business was selling iron by the pound, under the arch below, and I lived above with my wife Sorlé (Sarah) and my little Sâfel, the child of my old age.

My two other boys, Itzig and Fromel, had gone to America, and my daughter Zeffin was married to Baruch, the leather-dealer, at Saverne.

Besides my iron business, I traded in old shoes, old linen, and all the articles of old clothing which conscripts sell on reaching the depot, where they receive their military outfit. Travelling pedlers bought the old shirts of me for paper-rags, and the other things I sold to the country people.

This was a profitable business, because thousands of conscripts passed through Phalsburg from week to week, and from month to month. They were measured at once at the mayoralty, clothed, and filed off to Mayence, Strasburg, or wherever it might be.

This lasted a long time; but at length people were tired of war, especially after the Russian campaign and the great recruiting of 1813.

You may well suppose, Fritz, that I did not wait till this time before sending my two boys beyond the reach of the recruiting officers' clutches. They were boys who did not lack sense. At twelve years old their heads were clear enough, and rather than go and fight for the King of Prussia, they would see themselves safe at the ends of the earth.

At evening, when we sat at supper around the lamp with its seven burners, their mother would sometimes cover her face and say:

"My poor children! My poor children! When I think that the time is near when you will go in the midst of musket and bayonet fire—in the midst of thunder and lightning!—oh, how dreadful!"

And I saw them turn pale. I smiled at myself and thought: 'You are no fools.' You will hold on to your life. That is right!

If I had had children capable of becoming soldiers, I should have died of grief. I should have said, "These are not of my race!"

But the boys grew stronger and handsomer. When Itzig was fifteen he was doing a good business. He bought cattle in the villages on his own account, and sold them at a profit to butcher Borich at Mittelbronn; and Fromel was not behind him, for he made the best bargains of the old merchandise, which we had heaped in three barracks under the market.

I should have liked well to keep the boys with me. It was my delight to see them with my little Sâfel—the curly head and eyes bright as a squirrel's—yes, it was my joy! Often I clasped them in my arms without a word, and even they wondered at it; I frightened them; but dreadful thoughts passed through my mind after 1812. I knew that whenever the Emperor had returned to Paris, he had demanded four hundred thousand and two or three hundred thousand men, and I said to myself:

"This time, everybody must go, even children of seventeen and eighteen!"

As the tidings grew worse and worse, I said to them one evening:

"Listen! you both understand trading, and what you do not yet know you can learn. Now, if you wait a few months, you will be on the conscription list, and be like all the rest; they will take you to the square and show you how to load a gun, and then you will go away, and I never shall hear of you again!"

Sorlé sighed, and we all sighed together. Then, after a moment, I continued:

"But if you set out at once for America, by the way of Havre, you will reach it safe and sound; you will do business there as well as here, you will make money, you will marry, you will increase according to the Lord's promise, and you will send me back money, according to God's commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother's. I will bless you as Isaac blessed Jacob, and you will have a long life. Choose!"

They at once chose to go to America, and I went with them myself as far as Sorreburg. Each of them had made

twenty louis in his own business, and I needed to give them nothing but my blessing.

And what I said to them has come to pass; they are both living, they have numerous children, who are my descendants, and when I need anything they send it to me.

Itzig and Fromel being gone, I had only Sâfel left, my Benjamin, dearer even, if possible, than the others. And then I had my daughter Zeffen, married at Saverne to a good respectable man, Baruch; she was the oldest, and had already given me a grandson named David, according to the Lord's will that the dead should be replaced in his own family; David was the name of Baruch's grandfather. The one expected was to be called after my father, Esdras.

You see, Fritz, how I was situated before the blockade of Phalsburg, in 1814. Everything had gone well up to that time, but for six weeks everything had gone ill in town and country. We had the typhus; thousands of wounded soldiers encumbered the houses; as the ground had lacked laborers for the last two years, everything was dear, bread, meat, and drink. The people of Alsatia and Lorraine did not come to market; our stores of merchandise did not sell; and when merchandise does not sell, it might as well be sand or stones; we were poor in the midst of abundance. Famine came from every quarter.

Ah well! in spite of it all, the Lord had a great blessing in store for me, for at this time, early in November, came the news that a second son was born to Zeffen, and that he was in fine health. I was so glad that I set out at once for Saverne.

You must know, Fritz, that if I was very glad, it was not only on account of the birth of a grandson, but also because my son-in-law would not be obliged to leave home, if the child lived. Baruch had always been fortunate; at the moment when the Emperor had made the Senate vote that unmarried men must go, he had just married Zeffen; and when the Senate voted that married men without children must go, he had his first child. Now, after the bad news, it was voted that married men with only one child should go, all the same, and Baruch had two.

At that time it was a fortunate thing to have quantities of children, to keep you from being massacred; no greater blessing could be desired! This is why I took my cane at once, to go and find out whether the child were sound and healthy, and whether it would save its father.

But for long years to come, if God spares my life, I shall remember that day, and what I met upon my way.

Imagine the road-side blocked, as it were, with carts filled with the sick and wounded, forming a single file all the way from Quatre-Vents to Saverne. The peasants put in requisition at Alsatia, to remove these poor creatures, had unharnessed their horses and escaped in the night, abandoning their vehicles; the hoar-frost had passed over them; there was not a motion or sign of life—all dead, as it were one long cemetery! Thousands of ravens covered the sky like a cloud; there was nothing to be seen but wings moving in the air, nothing to be heard but one murmur of innumerable cries. I would not have believed that heaven and earth could produce so many ravens. They flew down to the very carts; but the moment a living man approached, all these creatures rose and flew away, either to the forest of Bonne-Fontaine or to the ruins of the old convent of Dann.

As for myself, I lengthened my steps, feeling that I must not stop, that the typhus was marching at my heels.

Happily the winter sets in early at Phalsburg. A cold wind blew from the Schneeberg, and the strong draughts of mountain air disperse all maladies, even, it is said, the Black Plague itself.

What I have now told you is about the retreat from Leipsic, in the beginning of November.

When I arrived at Saverne, the city was crowded with troops, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, pell-mell.

I remember that, in the principal street, the windows of an inn were open, and a long table with its white cloth was seen, all prepared, within. All the guards of honor stopped there. These were young men of rich families, who had money enough, in spite of their tattered uniforms. Scarcely had they seen this table in passing, than they leaped from their horses and rushed

into the hall. But the innkeeper, Hannès, made them pay five francs in advance, and just as the poor things began to eat, the servant ran in, crying out, "The Prussians! the Prussians!" They sprang up at once and mounted their horses like madmen, without once looking back, and in this way Hannès sold his dinner more than twenty times.

I have often thought since that such brigands deserve hanging; yes, this way of getting money is not lawful business. It disgusted me.

But if I should describe the rest—the faces of the sick, the way in which they lay, the groans they uttered, and, above all, the tears of those who tried to walk and were not able—if I should tell you this, it would be still worse, it would be too much. I saw, on the rampart of the old tan-house bridge, a little guardsman of seventeen or eighteen years, stretched out, with his ear against the stone. I have never forgotten that child; he raised himself from time to time, and showed his hand as black as soot: he had a ball in the back which he tried to reach with his hand. The poor fellow had doubtless fallen from a cart. Nobody dared to help him, because they heard it said, "He has the typhus! he has the typhus." Oh, what misery! It is too dreadful to think of!

Now, Fritz, I must tell you another thing about that day, and that is where I saw the Marshal Victor.

It was late when I started from Phalsburg, and it was dark when, on going up the principal street, I saw all the windows of the Hotel du Soleil illuminated from top to bottom. Two sentinels walked to and fro under the arch, officers in full uniform went in and out, magnificent horses were fastened to rings along the walls; and, within the court, the lanterns of a calash shone like two stars.

The sentinels kept the street clear, but I must pass, because Baruch dwelt further on. I was going through the crowd, in front of the hotel, and the first sentinel was calling out to me, "Back! back!" when an officer of hussars, a short, stout man, with a great red mustache, came out of the arch, and as he met me, exclaimed,

"It is you, Moses! It is you! I am glad to see you!"

He shook hands with me.

I opened my eyes with amazement, as was natural: a superior officer shaking hands with a plain citizen is not an every-day occurrence. I looked at him in astonishment.

Then I recognized the Commander Zimmer.

Thirty years before we had been at Father Genaudet's school, and we had scoured the city, the moats, and the glacis together, like children, it is true! But since then Zimmer had spent a good deal of time in Phalsburg, without remembering his old comrade, Samuel Moses.

"Ho!" said he, smiling, and taking me by the arm, "come, I must present you to the marshal."

And, in spite of myself, before I had said a word, I went in under the arch, into a great hall, where two long tables, loaded with lights and bottles, were laid for the staff-officers.

A number of superior officers, generals, colonels, commanders of hussars, of dragoons, and of chasseurs, in plumed hats, in helmets, in red shakos, their chins in their huge cravats, their swords dragging, were walking silently back and forth, or talking with each other, while they waited to be called to the table.

It was difficult to pass through the crowd, but Zimmer kept hold of my arm, and led me to the end of the room, to a little lighted door.

We entered a high room, with two windows opening upon the garden.

The marshal was there, standing, his head uncovered; his back was toward us, and he was dictating orders which two staff-officers were writing.

This was all which I noticed at the moment, in my confusion.

Just after we entered, the marshal turned round; I saw that he had the good face of an old Lorraine peasant. He was a tall, powerful man, with a grayish head; he was about fifty years old, and seemed terribly heavy for his age.

"Marshal, here's our man!" said Zimmer. "He is one of my old schoolmates, Samuel Moses, a first-rate fellow, who has traversed the country these thirty

years, and knows every village in Alsatia and Lorraine."

The marshal looked at me a few steps off. I held my hat in my hand in great fear. After looking at me a couple of seconds, he took the paper which one of the secretaries handed him, read and signed it, then turned back to me:

"Well, my good man," said he, "what do they say about the last campaign? What do the people in your village think about it?"

On hearing him call me 'my good man,' I took courage, and answered 'that the typhus had made bad work, but the people were not disheartened, because they knew that the Emperor with his army was always at hand.'

And when he said abruptly: "Yes! But will they defend themselves?" I answered: "The Alsatians and the Lorraines are people who will defend themselves till death, because they love their Emperor, and they would all be willing to die for him!"

I said that by way of caution; but he could plainly see in my face that I was no fighting man, for he smiled good-humoredly, and said: "That will do, commander, that is enough!"

The secretaries had kept on writing. Zimmer made a sign to me, and we went out together. When we were outside he called out:

"Good-by, Moses, good-by!"

The sentinels let me pass, and still trembling, I continued my journey.

I soon came to the little door of Baruch's house at the end of the lane of the cardinal's old stables, where I knocked for some time.

It was pitch dark.

What a joy it was, Fritz, after having seen all these terrible things, to come to the place where those I loved were resting! How softly my heart beat, and how I pitied all that power and glory which make so many people miserable!

After a moment I heard my son-in-law enter the alley and open the door. Baruch and Zeffen had long since ceased expecting me.

"Is it you, my father?" asked Baruch.

"Yes, my son, it is I. I am late. I have been hindered."

"Come!" said he.

And we entered the little alley, and then into the chamber where Zeffen,

my daughter, lay, pale and happy, upon her bed.

She had already recognized my voice. As for me, my heart beat with pleasure; I could not speak; and I embraced my daughter, while I looked around to find the little one. Zeffen held it in her arms under the coverlet.

"There he is!" she said.

Then she showed him to me in his swaddling-clothes. I saw at once that he was plump and healthy, with his little hands closed tight, and I exclaimed:

"Baruch, this is Esdras, my father! Let him be welcome!"

I wanted to see him without his clothes, so I undressed him. It was warm in the little room from the lamp with seven burners. Tremblingly I undressed him; he did not cry, and my daughter's white hands assisted me:

"Wait, my father, wait!" said she.

My son-in-law looked on behind me. We all had tears in our eyes.

At last I had him all undressed; he was rosy, and his large head tossed about, sleeping the sleep of centuries. Then I lifted him above my head; I looked at his round thighs all in creases, at his little drawn-up feet, his broad chest and plump back, and I should have liked to dance like David before the ark; I should have liked to chant: "Praise the Lord! Praise Him ye servants of the Lord! Praise the name of the Lord! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and forever more! From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised! The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens! Who is like unto the Lord our God, who raiseth up the poor out of the dust, who maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children? Praise ye the Lord!"

Yes, I should have liked to chant this, but all that I could say was: "He is a fine, perfect child! He is going to live! He will be the blessing of our race and the joy of our old age!"

And I blessed them all.

Then, giving him back to his mother to be covered, I went to embrace the other, who was sound asleep in his cradle.

We remained there together a long time, to see each other, in this joy. With-

out, horses were passing, soldiers calling, carriages rolling by. Here all was quiet: the mother nursed her infant.

Ah! Fritz, I am an old man now, and these far-off things are always before me, as at the first; my heart always beats in recalling them, and I thank God for his great goodness,—I thank Him. He has loaded me with years, he has permitted me to see the third generation, and I am not weary of life: I should like to live on and see the fourth and the fifth—His will be done!

I should have liked to tell of what had just happened to me at the Hotel du Soleil, but everything was insignificant in comparison with my joy; only after I had left the chamber, while I was taking a mouthful of bread and drinking a glass of wine in the side-hall, so as to let Zeffen sleep, I related the adventure to Baruch, who was greatly surprised.

"Listen, my son," said I, "this man asked me if we want to defend ourselves. That shows that the allies are following our armies, that they are marching by hundreds of thousands, and that they cannot be hindered from entering France. So you see that, in the midst of our joy, there is danger of terrible evils; you see that all the harm which we have done to others for these last ten years may return upon us. I believe so. God grant that I may be mistaken!"

After this we went to bed. It was eleven o'clock, and the tumult without still continued.

II.

Early the next morning, after breakfast, I took my cane to return to Phalsburg. Zeffen and Baruch wanted to keep me longer, but I said:

"You do not think of your mother, who is expecting me. She does not keep still a minute; she keeps going upstairs and down, and looking out of the window. No; I must go. Sorlé must not be uneasy while we are comfortable."

Zeffen said no more, and filled my pockets with plums and nuts for her brother Sâfel. I embraced them again, the little ones and the big; then Baruch led me far back of the gardens, to the place where the roads to Schlittenbach and Lutzelburg divide.

The troops had all left, only stragglers and the sick remaining. But we could still see the line of carts in the distance, on the hill, and bands of day-laborers who had been set to work digging ditches back of the road.

The very thought of passing that way disturbed me. I shook hands with Baruch at this fork of the road, promising to come again with the grandmother to the circumcision, and then took the valley road, which leads through the woods to Zorn.

This path was full of dead leaves, and for two hours I walked on the slope of the hill, thinking at times of the Hotel du Soleil, of Zimmer, of Marshal Victor, whom I seemed to see again, with his tall figure, his square shoulders, his gray head, and coat covered with embroidery. Sometimes I pictured to myself Zeffen's chamber, the little babe and its mother; then the war which threatened us—that mass of enemies advancing from every side!

Several times I stopped in the midst of these valleys, sloping into each other as far as the eye can reach, all covered with firs, oaks, and beeches, and I said to myself:

"Who knows? Perhaps the Prussians, Austrians, and Russians will soon pass along here!"

But there was comfort in this thought; "Moses, your two boys, Itzig and Fromel, are in America far from the reach of cannon; they are there with their packs on their shoulders, going from village to village without danger. And your daughter Zeffen, too, may sleep in quiet; Baruch has two fine children, and will have another every year while the war lasts. He will sell leather to make bags and shoes for those who have to go, but, for his part, he will stay at home."

I smiled as I thought that I was too old to be conscripted, that I was a gray-head, and the conscriptors could have none of us. Yes; I smiled as I saw that I had acted very wisely in everything, and that the Lord had, as it were, cleared my path.

It is a great satisfaction, Fritz, to see that everything is working to our advantage.

In the midst of these thoughts, I came quietly to Lutzelburg, and I went to

Brestel's at the Swan Hotel to take a cup of coffee.

There I found Bernard, the soap merchant, whom you do not know—a little man, bald to the very nape of the neck, with great wens on his head—and Donadien, the Harberg forest-keeper. One had laid his hod and the other his gun against the wall, and they were emptying a bottle of wine between them. Brestel was helping.

"Ha! it is Moses," exclaimed Bernard. "Where the devil dost thou come from, so early in the morning?"

Christians in those days were in the habit of *thou-ing* the Jews—even the old men. I answered that I had come from Saverne, by the valley.

"Ah! thou hast seen the wounded," said the keeper. "What thinkest thou of that, Moses?"

"I have seen them," I replied sadly, "I saw them last evening. It is dreadful!"

"Yes, it is; everybody has gone up there to-day, because old Gredal of Quatre-Vents found his nephew under a cart—Joseph Bertha, the little lame watchmaker who worked last year with father Goulden; so the people from Dagsberg, Houpe, and Garburg, expect to find their brothers, or sons, or cousins in the heap."

He shrugged his shoulders compassionately.

"These things are dreadful," said Brestel, "but they must come. There has been no business these two years; I have back here, in my court, three thousand pounds' worth of planks and timber. That would formerly have lasted me for six weeks or two months; but now it is all rotting on the spot; nobody wants it on the Sarre, nobody wants it in Alsatia, nobody orders anything or buys anything. It is just so with the hotel. Nobody has a sous; everybody stays at home, thankful if they have potatoes to eat and cold water to drink. Meanwhile my wine and beer turn sour in the cellar, and are covered with mildew. And all that does not keep off the duties; you must pay, or the Hussars will be upon you."

"Yes," cried Bernard, "it is the same thing everywhere. But what is it to the Emperor whether planks and soap sell or not, provided the contributions come in and the conscripts arrive?"

Donadiou perceived that his comrade had taken a glass too much; he rose, put back his gun into his shoulder-belt, and went out, calling to us.

"Good-by to you all, good-by! We will talk about that another time."

A few minutes afterward, I paid for my cup of coffee, and followed his example.

I had the same thoughts as Brestel and Bernard; I saw that my trade in iron and old clothes was at an end; and as I went up the Barracks' hill I thought, "Try to find something else, Moses. Everything is at a stand-still. But one cannot use up his money to the last farthing. I must turn to something else—I must find an article which is always saleable. But what is always saleable? Every trade has its day, and then it comes to an end."

While thus meditating, I passed the barracks of the Oak Forest. I was on the plateau from which I could see the glacis, the line of ramparts, and the bastions, when the firing of a cannon gave notice that the marshal was leaving the place. At the same time I saw at the left, in the direction of Mittelbronn, the line of sabres flashing like lightning in the distance among the poplars of the highway. The trees were leafless, and I could see, too, the carriage and positions passing like the wind through the plumes and colbacs.

The cannon pealed, second after second; the mountains gave back peal after peal, from the depths of their valleys; and as for myself, I was quite carried away by the thought of having seen this man the day before; it seemed like a dream.

Then, about ten o'clock, I passed the bridge of the French gate. The last cannon sounded upon the bastion of the powder-house; the crowd of men, women, and children descended the ramparts, as if it were a festival; they knew nothing, thought of nothing, while cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose in every street.

I passed through the crowd, well pleased at bringing good news to my wife; and I was murmuring to myself beforehand, "The little one is doing well, Sorlé!" when, at the corner of the market, I saw her at our door. I raised my cane at once, with a smile, as much as to say "Baruch is safe—we may laugh!"

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She understood me, and went in at once; but I overtook her on the stairs, and embraced her, saying:

"It is a good, hearty little fellow—there! Such a baby—so round and rosy! And Zeffen is doing well. Baruch wished me to embrace you for him. But where is Sâfel?"

"Under the market, selling."

"Ah, good!"

We went into our room. I sat down and began to praise Zeffen's baby. Sorlé listened with delight, looking at me with her great, black eyes, and wiping my forehead, for I had walked fast, and could hardly breathe.

And then, all of a sudden, our Sâfel came in. I had not time to turn my head before he was on my knees, with his hands in my pockets. The child knew that his sister Zeffen never forgot him; and Sorlé, too, liked to bite an apple.

You see, Fritz, when I think of these things, everything comes back to me; I could talk to you about it forever.

It was Friday, the day before the Sabbath; the *Schabbés-Gozé** was to come in the afternoon. While we were still alone at dinner, and I related for the fifth and sixth time how Zimmer had recognized me, how he had taken me into the presence of the Duke of Bellune, my wife told me that the marshal had made the tour of our ramparts on horseback, with his staff-officers; that he had examined the advanced works, the bastions, the glacis, and that he had said, as he went down the college street, that the place would hold out for eighteen days, and that it must be fortified immediately.

I remembered at once that he had asked me if we wished to defend ourselves, and I exclaimed: "He is sure that the enemy is coming; if he puts cannon upon the ramparts, it is because there will be need of them. It is not natural to make preparations which are not to be used. And, if the allies come, the gates will be shut. What will become of us without our business? The country people can neither go in nor out, and what will become of us?"

* Woman, not Israelite, who on Saturday performs in every Jewish household the labors forbidden by the law of Moses.

Then Sorlé showed her good sense, for she said:

"I have already thought about this, Moses; it is only the peasants who buy iron, old shoes, and our other things. We must undertake a city business, for all classes—a business which will oblige citizens, soldiers, and workmen to buy of us. That is what we must do."

I looked at her in surprise. Sâfel, with his elbow on the table, was also listening.

"It is all very well, Sorlé," I replied, "but what business is there which will oblige citizens, soldiers, everybody to buy of us—what business is there?"

"Listen," said she; "if the gates are shut and the country people cannot enter, there will be no eggs, butter, fish, or anything in the market. People will have to live on salt meats and dried vegetables, flour, and all kinds of preserved articles. Those who have bought up these can sell them at their own price; they will grow rich."

As I listened I was struck with astonishment.

"Ah, Sorlé! Sorlé!" I exclaimed, "for thirty years you have been my comfort. Yes, you have crowned me with all sorts of blessings, and I have said a hundred times, 'A good wife is a diamond of pure water, and without flaw. A good wife is a rich treasure for her husband.' I have repeated it a hundred times. But now I know still better what you are worth, and esteem you still more highly."

The more I thought of it, the more I acknowledged the wisdom of this advice. At length I said:

"Sorlé, meat, and flour, and everything which can be kept, are already in the storehouses, and the soldiers will not need such things for a long time, because their officers will have provided them. But what will be wanted is brandy, which men must have to massacre and exterminate each other in war, and brandy we will buy! We will have plenty of it in our cellar, we will sell it, and nobody else will have it. That is my idea!"

"It is a good idea, Moses!" said she; "your reasons are good; I approve of them."

"Then I will write," said I, "and we will invest everything in spirits of wine. We will add water ourselves, in propor-

tion as people wish to pay for it. In this way the freight will be less than if it were brandy, for we shall not have to pay for the transportation of the water, which we have here."

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And we agreed.

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"So my father thinks I am an idiot."

This thought humiliated him. Some years afterward he told me of it, and I perceived that I had been wrong.

Everybody has his notions. Children should not be humiliated in theirs, but rather upheld by their parents.

III.

So I wrote to Pézenas. This is a southern city, rich in wools, wines, and brandies. The price of brandies at Pézenas controls that of all Europe. A trading man ought to know that, and I knew it, because I had always liked to read the list of prices in the newspapers. I sent to M. Quataya, at Pézenas, for a dozen pipes of spirits of wine. I calculated that, after paying the freight, a pipe would cost me a thousand francs, delivered in my cellar.

As I had sold no iron for a year, I disposed of my merchandise without asking anything for it; the payment of the twelve thousand francs did not trouble me. Only, Fritz, those twelve thousand francs were half my fortune, and you may suppose that it required some courage to risk in one venture the gains of fifteen years.

As soon as my letter was gone, I wished I could bring it back, but it was too late. I kept a good face before my wife, and said, "It will all do well! We shall gain double, triple, etc."

She, too, kept a good face, but we both had misgivings; and during the six weeks necessary for the receipt of the acknowledgment and acceptance of

my order, the invoice and the spirits of wine, every night I lay awake, thinking, "Moses, you have lost everything! You are ruined from top to toe!"

The cold sweat covered my body. However, if any one had come to me and said, "Be easy, Moses, I will relieve you of this business," I should have refused, because my hope of gain was as great as my fear of loss. And by this you may know who are the true merchants, the true generals, and all who accomplish anything. Others are but machines for selling tobacco, for filling glasses, or firing guns.

It all comes to the same thing. One man's glory is as great as another's. This is why, when we speak of Austerlitz, Jena, or Wagram, it is not a question of Jean Claude or Jean Nicholas, but of Napoleon alone; he alone risked everything, the others risked only being killed.

I do not say this to compare myself with Napoleon, but the buying of these twelve pipes of spirits of wine was my battle of Austerlitz.

And when I think that, on reaching Paris, Napoleon had demanded four hundred and forty millions of money, and *six hundred thousand men!* and that then everybody, understanding that we were threatened with an invasion, undertook to sell and to make money at any cost, while I bought, unhampered by the example of others, —when I think of this, I am proud of it still and take courage.

It was in the midst of these disquietudes that the day for the circumcision of little Esdras arrived. My daughter Zeffen had recovered, and Baruch had written to us not to trouble ourselves, for they would come to Phalsburg.

My wife then hastened to prepare the meats and cakes for the festival: the *bie-kougel*, the *haman*, and the *schlachmoness*, which are great delicacies.

On my part, I had tested my best wine for the old Rabbi Heymann, and I had invited my friends, Leiser of Mittelbronn and his wife Boûné, Senterlé Hirsch, and Professor Burguet. Burguet was not a Jew, but he was worthy of being one on account of his genius and extraordinary talents.

When a speech was wanted in the Emperor's progress, Burguet made it;

when songs were needed for a national festival, Burguet composed them in a breath; when a young candidate for law or medicine was perplexed in writing his thesis, he went to Burguet, who wrote it for him, whether in French or Latin; when fathers and mothers were to be moved to tears at the distribution of school prizes, Burguet was the man to do it; he took a blank sheet of paper, and read them a discourse on the spot, such as nobody else could have written in ten years; when a petition was to be made to the Emperor or prefect, Burguet was the first man thought of; and when Burguet took the trouble to defend a deserter before the court-martial at the mayoralty, the deserter, instead of being shot on the bastion of the barracks, was pardoned.

After all this, Burguet would return and take his part in picket with the little Jew, Solomon, at which he always lost; and people troubled themselves no more about him.

I have often thought that Burguet must have greatly despised those to whom he took off his hat. Yes, to see the fellows putting on important airs because they were rural guard or secretary of the mayoralty, must have made a man like him laugh in his sleeve. But he never told me so; he knew the ways of the world too well.

He was an old constitutional priest, a tall man, with a noble figure and very fine voice; the very tones of it would move you in spite of yourself. Unfortunately, he did not take care of his own interests; he was at the mercy of the first comer. How many times I have said to him:

"Burguet, in heaven's name, don't get mixed up with thieves! Burguet, don't let yourself be robbed by simpletons! Trust me about your college expenses. When anybody comes to impose upon you I will be on the spot; I will verify the notes, and give you account of them."

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The father and mother, with the little infant, and its godfather and godmother,

long the commander of her Majesty's fleet. Next to him stands Sir Walter Raleigh, so long in the Queen's service, and both appear watching the progress of things, ready to defend and protect their royal mistress. Other personages are the ladies in waiting, attending on the Queen's person, and still others are supposed to be the various officers of the court. The expression on the Queen's face seems to be, thus far, that she does not discover anything in Macbeth to give offence, or to require the censure

of her Majesty. With this explanation, we leave the reader to the perusal of Macbeth at his convenience, and to form his own conclusions of the whole matter, with the hope he will be pleased with the engraving, if he is not with Macbeth.

Elizabeth was Queen of England forty-five years, and died at the age of seventy, in 1603. Shakespere was a few years younger than the Queen, and outlived her thirteen years, and died in 1616.

POETRY.

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

My lover was the noblest man of all:
Of many a noble soul in Padua
The bravest and the noblest. Who like him
Spoke words that fired the hearer when he heard—
Did deeds that wrung the praises from his foes,
Ay, and their envy too? For so it chanced,
Two factions tore the state with mortal feud,
Malice, and murder. Not a man went forth
But kept his eyes astrain, his hands alert,
His poniard sharply pointed. As for me
(Like poor Giulietta of the Capulets),
My lover was the marked and special foe,
The hatred of the house that gave me birth:
Dear Gésu, how they hated! Yet by stealth
We kept a tryst or two. They heard of it!
Trust me, in Padua, if a mouse creep forth
At midnight, keep his tryst, and tumble back
In the small hours of the morning, not a soul
Next day but hears it in the market-place.
This roused their vengeance, and to make it sure
They gave my hand—confirmed it with an oath—
To Agostino; whom I knew right well
To be both base and treacherous, loved of none,
Or man or woman. Thus the matter stood.
One day the priests came to me, and began
To argue. Have you never heard a priest
Argue? Maria, how my flesh did creep! —
I can't remember half the things they said,
So subtly were they spoken! but at length—
You see, I am a mere child still!—it seemed
Almost a virtue to be vile: almost
A vice to shun the villauy they proposed.
So, to be brief, I lent myself at last
(They pledged God's favor for it!), and agreed
To bring Gioranni to a rendezvous
That very night, beside the palace walls,
Under the lime-trees. There—he being secure
(As not foreboding falseness from a soul
He had taken to swear his oaths by)—all the while
Three trusty witnesses with ears aprick
In the lime-trees—I, for my part, was to draw
His plots and purpose from him, word by word.
I undertook the business. Could I stand
Out and refuse their bidding—three such priests,

Backed by our Mother Church? I laid my plan
Calmly and warily.—What's that you say?
Just hear the rest of the story.—So the hour
Came round, too quickly; and I took my place
At the time appointed: Father Angelo
Perched slyly in an angle of the wall
To watch us. Punctual to a fault he came,
Close muffled as I warned him, with his face
Hid from their curious gaze. He cast his arms
About me, strained me closely, and—just then
The moon peeped round the corner of a cloud,
And caught us—how I blush'd! He held me tight,
Spite of the moon, and murmured in my ear
Words—how should I remember?—lover's words,
That may mean much, or nothing. Do you think
I marked them, with my bravoës overhead,
Biting their sharp stilettoes with their teeth
To keep the laughter in? I paused awhile.
You'll say I shrunk to call them? Next I drew
His ear down close to hear me, and—perhaps—
It may be—once—one little kiss: you see
His face just touched! I scarcely think I kissed!
We'll say his cheek kissed me. And then we spoke
In whispers. Trust me, they had heard enough
Of love! So then I set me to my task,
Drew all his secret from him, word by word.
He pour'd his tale out as a man that pours
The best flask of his cellar for his friend
To pledge him with before they say Addio.
Why not? we said Addio, for were not these
The last farewells between us, ere his soul
'Scaped from my hands to God's? I raised my
voice,
And spoke that they might hear me: "Is this all?
All—every word of the story?" Thereupon,
Sans ceremony, down my bravoës dropped,
Like three ripe peaches dropping from the wall,
And while his answer wither'd on his lips
(Did he suspect me false then?)—one, two, three,
They stabbed him! You may fancy how I screamed!
They stabbed him twice again, to make all sure,
Then left me with my dead. I think one tear
Escaped me—one was genuine, as I sate
Wailing my fate. But up the Padre came,
And took me to confession. "Is he dead?"
His voice unshaken (as befits the voice

Of one who served his mistress — that's the Church!).

"Ay, dead, dead, dead!" I answered with a groan.
So to confession. All my lover's tale
I told him—plot and counterplot—as, thus
Giovanni purposed—thus Giuseppe swore—
And thus was Giulio's counsel. Then he stood
And gave me absolution; and I saw
A light was in his eyes, of triumph won,
And vengeance close at hand. But as for me,
I think mine eye was bright—I know my heart
Laughed inwardly, albeit my body shook,
As shook those lime-trees when the moon stole forth
And caught us kissing. So I got me home,
And ere the quick sun's earliest beams had touched
The top vanes of the churches, we were safe:
My lover still the noblest man of men—
Giovanni and I!

You guess the rest of the tale?
'Twas Agostino that was kissing me
Under the lime-trees. I had spread my nets
Warily, promising I know not what
Sweet things, and luring him with honeyed lies.
(Leave a woman alone for that!) Poor fool,
I pitied him; but what was I to do?
I had but two to choose from, so I chose
Giovanni, and hold him in Verona's walls
Safe to this day, uomo degli uomini!

LEWIS GERSTEAN.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

SONG OF THE WIND.

I SPORT at morn amid flowery beds,
Tossing the leaves that the ripe rose sheds;
Drying the tear from the aster's eye;
Seeking the shade where the violets lie;
Ringing glad peals on the heather-bell;
Summoning the bee from his honey-cell;
Kissing to ripeness the peache's cheek;
Painting the apple with scarlet streak;
Gathering the pearly drops of dew,
Where the timorous field-mouse hides from view;
Nor caring to think, in my merry play,
That flowers must wither, and fruits decay.
I wander afar on the lone hillsides,
Mid the heather tufts where the moorfowl hides;
Where the bracken waves o'er its native rock,
And the shepherd follows his meek-eyed flock;
Where the hunted stag to his covert hies,
And the crags resound to the deerhound's cries;
Through the faint spray of the rushing linn,
And hold my breath at the wild water's din.
I roam afar at mine own wild will,
And wake up the slumbering mists on the hill;
And hither and thither in conscious glee,
Like a monarch at large so joyous and free.
I enter unbidden the ruined hall,
Where the ivy clings to the mouldering wall;
Where the warder's horn hath ceased to wind,
And the dial hath the lustreless gaze of the blind;
Where the rank nettle chokes the fortalice wide,
And the bramble trails up the buttress-side;
Through the drear court-yard, where the foxglove
blooms,
And the thistle tosses its downy plumes;
Where the young fox cowers on the fireless hearth,
That erewhile resounded with gleeful mirth,
Wondering whither had passed the pride
Of lordly baron and noble bride!

I wander at eve through the lone church-yard—
No footfall save mine on the silent sward;
I sigh as I pass through the field of graves,
Where the willow bends, and the cypress waves;
Where the brown leaves quiver as they fall,
Telling that death is the lot of all!
Where the light of the desolate home lies deep,
And hearts big with fame in oblivion sleep;
Where quenched are the fair, bright visions of joy
The mother twined round her dark-eyed boy;
And life's fleeting pageant is over and past,
Like the weary sigh of the Autumn blast.
I have shaken old Ocean's heaving side,
And spurned the Armada's vaunted pride;
I shatter the straining mast to the deck,
And toss the fair ship to a shapeless wreck.
When the angry surge has been lulled to rest,
And the foam-bells whiten the wavelet's crest,
I softly float round the shipwrecked band
And waft the life-freighted raft to land.
I carry the boat from its destined way,
To succor the hopeless castaway;
Then chant a requiem over the brave,
Unshrouded who lie in their ocean-grave.
I bear the thunder-clouds on high,
Nor quake at their dread artillery;
I dance in glee, nor bow my head,
When the lambent lightning-bolt is sped.
I rush abroad in the pride of my might,
And smite the world with dark affright;
The deep-rooted oak from its bed have rent,
And laughed at man's proudest monument.
Yet, waving the harebell, or tossing the sea,
I utter His voice Who first set me free;
And stay my flight at His sovereign will,
Whose voice of power says: "Peace, be still!"
—*Chambers's Journal.*

A WISH.

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears,
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow!
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!
—Matthew Arnold.

LATE AUTUMN.

STEADFAST still in his place
Autumn stands sadly alone, brown of the hand
and the face.
The sickle across his arm is spotted with rusty
red,
And the crown of poppies is torn that circled
about his head.

Slowly he lifts his look:
All is a change around—a stain of clay in the
brook;
The sombre fields are all reaped, and bare of the
harvest sheaves;
In the orchards, last apples drop with sudden fall
through the leaves.

The gardens are listless with cold;
The clustering lichens creep out in crowds on
the wet black mould;
The lingering flowers droop faint as their faded
petals fall;
And the mortar crumbles away in patches from
off the wall.

The days are silent and still.
Through the dull thick air comes slow the shep-
herd's call from the hill.
Gray cloud-skies lower and gloom over all the
country and town,
Except for a streak of red, where the evening sun
goes down.

The nights are bitter and black;
With mists for the river-side, and mire for the
meadow-track.
The screech-owl hoots through the wood, the
squirrel dreams in his lair;
And the brambles and ferns grow white to the
touch of the frosty air.

Autumn nigh swooning stands:
He watches with cloudy eyes the saddened
change on the lands;
Till at last, without farewell—none knows if by
● night or day—
He lets fall his basket and hook, and suddenly
passes away.

Autumn is gone indeed!
Well, we must all go soon—leaf, and flower, and
seed.
After the time to grow, the time to gather must
be—
Happy all they whose eyes are open both times
to see.

Quicken the pulses of Life,
Languidly throbbing, O Lord, with its burden of
sorrow and strife;
Help it to profit by change, as its seasons swiftly
run,
And reap it full ripened at last when the ripening
time is done.

—Chambers's Journal

SECRETS.

STRANGE things that we reck not of, or reck in
vain,
In calm mysterious splendor round us reign;
His kingdom still, until His kingdom come.
The heart that loves them knoweth not their ways,
Nor understandeth half the hymns of praise
They sing to comfort us, and lead us home.

And of all marvels that creation hoards,
The sweet deep secrets, past the reach of words,
I know no marvel like my love for thee.
The treasure of my heart, unseen, untold,
Lies hidden, low, as do the sands of gold,
And rends it as the lightning rends the tree.

In every change, through nature's harmonies,
Some hidden charm, some dear new wonder lies;
Some tender story that we fail to read.
The green leaves whisper things we cannot hear;
The stars unnoted vanish from their sphere;
And wounds no skill can fathom inly bleed.

The dews and storms of snow their courses run;
Light was, before the word which called the sun;
The winter and the summer rains must fall.
In the new birth the bright life perisheth;
The sleep by which we live resembles death.
Only the hand that made them knoweth all.

Within the fern's sweet stem the oak lies hidden,
Till by love's art the scented veil is riven;
Neither is love neglected, lost or dead.
From the decay of verdure and of flowers,
New plants spring up, the sweetest in our bowers;
And memory embalms the joy that's fled.

In the far west, the solitary bird
Makes through the night its solemn music heard,
Chanting the "Miserere" low and sad.
The wild woods echo the unearthly cry,
And stricken souls in midnight silence sigh,
Sighs that are prayers, to make the morning glad.

But while these tender marvels fade away,
Each in its fleeting hour, its passing day,
And each with death, and with oblivion rife,
My love is part of immortality;
A human soul's desire, which cannot die;
The sweet and bitter secret of a life.
—*Saint Paul's.*

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings,
To take all its wanderers home;
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Christmas Books and Sketches, by Box: Illustrations of Every-day Life and Every-day People. By CHARLES DICKENS. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. This volume, we believe, completes the "Diamond" edition, of the popular character of which we have already spoken more than once. Its neat, compact form, united to its clear type and cheapness, will make it the favorite edition with a large portion of the community. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have also published a cheap edition in paper covers, for general circulation, of Mr. Dickens' *American Notes*, so that our people can refresh their minds with what he wrote about us on his former visit, and judge whether or not we have cause to complain of his unfairness.

On Both Sides of the Deep: a Story of the Commonwealth. A Sequel to "The Draytons and the Davenants." By the author of "Chronicles of the Schoonberg-Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd. Every new work from the pen of Mrs. Charles is sure to command a large circle of readers. Those familiar with "The Draytons and the Davenants" will understand the character and drift of the work. It is a glowing and deeply interesting description of the struggles and conflicts of the stirring times to which it refers.

Into the Light; or, The Jewess. By E. A. O. Boston: Loring, publisher. This is a story of more than common interest. It is based on the progress of the heroine "Naomi," a lovely Jewess, from the shadows of Judaism into the clear light of Christianity. The book is calculated to awaken the highest aspirations, to cherish a love for all that is noble, and to imbue the minds of young ladies with a due sense of life's importance and best aims. *No trashy novel*, but a healthy story, an attractive Christmas gift to young or old, sure to lift their thoughts to high themes, and give correct views of life and duty. The author is a lady of rare attainments, and, judging by this production, wields her pen with deep earnestness and true Christian feeling.

Mrs. Putnam's Receipt Book, and Young House-keeper's Assistant: new and enlarged edition. New York: Sheldon & Co. This book is already too well known, and too useful, to need commendation from us.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Aesop's Fables, illustrated by Stephens, who is master of his art, and published by Charles Scribner & Co., is the most superb and attractive book of the season which has met our notice. There are no less than seventy-three full-page engravings, all illustrative of the text, and remarkably spirited and appropriate. The work has few superiors as a work of art, and cannot fail to make for itself a high and permanent position in our illustrated literature.

Scribner, Welford & Co., also import a large number of most elegant English books, among which, as adapted to the season, we note: *Golden Thoughts from Golden Fountains*; *The Story Without an End*; and *Christian Lyrics*. All of these books are gotten up in the very highest style of English book-making. The engravings are numerous, spirited, and many of them colored with rare tint and finish, and cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

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Wynkoop & Sherwood (New York), publish a diamond edition of Shakspeare (*The Handy-volume Shakspeare*), in 13 neat and compact volumes, enclosed in a very neat case, corresponding with the binding of the books, in cloth and morocco. It is quite equal to the English edition, and is sold for much less. The morocco-covered, especially, would be a very beautiful and yet not expensive Holiday or Bridal gift.

SCIENCE.

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thenceforth occupy themselves with only species and varieties. The facts on which M. de Caudolle bases this opinion is, that the number of new genera has diminished in a certain arithmetical order, while the number of plant-seekers has proportionally increased.

The Fall of the Leaf.—M. Trécul has recently presented to the French Academy a most valuable series of memoirs on the structure of the "proper vessels" of the order *Terebinthaceæ*. In concluding one of his recent memoirs, he calls attention to a phenomenon which occurs just before the fall of the leaf, and which is not unlike the process which accompanies the shedding of horns in animals. It consists in the obstruction of the "proper" vessels at the base of the petiole (foot-stalk). This obstruction is effected by the multiplication of cells, which first shows itself in the parietes of the vessels. The cells increase and multiply until at last the vessels are completely choked up in the neighborhood of the insertion of the leaf, although in other portions the vessels retain their normal characters.

Ancient Glacier in the Pyrenees.—M. Chas. Martens, who was present at the meeting of the British Association, read a paper on the ancient glacier of the Valley of Argelez. This glacier and its affluents descended from the crest of the Pyrenees, whose summits now reach an altitude varying from 6,000 to 9,000 feet. The roots of the glacier were in the cirques of Gavarnie, Troumouse, Pragnères, etc., and the glacier extended into the plain as far as the villages of Peyrouse, Loubajac, Ade, Juloz, and Arcisac-les-Angles. Along the valley, polished and striated rocks, scratched pebbles, glacial mud, moraines, and erratic boulders, are the proofs of its existence. At Argelez the thickness of the glacier was about 2,100 feet, and, at the opening of the valley at the foot of the Pic de Geer, near Lourdes, 1,290 feet. Between Lourdes and the village of Ade, the railway runs across seven moraines, and the railway from Lourdes to Pau is cut, as far as the village of Peyrouse, through glacial deposits. The Lake of Lourdes is a glacial lake, barred by a moraine, and surrounded by numerous erratic boulders proceeding from the high Pyrenean mountains. Some of the boulders are of large dimensions: thus one of them, between the lake and the village of Poueyferré, is thirty feet in length, twenty-three feet in width and eleven feet in height. This Lake of Lourdes, surrounded by hills covered with briars, reminds one in many respects of the small lakes of Scotland.

The Internal Heat of the Earth forms the subject of a memoir by Dr. J. Schwarcz, who arrives at the following conclusions:—The different corollaries of the central-fire doctrine were not adequate to explain the different groups of natural phenomena for the sake of which these corollaries were deemed essential fifty years ago. The whole system of the central-fire doctrine, the alleged dubious moment of the increase of underground temperature alone excepted, was bound up merely by artificial ties; and as soon as the question of the supposed increase of underground temperature will be, by direct empirical argument, decided in the negative, then the ruin of the whole central-fire system would be inevitable. The memoir concludes with some suggestions as to how experiments should be made in order to ascertain the temperature of the earth, at different depths simultaneously

in different quarters of the globe.—*British Association: Dundee Meeting.*

Gunpowder Magazines.—In reply to the Commission, appointed by Government after the Erith explosion in 1864, to report on the measures which ought to be taken for the safe storage of gunpowder in magazines, Mr. Mallet has written a most interesting letter on the effects of the explosion of large masses of gunpowder, and on the laws of the propagation of the aerial and earth waves which carry destruction to neighboring objects. The letter will be found in the *Engineer* of June 14. Mr. Mallet does not think that great destruction is likely to be caused by the elastic wave of shock propagated through the earth, except within a very limited area round the focus. To protect the surrounding country from the effects of the aerial wave he suggests the construction of a large permanent traverse or bank, in the shadow of which surrounding objects would be secure from the direct action of the aerial wave. In order that this traverse may stand, it must be without the sphere of explosion, within which the effect of the explosion is to form a paraboloidal crater in the earth on whose surface it is exploded. The inner slope should have an inclination fixed by the asymptotes of the curve representing the section of the excavated crater. In fact, the magazine should stand in the centre of a conic frustum, or *étonnoir*.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Motley, the Historian.—Among the numerous announcements by Mr. John Murray, in the "London Times" of November, covering an entire page of that journal, is the conclusion, in two volumes, octavo, with an index, of J. Lothrop Motley's "History of the United Netherlands; from the death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce of 1609, when the Dutch Republic was received into the great family of Nations by treaty with Spain." The following extract from Mr. Motley's preface is full of interest: "A change has been made in the epoch at which it was originally meant to close this work. Instead of going on with the exclusive history of the Netherlands until the Synod of Dort, the author has thought it more strictly in accordance with his general plan, as well as more convenient for the reader, to pause with the narrative at the point of time when the Republic was formally admitted into the family of nations by the treaty of twelve years' truce, and when its independence was virtually admitted by Spain. The history of the Thirty Years' War, with which the renewed conflict between the Dutch Commonwealth and the Spanish Monarchy was blended, until the termination of the great European struggle by the peace of Westphalia, involves all the most important episodes in the progress of the Netherlands until the year 1648. Upon this history, which is the natural complement to the author's two works—'The Rise of the Dutch Republic,' and 'The History of the United Netherlands'—he is now engaged, and he hopes at a future day to ask for it the indulgence which has been generously accorded to its predecessors." It is stated, in "Col. J. W. Forney's Letters from Europe," evidently on the authority of Mr. Motley himself,

that he would be compelled, by his removal from Vienna, where many and important sources of information, private as well as public, were placed at his disposal, to abandon the idea of writing the history of the Thirty Years' War; but his announcement, as above, shows that, happily for the interests of literature, he has determined to resume his labors. The concluding volumes of the "United Netherlands" give a full view of the English-Dutch struggle with Spain, and of the origin and destruction of the Spanish Armada.—*Am. Lit. Gazette.*

The Peabody Memorial.—It is known that a sum of £8,000 has been subscribed to erect in the city of London a statue to this philanthropist, in acknowledgment of his munificent benevolence to the poor of the British metropolis. A site for its erection has been accorded by the Corporation of London: such site being the ancient church-yard of St. Benet, at the north-east corner of the Royal Exchange, which, under an act of Parliament, was forbidden to be built on. The "Statue Committee" selected eight sculptors in competition, the majority of whom declined to proffer designs. The Committee is, therefore, in "a fix"—needlessly so, we know, for of the remaining sculptors there is more than one of great and acknowledged ability, to whom the work may be allotted without fear of the result. There are some of the members, however, who think the Commission ought to be given to an American artist resident in Rome; an irrational view of the case, we submit. No doubt a similar statue will be erected in America, and certainly *that* will be the work of an American. But Mr. Peabody is almost as much an Englishman as an American; his fortune, as he himself states, was made in England. He is attached to the country, and has given munificent proof of such attachment. He would, therefore, consider it an ill compliment to select an American to do the work for *this* country; and would, we are quite sure, be infinitely better pleased to know that he was handed down to posterity by a sculptor of England.

Baron Prokesch, late Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople, has just brought to light a work he wrote many years ago on the Greek insurrection of 1821. It is entitled "Geschichte des Abfalls der Griechen vom Osmanischen Reiche, und der Gründung des Hellenischen Königreichs." Owing to his long residence in the East and the official position he held there, Baron Prokesch has had access to documentary and other sources of information from which scarcely any other man could draw. Hence his work is remarkably original, and throws quite a new light on the knotty Eastern question. One document in the appendix, containing the report of a Conference between the Reis Effendi and Lord Strangford, in 1822, is very noteworthy as a revelation of England's real policy toward Turkey. The Baron certainly deserves the highest credit for the impartiality and truthfulness which characterize his work throughout.

Pacific Railroad Progress.—The Great Pacific Railroad, about which so much has been said, already assumes the phase of a great fact certain to be accomplished. By entrusting the wonder-

ful enterprise to two great companies instead of one, it seems the undertaking will be the sooner carried through. The Union Pacific R. R. Co., building the Eastern half, have already pushed, with great energy, their track to the foot slopes of the Rocky Mountain ranges, having built 500 miles of road in about two years. The Central Pacific R. R. Co., beginning at the Pacific side and working eastward, have accomplished a more prodigious work even, in carrying their track across California and over the Sierra Nevada range into the Salt Lake Basin. Although this work is all included within 150 miles, in point of difficulty and resistance overcome, it is more than equivalent to all that has been done on the eastern end. The crossing is made by practicable grades at an elevation of 7,000 feet above sea-level, and a few days hence, it is thought, will witness the passage of the trains from the wharves of Sacramento to the mines of Nevada. Already a locomotive is on the eastern slope of the range.

It appears, moreover, that the Pacific Railroad will not have to wait for the complete overland connection to be made a paying investment; but it is in its beginnings a financial success. This is especially true of the Western half, where there is already a large settlement along its route—for it appears that with the track halted at the summit of the mountains, whence the passengers and freight had to be transferred to stages and wagons, the business has been so large during the past summer as to bear comparison with the best roads in the country, and so profitable as almost to challenge belief. The inevitable traffic of such a line, when completed, will obviously require a double track at an early day, and even two sets of tracks within the next twenty years. When a laborer, or an emigrant, can be transported from New York to San Francisco for one hundred dollars we may expect a wholesale flitting to the El Dorado of the West, and the Great Port on the North Pacific Ocean will become second only to New York.

It is well understood that the Government furnishes, out of its credit, a large proportion of the means necessary to carry out this enterprise; and the Californians have generously added greatly to the means for the construction of their end of it. All this will be repaid fourfold in the development, prosperity, and good order assured to our Western domain, to say nothing of the enlargement of our trade with Eastern Asia. The Central Pacific Company have an army of nearly 10,000 men employed on the work, and expect to build about 260 miles across the Salt Lake Basin during next year. This will bring their road contiguous to the great Gold and Silver Mining Regions of the Salt Lake Basin; and in 1870 we may hope to see the through line finished.

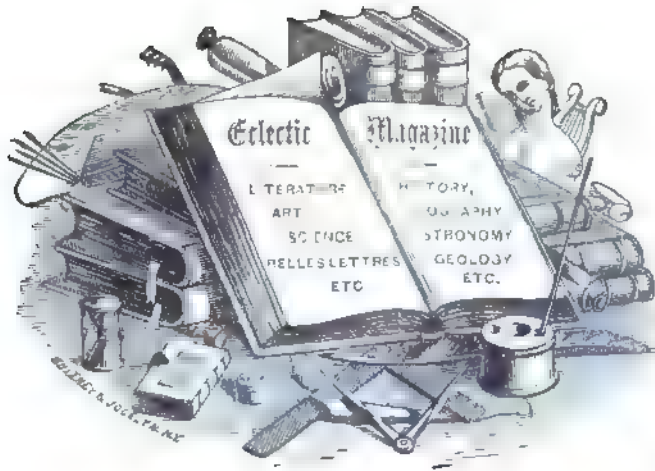
The Central Pacific Railroad Company are offering the First Mortgage Bonds of their Road for sale to persons seeking safe, desirable investments. By reference to their advertisement on another page, the foundation and assurances of these securities will be found fully set forth.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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1. What is the purpose of the study?



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
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FEBRUARY, 1868.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.*

[DIFFICULTY OF THE PROBLEM. BASIS OF A WORLD HISTORY. The Theology of History. The Vertebrate Structure of the Earth. The Mediterranean of the World. Westward Ho! Science and Revelation. The Birth of History.]

ONE of the greatest works in English literature, almost the masterpiece of our greatest age, is a History of the World. Raleigh, in the dreary cage, to which, in the judgment of Prince Henry, none but his father would have been fool enough to commit 'such a noble bird,' under the inspiration of the sympathy and friendship of that princely heart, composed the work which would alone immortalize his name. It is a book more charged with wide and curious learning, profound political wisdom, and noble religious faith, than perhaps any other work of that grand intellectual time. It would have been a marvellous

life-work for a man of ample leisure and entire freedom, and might well have occupied the prime of any man's power; but, as the work of a captive, broken-spirited old man, whose life had been spent in courts, in camps, and in maritime adventure, it stands alone in history. Prince Henry inspired it, and with Prince Henry's death the inspiration failed. Very touching are the last words of Raleigh's work: "Lastly, whereas this book, by the title it hath, calls itself the first part of the general history of the world, implying a second and third volume, which I also intended, and have hewn out; besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it hath pleased God to take that glorious prince out of the world to whom they were directed, whose unspeakable and never-enough lamented loss, hath taught me to say with Job, '*Versa est in luctum cithara mea, et organum meum in vocem fletum.*'" How different this from the calm triumph of Gibbon's last touch to his great masterpiece, as he laid down his pen, and "took several turns in the *berceau*," in his

* An Ancient History, from the Earliest Time to the Fall of the Western Empire. Forming the first period of "The History of the World." By PHILIP SMITH, B.A., one of the principal contributors to Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionaries. (London: Walton & Maberly)

garden at Lausanne. Mr. Philip Smith treads in the footsteps of one of the most august forms in our political and literary history, in enterprising that which overtasked Sir Walter Raleigh's power. But he brings to his task learning and culture of no ordinary measure, and an earnest feeling that he is about sacred work. As one of the most able and voluminous contributors to the classical dictionaries which his brother has edited, and which are of world-wide fame, he has established his claim to be regarded as one of our foremost scholars. Indeed, there are articles of his in those dictionaries which betray a very rare critical and historical insight; while from another and quite higher source, he derives some thoughts about man, and man's relations and destinies, without which we hold it to be simply impossible that any man could write, in any high sense, a history of the world.

But Raleigh had his task ready to his hand, within limits far more manageable than those which the historian must set to himself in these critical days. The Encyclopædic men, who know the whole circle of human learning, are, of necessity, age by age, becoming more rare. The critical faculty has destroyed them. Two centuries ago, men read with lively faith the wildest statements of old historians; they digested, with but slight effort at discrimination, the testimony of the authorities, and reproduced the facts pretty much as they found them; enriching their narrative by weighty reflections or apposite illustrations, which their learning enabled them to gather from fields afar. The chief authorities recognized in those times lay fairly within the compass of the power of one brain and one lifetime, and men who seemed to be masters of the whole learning of those times were not rare. The development of historical and scientific criticism has effected a complete revolution. Men have to spend their time, not simply in listening to the words of authority, but in testing them; they have to submit to the most searching scrutiny, statements which, in Raleigh's time, it would have been almost impiety to question, and have, in a measure, to re-write the authorities from which history has to be composed. The

horizon of knowledge has widened immensely all round. Avenues are opened in every direction, some of them dark and difficult as the passage into an Egyptian pyramid or a Nimroud mound, which it is impossible that one scholar can completely explore. Great scholars have to content themselves with greatness in special departments of knowledge, and the writer of a comprehensive work like this has a thousand different questions to consider and settle which were yet hull-down in the good old days.

Further, the Bible held forth to our forefathers no uncertain or questionable light on the pre-historic ages; but now, those who hold it to be a light still, have to fight hard for every statement, document, and narrative, against the keen and accomplished critics of these sceptical days. It is not enough to state a fact in history or ethnography which is beyond the pagan historic records, on the authority of Scripture. The Bible has to endure the same tests, and its statements of facts are admitted only after the most rigid criticism. Ethnological, archæological, and philological researches have furnished our scholars with a most formidable *apparatus criticus*, by which the truth of the early Mosaic statements is capable of being tested; and the things most surely believed among our forefathers, on the ground of Divine testimony, have now to be established by stern argument, and to prove their right to a place in the historic records by their consistency with the known facts and conditions which scientific investigation has laid bare. Just as we have learnt to read the records of the rocks, and to gather from dumb stones their testimony as to the genesis and growth of the earth on which we tread, so we have learnt to decipher the human documents which the sanctuaries and the graves, the buried habitations, the tools, the implements, the very dirt-heaps of primeval peoples deliver to us; nor have we yet fairly mastered the wonder with which we find ourselves face to face with a primitive condition of man, which raises keen argument as to its consistency or inconsistency with the ideas of the genesis and early development of mankind, which we draw from the notices of the Word of God. The key to the harmony between

the Scripture and the vast mass of primitive facts which patient intelligent research into these mute records is year by year unfolding to our view, will not be hastily discovered. Much has to be learnt yet about the earth and man, and about the Bible too, before the harmony can be established; but we can sustain ourselves with the calm certainty that the patient, cautious, candid search for it will issue in a richer revelation of the fulness of Biblical truth. There is a great cloud of questions surrounding the early history of our race, with which a history of the world, such as may be fairly written on the basis of our present knowledge, has but little to do. And there is a larger question behind, which is theological rather than historical, of which, however, the complete history of the world would furnish the solution. It concerns the nature of man and the purpose of his creation; his essential relations to the orders of creation beneath him on the one hand, above and beyond him on the other; his place in the scheme of the great universe, and in the future of all those shining worlds which may be awaiting his habitation—a question the whole circumference of which our present knowledge of man and the universe can but very imperfectly explore. But within this wider circle there is an inner sphere of light which the Bible illumines for us, and within which it is possible to lay down some intelligent scheme of the history of mankind.

The basis of a world history, in any high sense of the term, is the organic unity of the human race; unity of origin, unity of nature, unity of end—a starting-point from which all proceeds, a goal to which all is guided by a higher Hand; leaving between the extremes room for an almost infinite variety of condition and culture, for experiment of powers and possibilities in every conceivable form, tending to the discovery and establishment of the most perfect forms of human relation and life. It is essential to a world history, as Mr. Philip Smith conceives of it, that the life of each particular people should be regarded, like the prophecies of old, as "of no private interpretation," but rather as an essential, though possibly obscure, part of the development of the whole race; an organ of the great body,

possessing, it may be, but slight independent beauty or worth, but having an important ministry to the symmetry and growth of the system, and a share in the power and dignity of the head. If the buried and almost forgotten nations have dropped off from the human tree like the dead leaves of autumn, they dropped not until they had secreted their most vital juices, and returned them to the root, to rise again in the greenness and the fruitage of the coming years. The business of the world historian is to discover to us the special function of each race, nation, and form of civilization, in its relation to the great human family; and to tell the tale of its experiences, its efforts and failures; its sorrows, struggles, and triumphs; its growth and decay; so as to bring forth with special prominence the function which it has to fulfil in the harmony of the whole. The wisest and ablest historian can hope for only partial success in the endeavor. In every complex organic structure there are functions and organs whose use is utterly obscure. There are organs which stand out with the clearest purpose marked on them—whose runs may read them; and these, in skilful hands, will be made the means of illustrating the uses of those which are more obscure. It is thus, too, in history. Certain great races, peoples, and forms of civilization, have a clear bearing on the culture and progress of the race, which it would be hard to miss. The successful world-historian is the man who, while tracing with firm purpose the history of the peoples which stand for the leading organs, can work the more obscure intelligently into the framework of the whole.

Mr. Philip Smith seems to start on his great enterprise with a very strong grasp of the central truth of his subject. He believes firmly in the organic unity of humanity; in Him who created it, and who guides its development; in the ordained ends to which He conducts its course, and the Divine idea which it is born to fulfil. To consider the nature of this idea would be to theologize. It is the old method. Our fathers held the theological aspect of human affairs to be supreme. The mediæval chroniclers, almost to a man, traced history up to its divine springs; they treated

it as a stage on which they had to set forth the action of a divine drama, the highest interest of which concerned the relations of God with man, and man with God, which relations they kept ever carefully in sight. And to this, in the end, history must return, despite the Positivists. Theology and history will be completed together; the more deeply we look into the meaning of any era of history, the more plainly are we set face to face with the manward thoughts and purposes of God. But the narrowness of man's theology has, in all ages, reacted on his view of history. Not Divine thoughts, but often very poor and narrow human thoughts about God, were exhibited as the centre and marrow of historic truth. A study of Raleigh's introductory chapter will furnish one of the noblest instances of the method which, in weaker hands, has been the means of grievously darkening the ways of God in history. Free inquiry, enlarging man's historical vision, was dreaded, lest it should imperil his theological judgments; and the Muse of History had to burst the bonds of the theologians, and to assert her right and her power to search the regions of historic fact for herself, and for her own simple end, historic truth. A school of scientific historians has succeeded the theological. The facts of the past, and its buried records, have been searched as by the scalpel of the anatomist, and all their hidden structure has been laid bare; but the higher relations and functions of the varied forms of human development of which the historian treats have been suffered too much to die out of sight. The men of scientific habits and tendencies have got so thoroughly impatient of the way in which history has been bound and distorted by the narrow ideas of religionists, that now they will hardly allow that it has either a beginning or an end in the unseen world. They will keep wholly within the sphere of the visible and the scientifically demonstrable, and leave facts as they are to explain themselves as they can. We recognize most fully, not the acuteness only, but the substantial truth of Comte's law of development, as far as it goes. History has passed through the theological, and has reached the scientific era; what is hid-

den from him is, that when Science has done her work, and restored the records of the buried past, the higher genius will once more be called in to interpret them—the chain dropped from heaven to earth will be taken up into heaven again; for we cannot admit that the "Religion de l'Humanite" or "La Morale" of Comte are a genuine adaptation of or response to the religious instincts of mankind.

We hail this work of Mr. Philip Smith as an honest and able endeavor to reconstruct this harmony. He has written, not a philosophy of the history of the world, *more Teutonico*, which would concern itself chiefly with the joints and bands connecting the several parts, and the organic structure of the whole which they compose, but an honest, solid history of all the peoples in the ancient world who have a history; while he has exhibited them as several parts of a great unity, to which they had precious ministries to offer before they were suffered to wither and be buried out of sight.

The following passage from the introductory chapter will convey to the reader the author's conception of the spirit and purpose of the book:

"This discussion must not be closed without a few words on the relation of history to Theology, the science of sciences, the highest branch of human learning. The world is God's world; and its true history must begin and end with God. The division of history into sacred and secular, civil and ecclesiastical, however convenient, is arbitrary and unreal. Could we see each event in its true light, we should see all bearing some relation to the Divine purposes and plan. But as those purposes are only revealed in their broad outline and great end, as the details of that plan are unfolded but slowly and obscurely, any attempt to regard all events from a theological point of view must defeat itself. So long as the historian writes in a spirit sincerely but not obtrusively devout, he may safely leave the religious lessons of the story to the devout reader. Nor will a wise historian abstain from any course more carefully than from gratifying his own zeal for the truth by offending the opinions of candid and temperate readers.

"But the external facts that have sprung from the profession of religions, whether the true or the false, belong essentially to the province of the historian. No source has been so fruitful of events that have changed the fate of countries and the destiny of nations. In what spirit, then, should these incidents be

related? The profession of calm indifference has proved but a veil for sarcastic incredulity. No man with a sound head and a warm heart can relate the call of Abraham, the legislation of Moses, the conquest of Canaan, the story of Pharaoh, or Nebuchadnezzar, or Cyrus, and the exploits of the Maccabees, and yet reserve the question whether the Jews were in truth God's chosen people. A Christian historian cannot but write of Christ as the Divine Redeemer, and of Mahomet as the false prophet. Nor can a Protestant conceal his opinion of the apostacy of the Roman Church, and the blessings of the Reformation. But the historical and the controversial treatment of such matters must be kept altogether distinct. The controversialist has to make out his case by all fair means; but the historian is bound to render impartial justice to the motives and characters of the actors on both sides. Never must he depart from this course on any ground of supposed policy, or even of zeal for what he deems religious truth. What concerns him is the truth of the facts, not their consequences to any system of opinions. Candor and toleration are the vital breath of historic truth, and are never violated with impunity." Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

The promise here given is amply redeemed. The author rarely moralizes, and still more rarely theologizes; but he tells his story as one whose faith in the great Divine purpose to which the Bible furnishes the key, tinctures his whole treatment of the subject, and with the conviction that the fundamental theme of history is the spiritual progress of mankind.

It has always appeared to us that one of the grandest arguments for the unity of man's history is to be drawn from the physical structure of his world. It seems difficult to contemplate closely the structure of the earth without regarding it as the prepared theatre for the development of the civilization of mankind. The Apostle Paul lays down the fundamental principle of the history of the world, in that wondrous discourse to the most intelligent and cultivated audience which the world could furnish. "*God, that made the world, and all things therein . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.*"

This not only implies that the pagan ages and the pagan peoples were comprehended within the harmony of a Divine plan for the spiritual education of mankind, and that the leaving them to feel after God was as much a part of the Divine counsel as His self-manifestation to the Jews, and as essential as Judaism to the working out of the large scheme of human education which he had planned; but it implies also a distinct Divine purpose in the distribution of the races—a relation between the peoples of the earth and the homes to which He guided them, as real and as vital to their development as the relation of the eye and the light, the ear and sound, or any other of those myriad concords whose keys yield the music of life. We can but glance at a great subject like this in a brief review of a history of the world; but it would be interesting to trace, did time and space allow, the unity of purpose which is manifest in the physical organization of the earth as the theatre of human development, and the exact fitness of those portions of the earth which have become the homes of the noblest nations, to stimulate and educate to the highest point their noblest powers.

There is a distinct unity in the structure of the land mass of the globe. It has a form of its own as marked as the structure of man. Land and water are not distributed at random over the surface of the sphere. The land in its main masses is gathered closely around the Northern Pole, the waters around the Southern. A few miles south of Falmouth lies the point which is really the pole of the land hemisphere of the earth. New Zealand is the centre of the world of waters. The land holds itself together, as it were, in a citadel, which the waters—and this is no mere image—are ever besieging with their wanton, enervating breath. But the land is dual, like man. Two great systems of continents, in whose structure and climate it is not difficult to trace the masculine and feminine forms and temperaments as respectively predominant, hang together to a common centre; but they sweep away from each other into forms and climates which present very marked contrasts—and strong contrasts within the dome of an overarching unity are the conditions of all the nobler developments of life.

The old world, with which alone in these volumes Mr. Philip Smith concerns himself, forms in the main one grand continental mass, whose citadel is the lofty central desert plateau of Asia, from which the land-slopes, supported by ribs of mountain, sweep down with infinite variety of form in every direction, until their shores are clasped by the all-embracing sea. But the ground plan of the old world is not a simple central mass, with sweeping slopes, whose physical structure and temperament show a tolerable uniformity. If it had been so, man would have had a widely different history. A close study of the great continent, Asia-Europe-Africa, will show that its form approximates to the vertebrate. A vast mountain chain divides the great mass into two unequal portions, a southern and a northern slope; the southern, the shorter, sweeping down toward the equator, and beyond it; the northern, and by very much the longer, sweeping down to the Polar Sea. This huge mountain-range stretches in one continuous direction—with breaks in its continuity here and there, which have had a very important influence on the history of civilization—from the extreme north-east of Asia to the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Palgrave has shown how the line of the great chain is carried on south-westwards through the rocky plateau of Arabia, and Baron von der Decken has indicated the prolongation of its course through Africa, by establishing for Kilima-ndjaro a height of 22,814 feet above the level of the sea.* At the extreme point of Africa, it sinks suddenly into the great depression, through which the Atlantic carries the oceanic influence and temperature right into the heart of the main land-mass of the world. At Cape Horn, it emerges again, and the same structure repeats itself, with important modifications, in America. By the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, the great chain passes back to its birthplace, and, through the north-western angle of America, completes the rocky girdle, or rather backbone, of the earth. And this essential principle of the structure of the land-mass of the globe repeats itself in subordinate forms. The great mountain chain divides itself

about the lofty table-land of Iran; while the main mass, as we have seen, sweeps south-westwards, a branch strikes off due west through the Caucasus, the Balkan, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and repeats in Europe, on a smaller scale, precisely the form which we have already traced—a central mountain column, with northern and southern slopes of very unequal dimensions—which constitutes the broad feature of the structure of the world.

The main point in this distribution of the land and water masses is the action and reaction of the continental and oceanic climates. The climate of the ocean is mild and equable; that of the land is varied, and subject to extremes. Land heats and cools more quickly than water; and the level of land is varied—it can lift itself into the clear regions of intense cold. The oceanic climate, mild and enervating, nurses splendid though gross forms of vegetation, and feeble, unenterprising, unprogressive men. The South Sea Islands enjoy it in perfection; what man becomes, what Nature becomes, under purely oceanic influences may there be read. The continental climate is dry, tonic, and, where pure, intensely stimulating; but when tempered, as in earth's most favored regions, with the softer oceanic influences, it nourishes the freest, compactest, and most noble forms of vegetable, animal, and human life. The rose, the gazelle, and the Caucasian man, belong to the same region of the world. The headquarters of the continental climate must be sought in Central Asia; there you have the complete contrast to the climate of the Southern Seas. It is subject to intense extremes of heat and cold. At Barnaul, in Siberia, in the latitude of Penzance, the summer and winter temperatures differ by 55.3° , while at Penzance, they differ but by 15.8° . At Yakutsk, in the latitude of the Faroe Islands, the mean heat in summer is 68.3° , while in winter the cold is -40.9° , the difference being 109.2° . In the Faroe Islands, the difference is but 18.2° . There are many subsidiary reasons for this striking contrast of climate in places having the same latitude, but altogether the predominating cause is to be found in the fact, that Penzance and the Faroe Islands are fully open to the oceanic

* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xxxv., p. 21.

influences through the North Atlantic, while Siberia is more completely excluded from them than any region of the world. These extremes of the interior of the great continent are intensely trying to man and to nature. A pure continental climate would dry out, just as a pure oceanic climate would sponge out the energy of our race. It is the mixture of the two which forms what Humboldt calls the maritime climate, which is the fair dower of the lands to which an unseen hand has led the strongest and most industrious peoples of the world. Of the three great continents which have been the theatres of history, Asia has the continental climate, America the oceanic, and Europe the maritime; and the maritime has hitherto been the climate of civilization, where the stimulating and the relaxing, the soft and the stern, the masculine and the feminine influences meet and blend in happy proportion, and where man seems placed under the most genial influences for the culture of all his noblest powers.*

The great secret of a high development is this blending of diverse elements and influences. Commerce, circulation, the interchange of gifts and influences, is the secret of all high forms of life and power of progress in the physical, social, and spiritual worlds. The country, the race, the man, in whose constitution the most diverse elements blend in fair proportions, and whose culture has been the subject of the most varied influences, will press to the front rank in the scale of civilization and the path of progress. Monotony is mulish and barren; a rich variety of organs, qualities, and influences, is the condition of all high forms of development in man, in peoples, and in the countries of the world. Let us see how and where in the structure of the earth this condition is fulfilled.

The great mountain chain in Asia-Europe divides the continent into two very unequal portions. The longer slope lies to the North Pole, the shorter has a tropical exposure, and is open to the Southern Seas. The comparative length of the slopes is remarkable and instructive. It displays throughout a unity of

plan which has had an important bearing on the history of civilization.

The following table will present the comparison on some few lines. The list might be immensely extended, and would illustrate everywhere the same great law:

	Northern and Eastern Slopes. Miles	Southern and Western Slopes. Miles.
From the Frozen Ocean to the Ganges	2,600	400
Asia Minor on the Meri- dian of Cyprus	300	50
From the Baltic to Lom- bardy	450	100

In America the same structure prevails, but with an important difference. The north-eastern slope is the whole continent, the minor slope being chiefly precipitous through the greater part of the range; a fact which has had a most important influence on American civilization, the reason and results of which it would be most interesting to trace. But America lies beyond our present sphere. Confining our view to Asia-Europe, we shall find that the southern slope has marked characteristics of its own, and betrays a singular unity of plan from China to Spain. Lord Bacon noted that the continents terminate towards the south in sharp points. But it has since been more clearly noted that all the southern lands tend to this pointed form, which, exposed as they are to the fierce rays of a southern sun, gives them an immense seaboard in proportion to their mass, and confers on them, through the oceanic influences to which we have referred, a softer, richer, and more varied climate than they would otherwise enjoy. These southern slopes seem to have been ordained in the ground plan of the world, to be the theatres of the earliest development of civilization, fitted by their luxuriant fertility and beauty to nurse it in its infancy, and then hand it on, when mature, to the hardier peoples whom nature was training by a sterner discipline on the northern flanks of the spinal column of the world.

But this northern slope is not shut up to the influence of the dry, hard, continental air, with such tempering breath as it could suck from the ice-fields of the Polar Sea. It will be seen that at almost regular intervals there occur great breaks in the mountain chain; vast de-

* The physical conditions of the Americas, and their influence on the people who inhabit them, are beyond our present scope.

pressions like the basin of the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Gulf of Lyons, through which "the breath of the sweet South" passes up to temper the rigors of the northern climate. Through these channels the north and the south maintain a physical commerce; the northern regions get some softness, the southern some strength by the sweet exchange. But the grand instrument in this mixture is the Atlantic Ocean, which is a vast Mediterranean valley carried right up into the heart of the land mass of the world. Winds, currents, and some quality of air which needs finer tests, are borne up by the Atlantic into the heart of the great continent, which, but for their genial tributes, would be a dry, bare waste. The whole influence of the Atlantic in tempering the rigor of the climate which would reign, were the great plain of Asia-Europe, which is unbroken by a ridge more than a few hundred feet in height, from Hamburg to Kamschatka, carried on toward the American prairies, it would be instructive to trace in detail, but space forbids. The climate of Spain, Italy, Greece, France, England, and in a measure of Germany, reveal it. What the Atlantic, with its warm south-western drift of air and water, does for Western Europe, may be estimated by a comparison of mean temperatures on the western coasts, and in the heart of the continent, and on the eastern shores. A glance at the isothermal lines on any good physical map will afford ample demonstration of the mildness of the western European climate, as compared with that of the interior of the continent and its eastern seaboard. A Russian army has perished by cold of 20° below zero in Central Asia, in a latitude in which in the Azores there reigns perpetual spring. Splendid wine is produced in Astrakan in latitudes in which at the mouth of the Loire, in France, the vine will hardly flourish but where the winters are genial; while in Astrakan, the vine-dressers have to bury their vines in winter several feet deep in the earth, to preserve them from being killed by the cold.

Europe, of all the continents, is the subject of the richest varieties within moderate limits; and in it nothing runs to extremes. The Atlantic—with some

help, no doubt, from the Sahara—drives the line of perpetual ground frost round its North Cape, while its Southern is not beyond the limit of winter snow. Europe has a real summer and a real winter everywhere, and neither have absolute reign; while its climate is most adapted to the growth of all natural products which are needful for the nourishment of the higher forms of human life. Moreover, Europe enjoys in the richest degree variety of structure and influences. No continent can compare with it in the large proportion of its coast-line to its mass.* "This means that the maritime influence penetrates it everywhere, but nowhere in such force as to master it. It is more full of mountain chains, plateaus, plains, deserts, islands, promontories, and peninsulas, than any other region of the world. But all of them are moderate in measure, and within easy reach of influences which temper their special character, while it is everywhere cut by rivers, and has lakes in abundance. In short, the blessing of old Palestine (Deut. viii., 7-9) seems to rest upon it; it is the Palestine of the earth, the home of its noblest races, and its richest life.

What Europe is to the world, the Levant is to Europe. The Mediterranean, which is but an Atlantic on a smaller scale, carries the genial oceanic influences into the inmost recesses of lands which, while they lie within the belt of a temperate climate, have an exposure to the southern sun. There lie the lands which were the cradles of the young European commonwealths and kingdoms, just as the vaster but kindred regions of Egypt, Mesopotamia, India, and China nursed the young despotisms which have given the character to Asiatic civilization. The Levant is a land-locked sea, with innumerable roadsteads, harbors, and islands, at frequent intervals, to tempt the young sailors to adventure and commerce, and train them to buffet the billows of the great Atlantic in time. If Europe has the most varied coast-line of the continents, the Levantine seaboard is the most richly varied in Europe; there, as far as we can trace the physical influences which

* Europe has for every mile of coast-line only 156 square miles of area; Asia has 459; Africa, 628; Australia, 290; North America, 228; South America, 376.

act on nations, all the conditions are concentrated in rich profusion, which are fitted to develop to their highest strain, in the earlier and less hardy stages of their culture, the noblest and strongest races of mankind.

This dual slope on either side of the central chain, which stretches on the one hand from the Amoor to the plains of the Loire, and from Corea to Cadiz, is one of the main factors of civilization. The major axis of the continents Asia-Europe runs in the direction of the parallels of latitude—that is, through tolerably even belts of climate; men in their wanderings, following mainly the direction of the major axis—that is, the direction in which there is most room—would find tolerably uniform climates. There is no severe transition from the highlands of Western Asia, where our eye first falls on the great Saxon race, to the climate of England, their chosen home. In America, the major axis runs in the direction of the meridians, that is, through every variety of climate from the Arctic Ocean to the Equator. This contrast is full of significance with relation to the place which America holds in the action of the drama of civilization; but that is not a matter which can be considered here. The main point at present is, that everywhere in Asia-Europe, you have northern and southern climates, peoples, civilization, habits, and tendencies, separated from each other by a thin though lofty mountain barrier, strong enough to make intercourse difficult and to maintain a certain isolation, but not strong enough to prevent fruitful interchange of gifts and ministries; furnishing too, an eyrie from which hardy northern peoples gazed down on the splendid lands of the palm, the olive, and the vine, whence beauty seemed ever to be wooing valor to dare and win.

The breaking in of these northern races on the rich homes of a high and luxurious civilization, which stud the southern slope of the mountains from China to Spain, and the reaction of the southern civilization on the invaders, provoking new northern floods, have been main facts in the history of human progress in all ages of the world. Commerce, the interchange of influences, products, ideas, between diverse and distant peoples, is the mainspring of civilization.

We see a great scheme of human history already mapped out, in the provision made by a Divine hand for this commerce in the structure of the world.

Very notable is it, that just at the point where the two axes of this great continental mass intersect, lies the tableland of Iran—the cradle of our race. It is, perhaps, on the whole, the fairest region of this earth. The lands which grow the Caucasian man, produce likewise, as we have already noted, not the largest, but the purest and finest forms of the animal and the vegetable kingdom. It is the region where Nature works with freest hand and finest finish; and there, in the heart of it all, God nursed the infancy of his masterpiece, man. Around that centre, all the early development of society was carried on; and there during long ages, the germs of civilization were matured. Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, with the Scythian hordes hanging around the northern borders, and Judæa in the fore-front: these for ages continued to act and to react on each other, and to prepare civilization to start on its western path. For there in the west lay the continent which was prepared to be the theatre of the highest action of the drama; and there too, beyond it, all unknown, though not unguessed, in the far distance, lay the vaster region, which, when the culture of the western European races had been carried to its highest point, and was panting for a new and wider sphere, would receive their noblest representatives to complete the human conquest of the world.

Is there no vision of a great Divine plan of human history in the fact, that some hand set the leading races of mankind on a westward path, settled the greatest nations around the Mediterranean seaboard, ordered it that civilization on its north-western course should find ever stronger and nobler peoples to include within its sphere, and at last planted the most daring, strenuous, and enduring race which the earth nourishes on her bosom, in the north-western corner of the old continent, face to face with the grandest problem ever propounded by Providence—the settlement of the new world. Verily, "*God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath de-*

terminated the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." The veil is but a thin one which hides here the Divine hand.

Thus much on the organic structure of the earth as the theatre of history. It is a subject of deep interest and great importance, on which we might dwell more largely did our limits allow. But it seems to us the true prologue of the history of the world; and some conception of its nature and bearings must be grasped by those who would discern the organic wholeness of the history of our race.

Mr. Philip Smith, as becomes an earnest believer in Revelation, makes Paradise his starting-point. The creation of the first man, dual, in the Divine image, the fall, the promise and purpose of redemption, he looks upon as the fundamental facts of history. These eldest facts of Revelation are the key to all the complex phenomena of our development, and reveal the Divine plan which underlies the constitution of man and of his world. Thus, in the view of our author, history has an organic unity, the core of which is the redemptive purpose of God; rather this is the backbone of the structure to which all its limbs and organs attach themselves by vital bands, from which they derive their form and cohesion, and by which they present to the eye of God the image of an organic whole, which will be apparent also to other eyes when the work of reconstruction is complete. Mr. Philip Smith traces with judgment and freedom the early stages of history after the early chapters of the Word of God. He accepts the doctrine of the unity of the race, the history of Eden and the temptation, the murder of Abel, the birth of antediluvian civilization in the family of Cain, the intermarriage of the Cainite and Sethite races, and the Noachic deluge, as simple history, without perplexing his readers with what must be, at present, comparatively fruitless speculation, as to the reconciliation of these historic records with the new world of facts which is being daily discovered, and which, at first sight, seems to place in new and startling lights the primeval history of mankind. The conclusions of science are not yet in a sufficiently indisputable stage to render the discussion

profitable. It is the advancing question, and when the time of settlement comes, it will but help us to see in a clearer, stronger light, the true function of the Divine word, and to understand more fully the inestimable worth of the guidance which it offers to man. Passing lightly, but clearly and firmly, over the antediluvian era, under the guidance of the Scripture narrative, the author sketches rapidly the early postdiluvian history, and, in an able and interesting chapter, he endeavors to reconcile the soundest ethnological judgments with "the book of the generations of the sons of Noah." Again, we venture to think that the harmony is premature, and therefore immature. Science has much to learn and to teach about the facts whose bearings we are called to estimate, when we compare its deductions with what we take to be the statements of Revelation—we wait with Goethe for "more light." But nothing can be more clear in point of method and statement than this ethnological chapter. Here, as elsewhere, the author gives us, with great brevity and clearness, an admirable digest of the best knowledge of the time. He has studied the chief and most recent authorities, and he has the art of placing before his readers, briefly and clearly, and not without eloquence where needful, the results of his studies in a form which will convey an intelligent notion of the true order and relation of things to the least learned of them—which we imagine is a faculty of primal importance in an author who aspires to write a history. Emerged from the confusion in which, beyond the brief outline of the inspired record, the pre-Abrahamic period is buried, our author addresses himself fairly to his task, and opens the tale of the history of the world with a sketch of the patriarchal age, as illustrated in the life of Abraham and his descendants, down to the close of the Egyptian captivity. His reason for setting the life of this family in the forefront of history, we give in his own words, as they lay bare, in a few sentences, the method of the book.

"The precedence given to Abraham's call has that moral significance which forms the true life of history. It is the next event after the confusion of the Babel builders, in which

the direct action of God's providence is seen, and the first step in that course of moral government, to which all the affairs of the surrounding nations are secondary. Following the same order, we shall take up the history of those nations as they come in contact with the main current of the story of the chosen race." Vol. i. pp. 58, 59.

Hegel has no patience with the history of the race before the state gets fairly organized, and political communities appear upon the scene. Von Bunsen holds that history was born that night when Moses led forth his people out of the land of Egypt. We believe that our author shows a truer appreciation, in recognizing in the call of Abraham, and the life of the Hebrew herdsmen on the wolds of Canaan and in the pastures of the Delta, the true beginning of the higher life and progress of the world. There is a grand truth, no doubt, in Von Bunsen's words. The tale of human experience and activity began to have cohesion and continuity from the hour of the birth of Hebrew nationality. We can see from this far distance how, around their national life, all the vital activity of the old world was concentrated, and how from them came forth the influence which has been the formative principle in modern society. Their life, from the separation of Abraham, as a man taught of God the lessons of righteous living, down to the establishment of their synagogues in every great city of the civilized world, to be the *foci* of the light and living power of the Gospel, is the vertebral column of history. Not without profound meaning is the progress of civilization set forth in Daniel under the form of a human image. The backbone of that image is the Jewish and Christian Church. In truth, by very much the completest history of the middle age in our language is Milman's History of the Latin Church. That is the very centre and focus of all the great movements which have shaped society. He who would truly understand the growth of civilization must follow the thread of the history of the Church. This thread Mr. Philip Smith takes in hand at once as the clue to guide him through the labyrinth; he traces briefly, but with sufficient fulness and graphic power, the fortunes of the chosen race, until Egypt

receives them, and their history becomes interwoven, for the first time, with the destinies of one of the oldest and grandest of the monarchies of the world.

Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia—the real focus of the Assyrian empire—are the three main factors of the earlier civilization of our race. For ages, all its vital interest is centred in that south-western nook of Asia—for Egypt is Asiatic rather than African in everything but name—which is itself the physical centre of the continental mass of the old world. The north-western corner of Europe is, as we have seen, in like manner the centre of the whole terrestrial mass, including the Americas. It has succeeded to the inheritance of South-Western Asia, and, since the discovery of the new world, has been the head-quarters of civilization. Palestine is the highland country of that region of the East, the fit mountain home of a free and hardy race, flanked by vast plains, the seat of the most ancient despotisms, on either hand. Looking at the physical features of the region, we see that the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile are the natural home of great despotisms, while Palestine is as fitted to nourish adventurous and progressive peoples. The first self-impelled movements of men led them into the vast luxuriant oozy plains of Mesopotamia, where nature was lavish, where life would be easy, and where there was room for the congregation of great herds of men. The reason which led Lot down to the plain of Sodom was the reason which led man down to the plain of Shinar; a speedy relaxation of the moral bands of social and political life was in either case the result. Abraham, apart there, on the wolds of Hebron, with the rich plain on either hand full of wanton, lustful life, is a prophetic picture. It is the position which his race was destined to occupy in the mountain citadel, which was the barrier between two great empires, and which commanded their highways. This tendency of men to settle in the great river basins was natural and inevitable. It needed a Divine call to guide Abraham to the comparative barrenness, or at any rate the modest fertility, of a mountain land. Equally natural and inevitable

was the rapid progress of arts and industry on the one hand, and political and social organization of a low type on the other. The causes we have not space to analyze, but the fact is clear—that the peoples settled in the lavish alluvial plains of the great southern rivers, sank rapidly into mere herds of helpless subjects of powerful despotisms, mighty for a time in arts, industries, and war, and in all that makes the well-being of man's animal life; but destitute of that spirit of personal freedom, and that power of self-government, which have marked the peoples who have done the greatly notable things in the history of mankind. Egypt and Assyria offer the two most conspicuous instances of this which the old world affords, chiefly because they lie fairly within the sphere of history, and we are able to trace their development with some tolerable clearness, while the early history of India and China is in great part hidden from us still.

To Egypt our historian awards the palm of antiquity. We question the dictum; though there is no difficulty in believing that the peculiar physical conditions of the Nile valley secured a more rapid and uninterrupted development to the civilization which was borne thither than was possible in the larger, freer, and more unsettled region of Shinar. The best Egyptologists are of opinion that there is no trace of any great disturbance of the political state of Egypt until the Shepherd invasion, which, whatever the exact date may be—and the best authorities differ—must be placed some way on in the second millennium before Christ, and many centuries after the foundation of the State. Favored by its isolation, the simplicity and constancy of its physical conditions, and its extreme fertility, society in Egypt would make early and rapid progress; and there can be little doubt that the higher forms of political organization first developed themselves in the Valley of the Nile.

Mr. Philip Smith allows himself more room in dealing with Egyptian affairs than he can allot to any other of the elder nations of antiquity. His chapters on Egypt are, in fact, an admirable digest of all that the most accurate and recent research has brought to light.

He commences his narrative with a valuable caution:

"We prefer to give the history as told by the ancient authors, and by the most diligent modern students of the monuments, leaving its value to be settled by criticism, based on more extensive knowledge than we have yet acquired. The statements we proceed to make must, therefore, be understood, not only as the mere results of inquiries too elaborate for us to trouble the reader with, but as results that only express a certain state of opinion, which cannot be regarded as placed beyond dispute."—Vol. i. p. 81.

(To be concluded.)

Blackwood's Magazine.

CONVERSATION;

or,

CONVERSATIONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

CONVERSATION has been said to be one of the lost arts—an assertion for which Talleyrand has been made responsible. Remembering, as he did, the brilliant salons of France in earlier days, he might be allowed to bewail the degeneracy of a duller generation. The sarcasm may be partly true. Yet we must not forget how common it is, even for those who have little of the great Frenchman's ability, to extol the glories of the days gone by, when, intellectually if not physically, there were giants in the land.

Undoubtedly in these modern days the art of conversation has some peculiar difficulties. We are all too busy, one way or the other—the movement of life, whether with or without an object, is too rapid—to allow us to spend as much time in talk as is required to perfect the accomplishment. People meet to eat and drink, to dance, to flirt, to act comedies or dress for *tableaux*, to play croquet, but not for conversation. Such talk as there is we do rapidly, with as little expense of thought or of words as may be. It seems to be admitted generally that talk is an effort, which a busy person cannot be expected to make without an adequate motive, and which an idle person cannot be expected to make at all. Long words are abbreviated, as too troublesome to pronounce. Short recognized formulas, and handy condensed phrases, are made to serve, with very little variation, to express such few ideas as it is considered absolutely necessary

to communicate; and the desired piquancy is sought in fashionable slang. Then, again, we all read a great deal more than our forefathers did, and therefore seem to have less need of talk as an intellectual exercise. We pay people to talk for us, in fact, just as the Orientals prefer hiring dancers to going through the exertion themselves. It is true that such trash as is commonly written and read is a very poor substitute in this respect for even the most ordinary conversation; for surely no real talk that ever was talked can come up to the inanity of dialogue and sentiment which fill the pages of three-fourths of our modern novels. Still, these do form the staple of mental entertainment to an unfortunately large number of people; and they seem quite content with their fare. To be sure, the talk of such persons can be no loss to society under any circumstances; and it may be better that they should exercise themselves within the pages of their green and yellow favorites than inflict their tediousness upon others. The purchase of a worthless volume at a railway stall may be very far from helping to improve the mind of the purchaser, but it may contribute very materially to the comfort of his fellow-passengers.

Some transcendental thinkers have imagined that all talk is at best a weakness. Mr. Carlyle's contempt for it is well known. He looks upon it for the most part as "sinful waste;" but such an opinion might be expected from the cynical philosophy which holds mankind to be "mostly fools." Others besides him have suggested that, inasmuch as speech must have been originally invented to express our wants, and even the existence of a want of any kind implies a state of imperfection, all articulate utterances are in fact nothing better than developments of the natural cry of an animal for food, and therefore really connected with our lower being. There is a passage in a letter of Frederick Robertson's (of Brighton) which is not without some truth and beauty, as indeed few of his recorded thoughts are. He suggests that the most perfect communion between two friends may be when they sit silent together, and "hour after hour passes, each taking it for granted that all which he desires to say is understood." He goes on as follows:

"If we had perfect fulness of all things—the entire beatitude of being without a want—should we not lapse into the silence of heaven itself? All the utterances of man, his music, his poetry, are but the results of a loneliness which coarser and blunter spirits had been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough not to feel, and which compelled them to articulate expressions, in moans or cries of happiness, as the case may be." *

All conversation, according to this theory, must be between dissatisfied people, just as it has been said that all the great works in this world are done by discontented men. If none of us wanted anything, and we were all contented with things exactly as they are, we should say nothing and do nothing. It is almost needless to add by way of illustration, that Mr. Robertson was, as Mr. Carlyle is, a fluent and excellent talker, and that both might claim a fair share of that grand discontent which is said to be the heritage of genius.

The Orientals retain something of this idea, that all talk for mere talking's sake is inconsistent with the dignity of man. The old Persian rule was, that every man should sit silent until he had something to say that was worth hearing. The social code in English or French society would enjoin almost the very opposite—that it would be better to say almost anything than not to talk at all. The most desperate plunge into nonsense, boldly made, is welcomed if it does but break one of those embarrassing pauses which we abhor as nature is said to do a vacuum. A silent member has his value in the House of Commons, but he is at a discount in any other society; he seems hardly to come up to the old Homeric definition of his kind—to belong to the race of "articulate-speaking men." It may be that this demand for talk at all hazards has helped to demoralize conversation; that the finer quality is no longer encouraged or appreciated, and therefore seldom produced; just as in the parallel case, the overwhelming influx of printed trash has made the cultivation of a true literary taste hopeless in the majority of readers.

It may be shrewdly suspected that, after all, the vaunted excellence of the conversation of older days has been con-

* Life, vol. i. p. 272.

siderably overrated. It has been asserted of our modern parliamentary eloquence that it does not come up to the great powers of Fox and Sheridan. We have no Hansard of those days to refer to; but we know enough to feel sure that the popular reports of such things are never to be much depended upon. If Dr. Johnson could be accommodated under the gallery of the present House of Commons on the night of some great debate, he might have no occasion to complain of the degeneracy of real eloquence amongst our legislators, though he might miss some of the stately periods in which he thought proper to dress the speeches of his own younger days. So, also, we may venture to demur, on some points, to the eulogies which have been passed upon the talk which prevailed in the drawing-rooms of our great-grandmothers. If it was high art, it was certainly not the highest; for the art seems to have been nearly always patent—anything less like nature it is not possible to conceive. Elaborate and fulsome compliment, childish badinage, *double entendre*, and profanity, made up a great part of it. Impromptus which had been carefully studied, remarks which passed for naïveté, but which were really consummate artifice, clever blasphemy, and the grossest thoughts veiled in the politest clothing—this is what we find the tone of good society a hundred years ago, what we are told we are to regret, and what, in those of its features which are most easily copied, it is said that in some circles there is a tendency to reproduce.

Such conversation as was not indebted for its piquancy to some of the ingredients above named, and which affected a higher intellectual range, must sometimes have been boring both to talkers and to listeners. It would certainly be so now, if we gather a fair idea of it from such notices as survive. People made believe to enjoy it, no doubt, as they do with many fashions of the present day; but they must sometimes have had to “make believe very hard.” When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first met with the man who, as they were both aware, was meant to be her future husband, they talked together, of all things in the world, about “the Roman heroes.” Mr. Montagu mentioned some classical author, and she

regretted that she had never read his works. The conversation of modern fashionable lovers would probably not make a very lively or instructive chronicle; but at least it can hardly be less natural than this. So in the days of that world-renowned circle of *Précieuses*, who met at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and who have the credit of having reformed and polished the French language itself, we are told that they talked classics, discussed the private life of the Romans, and composed and read aloud for each other’s edification sonnets and epigrams. At those Saturdays of Mademoiselle de Scudéri, where so much of what held itself to be the wit and intellect of the day met for the purpose of showing what clever talk could be, the notion was much the same. Does one wonder that after such an evening a French wit of the day seized his companion’s arm as they withdrew, and said, “For heaven’s sake, my friend, come and let us talk a little bad grammar!” or that Talleyrand, fresh from the *Bureaux d’esprit* (as they were called) of a later generation, in spite of his admiration for his fair countrywomen’s fine talk, should have said that “he found nonsense singularly refreshing”? We are told of one of the Scudéri evenings in particular, which was styled “La Journée des Madrigaux,” when the hostess and all her party set to work to compose verses—which of course were to be full of point and liveliness, and which were the subject of mutual praise and admiration. The spirit of the hour extended itself even to the kitchen, and squires of the chamber, footmen, and ladies’ maids caught the poetic fury, and disported themselves with this literary “High Life below Stairs.” Collectors of literary curiosities have reason to regret that no copies of this genuine domestic poetry have been preserved. But such performances as these are not conversation in any sense; rather, they show that in the case of those who have recourse to them, either the powers or the charms of conversation are insufficient. Modern attempts of the same kind have been made even in English society. The Della Crusca Academy and the Blue Stocking Club are well known, and had their day of popularity, though we remember them now only to laugh at their pretensions. If we may estimate

the quality of their talk by the samples of their written compositions which have survived, it must have been poor enough. The tales and poetry of the "Florence Miscellany," for instance, which the amateur authors mutually praised and admired, would hardly be admitted now into the pages of a school magazine. The same kind of thing has been revived continually from time to time, and goes on still under various designations. It befell the present writer, on one occasion, to be introduced in the character of a visitor to one of the evening meetings of a very exclusive and mysterious body, whom (not to be too personal) may here be called the Literary Rosicrucians. A subject was given out some fortnight beforehand for treatment: and on this theme every member, lady or gentleman—happily the tax was not exacted from visitors—was expected to contribute either a short tale, a poem, or an original sketch in pencil or colors. The latter productions were laid on the tables at the monthly *soirée* of the club, and examined, with a criticism more or less friendly, by the assembled members. The artists were supposed to be unknown, and so had the advantage of listening, if they pleased, under this conventional incognito, to the opinions expressed. The literary contributions (also anonymous) were collected in some way by the secretary of the evening, and by him read aloud in succession. This was the trying scene in the evening's performances. Some, of course, were intended to be grave, and some to be humorous; but it was not always easy to distinguish, at least until the reader (a bad one of course) came to an end, which was which. And, as a rule, the production which was most clearly meant to be facetious was exactly that at which it was impossible to laugh, while the pathetic pieces were those during which it was most difficult to maintain one's gravity. A mere outsider had naturally that kind of excuse for preserving an impassive demeanor throughout, which was pleaded by the solitary hearer who remained unmoved during a sermon which threw all the rest of the congregation into tears—that he "belonged to another parish." But for one of the sacred band, who felt that he might be sitting next to the author of the hour, and yet was unable either to

laugh or cry in the proper places—or for the authors themselves—the situation did not appear a pleasant one. If *Mademoiselle de Scudéri* or *Mrs. Montagu's* evenings were at all like this, we need hardly regret that we did not live in that Arcadia. The thing ended with a supper, which was decidedly more artistic than any other part of the entertainment (the kitchen, fortunately, not having caught the literary infection in this case), and which appeared to bring great relief and refreshment to many of the initiated, as well as to the profane guest who had been for once admitted to their mysteries.

Much complaint has been made of the conversation of men of acknowledged literary powers. Authors are accused of proving, in ordinary society, either positively dull, or unworthily frivolous. Probably instances enough might be brought forward in support of the accusation. The faculty of expressing ideas clearly and pleasantly upon paper, when the writer can take his own time for thought and correction, is not always found in conjunction with that snap-shot readiness which hits its mark instinctively, and with fair accuracy, at the moment. There may be here and there an author of whom it might be said, as of Goldsmith, that

"He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

On the other hand, we must consider from what quarters the charge comes. In answer to the cynical proverb that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, it was observed with much fairness that the fault might quite as likely be the valet's as the hero's. So, before we set down genius as a dull companion, we must consider what we have a right to expect from it in that character. The child who is shown the Queen will be terribly disappointed to see a lady plainly dressed in black; the young imagination misses the crown, the orb, and the sceptre. There are unreasonable people, no doubt, who expect to have an author always put on his war-paint, and talk in character, as it were: as *Mrs. Siddons* terrified the footboy by asking in her deepest tragedy tones for "beer." *Lord Macaulay* probably never delivered orally a supplementary chapter of the History of England after dinner, and would have

been extremely tiresome if he had. Mr. Dickens would most likely object to doing a little *Pickwick* in a conversational form. Many writers who contribute, in their proper place, to the entertainment of the public, might very fairly shrink, out of natural dignity and delicacy, from anything like showing off in the ordinary intercourse of society. The conversation of clever people, whether their powers have ever been tested in print or not, is likely to be more or less interesting to clever people; it does not always follow that they should be appreciated by stupid ones. One may have heard the sneer that they keep their good things for their books. In a very limited sense, and by no means the sense intended, this may be true. Most literary performances which are worth anything are the result of considerably more thought and pains, and go through a longer process of mental correction and revision, than careless readers are inclined to believe. The two hundred lines an hour which Lucilius wrote standing on one foot were, in all probability, what might be expected—very lame affairs. Much which passes for rather brilliant conversation when we hear it, or take part in it, might have a very different effect if we have to read a proof-sheet of it. It is extremely probable that an author's best things *will* be found in his book rather than in his conversation. Miss Austen in past days, Mr. Lever and Mr. Trollope in the present, contrive to make their characters talk very cleverly indeed. Does any one suppose that they had nothing more to do than to sit down and take notes of what their clever friends said in actual life?

Books have been written on what their writers are pleased to call "The Art of Conversation." But whether it is an art at all, in the sense of being subject to any rules, or attainable by any discipline of teaching, is much more than doubtful. In the same way there was supposed to be an art of poetry; the aspirant was to be fitted out with a dictionary of synonymes, and another of rhymes, and, by their help, was to turn out unexceptionable verse. Judging from what has before now been printed as poetry, this creed must have found its proselytes. But the instances are probably rare in which talk has

formed any subject of study, whether such an addition to our social education would be an improvement or not. Some of the best talkers, according to their lights, will be found among the uneducated classes, by any one who will be at the pains to draw them out. The power of telling a story well, with all due embellishment of tone and gesture—including such a disguise of the plain, prosaic truth as all good story-tellers have a license for—belongs to some of this class in perfection. Shrewd remarks upon things and persons, founded very often upon a nice discrimination of character; satire, keen if not refined; often very delicate flattery (if flattery be not too harsh a word for what is much more like real good-breeding than the smiling insincerities of higher life); and never, under any circumstances, those covert sneers under the mask of politeness, of all social impertinences the most insufferable, which pass too often unrebuked, because to resent them involves almost an equal breach of good manners, and which are the exclusive accomplishments of the gentler sex. If some of the poor had only their Boswells, what amusing volumes might take the place of some of our tedious modern biographies! But these good talkers in humble life are fast dying out. They exist chiefly among the generation who knew not Her Majesty's School Inspectors—who read the book of life much more readily than their primers, and understood the world within the limits of their own experience none the worse because they never knew which hemisphere they lived in. Learning may have done much for the village young ladies who pass in Standard VI., but at least it has not made them pleasanter to talk to than their grandmothers. Possibly their little knowledge embarrasses them. They are conscious that their natural talk will hardly bear strict grammatical analysis, and they despair, on the other hand, of reaching the exalted style of dialogue which they find in the pages of their favorite penny novelist. The consequence is an awkward affectation, which is anything but an improvement on the rough and ready converse of the more illiterate poor. One cannot help feeling that there is much truth in the quaint protest of a pleasant writer who has little sympathy

with modern cultivation—"If we had as many readers as we have books, what a precious dull lot we should be!"

There are one or two popular fallacies on the subject of conversation which, perhaps, help to make it more difficult than it need be. One of these is the outcry against "talking shop." Of course, for any two or three individuals in the company to insist on making the staple of the conversation something which can only interest themselves personally, and on which others are necessarily either uninformed or indifferent, is simple rudeness and ill-breeding. And although the name given to it assumes this to be a kind of *bourgeois* offence in its origin, it is at least as common in what affects to be very good society indeed. The fashionable "shop" with which some people will persist in boring their neighbors, sometimes with a premeditated malice, because they know that they are speaking in a sort of unknown tongue to those whose habits and interests are quite of a different kind, is a much graver social offence than any commercial or professional discussion could be. It is good, no doubt, for all of us, in the society of others, to throw off for a while the trammels of our working-hours. We should meet, as far as possible, on common ground, and try to recognize a common interest. The more confined and individual our own sphere of action is, the more wholesome it is for ourselves, and the more agreeable for others, that we should at such times step out of its contracted circle into a freer atmosphere. The business man is not to take his business out to dinner with him, nor the physician his patients, nor the parson his parish, nor the officer his regiment, nor the lawyer his briefs. But this rule has its limits. Of all vices which infest conversation, none is more fatal than talking of what we do not understand. Now understanding, in every one's case, is limited; whereas modern society very much affects universal knowledge. The result is that a good deal of nonsense is talked, of a very different kind from the nonsense which Talleyrand enjoyed—the nonsense which passes for sense. The talkers rush in with their opinions, positive and emphatic, upon subjects of the day which wiser men are at their wits' end to find the

true bearings of. Many men who would be worth listening to on some special subject, with which circumstances have made them well acquainted, insist on enlightening you on some point about which they know simply nothing. Sir Walter Scott said that he never failed to get amusement and information of some kind from every person with whom he was accidentally thrown into company. He talked to them about their special business and occupation; here at least they were on their own ground, and had something to say which might be worth hearing. Locke had, long before, attributed much of his own extensive information to a habit of the same kind; he had made it a rule, he said, throughout his life, to talk to all sorts of people on the subjects with which their own business or pursuits had made them most familiar. Very often, in what claims to be refined society, this dread of seeming to "talk shop" is carried to an extreme, and it is thought bad taste to talk of the things which every one knows the speaker must understand. It is the same sort of feeling which sometimes leads a painter to pride himself especially, not on his acknowledged powers in his own line, but upon some trick of indifferent rhyming; which makes the barrister affect the sportsman, and the scientific man the *flâneur* of fashionable life. We might listen with pleasure to an Indian officer's anecdotes of the Delhi campaign, though the political opinions which he melts down for us from his yesterday's "Times" or "Standard" are wearisome in the extreme. Even the Rector's views on the agricultural labor question will commonly be better worth listening to than his criticisms on the pictures in the last Exhibition. If he is but gifted with common observation, he ought to have something original to tell us about a class whom he has special opportunities of becoming acquainted with; while his judgment in the fine arts is only endurable when we are sure it is secondhand. A courteous and sensible host, who wishes to have all his guests show themselves at their best, never fails to remember and take advantage of their specialities. He does not allow them to flounder long in the stream of general talk, in which that which is really in them may never find an utterance; but he

draws them out upon some point on which he knows they have something to say, and the courtesy finds its own reward in the transformation of a dull and silent guest into a pleased and animated talker. To do this well, the master of the house should be himself, as they say the complete barrister should be, well armed at all points of knowledge: or it may chance that he comes to some grief himself in the laudable endeavor to lead the conversation. And since we cannot always expect to find in the host of the day these great qualifications—it would be hard indeed for society if none but modern Crichtons were allowed to entertain—it might be well if the company were permitted to elect a leader of conversation, in the same way as the ancients, at their symposia, elected an *arbiter bibendi*. As some struggling aspirants, who hang on with difficulty to the outskirts of high life, submit the list of their guests to some fashionable friend for revision, or even leave the invitations altogether to such more experienced hands; so those who are conscious that they are more hospitable than brilliant might depute some accomplished friend to direct “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” content themselves to be responsible for the more material entertainment. Awkward blunders result sometimes from the laudable attempt of the master of the house to talk all things to all men. An Oxford tutor, a very sensible man, once invited a party of undergraduates—good fellows enough, but not the reading set in the college. With a praiseworthy desire to suit his talk to his guests, he took up the papers of the day and looked at the names and position of the favorites for the Derby, to be run next day. Among them was one rejoicing in the name of “Ugly Buck” — why so called is best known to his breeder and owner. The tutor had just been reading Hans Andersen’s charming fable of the Ugly Duck, which was much more in the line of his own taste than race-horses. To break a pause rather longer than usual, he turned to a “horsy”-looking youngster who sat next him, and bringing to bear, as he thought, his innocent “cram” of the morning, asked him, in the off-hand tone of one to whom such speculations were familiar, what he thought of the chances

of Ugly *Duck* for the Derby? The boys had too much respect for him to laugh — much; but he felt ever afterward that it had been safer for him to have started the most abstract literary discussion, or even confined himself to the familiar ground of plucks and passes, at all risks of his talk being considered “shoppy.”

Another protest has been raised, chiefly by transcendentalists, against the teller of good stories as one of the natural pests of conversation. De Quincey, among others, has hurled his anathema against him. But Mr. De Quincey, like many other clever men, was fond of hearing his own voice; it was disagreeable to him, no doubt, to find the attention of the circle, who ought to have been listening to some of his finer fancies, drawn off by a commonplace anecdote. But the objection is too widely taken. It is not the man who tells a good story well, but he who inflicts on us one which is tedious and pointless, or, still worse, who tells a good story badly, who is the unpardonable offender. Really good story-tellers are few. But, with all respect to Mr. De Quincey, they are very valuable contributors to the social circle, and are listened to with perhaps even too flattering attention. The clever raconteur is as popular a character now as in the days when he was the oral novelist of the non-reading audience. Only the conditions of excellence in the art have changed; for us moderns he must be brief, pithy, epigrammatic; whereas for those old winter evenings, when lights and books were scarce, and readers scarcer, he could hardly be too elaborate and descriptive. The drawback naturally is that they are apt to repeat themselves to the same audience. A good story is a good thing if you have never heard it before. Some will bear being told twice very fairly; but a third and fourth repetition is too much. There is no reason, of course, why a man should not tell the same half-a-dozen times over in different companies; but in very few cases is the narrator’s memory accurate enough to remember every individual who was present at the last telling. It would be very desirable if all who are really good story-tellers could endorse some mental memoranda upon each, as

preachers are understood to do upon their sermons, to record when and in whose presence it was last delivered. The want of some such safeguard is the real explanation of the reproaches which have fallen upon story-tellers in general of being social bores. The great art here, as in other cases, is to conceal the art, and to let the story come in naturally as an illustration of some particular point in the conversation. And perhaps the worst use to which a story can be put is to bring it out to "cap," as it were, another which has just been told. If the first was anything of a good one, the second will be apt to fall flat: especially as the capability of being amused, in the case of grown-up and grave members of society, will commonly be found very limited indeed. On the other hand, if the first story was poor, and the second is evidently brought out to beat it, the teller is convicted of what is admitted to be bad taste in any company above that of the tap-room — of purposely displaying his own abilities in the way of triumph over others.

Our gay neighbors the French are commonly supposed to be far more ready than ourselves in at least the lighter artillery of talk. Yet, if we may trust a keen observer among themselves, French society is getting too lazy to do its own talking. Alphonse Karr has laid the scene of the following amusing *jeu d'esprit* in Brussels, but we may be sure that the satire is aimed at the Paris drawing-rooms. It is a burlesque advertisement, the authorship of which he attributes to one of his literary friends:

"A gentleman who is at present in Brussels, and whose name is Baron Frederick d'A——, has the honor to inform the public that, being endowed with very distinguished conversational talents, reënforced by a course of solid study (a practice becoming more and more rare), and having gathered in his various travels a fund of instructive and interesting observations, he now places his time at the disposal of those gentlemen and ladies who receive at their own houses, as well as of such persons as are tired of finding no one pleasant to converse with.

"Baron F. d'A—— undertakes conversation both abroad and at home. His apartments, open to subscribers twice a day, are the rendezvous of a select circle (twenty-five francs per month). Three hours of each

morning are devoted to a *causerie*, instructive, but at the same time agreeable. Novels, literary and artistic subjects, observations on the manners of the day in which the prevailing tone is a piquancy which has no bitterness, with polished discussions on various subjects, politics being rigidly excluded, form the staple of entertainment for the evenings.

"His terms for conversation parties at the houses of his patrons are at the rate of ten francs the hour. The Baron cannot accept more than three invitations to dinner in the week, at twenty francs. (This does not include the evening party.) The spirit and brilliancy of his conversation is graduated according to the liberality of the entertainment. (Puns and witticisms are the subject of special arrangements.)

"Baron F. d'A—— undertakes to supply professional talkers, in correct costume, to keep up and vary the conversation, in cases where his employers do not choose themselves to be at the trouble of replies, observations, or rejoinders. In the same way he can offer them as friends to strangers or to individuals who are but little known in society." *

The professional diner-out has become a rarer character in England since dinners have been put off to such a very late hour that there is really little time for conversation at all, and the talk, such as it is, is confined to a few remarks made to the neighbors next to whom chance or the providence of the hostess may have placed you. We have almost to need the caution which the lamented Miss Jenkins of Cranford so earnestly impressed upon her young friend at a morning call—never to start any subject of sufficient interest to risk its over-lasting the ten minutes.

No wonder that, as a rule, women are the best talkers. There is no need to account for the fact by the uncourteous explanation that they have most of the small change, while men hold the weightier and more valuable coinage. The truth is, we can most of us talk, if we are pleased ourselves, and sure of a pleased and sympathizing audience. Now of this a woman is always sure, more or less: if she be a beautiful woman, only too sure; and hence arises a great deal of that silliness in conversation which is so commonly laid to the charge of the fair speakers, but of which the fault, in nine cases out of ten, rests with the listener. If you will have a woman open her lips at all hazards, you

* "Les Guêpes," iv. p. 41.

have no right to complain if that which they pour out is what Solomon expected; it is unreasonable to demand a succession of wise parables or sparkling epigrams. But the commonest chivalry and courtesy make men listen patiently, if not deferentially, to anything which a woman is pleased to say; and if she be personally attractive, this endurance is almost limitless. It is not only that the listener finds

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books;"

but the veriest nonsense, interpreted by the light of those looks, passes for wisdom. As was said in a different sense of Jeremy Taylor—"From her lips all truth comes mended;" which is very well, so far; but not so well, when what is very far from truth comes in such pretty disguise that it is admired and welcomed. Poor Madame de Staël, famous as she was for the charms of her conversation, found to her mortification that this ceased in great measure to attract when the supplementary charms of youth had deserted her; men failed, she said, to recognize in the woman of fifty the wit which they had so admired in her at twenty-five. There was nothing remarkable in the discovery, whatever there may be in the confession.

There can be no doubt that, as a rule, the readiness of women in conversation is much greater than that of men. The renowned Mrs. Poyser, speaking as the advocate of her sex as against those "poor tongue-tied creatures" the men, thanks Providence that "when she has anything to say she can mostly find words to say it in." But in this she surely does the ladies less than common justice. So much as this might be said in behalf of a fair proportion of those whom she regards as the more helpless half of society. It is when they have *nothing* to say that women show their immense superiority in saying it. They can create conversation, which is the great social difficulty. Give a man a subject that he knows anything about, and unless he be really a fool or morbidly reticent, he can talk about it so as to make himself fairly intelligible, and perhaps interesting, to those for whom the subject has any interest. Those who are prophets of very stammering lips

indeed, in the general course of social talk, become almost eloquent when their feeling or enthusiasm is excited. Men throw off the slowness and hesitation which cramps all their powers in society, just as they throw off the physical infirmity of stuttering (which is a well-known fact) under the influence of some awakening theme or some strong sympathy. But the power of conversation in some women, and not always those of remarkable ability, is the very art of making bricks without straw. They will talk to one by the hour about nothing—that is, on no particular subject and with no particular object — and talk coherently and not foolishly, and very pleasantly, all the time. It would be very difficult perhaps for the listener to carry away with him any mental notes of what has been said: he may not be conscious of having gained any new ideas, or of having his old ones much enlarged; but he will rise and go his way as one does after a light and wholesome meal, sensibly cheered and refreshed, but retaining no troublesome memories of the ingredients which have composed it. Nothing showed the morbid condition of William Hazlitt's mind more remarkably than the confession, from a man of his unquestioned ability, that he "found it difficult to keep up conversation with women." It is very well to call the talk of women trifling and frivolous; if it is pleasant and graceful, it is all that can be desired. Conversation should be the relaxation, not the business, of life; and the moralists who require that it should always be of an "improving" character have no true idea of its proper social uses. Improving! have we not sermons, good books, lectures, institutions, ænæums, and a complicated educational machinery enough of all kinds to improve us all off the face of the earth, if nature did not oppose a little wholesome dunceness to this sweeping tide of instruction? Must the schoolmaster still follow us into our little holiday? If the "queens of society" will only give us talk which shall be bright without ill-natured sharpness, playful without silliness—if they will show us that affectation, vanity, jealousy, and slander are no necessary ingredients in the social dialogue, but that rather they give an ill

savor to the wittiest and the cleverest play of words—if they will remember that good-humor, sympathy, and the wish to please for the sake of giving pleasure will lend a charm to the most commonplace thoughts and expressions—their conversation will “improve” us, perhaps, quite as much as most popular lectures and some popular sermons. The talk which puts you in good-humor with yourself and with your neighbors is not wholly profitless. If it has but made half an hour pass pleasantly which with a less agreeable companion would have been spent in gloomy silence, broken by spasmodic efforts, resulting in disgust at your own and his or her stupidity, it will have effected one of the ends for which speech was given us. To be always seeking to make conversation profitable is to take a very commercial view of the transaction, of which none but a true Briton could be capable. The poet’s graceful warning against utilitarianism was not altogether unneeded for the men of his generation :

“Oh! to what uses shall we put
The wild weed flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose!”

Voice and manner have much to do with the qualifications of a pleasant talker. And here of course the ladies beat us easily. It was this that lent the irresistible charm, which all his listeners acknowledged, to the conversation of Chateaubriand. It is really not so much what is said, as how it is said, that makes the difference between the talkers of society. In public discussions, in Parliament or elsewhere, though the graces of voice and manner are valuable adjuncts to the speaker, especially in the opening of his career, he soon commands the attention of his audience, in spite of personal defects in these particulars, when it is once found that he can speak to the purpose. But all the good sense and ability in the world will not make up, in society, for a hesitating and embarrassed manner, or even for a very disagreeable voice. We may be conscious that the man has plenty to say, but we receive no pleasure from his talk.

Women have also nearly always the good taste to avoid those harangues and

declamations which are really only gross interruptions of personal egotism upon the general entertainment. These are not the faults into which women are naturally tempted; they are conscious that their forte rather lies in touching a subject lightly and letting it go. But they are the pitfalls into which even sensible men continually stumble, when warmed by some favorite subject. If indulged in, they make the speaker, however well-informed in matter and felicitous in expression, an intolerable nuisance anywhere but on a platform; and public meetings have a good deal to answer for, inasmuch as they encourage a taste for these solo performances. No one who wishes that conversation should be pleasant to his neighbors as well as himself, should speak more than two or three sentences at once. However much he may have to say, it will be all the more agreeably said for giving others the opportunity of assenting, illustrating, qualifying, or even contradicting. The ball needs to be returned by the opposite player to make a lively game. It is given to very few to keep a circle of hearers charmed by a continuous monologue, as Coleridge could for an hour together; and even he was very often complained of, outside the immediate circle of his clients and worshippers, as a monopolist of the common rights of speech. His was not really conversation at all; it was as De Quincey says, not *colloquium*, but *alloquium*. No wonder that one of his most loyal disciples tells us that “there were some whom he tired, and some whom he sent to sleep.” The Ancient Mariner, who held the wedding guest fascinated by “his glittering eye” while he told the long story of his sufferings, would have been intolerable in real life even at a wedding breakfast, where talk is notoriously scarce and difficult.

But far more objectionable than calm monologue is the dogmatical talker. In the former case, so long as the stream flows smoothly and melodiously, the listener can at the worst take refuge in a dreamy repose. But the speaker who insists on continually laying down the law not only wearies but irritates. Well-bred persons of any social experience decline to answer him; and he probably stirs up at last some impetu-

ous novice who falls an easy prey to his arms, and so encourages him the more in his self-sufficiency. Johnson must have been largely indebted both to the forbearance of one class and the folly of the other for his conversational triumphs. It was not only Boswell who set himself up continually as a nine-pin to be bowled over. Others made themselves victims unwillingly, after a rash and impotent struggle, as he did willingly. Fox and Gibbon are said to have been silent in his presence. It does not necessarily imply any inferiority on their parts in real conversational ability. They may have felt that their self-respect would not allow them either to battle with him in his own style, and thus draw upon themselves some of his rude and violent rejoinders—to be knocked down, as Goldsmith said, with the butt of his pistol, after his shot had missed—or to appear to yield to him a victory which was not fairly won. Any one who will be at the pains to listen impartially to a social discussion will find that it is by no means always that truth and good sense, or even real ability, remain masters of the field. These only too often give way to a loud voice, a confident manner, and reckless assertion. It is often not worth while to put down a noisy pretender at the risk of an interminable argument (for such opponents seldom know when they are beaten), or of some disturbance to the social good humor of the company. A gentleman may have other reasons for not engaging in a street fight than because he is afraid of a man's fists. Yet it is unfortunate that mere hardihood should have in this, as in other cases, even an apparent social triumph. It is here that the conversational "arbiter," who has been already suggested, might reasonably step in, like Queen Elizabeth at the old University disputations, and bid the noisy and illogical disputant hold his peace.

Yet, after all, the art of listening is at least as important as the art of talking. Not to press the truism, that without listeners of some kind talk becomes either a Babel or a soliloquy, without an intelligent listener the best talker is at sea. Good listening is quite as popular a social quality as good talking. It is a mistake to conclude rashly that it is easier. A fool never listens, unless you

put a direct question, or tell him the last current piece of gossip or scandal. Brissot left it on record of Benjamin Franklin, as one secret of his power, that he had the art of listening. "*Il ecoutait—entendez-vous, lecteur? Et pourquoi ne nous a-t-il pas laissé quelques idées sur l'art d'écouter?*" It is a treatise which yet remains to be written. The art leaves too little room for brilliancy of display to induce many to study it. But other statesmen besides Franklin have practised it with success, and it is invaluable to all who are set in authority. In ordinary society perhaps nothing will so soon embarrass, and finally shut up, the empty talker, supposing him to have any brains at all, as to catch the eye of an intelligent listener. There is often a more mortifying conviction of his own incapacity forced upon such a person by the marked and pregnant silence of one who has evidently taken in every word that he has been saying, and from whom, in the natural course of things, he looks for a reply, than by the most emphatic contradiction. If, as we are so often told, "speech is silvern, but silence is golden," in this case it may be said that, while speech might chastise him with whips, silence stings him with scorpions. The probability is, that he will flounder on with some attempt either of reiteration, explanation, or qualification, which, in the face of that attention and merciless silence, plunges him into irretrievable confusion. You may choke off the most inveterate teller of long stories by listening with an eager interest all through, and preserving a look of expectation after he has finished, as if still waiting for "the point."

Not less than its polemical value in argument, is the social value of listening as an accomplishment. It is a somewhat humbling consideration, but it may be taken as undoubtedly true, that for one person in the company who wishes to listen to us (always excepting very young ladies and very deaf people), there are three who prefer that we should listen to them. Good listening, be it remembered, does not imply merely sitting still and holding one's tongue. It means attention—involving a certain amount of complimentary deference, and a skilful use of appreciative gestures and interjections. The favorable estimate which

will be formed of the listener's own judgment, taste, and ability, in return for even a moderate exercise of this talent, will be a more than adequate reward. You may discourse for a whole evening, and impress no single person with any opinion of your powers; but if you can listen judiciously, and with a proper emphasis in your silence, to one or two of the talkers present, you may safely reckon on their testimony in your favor as an intelligent and agreeable man. Of course, the perfect listener should possess largely the power of abstraction. He should be able to devote his visible attention to the veriest proser to whom he may be allotted as a captive for the time, while he is gathering in the pleasanter sounds which reach his ear from more distant quarters. There is some danger in this to the inexperienced. It incurs the risk of a sad misplacing of the needful interjections. Besides, most people listen with their eyes as well as with their ears. If, while trying to maintain a dialogue with an uninteresting neighbor, they want to catch what is being said on the opposite side of the table, they allow their glances to wander unmistakably to the point of attraction, or try to look out of the corners of them, as a magpie does, in a fashion which neither improves their own personal appearance nor gratifies the party to whom they affect to give their undivided attention. The cleverest compliment in words will fail to propitiate the lady who sits next you, if she discovers that all the time your eyes are, like the fool's, in the ends of the earth. So long as these do their duty, she may construe silence into admiration, and excuse your stupidity to herself on the ground that the charms of her person and conversation may be rather overwhelming to a modest man: but there can be no misinterpreting the fatal evidence of the wandering glances. It is only the really accomplished listener who can devote his eyes and all his visible allegiance where they are legally due, and yet keep his ears open to what he really wants to hear. To do this well requires something of the quality of mind which can play two games of chess at once. It is a great social triumph to be able, after having done your duty in one quarter, and receiving

an honorable dismissal from the bore of the evening, to walk quietly across the room, and take up at once the threads of conversation somewhere else, and show a thorough acquaintance with all that has been said there already. It implies the compliment that your interest has been irresistibly drawn in that direction, though duty chained you to the oar elsewhere.

It is a mistake to suppose that the choice of subjects has much to do with the success of conversation. As the devout reader of nature is said to possess the faculty of finding "sermons in stones," so the true social artist finds talk in everything. A writer in a popular journal speaks as if, in London society, the exhibitions and the opera during half the year, and travelling for the other half, formed the necessary topics, and that the great art would be to treat them with sufficient variety. No doubt they are very useful subjects, and in the hands of a good talker will do just as well as anything else. But the conversational powers which can only discourse upon a theme, are not of the true order. They will be of very little use at those awful moments when the regular stock subjects have been worn to death by more clumsy hands, and a diversion is required.

Some of the most important ingredients in a good talker are mainly physical, when all is said. Lively animal spirits, moderate self-confidence, and a wish to please, will go much farther to make an agreeable, if not a highly accomplished talker, than great abilities or fulness of information. It is because they possess very largely the two first qualifications, that the Irish, the French, and, in a less degree, the Welsh, are more ready in conversation than most Englishmen. And where really clever men fail in the art, it may be often from a morbid dislike to compete in a race which they enter at a disadvantage against the light-weights whose natural vivacity, imperturbable digestion, and happy unconsciousness carry them through to the end.

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POMPEII.*

THE early history of Pompeii is shrouded in obscurity. Tradition assigns its origin, as well as that of Herculaneum, to Hercules, who is said to have chosen it as the seat of some triumphant celebrations. The value of the tradition is small; but the fact that the name of the city occurs among the hazy legends of mythology is important as establishing its claim to remote antiquity. The first inhabitants of the coast of the Sinus Cumanus (now called the Bay of Naples), of whom there is any authentic information, were the Osci, who appear to have been of Pelasgian extraction. They, however, were not the founders of Pompeii, for it was a city of considerable importance long before their arrival in the country. Having been held for some time by the Osci, it fell into the hands of the Etruscans. Its next occupants were the Samnites, who, about the year B.C. 440, overran the whole district of Campania, and took possession of all its towns. The first direct notice of Pompeii in credible history occurs in the year B.C. 310, when, during the second Samnite war, a Roman fleet entered the mouth of the Sarnus, and, proceeding up the river as far as Nuceria, ravaged the country around. When the Romans conquered the Samnites, toward the close of the third century before Christ, they conferred on the cities occupied by that people a municipal constitution. From inscriptions and other evidences, it would seem that Pompeii, though

under a new *régime*, maintained many of its Oscan institutions as well as the Oscan tongue. In the second Punic war, the citizens of Pompeii joined the standard of Hannibal, and shared in the Campanian revolt. Enervated by the luxurious climate, the soldiers of the great African general were driven from Italy, and the incensed Romans visited the Campanians with terrible vengeance. Capua was most severely punished; but Pompeii seems to have escaped. In the Social War, which broke out B.C. 91, the Pompeians again revolted. The Roman general, Lucius Sulla, laid siege to their city. Of this siege there are no historic details; the story of its severity may be read in the dilapidated state of the walls as they are found at the present day. Other cities in the neighborhood were punished most rigorously by the conquerors. The people of Capua were driven into exile, and a colony was sent from Rome to take possession of their fertile country. Stabiae, a town but a few miles distant from Pompeii, was entirely destroyed. But by some means, of which there is no authentic record, Pompeii, instead of being punished, received the Roman franchise. A Roman colony, however, was founded there by Sulla, with the name of Colonia Veneria Cornelia.

At the close of the Social War, Pompeii, like Baiæ, Puteoli, and other towns in the neighborhood, became a favorite resort of the wealthier Romans. Cicero had a villa there. The Oscan tongue ceased to be spoken, and the Oscan institutions were gradually abandoned. The citizens shared the common fortune of the empire, and, in course of time, became assimilated in customs and government to their conquerors. In the year A.D. 59 a grand gladiatorial exhibition was given in the amphitheatre by a Roman senator, who had been banished from the capital. During the show, a quarrel arose between the Pompeians and the Nuceria. A battle ensued, in which the latter were worsted. They brought their case before the Emperor Nero, who adjudged that the citizens of Pompeii should not be permitted to enjoy the amusements of the theatre for ten years. A rude drawing of this squabble—scratched on the plaster of a house by some patriotic Pompeian—was found at an early stage of the exca-

* 1. *Les Ruines de Pompéi*. Par F. MAZOIS. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1824.

2. *Pompeii*. Illustrated with Picturesque Views, etc., etc., engraved by W. B. Cooke, from the Original Drawings of Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn. By T. S. DONALDSON. In Two Volumes. London: 1827.

3. *Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii*. By SIR WILLIAM GELL F.R.S., F.S.A., etc., and JOHN GANDY, Architect. London: 1817-19.

4. *Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii*. The Result of Excavations since 1819. By SIR WILLIAM GELL, M.A., F.R.S., etc. In Two Volumes. London: 1837.

5. *Pompeii: Its History, Buildings, and Antiquities*. An Account of the Destruction of the City, with a full Description of the Remains, and of the recent Excavations, and also an Itinerary for Visitors. Edited by THOMAS H. Dyer, LL.D. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

vations. On the 5th of February, A.D. 63, an earthquake threw down a great part of Pompeii, and did great damage to many of the adjacent towns. Vestiges of the injury done by this earthquake may be seen at this day. Many of the mosaic floors are twisted and broken, and some of them show the repairs which were made by the inhabitants. The last historical notice of the ancient Pompeii is that of its destruction in the month of August, A.D. 79, during the memorable eruption of Vesuvius.

Although there are no extant records of any eruption of Vesuvius previous to that of the year 79, the ancients seem to have had some traditions of an earlier date. The fabled battle between the gods and the giants; the hurling of Jupiter's thunderbolts, by which the earth was scathed and blasted; the burial of the giant Typhon, "who threw stones to heaven with a loud noise, and from whose eyes and mouth fire proceeded," under a neighboring island, and the evil repute in which the shores of the Cumæan Bay were held; all bear witness to some more substantial record of volcanic action than could be gathered from those traces of igneous processes in which the district abounds. But whatever may have been the previous history of Vesuvius, it must have had many centuries of repose. At the time when Strabo wrote, which was probably in the reign of Tiberius, the aspect of the mountain was altogether different from that which it now presents. Avernus, which the ancients regarded as the mouth of hell, because of the gloom thrown upon its waters by the shadow of trackless forests, was then surrounded by highly cultivated and luxuriant vegetation. The mountain itself was covered with verdure, excepting at its summit; and around it and upon its slopes were clusters of flourishing hamlets. A passing reference is made to it by Virgil, who praises the fertility of its soil. The fact that Spartacus encamped on Vesuvius with his army of gladiators and insurgents, and that it was the site of the great battle between the Romans and the Latins (B.C. 340), in which Decius devoted himself to death, shows clearly that the ancient appearance and condition of the mountain must have borne little semblance to its present character. Indeed,

no early description of Vesuvius is at all applicable to it as it now exists. According to Strabo, the summit was for the most part level, whereas, as is well known, it is now capped by a cone of considerable elevation. This cone, which stands within a circular volcanic ridge, is evidently of comparatively recent origin. It is probable that the ridge is all that remains of an ancient volcano, which was formerly surmounted by a cone, "which, being subject to constant degradation, and requiring constant supplies of fresh materials to maintain its height, sunk down into the earth in the long period of inactivity which we know to have occurred antecedent to the Christian era."

After many centuries of rest, the volcano broke out with great violence in the year 79. Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, were destroyed. The younger Pliny, whose uncle perished during the eruption, and who was himself an eye-witness of the catastrophe, furnished an account of it in two letters to Tacitus, which have been happily preserved. The mountain, thus reawakened, seems to have had little repose since 79. Eruptions of greater or less violence occurred with frequency until the year 203. In that year the mountain broke out again with great force. There was a violent eruption in 472, and another in 512. In describing this, Procopius conveys the idea that it was accompanied by a stream of lava. The years 685 and 993 were distinguished by considerable eruptions. The first stream of lava of which there is an authentic record, broke out during an eruption in the year 1036. There was an eruption in 1049, and another in 1138; after which there was a pause until the year 1631. The next eruption occurred in 1666; "from which time to the present there has been a series of eruptions, at intervals rarely exceeding ten years, generally recurring much more frequently." The most notable of these occurred in 1776, 1777, and 1779. In his splendid work, entitled *Campi Phlegreæi*, Sir William Hamilton, an eye-witness, has left a vivid and exhaustive description of the attendant phenomena. In the eruption of 1822 the vast mass of scoræ and blocks of lava which had been accumulating within the crater for years,

was blown out, together with a large portion of the cone itself. The mountain was reduced in height by about eighteen hundred feet. There has been no eruption of any importance since the year 1861.

The celebrated letter of Pliny, the younger, to the historian Tacitus, furnishes us with a very vivid picture of the most memorable eruption of Vesuvius—that of August 23, A.D. 79. At the time of its occurrence the elder Pliny was in command of the Roman fleet off Misenum. At about noon of the 24th of August, his attention was called to a cloud of unusual size and shape. In figure it resembled a pine-tree, for “it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches.” Anxious to command a nearer view of this remarkable phenomenon, Pliny ordered a light vessel to be got ready. Before he started, he received a note from a lady, whose villa was situated at the foot of Vesuvius, earnestly begging him to come to her assistance. He at once ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered for the point of danger. His approach was embarrassed by dense showers of cinders, pumice stones, and fragments of heated rock. Having rendered as much help as was possible to the inhabitants of the villas, which were thickly planted along the coast, he proceeded to Stabiae, where his friend Pomponianus resided. His interest in his friend cost him his life. For on the following morning, the houses had begun to shake with such violence, and the showers of calcined stones and cinders had become so dense, that he determined to make an effort to gain the shore, and put off at once to sea. It was, however, too late. Suffocated by the sulphurous vapor, he fell down dead. In the meanwhile, the younger Pliny, his nephew, remained at Misenum. Successive shocks of an earthquake warned him that it was no longer safe to stay in the town. The chariots which he had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated by the heaving ground that they could not be kept steady for a moment. A black cloud, out of which rolled vast volumes of igneous vapor, covered the sea, the waters of which receded from the shore. Everything was mantled in darkness. Nothing was

heard but the shrieks of women and children. It seemed as though the last and eternal night, which, according to Pagan notions, was to destroy the world and the gods together, had come. Lurid flashes of light, accompanied by heavy showers of ashes and stones, deepened the horrors of the day. At length the darkness rolled away. But everything was changed. The whole country was covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. The beautiful view over the bay from the island of Capri was entirely marred. The picturesque villas had vanished under heaps of cinders; and the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, lay buried in ruins.

During the period of 1669 years Pompeii remained thus buried and forgotten. There are traces of searches made among the *débris* immediately after the catastrophe. But these were inconsiderable, and were soon suspended. In the year 1592, an architect, named Dominico Fontana, cut a subterranean canal under the site of the city, for the purpose of conveying water from the river Sarno to the town of ‘Torre dell’ Annunziata. In constructing this canal, the workmen came often upon the basements of buildings; but no curiosity appears to have been excited, and no steps taken to prosecute further researches. Nearly a hundred years later fresh ruins were discovered, and an inscription with the word, POMPEI. But even this failed to awaken any practical interest. At length, when the accidental discovery of Herculaneum had drawn the attention of learned and scientific men to the subject, Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, who had been employed to examine the subterranean canal, was led by the discovery of a house, with statues and other objects, “to conjecture that some ancient city lay buried there, overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79.” Having obtained permission from Charles III., the King of Naples, he commenced early in the year 1748 the excavations of the street, afterwards called the Strada della Fortuna. His labors were soon rewarded; for in a few days he discovered “a picture, eleven palms long by four and a half palms high, containing festoons of eggs, fruits, and flowers, the head of a man, large, and in a good style, a helmet, an

owl, various small birds, and other objects." The next discovery of importance was the skeleton of a man, covered with the lava mud. By his side were found eighteen brass coins, and one of silver. Before the end of the first year of the excavations, the amphitheatre, which is capable of holding 10,000 persons, was laid bare. The operations, however, were carried on with deplorable dilatoriness, and the royal exchequer was by no means liberal. The excavators, who worked in chains, were chiefly condemned felons, or Mohammedan slaves. No stranger was permitted in the ruins. Accurate records of the discoveries were kept; the most important pictures were detached from the walls, after copies of them had been taken; and the buildings in which they were found were again covered with the rubbish. When some progress had been made in the excavations, strangers were admitted, on the payment of an exorbitant fee: but all attempts to take copies of mosaics or frescos were rigorously discouraged.

The short period during which the French occupied Naples was distinguished by a more liberal and enlightened policy. Under the patronage of Caroline, the wife of Murat, the works were carried on with great vigor, and many remarkable discoveries were made. The amphitheatre, which had been filled up again, was recleared; the Forum was laid open; and the greater portion of the Street of Tombs was uncovered. The return of the Bourbons to favor was not conducive to the progress of the excavations. The revolution which drove them finally from Naples gave Pompeii another chance. Garibaldi was appointed dictator. But however brave and patriotic as a general, he was scarcely fitted for the functions of administration. He gave the directorship of museums and excavations to Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist! The new director was quite alive to the dignity of his position, and kept it up with princely magnificence. But he had no notion of its responsibilities. It is said that he paid but one visit to the ruins. His rule was happily short-lived. For on the accession of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Italy, Giuseppe Fiorelli, a distinguished antiquarian scholar, was appointed director-general of the works.

The appointment has proved most judicious. Pursuing a regular system, noting "every appearance or fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifice, replacing with fresh timber every charred beam, propping every tottering wall or portion of brickwork," the new *commendatore* has succeeded in exhibiting not a confused and undefined mass of crumbling ruins, but a town, in the integrity of its outlines, and the order of its arrangements. Street after street has been uncovered. Temples, baths, markets, tombs, stand out just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The villa of the poet, the forum, the counting-house, the baker's shop, the school-room, the kitchen, carry us into the very heart of the Roman life in the brightest days of the empire. The jewellery of beauty, the spade of the laborer, the fetter of the prisoner, and the weapon of the soldier are all there, reproducing and realizing the past with a vividness which can scarcely be conceived.

From venerable relics and ancient traditions it is possible to construct an ideal picture of the past. How far from the truth that ideal may be can be learned from the fact that no two antiquarians agree in their conceptions of a Druidic temple. With the elaborate details which are given in the Bible, and in Josephus, it is impossible to construct an accurate model of the Temple on Mount Zion. The ruins of ancient and now uninhabited cities fail to depict the manners of their former tenants, or even the scheme on which they were constructed. Inhabited ruins are constantly modified and adapted to the changing life within them. But Pompeii, overwhelmed, and, as it were, hermetically sealed in the very height of its prosperity, preserved from the ravages with which Goths and Vandals visited the ancient glories of Italy, and from the sacrilegious and almost as destructive pillagings of modern hands, brings the very past to our doors. Within its silent streets are "buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use;

articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and, in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants, bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them." There are the very ruts which were made by the wheels of chariots, flying perhaps from the impending ruin; there are water-pipes, in the cavities of which, sealed by the hand of time, the splashing fluid can still be heard; there are rude and grotesque inscriptions, scratched by some loiterer on the stucco, and as fresh as when they excited the mirth of the passer-by; there are egg-shells, bones of fish and chickens, and other fragments of a repast of which skeletons lying near them were partaking when the catastrophe overwhelmed them; there is fuel ready to be supplied to furnaces for heating the baths; there are the stains left upon the counters of drinking shops by wet glasses; there are the phials of the apothecary, still containing the fluids which he was wont to dispense; there are ovens, in which loaves of bread, carbonized, but otherwise perfect, may yet be seen; there are vases with olives still swimming in oil, the fruit retaining its flavor, and the oil burning readily when submitted to the flame; there are shelves, on which are piled stores of figs, raisins, and chestnuts; and there are amphoræ, containing the rare wines for which Campania was famous. The vividness with which the remains in the city recall the past is illustrated by M. Simond, from the Forum:

"A new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there; an enclosure was building all around; the mortar, just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out; you saw the long, sliding stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own track;—but it never did return: the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested, and, after the lapse of 1800 years, the whole looks so fresh and new that you would almost swear that the mason was only gone to his dinner, and about to come back immediately to smooth the roughness."

Owing to its greater distance from

Vesuvius, and its more elevated situation, Pompeii was not reached by the streams of lava, which at the time of the great eruption, and in after periods, flowed over Herculaneum. The latter city is buried under a hardened mass which in some places reaches a depth of from eighty to a hundred feet. The depth and hardness of this volcanic matter preclude the possibility of a complete excavation. Pompeii was overwhelmed by a shower of ashes and pumice stones, the bed of which seldom reaches a depth of more than twenty or twenty-four feet; and, being loose and friable in its composition, it is very easily removed. The basement stories of the Pompeian houses are therefore perfect; the upper stories, which were generally built of wood, were either broken by the weight of the *débris* which fell upon them, or were burned by the shower of red-hot stones. The materials under which the city is buried are pounded stones and ashes of a whitish-gray color. Over these there is a stratum, some four or five feet in depth, which is composed of stones and ashes of a grayish-black color. This stratum is probably the result of subsequent eruptions. Pumice stones, of irregular size and shape, are mixed with the ashes; and above these there is "another layer, of an average depth of two feet, which appears to have been attended in its descent with an enormous fall of water, forming what the Italians call a *lava bavosa*." The uppermost layer consists of a fine mould, in which lupins, corn, and even mulberry-trees grow freely.

The great eruption was evidently accompanied by an earthquake, for many skeletons have been found, which were those of persons killed by the falling of walls upon them. Eight skeletons were discovered in 1787 under the *débris* of a wall, and in 1818 the bones of a man who had been crushed by the fall of a marble column were found in the Forum. The ruined appearance which the town presents is clearly traceable, to a great extent, to the effect of the earthquake; but for which, the denudation of the buildings would have discovered them in their original integrity. There are traces, too, of rough and destructive searches made soon after the catastrophe for hidden treasures. It is an ascer-

tained fact that the Emperor Alexander Severus made Pompeii "a sort of quarry, from which he drew a great quantity of marbles, columns, and beautiful statues, which he employed in adorning the edifices which he constructed at Rome." The furniture of the Basilica, the columns of the portico of Eumachia, one of the chief buildings, and many other of the most valuable adornments of the city were thus carried away. Only on the supposition of previous and protracted researches can we account for the paucity of gold and silver articles, coins, and statues as yet discovered. Many of the more portable treasures must have been carried away by the inhabitants in their flight, for it is clear that, however sudden the final catastrophe may have been, such warnings were given as to enable the greater proportion of the citizens to escape. About one-third of the city has been disinterred. In this portion some six or seven hundred skeletons have been found. It is reasonable to assume that if the whole city were uncovered, the number of skeletons would be about two thousand. But Pompeii contained at least twenty thousand inhabitants. The eruption occurred at a time when the people were assembled by thousands in the amphitheatre. Very few skeletons, however, have been found there, and even these may have been gladiators already slain. The remaining skeletons are probably "those of the sick, the infirm, and the irresolute; of those who mistakingly thought that they should find protection against the fatal shower in their houses or their cellars; or of those who, from motives of avarice, and sometimes, perhaps, of affection, lingered in search of their treasures or their beloved ones till there was no longer time to effect their escape." One skeleton, however, bears witness to motives neither sordid nor selfish: it is that of a Roman soldier on guard, who was found at his post.

Pompeii is situated on an elevated plateau at the southern base of Vesuvius, about a mile from the sea. From the fact that shells and sea-sand have been found on the side of the city adjoining the coast, and that iron rings, intended, as it is supposed, for the mooring of vessels, have been discovered near the ruins, it has been conjectured that in the age

before the memorable and fatal explosion of 79 the walls of the city were washed by the sea. The assumption that these rings were used for mooring purposes is simply gratuitous, and the discovery of shells gives little authority to the theory of a change of coast line. The remains of many buildings much nearer the sea, and outside the walls of Pompeii,—some of them being buried under white *lapilli*, such as were thrown out by the eruption of 79,—bear evidence to the fact that the position of the city in ancient times was identical with its present site. If anything more were required in proof of this conclusion, it might be found in the fact that Herculaneum and Stabizæ, the one on the north, and the other on the south of Pompeii, still lie on the margin of the sea; clearly showing that no alteration in the coast line was produced by the eruption. Seated thus, at a convenient distance from the bay, on the banks of a navigable river, at the entrance of a vast and fertile plain, and shadowed by the heights of Vesuvius,—not then the bare and rugged mountain it is now,—Pompeii offered not only the conveniences of a commercial city and the security of a strong military position, but the attractions of beautiful scenery and a delicious climate. It was the fashionable watering-place of the Roman aristocracy. The city itself was of somewhat limited proportions. But the more aristocratic villas were suburban. Indeed, the whole coast was so thickly planted with gardens and houses as to appear like one vast city.

Pompeii was surrounded with walls, the greater portion of which has been traced. The figure of the city, as defined by the walls, was nearly oval. The whole area was but one hundred and sixty-one acres, the circuit of the walls being nearly two miles. The greatest length was little more than three-quarters of a mile, and the breadth less than half-a-mile. According to the principle of avoiding sharp angles, which was prominent in ancient theories of fortification, the walls were curvilinear. From their present appearance it is impossible to judge of their date with any degree of accuracy. Certain characters traced upon some of the stones seem to point to a period antecedent even to the

Etruscan occupation; while some portions, and especially the towers, point to a much later age. Probably the more recent masonry belongs to a period subsequent to the Social War, and was constructed in order to repair the damage done during the siege. The stone of the walls are large and carefully hewn. They are fitted together without mortar. The outer walls are about twenty-five feet high. Between them and the inner walls, which are a few feet higher, there is an earthen mound or terrace. This was considered, in all ancient systems of fortification, to be proof against battering-rams and every other method of assault. At irregular distances, ranging from eighty to nearly five hundred paces, are quadrangular towers. The walls and the towers are much dilapidated, owing partly to the effects of an earthquake, and to the siege under Sulla, and partly to the fact, that during the long peace which Italy enjoyed under Augustus, defences were held to be less necessary, and were either left to decay, or were pulled down to make room for the building of houses. Many large and handsome houses in Pompeii are built upon the line of the city walls.

The length of wall already traced is pierced by seven gates, besides the *Porta della Marina*, which is on the western side, where the line of the wall is no longer defined. The *Herculaneum Gate*, which is the most important, is double; so that assailants, who had succeeded in forcing the first doors, could "be attacked from a large opening in the roof, and destroyed while attempting to force the second." The outer defence was that of a portcullis; holes in the pavement show that the inner gate consisted of folding doors, which turned on pivots. There is a central archway, which is between fourteen and fifteen feet in width; the arch no longer remains, but was probably about twenty feet high. On either side of this there is a smaller opening for foot-passengers, between four and five feet wide, and about ten feet high. On the left of this gate, before entering the city, is a pedestal, which, from some fragments of bronze drapery found near it, seems to have supported a colossal statue in bronze. Possibly this was an image of the tutelary god of the city. On entering the

Herculaneum Gate, the visitor finds himself in a street which leads to the Forum. On his right is a house formerly occupied by a musician; on the left is a shop for the sale of hot drinks; farther on is the house of the Vestals and the Custom House. Beyond this stands a public fountain. Three hundred yards from the gate the street divides; the left-hand turning leads to the Forum, the principal building in Pompeii.

The streets are paved with large blocks of lava of irregular shape, but neatly joined. The carriage-way, which never exceeds a breadth of ten feet, is composed of polygonal blocks, with their angles slightly rounded, the interstices being filled with pieces of granite, iron wedges, or flints forcibly driven in. Repairs in the roads were generally effected by thus filling up the holes. The streets, which, to the notions of these days, seem inconveniently narrow, were as wide as the traffic of the city required. The ancient chariots were so constructed as to drive safely within a width of four and a half feet. Nor is it likely that these conveyances were frequently used. The city was too small in its area to necessitate much driving. Indeed, when Mazois published his work in 1824, only two stables had been discovered, and these were probably used for mules and asses. The ancient Italians had a strong preference for narrow streets; and when, after the burning of Rome, Nero ordered that the new streets should be of ample width, many complained that the free admission of light and heat would be distressing and dangerous. The track of wheels is yet discernible in the carriage-ways, the ruts in many instances being an inch or an inch and a half deep. This depth seems to indicate that the traffic was mainly that of heavily-laden wagons. The footpath is separated from the road by a kerb, from a foot to a foot and a half higher than the road. This path never exceeds three feet in breadth, and in some parts of the city it is only one foot broad. Numerous stepping-stones are placed in the centre of the streets to facilitate crossing. As there were no sunken gutters, the roadway, in wet and wintry weather, was like a stream, and it must have been a work of some little peril to pass from one stepping-stone to another.

Horses, being loosely harnessed, could readily step over these stones, or pass by them.

The outward aspect of the streets of the city, even at the climax of its popularity, must have been severe and gloomy. As a rule, no decorations were ever given to that side of the house which was exposed to the street. The houses in most cases were low. The lower part consisted generally of a blank wall, sometimes panelled in plaster, and painted in dull colors. The upper story was pierced with small windows. No expense was spared in the interior, which was most elaborately decorated. But there is not a single house in Pompeii the elevation of which has any claim to architectural beauty. Not a house has been found as yet with a portico. On each side of the doorway of the villa of Diomedes there is a detached column, and this is the only pretension to architectural effect on the outside of any of the houses in the city. The only relief to the monotony and dreariness of the streets was the porch of a temple, the marble columns of a tomb, the plashing of a fountain, or the sign of a shop. Each shop appears to have been distinguished by an appropriate sign. Sometimes these were painted, sometimes they were moulded in baked clay, and colored. A terra-cotta bas-relief, representing two men carrying an *amphora*, served as the sign of a wine-shop. A statue of Priapus indicated the workshop of the amulet maker. A goat, in bas-relief, reminded the passenger that he was in the neighborhood of a milk store. A rude painting of two men fighting, with a third standing by with a laurel crown in his hand, denoted the establishment of a fencing-master, or a trainer of gladiators. Not less suggestive was the picture of a boy undergoing a whipping. The Pompeian truant was thus impressively warned that the schoolmaster was not abroad.

The most attractive site in the city is that which is occupied by the buildings of the Forum. In earlier times, the Forum was simply an enclosure for public meetings and purposes of commerce. As the taste for splendor increased, it became the pride of the citizens, who lavished on it the resources of their genius and wealth. Within its area

were gathered temples consecrated to almost numberless deities; basilicas for the administration of justice; courts for the local magistracy; tabularia where the public records were preserved; prisons, granaries, and all the appliances of public convenience and pleasure. The markets were held within appropriate enclosures; the money-changers had here their tables; and here and there were the *rostra* whence public orators were wont to address the crowd. The Forum of Pompeii was no exception to the general rule for size and splendor. The elevation, as restored, presents a picture of singular beauty. On entering the ruins, the spectator finds himself in an oblong area, measuring about 524 feet by 140 feet. Over this area are scattered the evidences of former magnificence—pedestals which once supported statues; columns divested of their marble casings; and fragments of white stucco clinging to shattered walls. A Doric colonnade, broken only in its continuous line by the portions of surrounding buildings, runs along the west, south, and east sides. The columns, in their perfect state, were two feet three and a half inches in diameter, and twelve feet in height, with an interval between them of nearly seven feet. They were either of fine white stone, resembling marble, of yellowish tufa, or of plastered brick.

On the north of the Forum stands a building supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It is of the Corinthian order, and rests on an elevated basement. The columns, which are three feet eight inches in diameter, rise to a height of thirty-six feet. The whole height of the building was sixty feet. The interior of the *cella* was painted, the predominant colors being red and black. The pavement was formed of diamond-shaped slabs of marble, enclosed within a broad border of black and white mosaic. On this pavement, fragments of a colossal statue, supposed to be a statue of Jupiter, were found. A sun-dial was also found close at hand. The whole of the temple, which is constructed of stone and lava, is covered with a fine white cement made of marble. Connected with the temple by a low wall is an arch, conjectured to have been triumphal. But it is not stately enough for such a purpose, and was evidently the entrance to

a court, in which were the public granaries and prisons. The fact of the granaries having been within this court is supposed to be established by the discovery of the public measures in the immediate neighborhood; the site of the prisons is placed beyond all doubt, for the skeletons of two men were found on the spot, their leg-bones still shackled with irons. On the north-east angle of the temple there is a gateway, which was most probably an arch of triumph. Its massive piers, with portions of their columns, still remain. In the centre of the piers were fountains, the leaden pipes of which are yet visible. The arch was surmounted by an equestrian statue, fragments of which have been found close by. Near this arch was found a skeleton, clutching seventy-four small silver coins.

At the north-eastern angle of the Forum stands a building which for a long time was supposed to be the Pantheon. Round an altar in the centre of the area are twelve pedestals, which formerly were either crowned by statues, all of which have perished, or formed the base of columns, supporting a circular building. The area, which measures one hundred and twenty feet by ninety, is bounded by the back wall of shops, by a small shrine, and by eleven cells, supposed to have belonged to the priests. Facing the entrance is a large base of marble, on which stood a statue, only one arm of which remains. A small vaulted *ædicula* within the enclosure is decorated with a series of very beautiful arabesques. The colors of these designs are as bright as when they were first laid on. One of the figures is that of the painter herself, who holds in her hand an oval palette of silver. It is supposed that the medium employed for liquefying the pigments used in the ancient arabesques was wax mixed with oil. The secret of the process is quite lost. But if, as is probable, wax had some part to play in giving durability to the colors, the metal palette was used to retain so much heat as would liquefy the pigments, without inconveniencing the artist. The colors were for the most part dazzling; bright vermilion, yellow, jet black, crimson, and blue forming the groundwork, which was modified by a variety of mixed tints. The use

of these colors was not always in good taste. Much of the fresco painting in Pompeii is decidedly vulgar.

The purpose of this building has been a subject of much ingenious speculation. The theory of the Pantheon is generally abandoned. Some have thought, from the style of its decorations, that it must have been the public *hospitium*, for the reception of ambassadors and distinguished foreigners. Overbeck, a very credible authority, conjectures that it was a temple of Vesta, dedicated not only to the worship of that goddess, but to hospitable entertainments at the public cost. Pompeii, however, was not important enough, as a city, for the maintenance of such an institution. The most reasonable supposition is, that the building was devoted to the worship of Augustus, and the use of his priests, the Augustales. The representations of combats of galleys on the walls refer probably to the battle of Actium, and the pictures of eatables recall the Augustalian banquets. In the adjoining shops have been found large quantities of dried fruits, preserved in glass vases, as well as scales, money, and moulds for bread and pastry. On the walls are pictures of "geese, turkeys, vases of eggs, fowls, lobsters, and game ready plucked for cooking, oxen, sheep, fruit in glass dishes, a cornucopia, with various amphoræ for wine, and many other accessories for the banquet." In the centre of the court is a sink, in which fish bones and remains of many articles of food were found by the excavators.

Among other buildings of importance connected with the Forum is a small temple, commonly known as the Temple of Mercury, and distinguished by a white marble altar, with an unfinished bas-relief descriptive of a sacrifice, and giving a very clear idea of the vessels and implements used on such occasions. The work of the whole building is incomplete; there is no stucco upon the bricks, and it would seem that the workmen were engaged upon it at the time when the eruption occurred. A crypt and portico erected by Eumachia, a priestess, are next in succession. This edifice had an admirably executed peristyle of white marble Corinthian columns. Only a fragment of one of these remains, the rest having probably been carried away by

Alexander Severus. The Basilica, which is situated on the western side of the Forum, is the largest building in Pompeii. It is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and eighty in width. This was the court of justice; and as it bears marks of previous excavation, it is likely that search was made among the ruins, soon after the eruption, for records of important trials. Whatever else the excavators carried off, they made away with the pavement, of which only the bedding remains. Inscriptions traced by loiterers, and not remarkable either for sentiment or style, are yet to be seen on the walls. Next to the Basilica is the largest and finest temple in Pompeii. From the discovery of a statue in the style of the Medicean Venus, and from the fact that the altar is not adapted for sacrifices, but only for such offerings as were commonly made to Venus, it has been assumed that this temple was dedicated to that goddess. Bronze ornaments, resembling the heads of large nails, were found near the entrance, and had probably decorated the gates. The columns of the temple are colored in blue, yellow, and white. The walls are painted in vivid tones, the ground being chiefly black. Figures of dancers, dwarfs and pictures from the story of the Trojan war may be seen in great abundance. In the priests' apartment there was discovered a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which has been transferred to safer quarters.

The most perfect, and in some sense the most interesting, of the temples outside the area of the Forum, is the Temple of Isis. From an inscription above the entrance it appears that this structure was restored from the foundation, after having been overthrown by an earthquake, by Popidius Celsinus. The building is small, but it affords a very valuable example of the form and disposition of an ancient temple. Two lustral marble basins were found attached to columns near the entrance, as also a wooden box, reduced to charcoal, which was probably used for the contributions of worshippers. A sacred well, to which there is a descent by steps, is covered by a small building within the enclosure, lavishly decorated with grotesque, though admirably executed designs on stucco. On the chief altar were found the ashes and

parts of the burnt bones of victims, and the white wall of the adjacent building yet bears traces of smoke from the altar fires. A beautiful figure of Isis, draped in clothing of purple and gold, and holding in her right hand a bronze sistrum, and in her left the key of the sluices of the Nile, was found within the court. In another portion of the court there is a kitchen, on the stoves of which fish bones and other remnants of a feast were discovered. In the outermost room lay the skeleton of a priest, who was evidently suffocated while trying to make his way through the wall with an axe. The axe was found at his side. In an adjoining chamber another skeleton was found—that of a priest interrupted at his dinner. Near him were quantities of egg-shells, chicken-bones, and some earthen vases. Many skeletons were discovered within the precincts of this temple; probably those of priests whose vain confidence in the power of the deity, or whose blind attachment to her shrines, prevented them from seeking safety in flight. More interesting, however, than the skeletons of priests, are the many paintings which the temple contains, representing the priestly costume, and the elaborate ceremonial of the worship of Isis. All the implements of sacrifice, in bronze, have been found among the ruins.

It is not, however, among the remains of temples, halls of justice, amphitheatres, baths and other public buildings, that the value of Pompeian excavations is to be measured. Among the ruins of other ancient cities are to be found many specimens of public architecture as perfect as those of Pompeii, and on a scale of far greater splendor. But the domestic life, the social habits, the private luxuries of the past have no such illustration in any other city as among the silent streets of Pompeii. The homes of ancient cities, being built of more perishable materials than the public edifices, have yielded to decay, and, with rare exceptions, have left no trace. The homes of Pompeii remain, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, almost as perfect as when the footfall of their last tenant echoed among their walls. The villa of the nobleman, the shop of the tradesman, and the rude dwelling of the laborer, reproduce, with incomparable

exactness, the domestic life of the past. In the construction of Pompeian houses, the cheapest and least durable materials were preferred. Most of them were built of brick, or of "the rough masonry called *opus incertum*." It is because of this that they decay rapidly when exposed to the air. The mortar employed was evidently of bad quality. Copper, lead, and iron, in the working of which metals the Italians were highly skilled, were used; but rather for purposes of ornament, than solidity. Their lock-work, for instance, was coarse and rough; while knockers, door-handles, and bolts, were most elegantly wrought. Little skill or care is exhibited in their wood-work; the beams of houses in some places having never been squared. The outside of the house, as we have seen, was plain and gloomy. The internal decorations, though brilliant and often gaudy, were seldom of a costly nature, excepting in the case of mosaic pavements, which were frequently of great beauty. Little marble was used, even in public buildings; but its place was supplied by a singularly beautiful stucco, capable either of receiving paintings, or being modelled into bas-reliefs. For the flooring of the commoner houses a sort of composite was employed, which was occasionally inlaid with slabs of marble, in various patterns. Sometimes these marbles were colored; and this style of decoration evidently suggested the first idea of mosaics. In the better class of houses mosaics were used. These were generally composed of black frets on a white ground, or *vice versa*. But in some instances the patterns were more ambitious. In the house of the Tragic Poet a pavement was found which has been described as a picture in mosaics. It includes seven figures, conceived in much spirit and taste. The mosaic is composed of very fine pieces of glass, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of ancient art yet discovered. Another mosaic, in the villa of Cicero, is so delicately wrought of minute pieces of colored glass, that the hair and eyebrows of its figures may be traced on close inspection. A yet more remarkable mosaic was discovered in the house of the Faun. It is about eighteen feet long and nine broad. The subject is supposed

to represent the battle of Issus. The Grecian leader, charging in the midst of the fight, has transfixed one of the Persian warriors, whose horse has already fallen, with a lance. The agony in the face of the wounded soldier is wonderfully depicted. All the figures in the picture are wrought with unrivalled vigor. The border represents a river, with a crocodile, hippopotamus, and other animals. Not less striking than the mosaic pavements of Pompeii, are the arabesques and pictures of its walls. Of these, however, it is impossible to give a detailed account. A few bronzes have been found, remarkable for vigor of execution, and a few marble statues. Some of the latter show clearly that the ancients sometimes colored their statues. A figure of Venus was discovered at an early period of the excavations, the hair of which was painted yellow, and the drapery blue. Round the neck was a gilt necklace, and the breasts were gilded. A small statue of Bacchus was found in the Temple of Isis, tinted and gilded in many parts. Traces of color are discernible on many of the statues. From parts of another marble statue discovered in the Temple of Isis, it may be inferred that ancient sculptors used to dress their works.

In regularity of plan, and in extent, the house of Pansa is the most remarkable within the walls of Pompeii. It owes its name to the fragment of an inscription which was once visible near the principal entrance, but which has since been obliterated. It is situated in the centre of the city, and is completely surrounded by streets. Including the garden, which occupies a third of the whole length, it stands upon an area of 300 feet by 100 feet. The ground-plan exhibits a vestibule, *prothyrum*, or inner porch, paved with mosaic, and an *atrium*, or public reception-room, roofed over, with an opening in the centre, towards which the roof sloped, so as to direct the rain-water into the *impluvium*, which was a sort of cistern sunk in the floor of the *atrium*. The impluvium was generally adorned with fountains, and the opening above it was shaded by a colored veil, which, while diffusing a softened light, gave coolness to the apartment. The next room is the *tablinum*, a sort of more private appendage to

the atrium, in which the family pictures, archives, statues, and other relics were contained. On either side of the atrium were smaller apartments for the accommodation of guests taking up their abode in the house. In a direct line from the atrium is the *peristyle*, which in ancient houses was the most splendid room in the suite. It was open to the sky in the centre, and surrounded by a colonnade. In the houses of the wealthier classes, the peristyle was decorated with shrubs and fountains. On the right of the peristyle is the *triclinium*, or dining-room. The prodigality of the Italians in matters of eating is proverbial; and, while they spared no expense in providing banquets, they carried extravagance to its utmost limits in furnishing and decorating their dining-halls. The Pompeians were not so lavish as the citizens of Rome, but the sizes of the rooms in the house of Pansa suggest the conclusion that their furniture must have been of corresponding magnificence. The ground-plan includes also the *æcus*, a hall or saloon for summer use, a winter dining-room, a library, several bedrooms, a servants' hall, and other smaller rooms. There was an upper floor, reached by a staircase, almost every vestige of which has perished. Attached to the house are four shops, which were let to tenants, one shop intended for the sale of the spare agricultural produce of the owner's estates, and two baking establishments. The houses of the wealthier classes were generally surrounded by shops, which were sometimes of the meanest character, and entirely marred the elevation to the street. On the opposite side to that on which the shops stand in the house of Pansa are three small houses, which were probably let to lodgers. In one of these were found the skeletons of four women, with gold ear and finger-rings and other valuables.

In the kitchen of Pansa's house was found a curious painting, representing the worship of the Lares who presided over provisions and cooking utensils. On each side of the picture different sorts of vegetables are painted. There is a bunch of small birds, a string of fish, a boar, a few cakes—of the precise pattern of some which have been found in Pompeii—an eel spitted on a wire, a ham, a boar's head, and a joint of meat,

which, in such company, may be fairly assumed to be a loin of pork. In the same kitchen there is a stove for stews, before which, when the building was first excavated, lay a knife, a strainer, and a frying pan with four spherical cavities, evidently intended for eggs. Some idea of a Pompeian meal in an establishment like that of Pansa may be gathered from a picture found in another part of the city:

"It represents a table, set out with every requisite for a grand dinner. In the centre is a large dish, in which four peacocks are placed, one at each corner, forming a magnificent dome with their tails. All around are lobsters—one holding in his claws a blue egg, a second an oyster, a third a stuffed rat, a fourth a little basket full of grasshoppers. Four dishes of fish decorate the bottom, above which are several partridges, and hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is surrounded by something resembling a German sausage; then comes a row of yolks of eggs; then a row of peaches, small melons, and cherries; and, lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts. The whole is covered with a sort of green-colored sauce."

In the better class of houses, as for instance in the so-called house of Sallust, there existed a suite of apartments, carefully detached from the remainder of the building, and communicating only with the atrium, to which the name *venereum* was given. Some have concluded from this name, from the privacy of the rooms, and from the character of the pictures on the walls, that they were devoted to profligate orgies. But this theory is open to doubt. The rooms were very likely reserved for family retirement, and especially for the ladies of the establishment. The *venereum* in the house of Sallust was gorgeously decorated. A large painting of Diana and Actæon almost covered the walls. At each end of the portico was a cabinet, paved with marble, and lined breast-high with the same material. A niche in one of these was found to contain an image, a gold vase, a gold coin, and several bronze medals. Near this spot eight small bronze columns were found, which are supposed to have formed part of the supports of a bed. Four skeletons, apparently a female with three slaves, were discovered close by this apartment, of which she was probably the tenant. At her side

lay a round plate of silver—a mirror, doubtless—with several golden rings set with stones, a pair of ear-rings, and five golden bracelets.

The house of the Tragic Poet, of the Great and Little Fountains, of the Faun, of Castor and Pollux, of the Centaur, and many others which have been excavated, exhibit more or less the same plan, and differ mainly in the style and extent of their decoration. The paintings in the house of the Tragic Poet are numerous and very fine. One of these, which represents the parting of Achilles and Briseis, is said to be the most beautiful specimen of ancient painting which has been preserved to modern times. When first discovered, the colors were fresh and transparent, with a tone reminding one of Titian. But, unhappily, the picture suffered much during the excavation, and very little of its former beauty remains. At the door of this house is the well-known mosaic of the dog, with the legend "*Cave Canem*" beneath it. In the house of Castor and Pollux two large chests were found, lined with plates of brass, and decorated with ornaments of bronze. Through the interstices of one of them forty-five gold and five silver coins had fallen, and were found at the time of excavation. The chests had evidently been rifled at an earlier date, for a hole had been cut through the wall of the atrium and another through the sides of one of the chests.

Space forbids any detailed notice of the beautiful suburban villa which lies at a little distance from the city and is supposed to have belonged to Marcus Arrius Diomedes. It is the most extensive and complete of the private buildings yet discovered. From this villa alone it would be possible to form an accurate estimate of the style and elegance of a Roman gentleman's house. But the interest of the ruin is not only antiquarian; it is, in many respects, a more affecting and impressive reminder of the terrible calamity which overwhelmed the city than is to be found on any spot. Near the garden-gate two skeletons were found, one holding in his hand the key of the gate, while beside him were about a hundred gold and silver coins; the other lying near a number of silver vases. In the vaults of one of

the rooms the skeletons of eighteen adult persons, a boy, and an infant lay huddled together in attitudes terribly expressive of the agony of a lingering death. They were covered by several feet of extremely fine ashes, consolidated by the damp. This substance is capable of taking most correct impressions, but unfortunately this property was not noticed until the mass had been broken up. One fragment was preserved, on which was the impression of the neck and breast of a young girl, displaying extraordinary beauty of form. The very texture of her dress is apparent, and by its fineness shows that she was not a slave. Many jewels of great value were found with this group. To the skeletons of two children clung still their blonde hair, though they had been buried for seventeen hundred years. It needs not the pen of the romancist to fill up this picture. The father, in whom the love of life was stronger than parental instinct, fled from his home, accompanied by a slave, who carried the most precious movables, seeking to make his way to the sea. His daughter, his two little children, and his many household retainers sought refuge from the shower of cinders in the vaults, which were already stored with wine-jars and provisions for the winter. But, though they found shelter from the falling cinders, they could not escape the stifling sulphureous vapor which was charged with burning dust, and sooner or later all perished in protracted agony, of which their twisted forms convey too faithful a picture.

Many such tragic stories are told by the remains found in these silent ruins. In the house of the Faun was found the skeleton of a woman, with her hands lifted above her head. She had evidently endeavored to escape from the house, but driven back by the ashes had taken refuge in the *tablinum*. In her extremity she cast her jewels on the pavement, where they were found scattered in every direction. The flooring of the room above her beginning to fall, she lifted her arms in the vain attempt to support the crumbling roof. In this attitude she was found. In a garden near this house the skeleton of a woman, who wore many jewels, was discovered at a height of six or seven feet from the ground. She had evidently surmounted many ob-

stacles, and was seeking to scale a wall, when her strength failed her, and she fell and was suffocated. Under a stone staircase was discovered the skeleton of a man, who had with him a treasure of great value, consisting of gold rings and brass and silver coins. Almost all the skeletons found are those of men and women overcome by the vapor or falling ashes while endeavoring to secure their property. Five skeletons, near the hand of one of which an axe lay, were discovered in a vertical position, nearly fifteen feet from the ground. These were evidently killed, either by falling earth or by mephitic vapors, while searching for treasures after the catastrophe. In the house of the Vestals, and in a room which, judging from its furniture and decorations, was the boudoir of a young girl, was found the skeleton of a little dog. On another spot was made the rare discovery of the skeletons of two horses, with the remains of a *biga*, or chariot.

The showers of pumice stone, by which the city was overwhelmed, were followed "by streams of thick, tenacious mud, which flowed over the deposit." When the objects over which this mud flowed happened to be human bodies, "their decay left a cavity in which their forms were as accurately preserved and rendered as in the mould prepared for the casting of a bronze statue." It occurred to Signor Fiorelli to fill up these cavities with liquid plaster, and so obtain a cast of the objects once enclosed in them. One of the first experiments resulted in the obtaining of casts of four human beings. Two of these, probably mother and daughter, were lying feet to feet; the former in a position of perfect tranquillity, the latter, who seems to have been a girl of fifteen, in an attitude expressive of frightful agony. Her legs are drawn up, and her hands are clenched. With one hand she had drawn her veil over her head, to screen herself from the ashes and the smoke. The texture and shape of her dress may be distinctly traced; and here and there, where her dress is torn, "the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble." The third figure is that of a woman of about twenty-five. Her dress, and the jewellery found near her, indicate that she was of high rank. One of

her arms is raised, as if in despair; her hands are both clenched convulsively. The fourth figure is that of a tall, stalwart man, with coarse dress, and heavy sandals studded with nails. He lies on his back, his arms extended and his feet stretched out, as though, finding escape impossible, he had made up his mind to die like a man. His features are marked, some of his teeth yet remain, and a portion of his moustache adheres to the plaster of the cast.

A very imperfect idea of the trade of Pompeii may be gathered from the shops so far excavated. There are several bakers' shops, which, with their mills, ovens, kneading troughs, and vessels, some of which contain flour and loaves of bread in a carbonized state, leave nothing wanting to our knowledge of this department of business. There is also, near the house of the Tragic Poet, a building which was evidently used as a scouring-house. The pictures and implements found there give us a fair insight into the art of fulling and scouring cloth, an art more important in the days of Pompeii than now. These are the only trades of which the ruins afford adequate illustration. An apothecary's shop furnishes drugs, glasses, phials of singular form, and liquids, still retaining the pungent taste of former days. A variety of surgical instruments was discovered in another quarter, some resembling instruments still in use, and others of the purpose of which it would be vain to hazard a guess. Some instruments for use in obstetrical practice are said to equal in ingenuity and convenience the best efforts of modern cutlers. Almost all traces of other professions have vanished. A very interesting glimpse of the more private and domestic life of Pompeii is afforded by the inscriptions yet to be seen upon the walls. We do not refer to such as are cut in stone, or affixed to public buildings, but to those that are painted or chalked, or scratched on the stucco with a sharp instrument. Political advertisements were generally painted in large black or red letters, on a white ground, a coat of white paint always furnishing a fresh surface. Some of the political advertisements remind us of the electioneering tactics of modern days, and show that party spirit ran high among the Pom.

peians. Recommendations of candidates are often accompanied by a word or two of praise; sometimes they are signed by private persons, and sometimes by guilds or corporations. Indeed, there seem to have been trade unions at Pompeii. Occasionally the recommendation is a squib, and is signed by the *seribibi*, or "latetoppers," or the *dormientes universi*, "the worshipful company of sleepers." The inscriptions scratched on the stucco are of more private interest. The writer informs society that he is troubled with a cold. Another denounces somebody who does not invite him to supper as a brute and a barbarian. Inscriptions on the inner walls are yet more domestic; having reference to the number of tunics sent to the wash, the quantity of lard bought, the birthday of a child, and even of a donkey.

Passing by the tombs, theatres, gardens, and other questions of interest, from want of space, it remains for us briefly to notice the literature of the Pompeian excavations. The work of Mazois, which contains nearly two hundred plates, and embraces the results of the excavations from 1757 to 1821, is on the whole the most able and exhaustive, though of course deficient in relation to more recent discoveries. Donaldson and Sir William Gell owe much of their material and some of their plates to Mazois. The work of Overbeck, which is written in German, is very learned, but embarrassed by theories which sacrifice probability to originality. The beautiful work of the Niccolini, now in course of publication at Naples, and containing some exquisitely colored plates, is too expensive for the majority of readers. The work of the Commendatore Fiorelli, which contains records of the excavations down to 1860, every nail, bolt, and fragment discovered in the ruins being tabulated, is too diffuse for general purposes. It is invaluable, however, to the archæologist. Many important pamphlets and small volumes on particular buildings, inscriptions, and works of art have been published, but they are too numerous for popular utility. The best compendium of the history, buildings, and antiquities of Pompeii is that of Dr. Dyer, which is based on a small volume published nearly forty years since under the superintend-

ence of the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*. The information contained in it is judiciously arranged, and with sufficient vividness to give interest even to the driest details. It furnishes records of the excavations down to the latest date, and is enriched by an admirable itinerary for the guidance of the traveller. To those who have no opportunity of personally visiting one of the most interesting sites of history, Dr. Dyer's book will prove a great benefit, and almost a compensation.

Dublin University Magazine.

"OLD SIR DOUGLAS."*

THERE can be little doubt that in "Old Sir Douglas" the Hon. Mrs. Norton has attained her highest excellence as a writer of fiction—not only has that tale an advantage over "Lost and Saved," in not being written, as the phrase is, "for a purpose," but over all her other prose works in vigor of interest, in profusion of thought and poetry; and, more strikingly still, in variety and singularity of character. If the book contained no other portrait than that of Alice Ross, that one marvellous delineation would suffice to stamp it as a work of the highest order of genius. But this book is characterized by all the brilliant singularities of its celebrated authoress. Mrs. Norton's narrative is impassioned in the sense in which a speech is impassioned. It is a statement of an extraordinary case, by an advocate of startling force, fancy, sarcasm, and pathos. It differs from other stories, not only in the measure of its power, but in the attitude of its narrator. Mrs. Norton handles the story she tells and the persons who figure in it, like an advocate in the forum. She denounces, she applauds—she throws her own passionate sympathies undisguisedly into her narrative, and the reader finds himself carried away by a double force—by the extraordinary interest of the tale, and by the enthusiasm of its reciter. It is this predomi-

* "Old Sir Douglas." By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.* London: Hurst and Blackett.

* A fine portrait of Mrs. Norton appeared in the Eclectic Magazine some years since, and can be had at this office.—Ed.

nance of the rhetorical temperament which distinguishes Mrs. Norton essentially from all contemporary story-tellers, and contributes one powerful element to the general fascination of her fictions.

The generous partialities and antipathies to which her impetuous eloquence is subservient, aid in stimulating the feelings of the reader, who lays down the book with a consciousness of having been wrought upon by something more than the situations, the dialogue, and the characters which enter strictly into a story—of having been pleaded with, harangued, and inflamed by an orator difficult to resist, during the entire movement of the drama.

In her method of treating a story, there are other peculiarities distinguishing her manner in a very marked way from that of most other writers of romance. There is hardly to be found in the entire work a single page of *mere* narrative. There runs through it a fine *essaic* vein of illustration drawn from acute observation and often from very profound thought.

The thinking faculty of the reader is thus kept in continual play, while his fancy is charmed by the poetic faculty and brilliant wit which beautify and illuminate, without ever disturbing this current of severer thought. The proportion of this delightful and brilliant ingredient is so large as to impart a very singular charm to the work. We have mentioned that sparkling quality which is the natural heritage of Mrs. Norton. There are touches, too, of delicate humor, and playful, feminine irony, to be found in these pages, which to those familiar with the writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan will recall one of the happiest gifts of that delightful mind.

To support what we have said respecting the "essaic ingredient" of which we have spoken, and which everywhere pervades this powerful book, we reprint, with hardly an attempt at selection, a few examples of the graver discussion which flows concurrently with the story.

"On their way to Glenrossie! Ah, what other rapture, what other fulness of joy, shall compare to the day, when the woman who loves deeply and truly is borne to the home of the man she so loves?

"For ever! The human "for ever"—the for ever "till death do us part"—how it

stretches out its illimitable future of joy, as we sit, hand linked in hand, sure of each other, of existence, of love, of all that makes a paradise of earth; and the hedges and boundaries that divide lands flee past before our dreaming eyes; and the morning sun glows into noon, and the noon burns and fades; and the day sinks again, with a crimson haze, into sunset—and perhaps the sweet and quiet light—the pale light of the moon—swims up, into that sea of blue men call the sky; while still we are journeying on to the one spot on earth where we have cast our anchor of hope; to the trees and lawns, and rocks and hills, and gardens of flowers, and paths of delight, which *were* till now all *his*, but since the morning are *ours*!—the place we have loved without ever seeing it, perhaps,—the place that saw his boyhood; where his people drew breath; where his dear ones have lived and died; where *we* hope to live and die—Home! The blessed word *Home*!"

"If there were not daily examples to familiarize us with the marvel, we might wonder at the strange way in which Nature asserts herself; or rather, at the effects of Nature and accident combined, in the characters of individuals.

"We see children, all brought up in one home, under the same tutelage, as different as night from day. Pious sons and daughters, sprung from infidel and profligate parents; unredeemed and incorrigible rascals from honest and religious fathers; fools, that fritter away the vanishing hours, they themselves scarcely know how, born where steady conduct and deep knowledge seemed the very life of those around them—and earnest, intelligent, and energetic souls springing up, like palm-trees in the desert sand, where never a thought has been given to mental culture or religious improvement."

"There are persons who talk much and readily of their feelings, and who yet leave you in uncertainty both as to the sincerity and the motive of their confession; and there are others whose rare allusions to themselves and their private joys or sorrows seem to come like gleams of light, showing their whole inner nature."

"I wonder if women who are 'first objects' in some large and happy home circle—or even 'first objects' to the objects they themselves love—ever ruminate over the condition of one who is *nobody's* first object. How lone in the midst of company such a one must feel! What silence must lie under all their talking and laughing! What strange disruption from the linked chain that holds all the rest together! What exile, though ever present! What starvation of soul, in

the midst of all those great shares of love meted out around her!"

"Woe to the man who is loved with the passion that has neither tenderness nor affection to soften it: who is loved not for his own sake, but for the selfish sake of the woman who has mated with him. The opposite of that love is hate. The serpent hatched from the Egyptian warmth of that sterile soil, is vengeance. Pity, and regret, and the sad quiet partings of a humbled heart; the unutterable and fiery sense of wrong quenched and conquered by a flood of better and holier feelings: all these things are unknown to such women. Their impulse is to slay Jason's children to punish Jason. They fulfil the Scriptural malediction which says, 'Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel.'"

We may, without violating the mystery of the story, reprint here one of its many pathetic and powerful scenes, because it meets us almost *in limine*, in the second chapter, and discloses nothing which the reader is not intended to know at the outset.

"Sir Douglas rode to Torrieburn almost as desperately as his brother had done the night before. He found the handsome rider he had fondly watched at his departure, a bruised, shattered, groaning wretch. His horse, over-spurred, and bewildered by the drifting rain and howling storm, had swerved on the old-fashioned, sharp-angled bridge that crossed the Falls of Torrieburn close to his home, and had dashed with his rider over the low parapet in among the rocks below.

"Close to home; luckily close to home!

"Near enough for the wild shout he gave as he fell, and even the confused sound of the roll of shaken-down stones, and terrible weight of horse and rider falling on the bed of the torrent, to reach the house, and the quick ear of one who was waiting and watching there. For Kenneth's bachelor home was not a lonely one. Startling was the picture that presented itself in that drear morning's light when Sir Douglas entered. The weariest frightened form he ever beheld in the shape of woman, sat at the foot of the bed. Untidy, dishevelled, beautiful; her great white arms stretched out with clasped hands, shuddering every time that Kenneth groaned; her reddish-golden hair stealing in tangled locks from under the knotted kerchief, which she had never untied or taken off since she had rushed out into the storm and scrambled down to the Falls the night before. The lower part of her dress, still soaked and dripping, covered with mud and moss—one of her loose stockings torn at the ankle, and the blood oozing through—her petticoat, too, torn on that side. She had evidently slipped in attempting to reach the horse and rider.

"Douglas spoke first to her, and he spoke to her of herself; not of his brother.

"'Och!' she said, and her teeth chattered as she spoke, 'ye'll no mind me, sir! it's naething. I just drappit by one hand frae the brae, in amang the stanes to get at him, and sae gat hurtit. Ou Kenneth! Kenneth! Kenneth! Ou my man! my ain man!' and rocking wildly to and fro while the rain beat against the window, and the storm seemed to rock the trees in unison with her movements, she ceased to speak.

"The dying man moved his lips with a strange sort of smile, but no sound came. Douglas knelt down by him; and, as he did so, was conscious of the presence of a little nestling child, the most lovely little face that ever looked out of a picture, that was sitting at the bed-head, serene and hopeful in all this trouble, and saying to him with a shy smile, —'Are ye the doctor? and will ye put daddy a' richt? We've been waiting lang for the doctor.'

"No doctor could save Kenneth—no, not if the aching heart of his elder brother had resolved to bring him life at the price of his whole estate. He was fast going—fast! The grief of the ungovernable woman at his bed-foot only vaguely disturbed him. He was beginning to be withdrawn from earthly sights and earthly sounds. But Sir Douglas tried to calm her. He besought her to be still; to go away and wash her wounded limb and tear-swollen face, and arrange herself, and return, and meanwhile he would watch Kenneth till the doctor came. No, she wouldn't—no, she couldn't—no, he might die while she was out of the way—no, 'she wad see the last o' him, and then dee.' She offered no help; she was capable of no comfort; she kept up her loud lament, so as to bewilder all present; and it was a positive relief to Sir Douglas when, with a sudden shiver through her whole frame, she slid from the bed-foot to the floor in a swoon."

The Doctor and his assistant arrive—"bone-setters," from the village of Torrieburn, and the admission soon comes—that beyond some trifling palliatives, their simple skill can devise nothing—Kenneth must die.

"When the doctor had arranged that dying bed for the best—and had attended to the miserable woman who had fainted, and had brought her back, pale, exhausted, but quieter, to the sick chamber—Kenneth made a feeble effort to raise himself; an exertion which was followed by a dreadful groan. Then he murmured twice the name of 'Maggie!—dear Maggie!' and Sir Douglas rose up, and made way for the trembling creature so called upon, to kneel down in his place, adjuring her, for the love of heaven—for the love of Kenneth—

not to give way, but keep still; getting only from her a burst of sobbing, and the words, 'Kill me! och, kill me! and then maybe ye'll hush me down.' There seemed 'no hushing her down,' till suddenly Kenneth said, in a sort of dreamy voice, 'Maggie, you'll call to mind the birken trees—the birken trees!'

"The woman held her breath. There was no need to quiet her now.

"The birken trees by the broomy knowe,' repeated he, dreamily; and in a low, clear tone, he added, 'I'm sorry, Maggie.'

"Then opening his eyes with a fixed look, he said, 'Dear Douglas!' in a tone of extreme, almost boyish tenderness; and then followed a renewed silence, broken only by the wild gusty winds outside the house, and the distant sound of the fatal Falls of Torrieburn. All at once, with the rallying strength that sometimes precedes death, he spoke clearly and intelligibly. 'Douglas! be kind—I'm going—I'm dying—be kind to my Kenneth, for the sake of days when we were boys together! Don't forsake him! don't deny him! Have pity, too, on Maggie!'

"A little pause after that, and he spoke more restlessly:—'I'm asking others, and I ought to do it myself. It's I who forsake them: it's I that didn't pity. I say—I say—are you all here? Douglas! the doctor—ah! yes, and my father's factor,—Well—I—'

"He struggled for a moment, with blue, blanched lips; then, feeling for the little curled head of the child at the further side of his bed, and locking his right hand in the hand of the kneeling woman, he said: 'I trust Douglas with these. I declare Margaret Carmichael my wife, and I acknowledge Kenneth Carmichael Ross as my lawful son!'

"The woman gave a suppressed shriek; she sprang up from her knees, and flung her arms round the dying man with a wild 'Och, I thank ye—I thank ye! and mither'll thank ye for ever! Ou! my Kenneth!'

"He turned his head toward her with that unutterable smile that often flits over dying faces. Brighter and fonder his smile could not have been in the days of their first love: 'by the broomy knowe, under the birken trees;' and perhaps his thoughts were there, even in that supreme hour. No other word, except a broken ejaculation of prayer, came from him; only the bystanders 'saw a great change'—the change there is no describing—come over his brow. The anguish of mortal pain seemed to melt into peace. A great sigh escaped him, such as bursts from the bosom in some sudden relief from suffering, and the handsome man was a handsome corpse.

"He who had been so much to that wailing woman, had become *it*! 'it;' 'the body;' that perishable form which had clothed the eternal soul, and was now to be carried away

and hidden under the earth, 'to suffer corruption,' and join the unseen throng of those whose place in this world 'shall know them no more.'"

Maggie is drawn with the daring skill and utter fidelity which characterize every picture in old Sir Douglas—a skill and a fidelity which remind one of the homely literalities which in Hogarth's and in Shakespeare's pictures startle one with their undeniable reality, and render the sublime of tragedy more sublime by a touch of prosaic and vulgar nature. In this sort of contrast Mrs. Norton is a consummate artist; nothing is disguised of Maggie's coarseness, violence, and vulgarities; she receives the benefit neither of distance, nor of darkened windows; she is in nowise idealized, nor translated into a statue; we see her in the broadest daylight, and face to face, without having been spared one intonation of her Scottish brogue, and savage uproar, or a single aggravation of her fierceness, and grossness, and vulgar savagery; and yet with all this—and in great measure—such is the mystery of true art, *because* of this, Maggie is nearly always interesting, and often by reason of the wild burst and tempest of her ungoverned affections, positively sublime—Maggie alone would make the success and the interest of a good novel; and yet such is the wealth and perfection of portraiture—especially of female portraiture—in these pages, that Maggie might very easily lose her legitimate prominence among the creations of fiction, by her juxtaposition with the other more strange and striking, though not more finished pictures, in these powerful volumes.

The most singular figure that rises before us, at the weird beck of Mrs. Norton's pen, and that which, with strangest fascination, haunts our eyes, days after her book is shut—is undoubtedly that of Alice Ross. In the earlier chapters of the tale we become acquainted with her as a child, cold, cautious, repellant, and yet with a certain silent prettiness and grace. This little girl, the half-sister of old Sir Douglas, is harbored by him, after her mother's death, at his Highland castle of Glenrossie, of which she becomes "the lady," and in due time does all the honors for him. This position,

however, is changed; Sir Douglas brings home a beautiful young wife, and the first home-transports of the bride are succeeded by a faint sense of danger—a trouble thus described:

"And then, very slowly, very quietly, very unexpectedly, and yet very clearly, she awoke to the perception that in her paradise there was a snake.

"Not a creature that awed and yet fascinated; whose presence was a mystery, and its counsel almost a scornful command. But a little sliding, slithering, mean, small snake; a 'snake in the grass;' a snake whose tiny bite the heel might almost carelessly spurn when it seemed to pursue, and whose power to wound might be doubted and smiled over, till the miracle of death by its venom were irrevocably proved! A snake that looked like a harmless eft.

"Nothing but the instinctive repulsion which exists in certain natures to reptiles even when unseen, their presence being discoverable to the inner soul of feeling though not to the outward sense, could have inspired Gertrude with the aversion she gradually felt for Sir Douglas's half-sister, Alice Ross.

"Alice had not offended the bride; on the contrary, she flattered her; she obviously endeavored to please, to wind around her, to become necessary to her. She went beyond the mere yielding up gracefully the small delegated authority which for many years she had seemed to exercise—from being 'the only one of the family resident at the castle.' She was not satisfied with dropping to the condition of friend and equal; she rather assumed that of poor relation and humble companion. She chose toleration, and repudiated welcome. As to the near connection between herself and Sir Douglas, she always alluded to it in a humble, half-mournful, apologetic manner, as if it were a fault, but not *her* fault; and yet a fault for which she was willing to make amends to the extent of her feeble powers. She behaved toward him as toward one who was to be admired, revered, wondered at;—but to love him would be taking too great a liberty. Still, in her own subservient way she contrived to impress him with a notion of humble worship; and she lost no opportunity of increasing that impression even while she deprecated all evidences of its ruling spirit in her mind."

We know not whether this picture has its particular counterpart in life. We cannot recollect, however, having actually met its original. And yet with the mysterious recognition we sometimes experience in dreams, we know Alice Ross instantly.

"Alice was certainly what in common parlance is called, even when the party still retains claims to personal attraction, 'an old maid.'

"Alice *did* retain claims to personal attraction. Her well-shaped head—though its banded hair was of that disagreeable dry drab color, which had not yet the advantage of our modern fashion of being dyed of a golden red—surmounted a long, slender, white throat; and a figure which, if somewhat too spare for artistic notions of beauty, was, as her maid expressed it, 'jimp and genteel.'

"She moved (as she spoke) with slow precision; and not without some degree of grace. The only positively disagreeable thing about her was a certain watchfulness which disturbed and fascinated you. Do what you would, Alice's eyes were on you. You felt them fixed on your shoulder; your forehead; the back of your head; your hands; your feet; the sheet of paper on which you were writing a letter; the title and outside cover of the book you were reading; the harmless list you were making out of your day's shopping; the anxious calculation of your year's income; and the little vague sketch you scribbled while your mind was occupied about other things.

"I have spoken of her as the snake in this paradise; but there was something essentially *feline*, also, in her whole manner; and indeed the cat is, among inferior animals, what the snake is among a lower order of creatures. The noiseless, cautious, circuitous mode in which she made her way across a room was cat-like; the dazed quiet of her eyes on common occasions, had the expression of a cat sitting in the sun; and the startling illumination of watchful attention in them at other times, recalled to our fancy the same creature catching sight of its prey. Even the low purring, and rubbing of pussy's soft fur against your side, seemed to find its analogy in her slow, soft words of flattery: as the gentle approach, which neither required nor even accepted any returning caress, resembled the gliding to and fro on some familiar hearth of that unloving little domestic animal, whose cry is alien and weird to our ears, and its shape like a diminished tiger.

"Above all, in her gravity and changelessness she was cat-like."

"In all that touched *herself*, she was keen, far-sighted, and long remembering. She never forgot an injury. She never omitted an opportunity.

"Her cat-like resemblance extended to the order and method of her every-day life. In the open daylight of social intercourse she was tranquil and unobtrusive, or purring and courteous; but in the darkness of solitary hours—in the Lone Den—her mind prowled and capered, and took its light

leaps in pursuit of prey. There, the dazed eyes resumed their brilliant watchfulness; and gleamed over the gloom of her destiny. There, the many calculations for small and great ends were methodically arranged, and plans laid for besieging, undermining, and beleaguering, such as find no place in military books. The tactics of Elian were nothing in comparison with the tactics of Alice."

We have hitherto seen this feline creature in her normal state of apathy and vigilance. For one moment let us look at her in the solitude of her room, agitated by the wild, almost insane passion of which her seemingly cold nature is capable.

"He was gone forth; gone forth from *her*—even she scarce knew where, or for how long, but gone—gone out into the temptation of pleasing and being pleased elsewhere; and when Alice thought of it, that pale and apparently passionless woman could have dashed her head against the stone embrasure of her turret-window, or thrown herself from it into the deep courtyard below. Anything to still the fierce beating of blood to and fro in her brain, and deaden the thoughts that chased each other there, of the dark-eyed, meagre, eloquent man, who had been mocking heaven and his fellow-creatures by the assumption of a character as much acted as any on the stage!

"But Alice governed herself, and was outwardly calm. The fox of an evil secret gnawing at her heart should not find her less brave than the Spartan. If she gave way she might destroy him,—she might *hang him*,—those were his words: no matter what they meant: no matter what he was. She would bear,—and live,—and see him again; and rend in pieces any one who attempted to thwart her, or rival her in his affections."

It is quite impossible with the aid of a few tessellated extracts, to reproduce the spell which Mrs. Norton's art gradually and patiently weaves about us, and around this singular creation, in whom we discover, along with so much that is mean, bloodless, cruel, a sinister charm, for which we cannot account, except by a sort of witchcraft; and after whom, even when we have ceased to hope, in her, for one secret point of human sympathy, unless we are to except such passion as a sorceress is imagined sometimes to cherish for a human object, we linger with a perverted fascination.

In this feminine gallery we are irresistibly arrested by another portrait—gaunt, repulsive—with whose general effect we are familiar; but with the hard lines, minute wrinkles, and undefinable singularities of expression which indicate an unquestionable individuality. It is the full length figure of the Countess of Clochnaben.

"The Countess of Clochnaben was standing with her hands behind her, superintending the planting of some trees, when Alice alighted from her pony.

"She was so tall, and stood so firmly, that you might think she herself had been planted in the ground; and so thoroughly well planted, that no storm would avail to uproot her. She had been in youth what is termed a 'fine woman,'—very stately; but the worst of immeasurably stately women is, that in old age they are apt to become gaunt. The Countess of Clochnaben *had* become gaunt. She was also very severe in her opinion of others; gaunt in mind as well as body. She kept very early hours. The iron vibration of the rusty old clock in the courtyard, very seldom had the advantage of her in getting the hours of six in summer and seven in winter struck fairly through, before her stern tread was heard on the outer staircase. These morning hours being often chill, and the gusty mountain-gaps full of what Shakespeare calls 'an eager and a nipping air,' she habitually wore over her cap, as a shield against rheumatic headache, a small quilted black silk bonnet; and when she headed her breakfast-table, what with this peculiarity of costume, the rigid and erect carriage of her tall body, and the prepared severity of her mouth, she looked like a venerable judge about to pass sentence on a criminal.

"And, indeed, she was continually passing sentence on criminals. Most of her neighbors and connections were criminals in her eyes; and she spent her time in reviewing their conduct with much asperity."

For sake of the *naïve* terms in which it is conveyed, we must here permit the Countess to utter one of her characteristic *dicta*—as she liked to term the emphatic expressions of her opinion.

" 'You should not encourage such doings at Glenrossie,' said the dowager, severely; 'there never was mirth or singing since I can remember the place, on such an improper day as the Lord's day.'"

From this Rembrandt we turn to a portrait, young, refined, and voluptuous. The Spanish bride of young Kenneth Ross arrives as the guest of "old Sir

Douglas and Lady Ross, at their beautiful Scottish castle."

"When Donna Eusebia did at last appear, they saw a most undeniable beauty: though she looked (as, indeed, she was) some years older than Kenneth. What with the splendor of a rich complexion, made richer by the addition of rouge; the glossiness of hair made glossier with strongly-scented oils; the deep crimson of the carnations twisted with black lace, on her head; the gems that glittered on her neck; the sudden turn and flashing of her glorious black eyes, and the equally sudden flirting and shutting of a painted fan mounted in mother-of-pearl and gold, the motion of which was so incessant that it seemed an integral portion of her living self; what with the gleaming smile when the curled lips parted and left her white teeth, like waves in the sunshine disclosing a shell; what with the pretty trick she had, at the end of every laugh (and she laughed often), of giving a mischievous bite to the full underlip, as though to punish it back to gravity; and what with the fling and leap of the soft fringes on her robe when she turned with quick animation to answer you,—there was so much lustre and movement about her, that it seemed as if she were a fire-fly transformed by magic into a woman. And, if she stood still (as she very seldom did), the curve of her neck and back resembled some beautiful scroll-work in sculpture; while her tiny forward foot shone in its satin shoe, a separate miracle,—for you wondered how anything so small could have so much strength and majesty in it."

Very happy and brilliant is Mrs. Norton's sketch of the London triumphs of this foreign beauty:

"If ever that Tantalus thirst, the love of admiration, could be satisfied, certainly it should have been in the exceptional case of Donna Eusebia's triumphal progress through the London season. She 'made *furor*,' as the foreign phrase terms it. A hundred *lorgnons* were aimed at her sparkling face as she leaned from her opera-box, her graceful arms half nestled in scarlet and gold shawls, or Moorish bournouses of white and gold, black and gold, purple and gold, as the fancy of the evening moved her; for Eusebia had as many shawls and gowns as our vestal and over-rated Queen Elizabeth.

"She laid her dresses and wreaths out in the morning on her bed, and studied what the evening should bring forth. She tried on her jewels at the glass, and rehearsed the performances of her *coiffeur*. She tossed a white blonde mantilla over her glossy head, and stuck orange blossoms under the comb, and tossed it off again, to replace it with heavy black lace and a yellow rose. She sat mute

and motionless, contemplating her own little satin shoes with big rosettes to them, and then sprang up and assaulted that bewitching *chaussure*; pulling off the rosettes, and putting in glittering buckles; relapsing thereafter into the mute idolatry of contemplation. She wore her jet black hair one day so smoothly braided that her head looked as if carved in black marble, and the next it was all loose, and wayward, and straying about, as if she had been woke out of a restless slumber, and carried off to a party without having had time allowed her to comb it through.

"All the London dandies,—half the grave politicians,—a quarter of the philosophic sages,—and a very large proportion of the Established Church, both High and Low,—thought, spoke, and occupied themselves, chiefly with reference to the fact of the appearance of this Star of Granada. The pine-apples and flowers of every great country-house, and the time of the masters of such houses, were at her entire disposal. It was rather a favor conferred than received, when she consented to accept a peer's ticket for some state show, or the opening ceremonies of Parliament. Statesmen sat round her after the cabinet was over; and indeed in some cases were even suspected of hurrying the happy moment of their release from such duties, in order to be in time to ride with her in the park. Bishops wrote her facetious and kindly little notes. Poets extolled her charms in every measure possible in the English language, including the doubtful possibility of hexameters. Beautiful fresh young girls were presented at Court and made their *début* in the world of fashion, and the greatest compliment that could be paid to the mothers of such as were brunettes was to say that 'about the eyes,' or 'cheek,' or 'chin,' or 'mouth,' or *tout ensemble*, they had 'a look' of Donna Eusebia."

In the twining of this powerful tale are many strands of interest. One of these is anxious and even provoking. It results from a reserve in which the sort of cowardice which prefers a perilous silence to a frank but somewhat ambiguous disclosure, carries the person, Lady Ross, in whose happiness we actually feel, and are intended to feel, a degree of interest amounting almost to pain, to the verge of a ruinous self-sacrifice. Extreme frankness is often the expression of the merest callosity; reserve, on the other hand, is more frequently a form of sensitiveness than of suspicion. Gertrude Ross is eminently sensitive and unselfish; an instinctive horror of giving pain leads her to consider the feelings of others, even the unworthiest and the

most unkindly, in preference to her own happiness and even safety. We find her gratuitously keeping the very questionable secrets of unamiable and unscrupulous persons, one of whom at least has evinced an active desire to injure her. These secrets have come to her without the complication of any confidence on the part of the odious people whom they concern, and in keeping which from her husband—a frank, trusting, and tender gentleman, whom she loves almost idolatrously—she compromises her own reputation, and of necessity his happiness. That such things do happen now and then is only too true. But we have little patience with the feminine folly and secrecy which drop, here and there, bit by bit, the materials of a constructive case, which secret enemies and interested intriguers may put together at their leisure against the fair fame and the peace of a happy home. While in this one instance, pregnant with calamitous results, we complain of the heroine's indecision and even folly, we are bound to remark that Gertrude Ross is no conventional lady after the pink and white wax-work model. We have the distinctest possible idea of her in person, tastes, character, and style. She takes her place in the story as thoroughly individualized in her way as the hardest or wickedest person of the drama; and it is exactly because we feel that we have seen and known her, that we are so nervously interested in her happiness, and so incensed at her own temporary mismanagement of it.

Mrs. Norton's novel is glowing from first to last with color. The ease and rapidity with which she *describes*, are magical. Natural scenery she paints with the touch, not of an artist, but of an enchanter. Her process is a mystery. We witness no exertion and need no patience. Trees, mountains, rocks, and skies expand before us in the glory and harmony of their hues and outlines. In like manner, whatever other object—be it peculiar figure, elaborate costume; face, dismal and wicked, or pure and lovely, she chooses you to see—you do see, and remember afterward, not as a dream but a reality that has traced itself in your brain. To this rare power of description Mrs. Norton adds the still rarer gift of translating the spirit and

poetry of that which she makes you see into expression; and not only have we this never-ending play of fancy, but the charm of an intellectual activity, which at every second page hints a thought, or invites discussion, or investigates the moral of her situations, or the mysteries of human nature, with a facile and profound penetration. This stream of original thought sparkling through the entire work, stimulates in the reader a corresponding mental activity, and is one of the chief delights which await an acquaintance with this extraordinary novel.

We have observed a careful reticence respecting the plot and denouement of the story. As we have before hinted, there are several—indeed, no less than three—principal veins of interest in the book. That which concerns Alice Ross and James Frere is heightened by the mystery which, skilfully managed, so powerfully contributes to the exciting ingredient of romantic fiction. It is enough to say of the plan of this story that it owes nothing to the received precedents of fiction. The symmetry of a well-knit plot is disguised by a treatment which makes the whole story, with a gathering impetus, flow to its conclusion, so like a piece of real life, that we are cheated into discussing its incidents and persons like actual griefs and real men and women. Slight as has been this notice, we have placed, we believe, sufficient matter in evidence to satisfy our readers that we were right in pronouncing "Old Sir Douglas," Mrs. Norton's unquestionably greatest prose work.

Cornhill Magazine.

SHOOTING-STARS, METEORS, AND AÉROLITES.

ON a calm, clear night, when

All the stars
Shine, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest,

the contemplation of the celestial vault raises in the least thoughtful mind vague suggestions of infinity, eternity, and omnipotence. A knowledge of the wonders which have been revealed by modern

astronomical investigations, largely enhances these emotions. Looking into the starlit depths of heaven, the astronomer knows that the objects presented to him shine from distances so great, that not only are they inconceivable themselves, but that the very unit by which he attempts to gauge them is inconceivable. He knows that what he sees is not that which *is*, but that which *was*—years ago as respects the nearer parts of the heaven-scape, but long ages ago, he doubts not, as respects faintly shining stars visible only by momentary scintillations. He has good reasons, indeed, for surmising that the diffused illumination, which, on the darkest night lights up the background of the view, had been travelling toward the earth myriads of ages before she had assumed her present state, or had been inhabited by the races now subsisting upon her surface. So long, he believes, has light,—which would eight times girdle the earth in a second,—been occupied in journeying toward us from the depths into which he is gazing. Thus the same view exhibits to him eternity of time and infinity of space. He sees also omnipotence in the operation of those laws—the impress of the Almighty mind—under whose action all that he sees is undergoing a process of change, vast, resistless, unending, yet so solemn in its grand progress that man knows no apter type for immutability.

To an observer impressed with these emotions, the contrast is startling when there is a sudden exhibition of life and motion in the calm realms of night. We cannot, however, look for any long interval of time toward any quarter of the sky, without perceiving indications more or less distinct of objects other than the fixed stars. Now on one side, now on another, we seem to catch momentary glimpses of moving light, disappearing too rapidly to be detected. But before many minutes have elapsed we receive less doubtful evidence. There sweeps silently and swiftly across the starlit depths a palely-gleaming light, which disappears after traversing an arc of greater or less extent. We know not how it may be with others, but to ourselves the impression conveyed by the apparition of a shooting-star, is that no apter emblem can be conceived of the

finite and the feeble.* The suddenness with which these objects appear, their hasty movements, and their short duration, alike conduce to render as marked as possible the contrast they present to the fixed stars.

But though shooting-stars are short-lived, and apparently insignificant, yet we shall presently see that the relations they present to other celestial objects are not unimportant. We are brought by means of them into contact, so to speak, with external space. "Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason," writes Humboldt, "it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and submit to chemical analysis, metallic and earthy masses appertaining to the world without." The vulgar sense sees, in shooting-stars, nothing but "dying sparks in the clear vault of heaven;" the reflecting mind will find much to arouse interest, and much that is worthy of close study and investigation.

We proceed to present the result of observations—(i.) casual and (ii.) particular—which have been made on shooting-stars, meteors, and aërolites.

A careful observer directing his attention toward any quarter of the sky on a clear night, will see on an average six shooting-stars per hour. We may assume, therefore, that about fifteen appear above the horizon of any place during each hour. More appear after than before midnight, the most favorable time for observation being from one o'clock to three. In tropical climates shooting-stars are seen oftener, and shine far more brilliantly than in our northern climates. This peculiarity is due, no doubt, to the superior purity and serenity of the air within and near the tropics, not to any real superiority in the number of falling-stars. Sir Alexander Burnes, speaking of the transparency of the dry atmosphere of Bokhara, a place not farther south than Madrid, but raised 1,200 feet above the sea-level, says: "The stars have uncommon lustre,

* "The spinstress Werpeja," says a Lithuanian myth, "spins the thread of the new-born child, and each thread ends in a star. When death approaches, the thread breaks, and the star falls, quenching its light, to the earth."—Grimm: *Deutsche Mythologie*.

and the milky way shines gloriously in the firmament. There is also a never-ceasing display of the most brilliant meteors, which dart like rockets in the sky; ten or twelve of them are sometimes seen in an hour, assuming every color—fiery-red, blue, pale, and faint.” In our climate about two-thirds of all the shooting-stars seen are white; next in frequency come yellow stars, one yellow star being seen for about five white stars. There are about twice as many yellow as orange stars, and more than twice as many orange as green or blue stars.

Meteors or fire-balls are far less common than shooting-stars. They are magnificent objects, their brilliancy often exceeding that of the full moon. Some, even, have been so brilliant as to cast a shadow in full daylight. They are generally followed by a brilliant luminous train, which seems to be drawn out of the substance of the fire-ball itself. Their motion is not commonly uniform, but (so to speak) impulsive; they often seem to follow a waved or contorted path; their form changes visibly, and in general they disappear with a loud explosion. Occasionally, however, a meteor will be seen to separate without explosion into a number of distinct globes, accompanying each other in parallel courses, and each followed by a train. “Sometimes,” says Kaemtz, “a fire-ball is divided into fragments, each of which forms a luminous globe, which then bursts in its turn; in others the mass, after having given vent to the interior gases, closes in upon itself, and then swells out anew to burst a second time.” Meteors which move impulsively, generally burst at each bound, giving forth smoke and vapors, and shining afterward with a new lustre. In some instances, the crash of the explosion is so great that “houses tremble, doors and windows open, and men imagine that there is an earthquake.”

Aërolites, or meteoric stones, are bodies which fall from the sky upon the earth. They are less common than meteors, but that they are far from being uncommon is shown by this, that in the British Museum alone there are preserved several hundreds of these bodies. They vary greatly in size and form; some being no larger than a man’s fist,

while others weigh many hundreds of pounds. Marshal Bazaine has lately brought from Mexico a meteorite weighing more than three-quarters of a ton; but this weight has been far exceeded in several cases. Thus a meteorite was presented to the British Museum in 1865, which weighs no less than three and a half tons. It had been found near Melbourne, and one half of the mass had been promised to the Melbourne Museum. But fortunately it was saved from injury. A meteorite weighing one and a quarter tons, which had been found close to the greater one, was transferred from the British to the Melbourne Museum, and the great meteorite forwarded unbroken to our national collection. A yet larger meteorite lies on the plain of Tucuman in South America; it has not been weighed, but measurement shows that its weight cannot fall short of fourteen or fifteen tons. It is from seven to seven and a half feet in length.

There have been twenty well authenticated instances of stone-falls in the British Isles since 1620. One of these took place in the immediate neighborhood of London, on May 18, 1680. Besides these, two meteoric stones, not seen to fall, have been found in Scotland.

The Chinese, who recorded everything, give the most ancient records of stone-falls.* Their accounts of these phenomena extend to 644 years before our era, their accounts of shooting-stars to 687 B.C. We need not remind our classical readers of the stone which fell at Ægos Potamos, B.C. 465, and which was as large as two millstones. In the year 921, there fell at Narni a mass which projected four feet above the river, into which it was seen to fall. There is a Mongolian tradition that there fell from heaven upon a plain near the source of the Yellow River, in Western China, a black rocky mass forty feet high. In 1620, there fell at Jahlinder a mass of meteoric iron, from which the Emperor Jehangire had a sword forged.

* The fall of stones said by Livy to have taken place on the Alban Hill, can hardly be accepted as an historical fact. There are, however, indubitable records, not due to human agency, of much more ancient stone-falls; since *fossil meteorites* are found imbedded in the secondary and tertiary formations.

These traditions had long been known, but men were not very ready to accept, without question, the fact that stones and mineral masses actually fall upon the earth from the sky. In 1803, however, a fall of aërolites occurred which admitted of no cavil. On the 26th of April, in that year, a fiery globe was seen to burst into fragments, nearly over the town of L'Aigle, in Normandy. By this explosion thousands of stones were scattered over an elliptical area seven or eight miles long, and about four miles broad. The stones were hot (but not red-hot) and smoking; the heaviest weighed about seventeen and a half pounds. The sky had been perfectly clear a few moments before the explosion. With a laudable desire to profit by so favorable an opportunity, the French Government sent M. Biot to the scene of the fall. His systematic inquiries and report sufficed to overcome the unbelief which had prevailed on the subject of stone-showers.

Another very remarkable fall is that which took place on October 1, 1857, in the department of Yonne. Baron Seguiet was with some workmen in an avenue of the grounds of Hautefeuille, near Charny, when they were startled by several explosions quite unlike thunder, and by strong atmospheric disturbances. Several windows of the château were found to be broken. At the same time a proprietor of Château-Renard saw a globe of fire "travelling rapidly through the air toward Vernisson." Baron Seguiet heard shortly after that at the same hour a shower of aërolites had fallen a few leagues from Hautefeuille, and in a locality lying precisely in the direction toward which the proprietor of Château-Renard had seen the meteor travelling. A mason had seen the fall, and narrowly escaped being struck by one of the fragments. This piece, which was found buried deep in the earth, near the foot of the mason's ladder, was presented to the Academy of Sciences by Baron Seguiet.

Aërolites often fall from a clear sky. More commonly, however, a dark cloud is observed to form, and the stony shower is seen to be projected from its bosom. It is probable that what appears as a bright train by night is seen as a cloud by day. Something seems to depend on

the position of the observer. The meteor which burst over L'Aigle appeared wholly free from cloud or smoke to those who saw it from Alençon, while to observers in L'Aigle the phenomenon was presented of a dark cloud forming suddenly in a clear sky. In a fall which took place near Kleinwinden (not far from Mühlhausen), on September 16, 1843, a large aërolite descended with a noise like thunder, in a clear sky, and without the formation of any cloud.

The length of time during which fire-balls, which produce aërolites, are visible, has been variously stated; but we have no evidence which would lead us to accept the story of Dalmachos, that the fiery cloud from which the stone of Ægos Potamos was projected had been visible for seventy days in succession. The story seems to identify the author with a certain Dalmachos of Platæa described by Strabo as a "vendor of lies."

There is another singular fiction respecting fire-balls. It was said that shooting-stars and meteors were in reality fibrous gelatinous bodies, and that such bodies had been found where meteors had been seen to fall. Reference is not unfrequently made to this fable by writers ancient and modern. Thus Dryden, in his dedication to *The Spanish Friar*, speaking of Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, says:—"I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colors which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting."

One circumstance remains to be mentioned among the results of casual observation. On certain occasions shooting-stars have been observed to fall in much greater numbers than on ordinary nights. Among the earliest records of such a phenomenon is the statement by Theophanes, the Byzantine historian, that in November, 472, at Constantinople, the sky seemed to be alive with flying meteors. In the month of October, 902, again, so many falling-stars were seen that the year was afterwards called the "year of stars." Condé relates that the Arabs connected this fall with the

death of King Ibrahim Ben-Ahmed, which took place on the night of the star-shower. The year 1029 was also remarkable for a great star-fall, and in the annals of Cairo it is related that, "In the year 599, in the last Moharrun (October 19, 1202), the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, toward the east and west; they flew about like locusts, and were dispersed from left to right." A shower of stars, accompanied by the fall of several aërolites, took place over England and France on April 4, 1095. This was considered by many as a token of God's displeasure with King William II.: "Therefore the kynge was tolde by diverse of his familiars that God was not content with his lyvyng; but he was so wilful and proud of mind that he regarded little their saying."

In modern times, also, some very remarkable star-showers have been observed. Amongst these one of the most noteworthy was that seen by Humboldt, when travelling with M. Bonpland in South America. He writes:—"On the morning of the 13th of November we saw a most extraordinary display of shooting-stars. Thousands of bolides and stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their motion was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, which was not filled each instant with shooting-stars. All the meteors left phosphorescent traces behind them."

In 1833, also, there was a magnificent display of meteoric fireworks. It was accompanied by a brilliant exhibition of the aurora borealis. The same phenomenon was seen also at Bremen, in 1838, during a fall of meteors and shooting-stars.

Before proceeding to detail some of the singular results which have rewarded the modern examination of this interesting subject, it may be well to exhibit the guesses and theories which were suggested of old, to explain the observed phenomena.

The Greeks, as usual with them, guessed boldly, sometimes acutely. Among the earliest of their theories we find the view that shooting-stars are generated by vapors ascending from the earth,—an hypothesis that has been sustained

quite recently by Egen, Fischer, and Ideler. Aristotle supposed that aërolites were masses of stone which had been raised by tempests from the earth's surface. He explained in this way the appearance even of the gigantic mass which fell at Ægos Potamos. Others again, seeing that meteorites fell in full sunlight, conceived the notion that they were projected to us from the sun. Amongst those who held this opinion was Anaxagoras of Clazomene. This philosopher, we are told, predicted the fall of aërolites from the sun,—a tradition registered and ridiculed by Pliny. But some among the Greeks held opinions which, though somewhat vaguely expressed, may be looked upon as (at the least) very good guesses. We may cite, for instance, the following remarkable passage in Plutarch's life of Lysander:

"The opinion held by those who thought that shooting-stars are not mere emanations from ethereal fire, becoming extinguished quickly after being kindled, is a probable one; nor are falling stars produced by the inflammation and combustion of a mass of air which had moved away toward the higher regions; rather they are *celestial bodies* which are precipitated through an intermission of the centrifugal force, and fall, not only on inhabited places, but in even larger numbers into the great sea, where they are never seen." We find in this passage a tacit reference to the opinion of Anaxagoras that the heavenly bodies are masses of rock torn from the earth by the centrifugal force of the surrounding ether, and set on fire in the heavens. The opinion of Diogenes of Apollonia is not dissimilar. He says: "Together with the visible stars there move other invisible ones, which are therefore without names. These sometimes fall on the earth and are extinguished, as took place with the star of stone which fell at Ægos Potamos."

In the Middle Ages the phenomena presented by shooting-stars were explained in a somewhat authoritative, but not very satisfactory, manner. The judicious use of a few set phrases sufficed to clear up all difficulties. We hear of humors and exhalations attracted by affinity to the upper regions of air: of condensation, concretion, ultimate re-

pulsion, and so on; and all this not in a doubtful hypothetical tone, but in the authoritative manner of men possessing all knowledge. On one point especially the writers of those days are very positive,—meteors are in no way to be regarded as astronomical phenomena. They marked out peremptorily the bodies they consented to look upon as celestial. Their knowledge of the laws regulating these bodies was far too exact, in their opinion, for any doubt to exist that a number of erratic, short-lived bodies, moving in a hasty and undignified manner across the sky, were not to be admitted as members of the stately family of planets, still less as co-partners with the stars of the crystalline. One, even, who saw opening out before him a new system, who aided to overturn the old, and to lay the foundation of modern astronomy—the ingenious Kepler—yielded to the old idea on this point—to the fascinating phantasy that things are to be seen as men would have them, not as indeed they are. In his case, perhaps, this is hardly to be wondered at. He had discovered and rejoiced in the “harmonies of the planets;” he had written in his enthusiasm,—“Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind, for I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians.” And it would doubtless have seemed as a strange thing to him to conceive that he had heard but a few stray notes of the music of the spheres, that he had not yet—as he had hoped—

Come on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,
Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time.

We turn to the investigations of modern scientific men,—of men whose principle it is, or ought to be, that theory-framing should be preceded by systematic observation, by careful calculation and examination, and, if possible, by experiment. They have successfully attacked problems which seem to the uninitiated wholly insoluble,—determining the heights at which shooting-stars appear and disappear; the velocity with which they move, their size and weight, nay, the very substances of which they are composed; they have discovered laws regulating the numbers

and paths of those visitors; they have analyzed aërolites chemically and microscopically; and, lastly, they have sought to determine whether it is possible to construct artificial meteorites.

The determination of the height of shooting-stars is a problem which has been successfully attacked by Brandes, Heis, Schmidt, Olbers, and others. From the results of observations made by these astronomers, Professor Newton and Mr. Alexander Herschel have calculated that shooting-stars appear, on an average, at a height of seventy-two miles, and disappear at a height of fifty-two miles. The Padre Secchi, at Rome, on the nights of 5th–10th August, carried on a series of simultaneous observations, by telegraphic communication between Rome and Civita Vecchia. The result obtained by him was that shooting-stars appear at a height of seventy-four and a half miles, and disappear at a height of fifty miles,—a result almost coincident with the former. It appears, then, that shooting-stars are some twenty miles nearer when they are just disappearing than at their first appearance.

When the distance of a shooting-star is known, it is easy to determine the velocity of the star's motion. It appears from a careful series of observations that shooting-stars describe a visible arc many miles in length, with an average velocity of about thirty-four miles per second. This velocity is nearly twice as great as that wherewith the earth describes her orbit about the sun. Moving with such a velocity, a body would pass from the earth to the moon in about a couple of hours, or from London to Edinburgh in about ten seconds.

Meteors, as might be expected, approach nearer to the earth than shooting-stars. They do not in general move quite so rapidly. A remarkable meteor which appeared on April 29th was seen by two practised observers, Messrs. Baxendell and Wood, at Liverpool and Weston-super-Mare respectively. From a careful examination of their observations it results that the meteor appeared when at a height of fifty-two miles vertically over Lichfield, that it travelled in a southerly direction at the rate of about twenty miles per second, and disappeared when over Oxford at a height of thirty-seven miles, having travelled

over a course of nearly seventy-five miles. The meteor appears to have belonged to the detonating class. Eight minutes after its appearance, Mr. Wood heard a sound "which resembled the momentary roar of a railway-train, at some distance, crossing over a bridge." It is worth noticing that Mr. Wood must have heard the roar of the meteor inversely, that is, the first part of the sound he heard was the part generated last, and *vice versa*. A detonation was also heard at Stony Stratford, a place lying nearly under the path of the meteor.

To determine the actual size of a meteor is not easy, nor indeed can much weight be attached to such determinations. From observations of the apparent dimensions of several meteors which have travelled at known distances, it would seem that these bodies vary in diameter from 100 to 13,000 feet.

Singularly enough, it is easier to determine the weight of a meteor or shooting-star than its size. The method of doing so could not be very well explained in these pages; it will be sufficient to say that it depends on the observation of the amount of light received from a body travelling with known velocity through a resisting atmosphere. From such observations it appears that shooting-stars weigh on an average but a few ounces, while some meteors weigh hundreds of pounds. We have seen that aërolites of much greater weight occasionally reach the earth.

Still more strange is the fact that we are able to determine the substances, or some of them, which enter into the composition of meteors or shooting-stars. This is done by means of a spectroscope so constructed as to take in a large part of the heavens. For instance, when an instrument of this sort is turned toward the Great Bear, the spectra of the seven principal stars of that constellation are seen at one view. Mr. Herschel observed with such an instrument the spectra of many of the shooting-stars which appeared on the nights 9th-11th August. He found that some of these bodies exhibit a continuous spectrum, showing that they are probably solid bodies, heated to ignition. Others exhibit a greyish white spectrum, indicating (probably) a nucleus and train of heated

sparks. But the greater number of meteors give a spectrum consisting of one or more lines, showing that during apparition most of these bodies are gaseous. The gaseous meteors exhibit with remarkable distinctness a strong yellow line, perfectly agreeing in position with the well-known line given by the ignited vapor of the metal sodium. Other lines, due to the presence either of potassium, sulphur, or phosphorus, are also frequently seen. It is noteworthy that the sodium line is exhibited in the spectrum of lightning, so that it is not *quite* certain that this line in the meteor-spectrum is due to the presence of sodium in the chemical composition of meteors. However, it cannot but be considered as highly improbable that any traces of sodium exist in the atmosphere at the great height at which meteors travel; still less probable is it that such considerable quantities of sodium exist as would account for the strongly marked character of the yellow line shown in meteor-spectra. Mr. Herschel notes especially of those trains which fade most slowly that they consist of *nothing else but soda flames* during the latter portion of the time that they continue visible. "Their condition is then exactly that of the flame of a spirit-lamp, newly trimmed, and largely dosed with a supply of moistened salt."

One of the most remarkable facts which observation has revealed respecting shooting-stars, is the recurrence of star-showers of greater or less intensity on certain days of the year. It was observed long ago that on the nights of August 9-11 stars fell in much greater numbers than usual. For instance, there is a legend in parts of Thessaly, that near the time of the festival of St. Lawrence, the heavens open and exhibit shining lights (*κανόηλια*); and in an ancient English church calendar, the August star-showers are described as "fiery tears." We find the 10th of August also characterized by the word *meteorodes*, in a MS. called *Ephemerides rerum naturalium*, preserved in Christ's College, Cambridge. The great November shower was not recognized so soon. This shower is characterized by an alternate increase and decrease of intensity, the interval between successive maxima being thirty-three or thirty-four

years. For several years before and after the true years of maximum intensity the shower is in general distinctly exhibited. Our readers will not need to be reminded of the recurrence of this shower last November, as predicted by astronomers. Last year was spoken of in these predictions as the year in which the November shower would exhibit its maximum of splendor. Our own opinion is that 1867 will turn out to be the true year of maximum intensity, and that fine showers will be seen during the years 1868 and 1869. Whether, however, such showers, should they occur, will be as well seen in England as that of November 13th last, is problematical, since it has frequently happened that magnificent showers are seen in certain longitudes, and but a moderate display in others. Besides the August and November showers, there are the showers of October 16-23, of December 6-13, of April 9-10, of July 25-30, and others. There are in fact no less than "fifty-six recognized star-showers, as well determined in the majority of cases as are the older and better known showers of August and November." While on this point, we may note, as evidence that the aërolites have their favorite seasons for visiting the earth, that of the twenty which are known to have fallen on the British Isles, three fell on May 17-18, four on August 4-9, two on July 3-4, and two on April 1-5. Of the other nine, three are undated.

Another singular law has been detected in the motions of shooting-stars which appear at the same season. It is found that when their paths are produced backwards they pass through or near one point on the celestial sphere,* and that this point has no fixed relation to the horizon of the observer, but is fixed among the stars. Sometimes the shooting-stars which appear on the same night may be divided into two sets, each having a distinct radiant point,—as astronomers have named these centres of divergence. Each of the fifty-six star-showers spoken of above has its radiant point. Humboldt states that the radiant points of the November and August

showers are those points precisely toward which the earth is travelling at those seasons respectively. He has been followed in this statement by many writers on astronomy. But the statement is not true. In fact, these radiant points do not lie on the ecliptic, whereas the point toward which the earth is travelling at any moment, necessarily lies upon the ecliptic.

Aërolites have been analyzed, and it is found that they contain many elements known on earth. These usually appear combined in the following types:—metallic iron, magnetic iron, sulphuret of iron, oxide of tin, silicates, olivine, etc. In one aërolite only, namely, in a stone which fell on April 15th, 1857, near Kaba-Debreczin—"a small quantity of *organic* matter akin to parafine" has been detected,—a very noteworthy circumstance. It is also remarkable that no new element, and only one or two new compounds (compounds, at least, which have not yet been recognized among terrestrial formations) have ever been detected in meteorites.

The microscopical examination of aërolites has also revealed much that is interesting and instructive. The crystals of the mixed minerals which appear in aërolites are found to differ in some important respects from those of volcanic rocks, "but their consolidation must have taken place from fusion in masses of mountain size." The alloy of metallic iron and nickel which is a principal component of meteorites is often found to be as regularly crystallized as a mass of spar.

M. Daubrée has attempted to produce artificial meteorites by combining together suitable elements and compounds. In doing so he has discovered a very singular fact. The crystals he obtained resembled the long needles which are seen to form on water when it is *slowly* frozen; whereas the black crystalline crust with which all meteorites are covered has a granular structure resembling snow or hoar-frost, which we know to be formed by the *sudden* passage of water from the vaporous to the solid state. This phenomenon shows that meteoric masses have been subjected to actions altogether different to those which the chemist is able to bring into operation.

* The Greeks had already noted something of this sort, which they attributed to the prevalence of strong winds in the upper regions of the air.

The result of the series of observations which we have here recorded is that we are able to attempt the formation of a theory of shooting-stars with some confidence. And, in the first place, we are able to reject decisively certain theories which have found favor at different times.

The immense height at which shooting-stars appear enables us to reject the atmospheric origin which has been suggested, for we have every reason for supposing that the air at a height of seventy miles above the earth is of extreme tenuity, and therefore quite incapable of supporting in sufficient quantity those vapors from which shooting-stars, on this theory, are assumed to be generated.

Two other theories, which have not hitherto been mentioned, are also overthrown by the results of modern observation. Both may be called *volcanic*, but one assumes that shooting-stars are bodies which have been projected from volcanoes on the earth, while the other assumes that they have come from volcanoes on the moon. Observation has shown that when Mount Etna is in full activity, the masses of stone thrown from its crater have a velocity of less than 1,600 feet per second, which is but one 112th part of the mean velocity with which shooting-stars are observed to move. The theory that falling-stars come from the moon was first propounded by Terzago, an Italian, in the seventeenth century. It appears, however, to have been not unknown in ancient times, since we learn that the Syrian astronomers were in the habit of looking for shooting-stars when the moon was full; while Greek astronomers considered the most favorable season to be at the time of lunar eclipse, that is when the moon is full but the sky dark. Bizarre as it may seem, this fanciful explanation has been thought worthy of strict mathematical examination by such astronomers as Laplace, Olbers, and Poisson. It appears, from their calculations, that the velocity with which stone-showers should be propelled from the moon in order to reach our earth with the velocities observed among shooting-stars, may be considered to be utterly beyond the powers we could concede to lunar volcanoes, even if it were proved (which it

far from being the case) that any active volcanoes now exist on the moon's surface.

The three theories just considered have been effectually overthrown by the simple observation of the height and velocities of shooting-stars. When we add to this consideration the recurrence of star-showers, not in particular states of the earth's atmosphere, not connected in any way with the activity of terrestrial volcanoes, nor conceivably with the action of assumed lunar volcanoes, these theories appear yet more inadequate to explain observed phenomena. The phenomenon of radiant points, lastly, is so wholly inexplicable on any of these theories, that we may dismiss them finally, as utterly untenable.

We must, therefore, turn to the theory which had already been suggested by Greek philosophers—that shooting-stars and meteors are extraneous bodies dragged toward the earth by the force of her attractive influence. But modern scientific discoveries enable us to exhibit this theory in a more inviting form, and at the same time to offer analogues obviously tending to confirm the hypothesis. The discovery of a zone of planetoids, the inquiry into the nature of the zodiacal light, and the mathematical examination of the "stability" of the Saturnian ring-system, have led astronomers to recognize the existence in the solar system of minute bodies travelling in zones or clusters around a central orb. There is, therefore, nothing unreasonable in the supposition that there are zones and clusters of such bodies travelling round the sun in orbits which intersect the earth's path. When in her course around the sun she encounters any of the bodies forming such zones and clusters, they are ignited by friction as they pass through the upper layers of the air, and become visible as shooting-stars or meteors according to their dimensions; or they may even fall upon her surface as aërolites.

The recurrence of star-showers is a necessary consequence of the hypothesis we are considering. For, if we suppose the zones of meteors, or the orbits of meteor-clusters, to have a fixed position in the solar system, or to be subject to those slow progressive or retrogressive shiftings with which the study of the

solar system familiarizes us, there will necessarily result a regular recurrence of showers either on fixed days, or on days uniformly shifting round among the seasons. This is precisely what is observed with the fifty-six recognized star-showers.

The earth does not necessarily (or probably) pass centrally through a meteor-cluster every year, nor probably are the meteor-zones uniformly rich throughout. Thus we can readily understand periodic undulations in the intensity of star-showers, or even periodic intermittances.

The phenomenon of radiant points also is not merely reconcilable with, but obviously indicates the hypothesis we are considering. For during the brief interval occupied by the earth in passing through a well-marked zone or cluster, the bodies composing such zone or cluster may be considered to be moving (relatively to the moving earth) in parallel lines. Therefore by a well-known law in perspective their apparent paths, viewed from the earth, must have a "vanishing point" on the celestial sphere,—that is, a "radiant point" among the fixed stars.

The remarkable velocity with which shooting-stars travel is satisfactorily accounted for by the modern theory. If we suppose zones and clusters of cosmical bodies (pocket-planets we may term them with Humboldt) to be travelling in different directions around the sun, it is clear that the members of those zones which travel in the same direction as the earth, will overtake, or be overtaken by her, with the *difference* of their respective velocities, while those which travel in the contrary direction will encounter the earth with the *sum* of their own and the earth's velocity. Now, just as, in walking along a crowded road, we *meet* many more people than we overtake, or are overtaken by; so, clearly, by far the larger number of observed shooting-stars must belong to the latter class named above, and therefore the average observed velocity will not fall very far short of the sum of the velocities of the earth and the shooting-star system.

Fairly considered, the modern theory may be looked upon as established; for, first, all other available hypotheses have

been shown to be untenable; and, secondly, the most remarkable shooting-star phenomena are shown to be consistent with, or rather to point directly to, the modern hypothesis. It remains only that some minor peculiarities should be noticed.

It has been remarked that shooting-stars are much more commonly seen in the months from July to December, than in those from January to June. Remembering that this remark refers to observations made in our northern hemisphere, it is easily reconciled with the modern theory, when we consider that the north pole is on the *forward hemisphere* of the earth (considered with reference to her orbital motion) during the first-named period, and on the *rear* (or *sheltered*) *hemisphere* during the second.

Again, it has been remarked that shooting-stars are seen more commonly in the hours after midnight, and that aërolites fall more commonly before noon. In other words, these extraneous bodies reach the earth (or her atmosphere) more frequently in the hours from midnight to noon than in those from noon to midnight. Humboldt suggests in explanation we know not what theory of variation in the ignition-powers of different hours. But it is clear that the true explanation is founded on the principle presented in the preceding paragraph, since the *forward* hemisphere contains places whose local time lies, roughly speaking, between midnight and noon, while places whose local hour lies between noon and midnight lie on the *sheltered* hemisphere.

If we remember that the earth is but a point in space, we may fairly conclude that the number of bodies composing meteor-zones is all but infinite. Large, therefore, as the numbers of these bodies which fall on the earth may be, there is no reason to suppose (perhaps if we knew the true functions of these bodies, we might say—there is no reason to fear) that the supply of meteors will ever be perceptibly diminished. Although the contrary opinion is often expressed, it is demonstrable that a very small proportion only of the shooting-stars which become visible to us, can escape from the earth's atmosphere. The result is, of course, that they must

reach the earth, probably in a dispersed and divided state. It seems to us indeed not wholly improbable that some of those elements which the lightning-spectrum shows to exist in the atmosphere, may be due to the perpetual dissipation and precipitation of the substance of shooting-stars.

The remarkable discovery lately made, that the great November star-stream travels in the track of a telescopic comet (whose period is $33\frac{1}{4}$ years), that the August stream, in like manner, follows the track of the great comet of 1862 (whose period is 142 years), and that other noted shooting-star systems show a similar relation to the paths of other comets, opens out the most startling views of the manner in which cosmical space—or at least that part of space over which the sun's attractive power bears sway—is occupied by myriads on myriads of bodies more or less minute. If those comets—not one in fifty even of discovered comets—whose orbits approach that of the earth, are attended by such important streams of cosmic matter: if, for instance, the minute telescopic comet (known as I., 1866), in whose track the November meteors travel, is attended by a train capable of producing magnificent star-showers for nine hundred centuries—what multitudes of minute planets must be supposed to exist in the complete cometary system! This discovery has been made too recently, however (though it appears to be thoroughly established), to admit of our here discussing in full the results which seem to flow from it.

Saturday Review.

PLAIN GIRLS.

It is beyond all question the tendency of modern society to regard marriage as the great end and justification of a woman's life. This is, perhaps, the single point on which practical and romantic people, who differ in so many things, invariably agree. Poets, novelists, natural philosophers, fashionable and unfashionable mothers, meet one another on the broad common ground of approving universal matrimony; and women from their earliest years are dedicated to the cultivation of those feminine ac-

complishments which are supposed either to be most seductive before marriage in a drawing-room, or most valuable after marriage in the kitchen and housekeeper's room. It is admitted to be a sort of half necessity in any interesting work of fiction that its plots, its adventures, and its catastrophes should all lead up to the marriage of the principal young lady. Sometimes, as in the case of the celebrated Lily Dale, the public tolerates a bold exception to the ordinary rule, on account of the extreme piquancy of the thing; but no wise novelist ventures habitually to disregard the prevalent opinion that the heroine's mission is to become a wife before the end of the third volume. The one ideal, accordingly, which romance has to offer woman is marriage; and most novels thus make life end with what really is only its threshold and beginning. The Bible, no doubt, says that it is not good for man to live alone. What the Bible says of man, public opinion as unhesitatingly asserts of woman; and a text that it is not good for woman to live alone either, though not canonical, is silently added by all domestic commentators to the Scriptural original. Those who pretend to be best acquainted with the order of nature and the mysterious designs of Providence assure us, with confidence, that all this is as it should be; that woman is not meant to grow and flourish singly, but to hang on man, and to depend on him, like the vine upon the elm. If we remember right, M. Comte entertains opinions which really come to pretty much the same thing. Woman is to be maintained in ease and luxury by the rougher male animal, it being her duty, in return, to keep his spiritual nature up to the mark; to quicken and to purify his affections; to be a sort of drawing-room religion in the middle of every-day life; to serve as an object of devotion to the religious Comtist; and to lead him, through love of herself, up to the love of humanity in the abstract. One difficulty presented by this matrimonial view of woman's destiny is to know what, under the present conditions in which society finds itself placed, is to become of plain girls. Their mission is a subject which no philosopher, as yet, has adequately handled. If marriage is the object of all feminine endeavors and

ambitions, it certainly seems rather hard that Providence should have condemned plain girls to start in the race at such an obvious disadvantage. Even under M. Comte's system, which provides for almost everything, and which, in its far-sightedness and thoughtfulness for our good, appears almost more benevolent than Providence, it would seem as if hardly sufficient provision had been made for them. It must be difficult for any one except a really advanced Comtist to give himself up to the worship of a thoroughly plain girl. Filial instinct might enable us to worship her as a mother; but even the noblest desire to serve humanity would scarcely be enough to keep a husband or a lover up to his daily devotions in the case of a plain girl, with sandy hair and a freckled complexion. The boldest effort to rectify the inequalities of the position of plain girls has been made, of late years, by a courageous school of female writers of fiction. Everything has been done that could be done to persuade mankind that plain girls are, in reality, by far the most attractive of the lot. The clever authoress of "Jane Eyre" nearly succeeded in the forlorn attempt for a few years; and plain girls, with volumes of intellect speaking through their deep eyes and from their massive foreheads, seemed for a while, on paper at least, to be carrying everything before them.

The only difficulty was to get the male sex to follow out in practice what they so completely admired in Miss Brontë's three-volume novels. Unhappily, the male sex, being very imperfect and frail, could not be brought to do it. They recognized the beauty of the conception about plain girls; they were very glad to see them married off in scores to heroic village doctors; and they quite admitted that occasional young noblemen might be represented in fiction as becoming violently attached to young creatures with inky fingers and remarkable minds. But no real change was brought about in ordinary life. Man, sinful man, read with pleasure about the triumphs of the sandy-haired girls, but still kept on dancing with and proposing to the pretty ones. And at last authoresses were driven back on the old standard of beauty. At present, in the productions both of masculine and feminine

workmanship, the former view of plain girls has been resumed. They are allowed, if thoroughly excellent in other ways, to pair off with country curates and with devoted missionaries; but the prizes of fiction, as well as the prizes of reality, fall to the lot of their fairer and more fortunate sisters.

Champions of plain girls are not, however, wanting who boldly take the difficulty by the horns, and deny *in toto* the fact that in matrimony and love the race is usually to the beautiful. Look about you, they tell us, in the world, and you will, as often as not, find beauties fading on their stalks, and plain girls marrying on every side of them. And no doubt plain girls do marry very frequently. Nobody, for instance, with half an eye can fail to be familiar with the phenomenon, in his own circle, of astonishingly ugly married women. It does not, however, follow that plain girls are not terribly weighted in the race.

There are several reasons why women who rely on their beauty remain unmarried at the last; but the reason that their beauty gives them no advantage is certainly not one. The first reason perhaps is, that beauties are inclined to be fastidious and capricious. They have no notion of following the advice of Mrs. Hannah More, and being contented with the first good, sensible Christian lover who falls in their way; and they run, in consequence, no slight risk of overstaying their market. They go in for a more splendid sort of matrimonial success, and think they can afford to play the more daring game. Plain girls are providentially preserved from these temptations. At the close of a well-spent life, they can conscientiously look back on a career in which no reasonable opportunity was neglected, and say that they have not broken many hearts, or been sinfully and distractingly particular. And there is the further consideration to be remembered in the case of plain girls, that fortune and rank are nearly as valuable articles as beauty, and lead to a fair number of matrimonial alliances. The system of Providence is full of kindly compensations; and it is a proof of the universal benevolence we see about us, that so many heiresses should be plain. Plain girls have a right

to be cheered and comforted by the thought. It teaches them the happy lesson that beauty, as compared with a settled income, is skin-deep and valueless; and that what man looks for in the companion of his life is not so much a bright cheek, or a blue eye, as a substantial and useful amount of this world's wealth.

Plain girls again expect less, and are prepared to accept less, in a lover. Everybody knows the sort of useful, admirable, practical man who sets himself to marry a plain girl. He is not a man of great rank, great promise, or great expectations. Had it been otherwise, he might possibly have flown at higher game, and set his heart on marrying female loveliness, rather than homely excellence. His choice, if it is nothing else, is an index of a contented and modest disposition. He is not vain enough to compete in the great race for beauties. What he looks for is some one who will be mother of his children, who will order his servants duly, and keep his household bills; and whose good sense will teach her to recognize the sterling qualities of her husband, and not object to his dining daily in his slippers. This is the sort of partner that plain girls may rationally hope to secure, and who can say that they ought not to be cheerful and happy in their lot? For a character of this undeniable sobriety there is, indeed, a positive advantage in a plain girl as a wife. It should never be forgotten that the man who marries a plain girl never need be jealous. He is in the Arcadian and fortunate condition of a lover who has no rivals. A sensible, unambitious nature will recognize in this a solid benefit. Plain girls rarely turn into frisky matrons, and this fact renders them peculiarly adapted to be the wives of dull and steady mediocrity.

Lest it should be supposed that the above calculation of what plain girls may do leaves some of their power and success still unaccounted for, it is quite right and proper to add, that the story of plain girls, if it were carefully written, would contain many instances, not merely of moderate good fortune, but of splendid and exceptional triumph. Like *prima donnas*, opera dancers, and lovely milliners, plain girls have been known to

make extraordinary hits, and to awaken illustrious passions. Somebody ought to take up the subject in a book, and tell us how they did it. This is the age of Golden Treasures. We have Golden Treasures of English poets, of French poets, of great lawyers, of famous battles, of notable beauties, of English heroes, of successful merchants, and of almost every sort of character and celebrity that can be conceived. What is wanted is a Golden Treasury containing the narrative of the most successful plain girls. The book might be called the Book of Ugliness, and we see no reason why, to give reality to the story, the portraits of some of the most remarkable might not be appended. Of course, if ever such a volume is compiled, it will be proved to demonstration that plain girls have before now arrived at great matrimonial honor and renown.

There is, for example, the sort of plain girl who nurses her hero (perhaps in the Crimea) through a dangerous attack of illness, and marries him afterward. There is the class of those who have been married simply from a sense of duty. There is the class that distinguishes itself by profuse kindness to poor cottagers, and by reading the Bible to blind old women—an occupation which, as we know from the most ordinary works of fiction, leads directly to the promptest and speediest attachments on the part of the young men who happen to drop in casually at the time. The catalogue of such is perhaps long and famous. Yet allowing for all these, allowing for everything else that can be adduced in their favor, we cannot help returning to the position that plain girls have an up-hill battle to fight. No doubt it ought not to be so. Cynics tell us that six months after a man is married, it makes very little difference to him whether his wife's nose is Roman, aquiline, or retroussé; and this may be so. The unfortunate thing is that most men persist in marrying for the sake of the illusion of the first six months, and under the influence of the ante-nuptial, and not the post-nuptial sentiments; and as the first six months with a plain girl are confessedly inferior in attraction, the inference is clear that they do in effect attract less. Plainness or loveliness apart, a very large number of woman-

kind have no reason to expect any very happy chance in married life; and if marriage is to be set before all women as the one ideal, a number of feminine lives will always turn out to have been failures.

It may be said that it is hopeless to attempt on this point to alter the sentiments of the female sex, or indeed the general verdict of society. We do not quite see the hopelessness. A considerable amount of the matrimonial ideas of young women are purely the result of their education, and of the atmosphere in which they have been brought up; and, by giving a new direction to their early training, it might not be altogether so quixotical to believe that we should alter all that is the result of the training. At any rate it has become essential for the welfare of women that they should, as far as possible, be taught that they may have a career open to them even if they never marry; and it is the duty of society to try to open to them as many careers of the sort as are not incompatible with the distinctive peculiarities of a woman's physical capacity. It may well be that society's present instincts as regards woman are at bottom selfish. The notion of feminine dependence on man, of the want of refinement in a woman who undertakes any active business or profession, and of the first importance of woman's domestic position, when carried to an extreme, are perhaps better suited to the caprice and fanciful fastidiousness of men than to the real requirements, in the present age, of the other sex. The throng of semi-educated authoresses who are now flocking about the world of letters is a wholesome protest against such exclusive jealousy. The real objection to literary women is that women, with a few notable exceptions, are not yet properly educated to write well, or to criticize well what others write. Remove this objection by improving the curriculum of feminine education, and there is hardly any other. There is none certainly of sufficient consequence to outweigh the real need which is felt of giving those women something to live for (apart from and above ordinary domestic and philanthropic duties), whose good or evil fortune it is not to be marked out by heaven for a married life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS HOOD.

(Continued from Page 96.)

TOWARDS the close of 1828, Thomas Hood first appeared as an editor. It was now the palmy days of the "Annuals"—those pretty little drawing-room books, with their often excellent engravings, and gay silken binding—little books, for which the first author of the day did not disdain to write. He was requested to edit "The Gem," a new candidate for public favor, and most anxious was he for success in this hitherto untried department. For an editor, as in after years it was proved, Hood was admirably fitted. With his fine taste, his generous appreciation of every fellow-writer's merits, together with his practical knowledge, we all doubted not but that "The Gem" would take a very high place indeed, if not the foremost. But unfortunately, notwithstanding his fine artistic taste and knowledge, the selection of the plates—a very important part, inasmuch as the character of the Annual greatly depended on them—was confided to an artist, of some merit certainly, but, who, as an animal painter, was entirely unfitted to select pictures suitable for the dainty volume intended to lie on a lady's table. No wonder he was disheartened when he found that of the whole fourteen plates there was not one from any celebrated picture, not one that rose above the most commonplace mediocrity.*

* This Annual had certainly a rather zoological character; for among the illustrations were four very fine horses, five dogs of various kinds, and a most respectable donkey. The rest of the plates were far inferior; among them was a lackadaisical "May Queen," all flowers and ribbons; and, we suppose by way of contrast, another of a most lugubrious widow with a doleful-looking little boy. Poor Hood was sadly abused for the short paper which, under the name of Charles Lamb, he appended to this. Forgetting that widows have been objects of laughter, even from the days of the widow of Ephesus, and wilfully blind to the obvious *badinage*, the writer was pelted with hard names, by a dozen anonymous scribblers. This might have been passed over with contempt; but the proprietor, setting at naught every literary courtesy, allowed a mawkish copy of verses to appear in the following volume, in which the writer was complimented as being among "the fools who gaze and jest"—appropriate epithets, truly, to be applied to Charles Lamb, whose name had been affixed.

Thomas Hood, however, strove manfully; he summoned his literary friends to his aid, persuaded Sir Walter Scott to supply an illustrative poem; and, if a large sale be a proof of excellence, the "Gem" took high place, for a first edition of 5,000 copies was followed by the sale of 2,000 more. Still, Hood never felt much satisfaction at his success, although he alone of all the rival editors could number Sir Walter Scott among his contributors, and could point to Charles Lamb's beautiful lines, "On an Infant dying as soon as born" (written upon Hood's first child), and, still more, to his own unrivalled "Eugene Aram's Dream." Strange was it, but such was the public caprice, that neither of these two poems awakened much general attention. Some critics there were who could appreciate both, and heartily awarded them their just tribute of admiration; but slowly, very slowly did "Eugene Aram's Dream" steal into notice; while not until a year or two before the gifted writer's death did we hear him, with quiet exultation, remark that he had at length, by it, established a nobler claim to celebrity than that of the mere author of the "Comic Annual."

Toward the close of 1829, Thomas Hood quitted Robert street for Winchmore Hill. Charles Lamb's removal to Enfield we believe to have been one great inducement to this change. Hood was, however, always fond of the country; and the walks and rides about Winchmore Hill were, some thirty years ago, very beautiful. The pleasant transition from a remarkably dull town house to what then was quite a country residence, was not sufficient to induce him to resume his more serious, more poetical "vein." The keen disappointment he still felt at the failure of his "Plea," now aggravated by the very slow and languid appreciation by the public of his "Eugene Aram," seems almost to have determined him from henceforth to become exclusively a comic writer; accordingly, during this year, he wrote several humorous little things for an entertainment given by Matthews, and also projected his "Comic Annual." This new adventure was indeed "a great success," and during the year 1830, the "Comic Annual" was published.

Looking at the "Comic Annual for 1830," we are scarcely surprised at its great popularity. The other Annuals had in the course of six or seven years nearly "lived their day," although several lingered on some seasons later; but there was a growing tendency among the editors to make them so "prodigiously genteel," that few writers, save the very sentimental, cared to write for them. Naturally enough, people liked a merry laugh at Christmas; and although perhaps a mixture of the grave and gay might have been better, still, amusement provided by such a "high priest of the comic" as Thomas Hood could not but be acceptable. And there were many good things in this little volume, most of them subsequently incorporated in "Hood's Own." The "Letter from an Emigrant," the "Report from Below," and that capital "Letter from a Market Gardener," detailing all his whimsical horticultural experiments, which he thinks might "be made transactionable in the next reports," are among these; but the plates, we think, are even superior to the letterpress. "The Spent Ball," with the thoroughly "used-up" family; "*Soaporifics* and *Sudorifics*," with the old washerwoman, gin-bottle beside her, so truly Hogarthian; and the "Constable's Miscellany;" while in others the imaginative mingles largely with the comic. That strange figure, "Io after Vaccination," the womanly form so strangely changing into the animal; and that piled-up mass of rock and stones which, combined, form the scowling features of the mysterious "Captain Rock," show how the poetic element would continue to assert itself, although pressed down by the constant demand for the ludicrous.

In 1831 another volume of the "Comic Annual" appeared; its contents, like the former, were transferred to "Hood's Own;" and in 1832 a third also appeared, dedicated to the new king, William IV. During this time we saw Hood only occasionally, and after his removal to Wanstead but once, and then we were struck with his worn and anxious appearance, and his sad smile when we congratulated him on the success of his later works. Still, we understood from a friend well acquainted with his affairs that he was going on most prosperously,

and we rejoiced; for we hoped he might ere long enjoy that literary leisure which would permit him to give us many more of those poems, "that the world would not willingly let die." Alas! at the time of his greatest prosperity, that sad reverse came from which, in a pecuniary sense, he never wholly recovered, and which inflicted irreparable injury on his constitution.

By the failure of a firm largely indebted to him, Thomas Hood became deeply involved; and although, as he remarked, "for some months he strove with his embarrassments, the first heavy sea being followed up by other adversities, all hope of righting the vessel was abandoned." He then unhappily, as many of his friends thought, determined to emulate "the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, and try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually, and more creditably, with his pen than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge. . . . With these views, leaving every shilling behind him derived from the sale of his effects—the means he carried with him being an advance on his future labors—he voluntarily expatriated himself, and bade his native land good night." It is but justice to his memory that this honorable resolution should be recorded in Thomas Hood's own words.

Early in 1835, poor Hood became an unwilling exile, and eventually fixed his residence at Coblenz, whither, soon after, he was followed by Mrs. Hood and their two little children. He, however, bore up bravely; for, as he pleasantly says in his letters to his wife, "with my dear ones by my side, my pen will gambol through the 'Comic' like the monkey who had seen the world. We are not transported even for seven years, and the Rhine is a great deal better than Swan River."

With the Rhine scenery Thomas Hood was greatly delighted; and often after his return he would allude to the exquisite beauty of some of the prospects near Coblenz—"a very garden of Eden," he would say. But as to the dwellers on the Rhine, the unfavorable opinion he formed, after a very short residence among them, deepened as his sojourn continued. "The people here are very stupid—mere animals"—is an early remark, very soon followed by the discov-

ery that, stupid as they were, they could cheat in everything, from a groschen's worth of plums to a physician's fee. No wonder a man so scrupulously honorable in all his dealings, and so keen a lover of wit, felt disgust at a people "whose only talk is thalers, thalers, thalers, and whose best attempts at wit and humor are like yeast dumplings a day old."

Still, firm to his determination of retrieving his fortune, Thomas Hood went bravely on, working hard, notwithstanding severe attacks of illness. He continued his engagement as one of the reviewers in the *Athenæum*, and brought out the "Comic" for 1836, and that for 1837, besides making preparations for one of the best of his comic works, "Up the Rhine." His letters during these two years are very characteristic. It were, however, to be wished that the extracts from them in the "Memorial" had been rather less liberal; for, although that important personage, 'the public,' may like to know "all and everything" about literary men, we cannot see that its taste has any right to be gratified at the expense of others.

In the summer of 1837, Thomas Hood bade a final and hearty farewell to Coblenz, where, as he says, he "had met with nothing but illness, suffering, disgust, and vexation of spirit; and where he had left not a single friend or acquaintance with a sigh." His next place of residence was Ostend—not a very charming or a very desirable locality, but possessing two attractions, of no small value in his eyes—the sea, and nearness to England. To the latter advantage he recurs again and again in his letters. "We may have cards now, with 'At Home' upon them; it is indeed but a step across, compared with our late distance; and I felt it quite a comfort to reflect, as I stood upon the sands, that there is but the sea and a few hours between me and England." "I am none of those," he continues, "who do undervalue, or affect to undervalue, their own country, because they happen to have been abroad. . . . There is a great deal of this citizen-of-the-worldship professed now-a-days, in return for which, I think, the English only get ridiculed by foreigners as imbeciles and dupes. Overweening nationality is an absurdity; but

the absence of it altogether is a sort of crime."

The change to Ostend at first promised to be most favorable, and Hood's earlier letters speak of the improved health of all; but ere long a severe attack of what was most probably typhoid fever gave the last blow to a constitution already severely tried; and from henceforth Thomas Hood, with very rare intervals of a few days, became a confirmed invalid. Still, he seems to have been strangely unwilling to believe that the climate was in fault. He walked by the seaside, inhaling the fresh breezes, and went out boating—one of his most favorite pastimes—unconscious, meanwhile, that in his landward walks, and in his home, he was breathing deadly poison. It was with a singular mixture of pleasurable and regretful feelings that he used, subsequently, to refer to this residence in Belgium. The exquisite beauty of the distances, the rich coloring of grass and tree,—above all, the gorgeous splendors of the autumn sunsets,—he would describe with a wealth of language that anticipated Ruskin's prose poetry. "No wonder," he would say, "that the Flemish painters were such fine colorists, with those rainbow hues clothing the homeliest scenes with beauty;" it was, alas! a fatal beauty, bearing disease and death.

Of this, at last—would it had been earlier—poor Hood became convinced; and after more than one attack, from which he never wholly recovered, it was decided he should return to England. This step was rendered necessary, too, by a serious difference with the publisher of that pleasant record of German travel, "Up the Rhine." It had been quite a success, 1,600 copies having gone off in a fortnight, and doubtless many hundreds would have followed; but, unhappily, law proceedings stopped the sale of the second edition, the copies being all locked up, until the writer's actions against the publisher should be settled. It was, therefore, with no very exhilarating prospects that Hood returned, in the summer of 1840, to England. But, like all our greatest writers, there was, as he told us, no silly "citizen-of-the-worldship" in him; and, like a true-hearted Englishman, he rejoiced again to take up his residence in his native land.

And a hearty welcome did he receive from the literary world, while friends who had not seen him for six years pressed round him. It was, indeed, time that he returned; for, as he remarked in a pleasant letter sent to us just after his arrival, "As regards my return to England, it has probably lengthened my days. Change has visited me, as well as my old neighborhood (Islington), only, instead of being built upon, I have been pulled down. My health has been so shattered in foreign parts, that it would not be a bad bargain for me to change constitutions, even with Spain. A long course of absolute Pythagoreanism and teetotalism, only lately relaxed, has shrunk me from an author to a *pen*, and a very bad one to mend. In such fast, go-ahead times as the present, it is my peculiar misfortune to be tormented by *slow* fever, induced by my residence in Flanders, with, from the same cause, a dash of ague in whatever ailment befalls me; and when it rains, I sympathize with the damp like a salt-basket."

Poor Hood! when we first saw him again, we felt that he had not described himself too unfavorably; but still there was a cheerful spirit which made us hope that, surrounded by his old friends, and again breathing his native air, time, and the watchful nursing of his invaluable wife, might reestablish his health. Although he was still harassed by his legal proceedings, his prospects at this time were very encouraging—for numerous requests for literary assistance were made to him; and soon after his return he entered into an agreement with Colburn to become a regular contributor to the "New Monthly." Several of his best comic articles appeared here; and among them "Miss Kilmansegge," "that tale so wondrous strange," with its mingled sarcasm and pathos, and its solemn *refrain* of, "Gold, gold, nothing but gold."

A kind of puzzle was "Miss Kilmansegge" to many people, during its appearance by instalments in the "New Monthly;" and some even professed to find a political meaning in it. But Thomas Hood, who never felt party politics to be his vocation—although never unwilling on important points to express an opinion—had no such view; his sole aim was, alike by stern reproof and hu-

morous ridicule, mingled with really fine poetry, to paint the unmitigated curse of unblest gold; and powerfully has he painted it. In its grim grotesqueness, "Miss Kilmansegge" strongly reminds us of those strange and fantastic, but most powerful apologues of the middle ages—"Reynard the Fox," "Piers Ploughman," and such like—where the bitterest satire mingles with the keenest humor, and where the writer, in the very midst of the laughter he awakens, never suffers you to forget his terrible earnestness. But then, these fine works are utterly unrelieved by the passages of gentle pathos, of delicate beauty, which abound in the modern poem; passages which might take their place in the daintiest selections of poetic jewels.

Perhaps it is that frequent introduction of passages of rare beauty in his comic poems that has rendered Thomas Hood,—considered as a comic writer only,—so widely popular. The lover of sweet poetry, as well as the seeker of mere amusement, finds somewhat worth dwelling upon,—often even in his lightest productions. Our modern humorous writers, too, have been singularly trammelled in their range of thoughts; beyond slight allusions to the current topics of the day, they never pass. But Thomas Hood has taken up in turn every subject that can interest the literary, the political, the scientific world. Take as an instance that thoroughly ludicrous "extravaganza," as it may really be called, the "Friend in Need." How admirable is the geologist's "field-day" at Tilgate Forest;—the digging for the veritable dragon with his spines, and terrible claws, and the exultation of the crowd at this corroboration of the orthodox belief as to dragons. "Huzza! huzza! huzza! the legends are true, then." "Not a bit," says a stony-hearted professor of Fossil Osteology; "look at the teeth: that dragon ate neither sheep, nor tender virgins, nor tough pilgrims; he lived on—" "What? what?" "Why, on undressed salads!" And then the delirious Quaker's dissertation on music: "the low notes are the valleys, the higher notes are the hills, and those very high notes are the blue sky." "Pshaw! this is a quiz," says the courteous reader. "Nay, why the most fiddling little fiddler that ever fiddled will

fiddle you a landscape and cattle, with a rainbow in the corner, on one string; and what is more, he will tell you that if you have any music in you at all, you will hear the light falling on the cream-colored cow." What capital ridicule is this of the German theory, so gravely put forth some thirty years ago, that each musical instrument represented a particular color.

"'Pray sare, do you not know,' replies the German, 'dat de great Haydn in his "Creation," have made music of de light falling on every ting in de world?' 'Yes, as audibly as the "Light up! light up" at a general illumination. As if the magnificent phenomena described by the sublime passage in Genesis could be represented by a sort of instrumental flare-up!' 'Aha! you have no musical entousiasm! you do not know vat it is.' 'Excuse me, but I do. Musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup: for every quart of real, there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' heads in proportion.'"

And then how admirably he "shows up" the cant of artistic amateurship, and the feud caused by the unlucky scarlet mantle of the cardinal, that "killed the carnations" of the beauty, took all the shine out of the "sunset," and "all the warmth out of my Fire of London!"

And then, again, the whimsical blunders of the stupid workhouse nurse, the "consumptious" man frightening the whole sick ward, because as "consumptious is hereditary, it is catching," and the sad state of the patient with the "scurrilous liver." We may, however, remark, that although the "Friend in Need" stands foremost in the wide range of its humorous satire, Thomas Hood in numerous other articles has shown the singular extent of his readings—often comprising subjects known but to few, beside professed students. And then, throughout all this wide range of subjects, and various modes of treatment, what other comic writer, ancient or modern, save Thomas Hood, can advance the proud claim, that there is not one objectionable allusion, not one coarse word?

It is really sad to think that a writer so blameless, and from his very mental constitution so quick to feel an unmerited wrong, should have been for many years the subject of most unjustifiable censures, often actually deepening into

abuse. A remarkably clever caricature, "The Progress of Cant," published by Hood, in the early days of his literary career, first aroused this virulent feeling against him. Irving at that time had just convulsed the whole town with laughter, by his exhibition of himself at Exeter Hall, when he proffered his old gold watch to the chairman, "in pledge" that he would preach some charity sermon. This was quite enough to ensure the celebrated Scotch preacher a place among the motley procession of "shams" that fill the picture. But the indignation of Irving's admirers knew no bounds when they saw the Geneva cloak side by side with the ragged jacket of the placard-bearer of "Try Morrison's Pills;" and from henceforth the poor caricaturist received no mercy here, and was very unmistakably threatened with no mercy hereafter. •

Foremost among Hood's persecutors was Rae Wilson, Esq., an amateur writer, and warm friend of Irving, who ceaselessly attacked him with abuse, charging his comic poems with "profaneness and ribaldry," and for one most innocent allusion to a commonplace figure—the dove with the olive branch—actually with blasphemy! It is necessary to refer thus to Hood's provocation, for much censure has been cast by religious people on the "Ode to Rae Wilson," which, although it would be improved by the omission of two or three passages, is certainly a castigation not a whit too severe for the libeller to whom it was addressed. Had Rae Wilson and his clique alone persecuted the luckless author of the "Comic Annual," the annoyance would have been great enough; but unfortunately the old homely proverb of the results of giving a bad name followed. Worthy, but very silly people were told that Thomas Hood was a scoffer at all religion; but instead of inquiring if the charge was really true, they forthwith took upon themselves the right to lecture him. Little can the reader imagine the persecution poor Hood—especially when in ill health—endured from these self-constituted preachers. We have seen penny tracts, suitable enough to be thrust into the fist of a costermonger, sent to the writer of some of our sweetest poetry, and letters filled with coarsest appeals to "a hardened conscience" addressed to

the author of "Eugene Aram's Dream." Sometimes only a single text, but always miserably ill-chosen, written in large hand, would be sent, or a question as to what comfort the "Comic Annual" would afford him on his death-bed?

That *some* of these foolish writers really meant well, we have no reason to doubt; but it was always a difficulty to us to account for the virulent feeling of the greater number. To Thomas Hood, not unnaturally, *all* the writers seemed linked together in a bond to torment him; and he would sometimes turn upon them like the stag at bay. We could scarcely wonder then at the concentrated bitterness of his sarcasms, or that sometimes the least offending came in for the heaviest share of punishment. We have gone into this subject more at length because not only has there been great misunderstanding on this subject, but few writers have, we think, undergone more unmerited persecution through so many years.

In his quiet lodgings, in Camberwell Road, Thomas Hood continued rather more than a year and a half, when by the death of Theodore Hook he became editor of the "New Monthly," and removed to Elm-tree Road, St. John's Wood. This good fortune, as it might well seem to the poor struggling writer, was welcomed with touching thankfulness by him and his wife. "It would be seriously a comfort at last," he writes, "and, I think, go far to cure me of some of my ailments." So he set about his new duties with renewed anticipations of success.

Those were pleasant days in Elm-tree Road. Possessed now of a comfortable income, reunited to his old friends, who welcomed him back with a joy equal to his own, and surrounded by an increasing circle of pleasant literary acquaintances, we looked forward to an easy and prosperous career for Thomas Hood, after all his struggles. And for some time our hopes seemed well-founded; and pleasant was it to see with what cheerful determination he set about the duties of editor. For this vocation Thomas Hood was remarkably well fitted; his love of order we have seldom seen exceeded, while his conscientiousness was beyond all praise. Surrounded, as we have seen him, with piles of papers, not littered over the study table, but placed in order—some neatly tied up in packets, and

others arranged, either according to their subject, or the date of their receipt—we have felt that the duty of the editor of a magazine was far enough removed from the play-work it is so often fancied to be. “But surely you cannot read all these over,” we said, pointing one day to a huge pile of anonymous papers. “Not *through*,” was his quiet reply; “but I look over them, for it would be very unjust to reject an article which I had never read a line of;” and poor Hood almost made himself a martyr to his conscientiousness.

The same love of order that presided over his study table marked him throughout; he was neat and painstaking in everything. His notes, even when sent off by the printer’s boy, were clearly written; and not only did he, as he has humorously told us, “mind his p’s and his q’s,” but his very stops; and during our frequent correspondence, we never remember seeing a single blot, even on his most hurried notes. His pen and pencil drawings were beautifully neat. He seemed, indeed, to have an almost fastidious dislike to anything that looked like a correction or alteration even in his slightest sketches. Many of his wood illustrations gave no idea of the accuracy and delicacy of the original drawing. Hood designed an exquisite illustration to his poem of “The Lady’s Dream,” entitled “The Modern Belinda,” and which formed the frontispiece of the second number of his magazine. This drawing was most beautiful; the dainty smile of the richly-dressed lady, the languid grace of her figure, the long, drooping eyelashes, and *nonchalant* air, were all so finely suggestive. Much of these are in the engraving, while where the drooping eyelash should have been is a coarse blot. We well recollect how greatly vexed Hood was, for his drawing had been much admired by his artist friends, and how heartily he denounced the “wooden engravers,” agreeing with his friend William Harvey, that the best days of wood engraving would never arrive until artists, as in the days of Albert Dürer, cut their own blocks.

We have before remarked that Thomas Hood had great artistic taste, and this certainly influenced his literary tastes in many ways. Never was there a closer observer of nature, even in apparently

very trifling things. We remember finding him one morning quite delighted, for he had just received from a German friend a translation of his “Eugene Aram’s Dream,” and it was always a delight to him to find any recognition of the merits of *that* poem. The general translation was fairly faithful; “But look,” he said, “I wrote—

‘There were some who ran, and some who leaped,
Like troutlets in a pool.’

Now, the translator has substituted ‘little fishes,’ which is all wrong. Little fishes leap sometimes, but the troutlet leaps *quite out* of the stream, and so is the emblem of boyhood in its utmost joy. How often I have watched these troutlets leaping right out, as though they could not contain themselves!”

In his close and loving contemplation of nature, the writer of the “Comic Annual” was akin to Wordsworth himself, and in his love of simple pleasures too. As Thackeray, in his genial remarks on him, truly observes, “the most simple amusements could delight and occupy him.” What pleasant narratives he used to give of his favorite holiday, a gipsy party—not of fine ladies and gentlemen, but of his own family and Dr. Elliot’s—to Epping Forest, and a long, bright day in the woods, and a hearty romp with the children! Thomas Hood was always a lover of forest scenery. “The merry greenwood” ranked next with him to his “old love,” the sea; so after a romp with the children he would go wandering about—sometimes to botanize with his medical friend, sometimes to seek out some of those new and picturesque nooks, which will always reward the wanderer in the forest glades; sometimes to gather a nosegay of veritable hedgerow flowers—flowers sweeter to him than all the produce of the choicest conservatories.

He sometimes, too, made discoveries, on which he dwelt with much interest—how he made acquaintance with a large number of medicinal plants, at another time with some very curious fungi; and then how, after long search, to the equal delight of himself and his guide, they discovered that strange and mysterious plant, which our forefathers invested with such accumulated horrors, the mandrake. How graphically he described it: the shape, which, with but slight aid

of the imagination, took the form of a distorted manikin; the strange noise made by breaking the tough fibres in pulling it up, which might almost be compared to a shriek, and the gush of red fluid which covered his hand. "It was, indeed, the plant for a witch to gather 'i' the moon's eclipse," said he; "no wonder our forefathers held it in horror, for I could easily believe all the tales they told about it." That "mandrake" evidently made a deep impression on him, and we think he partly contemplated some wild tale founded upon it, for he took great interest in all old-world superstitions.

We have again and again been surprised to find how well read Thomas Hood was in "old-world lore." About this time Lady Charlotte Guest was publishing her very interesting translations from the "Mabinogion"—that venerable Welsh collection of stories which seem to have come down from the very remotest antiquity. We were then reviewing them, and remarking to Hood how singularly the eastern and western beliefs in the supernatural coincide—so closely, indeed, as to point to one common source—we were surprised to find how completely "at home" he was in "folk-lore" and its various modifications; and in the local superstitions, too, both of England and Flanders. Indeed, we may say, that very few of our writers possessed half the information on such recondite subjects as the author of the "Comic Annual" had picked up, apparently by mere desultory reading.

We have used the phrase, "desultory reading," but it would afford the reader a very inaccurate idea, if it gave him the impression of superficial or careless study; for whatever Thomas Hood set about, it was "with a will." We used it rather in the sense of his having no formal method of study—above all, nothing approaching to that system of "cramming" which was ever his abhorrence. He read, because the subject—whatever it might be—interested him; and he pursued his inquiries, not that he might write a learned or a brilliant article, but because, as he went on, he found interesting or suggestive information. Never was there a writer to whom the pursuit of all knowledge was more a labor of love. In his keen delight in literature, he found,

as he has told us in his letter to the members of the "Manchester Athenæum," a comfort and a solace not to be found elsewhere; and beautifully does he urge upon the young, by his own example, the benefits of "the timely cultivation and enrichment of that divine attainment, which it depends on ourselves to render a flower-garden or dead waste—a pleasure-ground visited by the Graces and frequented by the fairies, or a wilderness haunted by satyrs."

And yet, with all his love of study, all his fine taste, to how many, even up to this time, was Thomas Hood known as but "the comic writer," the professor of puns and "broad grins," the mere jester with his cap and bells? "I dined with your friend Hood, yesterday," said a formal Scotch physician, who was seeking after our London lions, "but I was quite disappointed, for he never once made us laugh." We well remember how indignantly we replied, "Thomas Hood is not a Merry Andrew." In like manner, people who read some of his most admirable stories in the "New Monthly," most persistently ignored the obvious moral because the incidents were "so laughable." When that capital tale, "The Schoolmistress Abroad," appeared—that story which so graphically paints the lady who, with a dozen accomplishments, is ignorant of the commonest duties of a nurse—Thomas Hood was told by several lady friends how much they had "enjoyed it." "Mrs. —, too, was here to-day," he said, "and told me how heartily she had laughed at it! Silly woman! I wrote it to teach her and her daughters that women might as well be usefully brought up—but the writer of the 'Comic Annual' is not expected to do more than make people 'laugh,' " he added bitterly.

The time was, however, at hand when, as Thackeray has finely said, Thomas Hood "was to speak out of the fulness of his heart, and all England and America listen with tears and wonder." It is almost needless to say that we refer to "The Song of the Shirt." The story of how it was written has been often told, and told correctly enough. The strong sympathetic feeling awakened in the breast of the poet for the poor woman compelled to make shirts at three half-pence a-piece. How he brooded over it;

and how, after a sleepless night, that wonderful lyric, so homely, but so powerful, actually in right of its homeliness, was almost improvised. Mrs. Hood, from the first time she read it, prophesied its marvellous success; but the writer seems to have had but a dim idea of its excellence, compared with some of his other poems. Perhaps he was distrustful that the public at large would give him credit for a *serious* poem. We well remember when we saw him the first time after its publication, and congratulated him, he sadly replied, "I hope it may do good;" adding, "and now they must see that I can write other poetry than comic."

A wonderful poem is this "Song of the Shirt," as revealing the strong dramatic power of the writer. How sternly is every poetic image kept back, and yet how forcible are its images, although drawn wholly from common life and commonest things. How important "seam, and gusset, and band," when pored upon until "the brain begins to swim;" how desperate the misery when even the skeleton, Death, is scarcely feared! And then, those sad longings after rest and change of scene—not the poet's feeling, dwelling with fond recollection on glorious sunlit skies, and all the beauty and wealth of summer, but the simple yearning to look on the common field flowers, to feel the soft, cool springiness of the green sward, instead of the hard, hot pavement. And thus, throughout, there is not a word, not a figure, but what the most ignorant reader, the merest child can understand; and yet what marvellous intensity of effect!

At the time that "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in *Punch*, Thomas Hood was busy in projecting what for years he had greatly wished to undertake—a magazine of his own. His editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine" expired at the close of 1843; he therefore made preparations for his own to come out in January, 1844. The enthusiastic reception of his "Song of the Shirt" boded well for the success of this new adventure, and with eager interest did his friends watch the *début* of "Hood's Magazine."

In a very excellent review of our friend and his works, which appeared some

time since, it is stated that Hood had dealings with most of the London publishers respecting this magazine, but was unable to find one willing to publish it. This is an inaccuracy, for it was always his wish that *his* magazine should be published like the weekly periodicals, at an office. And not improbably the plan might have answered well, but unfortunately his colleague, who was to provide the funds, utterly miscalculated the amount required to launch so expensive an adventure as a monthly periodical. The consequence, therefore, was, that although money enough was found to start it, there was not sufficient to meet the subsequent expenses during those months that would intervene between the outlay and receipt of the profits; and thus, by the time the third number appeared, the proprietor was insolvent, while neither editor nor contributors had been paid.

It is difficult to imagine a severer shock than this on the poor striving conscientious editor. The magazine was a decided success. It had been heartily welcomed by the public, and 1,500 copies of the first number taken—a sale which, an eminent publisher remarked, was altogether unprecedented; and now there were not funds forthcoming, even to pay for the paper and printing of the fourth number. Poor Hood! we sadly recollect the dreadful period of anxiety and disappointment he passed through, although every one was joining in admiration of those two beautiful pieces which he had written—the "Haunted House," illustrative of an exquisite picture by Creswick, and which formed the frontispiece to his first number, and the "Lady's Dream," inferior in stern power only to his "Song of the Shirt," which appeared in the second, with his beautiful illustration of the "Modern Belinda." Surely a magazine which could boast two such fine poems, two such fine illustrations, was not to sink without an effort. But few, save Hood's most intimate friends, could tell the distress, the anxiety, the overwhelming labor that effort cost; and when we call to mind the terrible state of suspense in which during the whole month of March he was kept, we feel almost surprised that his life did not earlier fall a sacrifice.

At length we received a short hurried note, from Mrs. Hood, with the welcome

news that the magazine had passed into the hands of a new and wealthy proprietor; and it is proof of their high conscientiousness as well as kindly feeling, that even in this hasty note she remarks, what comfort it had given Hood to feel that, from the known respectability of the new proprietor, there would be no future risk of the contributors being unpaid. When we saw Thomas Hood, soon after this new arrangement, we were sadly struck by his worn and weary look. But his spirits were remarkably good; indeed, he seemed to have cast a heavy weight from his shoulders, and was now "making up" the new number of the magazine, as though it were a very labor of love. He was contemplating, too, a serial story for it, which he soon after commenced—"Our Family" was its title; and had he been spared to finish it, it would, we think, have stood high among our domestic tales. Some years before, he had published a novel, "*Tylney Hall*;" there was much humor in the dialogue, and some good description, but as a whole, we cannot think it adds to his fame. "Our Family" is immeasurably superior. Alas! that he should have left it unfinished!

Hood's fame, however, as a poet—as a writer of serious poetry—was still widely extending. In the May number of the magazine appeared that fine lyric—which almost disputes the palm with "*The Song of the Shirt*"—"The Bridge of Sighs." But just when praise and admiration were loudest, poor Hood sank under a severe attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, and even the slightest literary effort was forbidden him. Denied the pen, he again turned to the pencil, and sketched "*The Editor's Apologies*," in a most suggestive group of labelled bottles, pill-boxes, "fine lively leeches," and a huge blister. We well remember the sad smile with which Hood showed the neat drawing to us; indeed, we wish that the little sketches he made for his magazine had been republished, for they are, we think, far superior to those in "*Hood's Own*."

Happily, as summer drew on, Thomas Hood rallied again, and then, while still forbidden all literary exertion, he "took up the pen," to write those delightful "child letters" to the young Elliots. Those capital letters, so brimful of real

childish fun, recommending the glass of *warm* sea-water and sugar, "which would quite astonish you;" and the exhortation to be respectful to the Sandgate donkeys—"for I knew a donkey once that kicked a man for calling him Jack, instead of John," and that almost poetical outburst, "Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children—but I suppose I can't be—and wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees!" What a childlike spirit was Hood's! What a keen enjoyment of simplest pleasures was his! And yet, while flinging himself so wholly into the very joyousness of the little child, his "*Song of the Shirt*" was being sung at the corner of every street to tearful women, and "*The Bridge of Sighs*" declaimed by first-rate actresses to the refined and highborn, who listened breathlessly.

Ere the end of summer, Hood resumed his literary pursuits. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of the temporary suspension of his duties as editor, the magazine was advancing steadily, and the kindly aid he received in contributions from Monckton Milnes, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and Charles Dickens, added to the prestige of "*Hood's Magazine*." As he had offered apologies for the temporary suspension of his duties, so Hood now expressed his pleasure at resuming them, in a most laughable tail-piece, "*Throw Physic to the Dogs*." The various expressions of the ten dogs, who are devouring the contents of the broken medicine bottles and pills, are admirable, from the pointer, who is spitting out the pills, to the poodle, dolefully turning up his eyes in the last stage of deadly sickness. The sketch is one that we think Landseer himself must have enjoyed. He now mostly illustrated the magazine with two or three "whimsicalities," as they might well be called; and so clever are these, that we greatly regret they have not reappeared as well as his prose sketches.

Until the autumn of this year (1844), Thomas Hood, although he did not completely recover his former health, had yet such frequent intervals of convalescence, that sometimes we almost thought the forebodings of his medical friend might prove unfounded. But in the autumn he

again sank, and we really think the agitation he felt in the case of poor Gifford White had great share in producing his subsequent illness.

The reader may remember that this was the young man who was convicted of writing a threatening letter to the Bluntisham farmers, and sentenced to transportation for life. The case of this mere youth made a deep impression on Hood, who always viewed transportation as a fearful punishment; and it was in allusion to him that he wrote his "Lay of the Laborer," and that impressive address to Sir James Graham, both of which appeared in the November number of his magazine. The passionate appeal to the Home Secretary, describing the "one melancholy figure, that flits prominently before my mind's eye," has been generally supposed to be the eloquent working up of a mere figure of speech; but it was told in solemn truth by Thomas Hood. "That poor creature," he remarked to us, when about to write that address, "I sometimes see him all the night through;" and then he described "that sorrowful vision," just as appears in print. That Sir James Graham would not condescend to notice his appeal distressed him much, and we thought we could perceive in him an unwonted sinking of spirits.

We had some interesting conversations with him about this time; and little would the foolish letter writers who pelted him, with tracts believe how many solemn thoughts visited the mind of the writer of the "Comic Annual"—how high were his views of human responsibility; how earnest were his endeavors to alleviate the mass of suffering he saw around him; and with what utter self-negation he received the well-earned tribute, now proffered on every side, to the zeal with which he had advocated the cause of "the poor and them that have no helper." While listening to his remarks—always worth listening to, but of late singularly suggestive—we frequently felt that perhaps ere another year came round, he might be no longer among us; and our foreboding was true. During the winter Thomas Hood continued in very weak health; but he added another chapter or two to his story, and drew, although chiefly confined to his bed, several very amusing little tail-pieces for the maga-

zine. One day, asking him how he intended to proceed with his "Family," he said he should next vaccinate "the twins," and "then I believe I shall end." "End! why?" The significant look too plainly told us that Hood felt himself near the end of his work. And so it was; the vaccination is the last chapter.

A short interval of ease seems to have inspired him with a passing belief that his end was not so near, and then he wrote those beautiful lines, which, although tolerably well known, must not be omitted here, as the touching "swan song" of Thomas Hood:

"Farewell life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapor chill—
Strong the earthy odor grows;
I smell the mould above the rose!

"Welcome life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears, and shapes forlorn,
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light, for sullen gloom—
Warm perfume, for vapor cold;
I smell the rose above the mould."

Alas! the prophecy of these beautiful lines was not to be fulfilled. During the three last months of Hood's life, his sufferings were intense, but borne with the most astonishing patience. For some weeks we did not see him, for the slightest exertion in speaking brought on hæmorrhage; and dropsy was soon after added to his sufferings. But when we once again saw him, we felt that his days were numbered; nor for him could we feel aught of regret.

At length our final farewell came: Thomas Hood was in the last stage of bodily weakness, but his trembling hand signed his autograph and the words "with kind regards," on one of the proof engravings of his bust, and this he requested us, in the low whisper which he could only use, to give to our mother from him "with my love, with my kind love." That engraving, and that autograph, are among our household treasures. It was on the Monday that we wrung the hand of our dear friend, well knowing, alas! it was for the last time; on the Thursday, feeling his end was drawing very nigh, he took his solemn leave of his invalua-

ble wife and his two young children ; and then, clasping Mrs. Hood's hand, he said, "Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all—as I hope to be forgiven ;" and then, turning from earth to heaven, he faintly whispered, "O Lord ! say, Arise, take up thy cross and follow me." He soon after sank into a slumber, which deepened into death on Saturday, May 3, 1845.

From the London Quarterly.

THE TALMUD.*

[Mr. Emanuel Deutsch, M.R.A.S., of the British Museum, a great linguist and scholar, is said to be the author of this learned and beautifully-written article on the "Talmud" in the *Quarterly Review*, which has already passed through three editions].—ED. ECLECTIC.

WHAT is the Talmud ?

What is the nature of that strange production of which the name, imperceptibly almost, is beginning to take its place among the household words of Europe ? Turn where we may in the realms of modern learning, we seem to be haunted by it. We meet with it in theology, in science, even in general literature, in their highways and in their byways. There is not a handbook to all or any of the many departments of biblical lore, sacred geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and the rest, but its pages contain references to the Talmud. The advocates of all religious opinions appeal to its dicta. Nay, not only the scientific investigators of Judaism and Christianity, but those of Mohammedanism and Zoroastrianism, turn to it in their dissections of dogma and legend and ceremony. If, again, we take up any recent volume of archaeological or philological transactions, whether we light on a dissertation on a Phœnician altar, or a cuneiform tablet, Babylonian weights, or Sassanian coins, we are certain to find this mysterious word. Nor is it merely the restorers of the lost idioms of Canaan and Assyria, of Himeyar and Zoroastrian Persia, that appeal to the Talmud for assistance ; but the modern schools of Greek and Latin philology are beginning to avail themselves of the classical and postclassical materials that lie scattered through it. Jurisprudence, in its turn, has been

roused to the fact that, apart from the bearing of the Talmud on the study of the Pandects and the Institutes, there are also some of those very laws of the "Medes and Persians"—hitherto but a vague sound—hidden away in its labyrinths. And so too with medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and the rest. The history of these sciences, during that period over which the composition of the Talmud ranges—and it ranges over about a thousand years—can no longer be written without some reference to the items preserved, as in a vast buried city, in this cyclopean work. Yet, apart from the facts that belong emphatically to these respective branches, it contains other facts, of larger moment still : facts bearing upon human culture in its widest sense. Day by day there are excavated from these mounds pictures of many countries and many periods. Pictures of Hellas and Byzantium, Egypt and Rome, Persia and Palestine ; of the temple and the forum, war and peace, joy and mourning ; pictures teeming with life, glowing with color.

These are, indeed, signs of the times. A mighty change has come over us. We, children of this latter age, are, above all things, utilitarian. We do not read the Koran, the Zend Avesta, the Vedas, with the sole view of refuting them. We look upon all literature, religious, legal, and otherwise, whensoever and wheresoever produced, as part and parcel of humanity. We, in a manner, feel a kind of responsibility for it. We seek to understand the phase of culture which begot these items of our inheritance, the spirit that moves upon their face. And while we bury that which is dead in them, we rejoice in that which lives in them. We enrich our stores of knowledge from theirs, we are stirred by their poetry, we are moved to high and holy thoughts when they touch the divine chord in our hearts.

In the same human spirit we now speak of the Talmud. There is even danger at hand at this chivalresque feeling—one of the most touching characteristics of our times—which is evermore prompting us to offer holocausts to the manes of those whom former generations are thought to have wronged, may lead to its being extolled somewhat beyond its merit. As these ever new testimonies

(1.) *Talmud Babylonicum*. Venice, 1520-23. Folio. 12 Vols. 2. *Talmud Hierosolymitanum*. Venice [1523]. Folio. 1 Vol.

to its value crowd upon us, we might be led into exaggerating its importance for the history of mankind. Yet an old adage of its own says: "Above all things, study. Whether for the sake of learning or for any other reason, study. For, whatever the motives that impel you at first, you will very soon love study for its own sake." And thus even exaggerated expectations of the treasure-trove in the Talmud will have their value, if they lead to the study of the work itself.

For, let us say it at once, these tokens of its existence, that appear in many a new publication, are, for the most part, but will-o'-the-wisps. At first sight one would fancy that there never was a book more popular, or that formed more exclusively the mental centre of modern scholars, Orientalists, theologians, or jurists. What is the real truth? Paradoxical as it may seem, there never was a book at once more universally neglected and more universally talked of. Well may we forgive Heine, when we read the glowing description of the Talmud contained in his "Romancero," for never having even seen the subject of his panegyrics. Like his countryman Schiller, who, pining vainly for one glimpse of the Alps, produced the most glowing and faithful picture of them, so he, with the poet's unerring instinct, gathered truth from hearsay and description. But how many of these ubiquitous learned quotations flow from the fountain-head? Too often and too palpably it is merely—to use Samson's agricultural simile—those ancient and well-worked heifers, the "*Tela ignea Satanae*," the "*Abgezogener Schlangenbalg*," and all their venomous kindred, which are once more being dragged to the plough by some of the learned. We say the learned: for as to the people at large, often as they hear the word now, we firmly believe that numbers of them still hold, with that erudite Capucin friar, Henricus Seynensis, that the Talmud is not a book, *but a man*. "*Ut narrat Rabbinus Talmud*"—"As says Rabbi Talmud"—cries he, and triumphantly clinches his argument!

And of those who know that it is not a Rabbi, how many are there to whom it conveys any but the vaguest of notions? Who wrote it? What is its

bulk? Its date? Its contents? Its birth-place? A contemporary lately called it "a sphinx, toward which all men's eyes are directed at this hour, some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety." But why not force open its lips? How much longer are we to live by quotations alone, quotations a thousand times used, a thousand times abused?

Where, however, are we to look even for primary instruction? Where learn the story of the book, its place and literature, its meaning and purport, and, above all, its relation to ourselves?

If we turn to the time-honored "authorities," we shall mostly find that, in their eagerness to serve some cause, they have torn a few pieces off that gigantic living body; and they have presented to us these ghastly anatomical preparations, twisted and mutilated out of all shape and semblance, saying, Behold, this is the book! Or they have done worse. They have not garbled their samples, but have given them exactly as they found them; and then stood aside, pointing at them with jeering countenance. For their samples were ludicrous and grotesque beyond expression. But these wise and pious investigators unfortunately mistook the gurgoyles, those grinning stone caricatures that mount their thousand years' guard over our cathedrals, for the gleaming statues of the saints within; and, holding them up to mockery and derision, they cried, These be thy Gods, O Israel!

Let us not be misunderstood. When we complain of the lack of guides to the Talmud, we do not wish to be ungrateful to those great and earnest scholars whose names are familiar to every student, and whose labors have been ever present to our mind. For, though in the whole realm of learning there is scarcely a single branch of study to be compared for its difficulty to the Talmud, yet, if a man had time, and patience, and knowledge, there is absolutely no reason why we should not, up and down ancient and modern libraries, gather most excellent hints from essays and treatises, monographs and sketches, in books and periodicals without number, by dint of which, aided by the study of the work itself, he might arrive at some conclusion as to its essence and tenden

cies, its origin and its development. Yet, so far as we know, that work, every step of which, it must be confessed, is beset with fatal pitfalls, has not yet been done for the world at large. It is for a very good reason that we have placed nothing but the name of the Talmud itself at the head of our paper. We have sought far and near for some one special book on the subject, which we might make the theme of our observations—a book which should not merely be a garbled translation of a certain twelfth century “Introduction,” interspersed with vituperations and supplemented with blunders, but which from the platform of modern culture should pronounce impartially upon a production which, if for no other reason, claims respect through its age—a book that would lead us through the stupendous labyrinths of fact, and thought, and fancy, of which the Talmud consists—that would rejoice even in hieroglyphical fairy-lore, in abstruse propositions and syllogisms, that could forgive wild outbursts of passion, and not judge harshly and hastily of things, the real meaning of which may have had to be hidden under the fool’s cap and bells.

We have not found such a book, nor anything approaching to it. But closely connected with that circumstance is this other, that we were fain to quote the first additions of this Talmud, though scores have been printed since, and about a dozen are in the press at this very moment. Even this first edition was printed in hot haste, and without due care; and every succeeding one, with one or two insignificant exceptions, presents a sadder spectacle. In the Basle edition of 1578—the third in point of time, which has remained the standard edition almost ever since—that amazing creature, the censor, stepped in. In his anxiety to protect the “faith” from all and every danger—for the Talmud was supposed to hide bitter things against Christianity under the most innocent-looking words and phrases—this official did very wonderful things. When he, for example, found some ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter “of Rome,” his mind instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the Capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope.

And forthwith he struck out Rome and substituted any other place he could think of. A favorite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram or Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found unto this day swearing by the Capitol of Persia or by the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But whenever the word “Gentile” occurred, the Censor was seized with the most frantic terrors. A “Gentile” could not possibly be aught but a Christian; whether he lived in India or in Athens, in Rome or in Canaan; whether he was a good Gentile—and there are many such in the Talmud—or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him; and christened him, as fancy moved him, an “Egyptian,” an “Aramæan,” an “Amalekite,” an “Arab,” a “Negro;” sometimes a whole “people.” We are speaking strictly to the letter. All this is extant in our very last editions.

Once or twice attempts were made to clear the text from its foulest blemishes. There was even, about two years ago, a beginning made of a “critical” edition, such as not merely Greek and Roman, Sanscrit and Persian classics, but the veriest trash written in those languages would have had ever so long ago. And there is—M. Renan’s unfortunate remark to the contrary notwithstanding*—no lack of Talmudical MSS., however fragmentary they be for the most part. There are innumerable variations, additions, and corrections to be gleaned from the Codices at the Bodleian and the Vatican, in the libraries of Odessa, Munich, and Florence, Hamburg and Heidelberg, Paris and Parma. But an evil eye seems to be upon this book. This corrected edition remains a torso, like the first two volumes of translations of the Talmud, commenced at different periods, the second volume of which never saw the light. It therefore seemed advisable to refer to the Editio Princeps, as the one that is at least free from the blemishes, censorial or typographical, of later ages.

Well does the Talmud supplement the Horatian “*Habent sua fata libelli*,” by the words “even the sacred scrolls in the Tabernacle.” We really do not wonder that the good Capucin of whom

* “On sait qu’il ne reste aucun manuscrit du Talmud pour contrôler les éditions imprimées”—*Les Apôtres*, p. 262.

we spoke mistook it for a man. Ever since it existed—almost before it existed in a palpable shape—it has been treated much like a human being. It has been proscribed, and imprisoned, and burnt, a hundred times over. From Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honored it by a special interdictory Novella,* down to Clement VIII. and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book. Thus, within a period of less than fifty years—and these forming the latter half of the sixteenth century—it was publicly burnt no less than six different times, and that not in single copies, but wholesale, by the wagon-load. Julius III. issued his proclamation against what he grotesquely calls the “Gemarothe Talmud” in 1553 and 1555, Paul IV. in 1559, Pius V. in 1566, Clement VIII. in 1592 and 1599. The fear of it was great indeed. Even Pius IV. in giving permission for a new edition, stipulated expressly that it should appear without the name Talmud. “Si tamen prodierit sine nomine Talmud tolerari deberet.” It almost seems to have been a kind of Shibboleth, by which every new potentate had to prove the rigor of his faith. And very rigorous it must have been, to judge by the language which even the highest dignitaries of the Church did not disdain to use at times. Thus Honorius IV. writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1286 anent that “damnable book” (*liber damnabilis*), admonishing him gravely and desiring him “vehemently” to see that it be not read by anybody, since “all other evils flow out of it.” Verily these documents are sad reading, only relieved occasionally by some wild blunder that lights up as with one flash the abyss of ignorance regarding this object of wrath.

We remember but one sensible exception in this Babel of manifestoes. Clement V., in 1307, before condemning the book, wished to know something of it, and there was no one to tell him. Whereupon he proposed—but in

language so obscure that it left the door open for many interpretations—that three chairs be founded, for Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, as the three tongues nearest to the idiom of the Talmud. The spots chosen by him were the Universities of Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, and Oxford. In time, he hoped, one of these Universities might be able to produce a translation of this mysterious book. Need we say that this consummation never came to pass? The more expeditious process of destruction was resorted to again and again and again, not merely in the single cities of Italy and France, but throughout the entire Holy Roman Empire.

At length a change took place in Germany. One Pfefferkorn, a miserable creature enough, began, in the time of the Emperor Maximilian, to agitate for a new decree for the extermination of the Talmud. The emperor lay with his hosts before Pavia, when the evil-tongued messenger arrived in the camp, furnished with goodly letters by Kunigunde, the Emperor's beautiful sister. Maximilian, wearied and unsuspecting, renewed that time-honored decree for a confiscation, to be duly followed by a conflagration, readily enough. The confiscation was conscientiously carried out, for Pfefferkorn knew well enough where his former co-religionists kept their books. But a conflagration of a very different kind ensued. Step by step, hour by hour, the German Reformation was drawing nearer. Reuchlin, the most eminent Hellenist and Hebraist of his time, had been nominated to sit on the Committee which was to lend its learned authority to the Emperor's decree. But he did not relish this task. “He did not like the look of Pfefferkorn,” he says. Besides which, he was a learned and an honest man, and, having been the restorer of classical Greek in Germany, he did not care to participate in the wholesale murder of a book “written by Christ's nearest relations.” Perhaps he saw the cunningly-laid trap. He had long been a thorn in the flesh of many of his contemporaries. His Hebrew labors had been looked upon with bitter jealousy, if not fear. Nothing less was contemplated in those days—the theological Faculty of Mayence demanded it openly—than a total “revision and cor

* Novella 146, Πρὸς Ἐβραίων (addressed to the Præfectus Prætorio Areobindus).

rection" of the Hebrew Bible "inasmuch as it differed from the Vulgate." Reuchlin, on his part, never lost an opportunity of proclaiming the high importance of the "Hebrew Truth," as he emphatically called it. His enemies thought that one of two things would follow. By officially pronouncing upon the Talmud, he was sure either to commit himself dangerously—and then a speedy end would be made of him—or to set at naught, to a certain extent, his own previous judgments in favor of these studies. He declined the proposal, saying, honestly enough, that he knew nothing of the book, and that he was not aware of the existence of many who knew anything of it. Least of all did its detractors know it. But, he continued, even if it should contain attacks on Christianity, would it not be preferable to reply to them? "Burning is but a ruffianly argument (*Bacchanten-Argument*)."

Whereupon a wild outcry was raised against him as a Jew, a Judaizer, a bribed renegade, and so on. Reuchlin, nothing daunted, set to work upon the book in his patient, hard-working manner. Next he wrote a brilliant defence of it. When the Emperor asked his opinion, he repeated Clement's proposal to found talmudical chairs. At each German university there should be two professors, specially appointed for the sole purpose of enabling students to become acquainted with this book. "As to burning it," he continues, in the famous Memorial addressed to the Emperor, "if some fool came and said, Most mighty Emperor! your Majesty should really suppress and burn the books of alchymy (a fine *argumentum ad hominem*) because they contain blasphemous, wicked, and absurd things against our faith, what should his Imperial Majesty reply to such a buffalo or ass but this: Thou art a ninny, rather to be laughed at than followed? Now because his feeble head cannot enter into the depths of a science, and cannot conceive it, and does understand things otherwise than they really are, would you deem it fit to burn such books?"

Fiercer and fiercer waxed the howl, and Reuchlin, the peaceful student, from a witness became a delinquent. What he suffered for and through the Talmud cannot be told here. Far and wide, all over Europe, the contest raged. A

whole literature of pamphlets, flying sheets, caricatures, sprang up. University after university was appealed to against him. No less than forty-seven sittings were held by the theological Faculty of Paris, which ended by their formal condemnation of Reuchlin. But he was not left to fight alone. Around him rallied, one by one, Duke Ulrich of Württemberg, the Elector Frederick of Saxony, Ulrich von Hutten, Franz von Sickingen—he who finally made the Colonnians pay their costs in the Reuchlin trial—Erasmus of Rotterdam, and that whole brilliant phalanx of the "Knights of the Holy Ghost," the "Hosts of Pallas Athene," the "*Talmutphili*," as the documents of that period variously style them: they whom we call the Humanists.

And their palladium and their war-cry was—oh! wondrous ways of History—the Talmud! To stand up for Reuchlin meant, to them, to stand up for the "Law;" to fight for the Talmud was to *fight for the Church!* "Non te," writes Egidio de Viterbo to Reuchlin, "*sed Legem: non Thalmud, sed Ecclesiam!*"

The rest of the story is written in the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," and in the early pages of the German Reformation. The Talmud was not burnt this time. On the contrary, its first complete edition was printed. And in that same year of grace 1520 A.D., when this first edition went through the press at Venice, Martin Luther burnt the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

What is the Talmud?

Again the question rises before us in its whole formidable shape; a question which no one has yet answered satisfactorily. And we labor in this place under more than one disadvantage. For, quite apart from the difficulties of explaining a work so utterly Eastern, antique, and thoroughly *sui generis*, to our modern Western readers, in the space of a few pages, we labor under the further disability of not being able to refer to the work itself. Would it not indeed be mere affectation to presuppose more than the vaguest acquaintance with its language or even its name in many of our readers? And while we would fain enlarge upon such points as a comparison between the law laid down in it with ours, or with the contemporary Greek, Roman, and Persian laws, or those of

Islam, or even with its own fundamental Code, the Mosaic : while we would trace a number of its ethical, ceremonial, and doctrinal points in Zoroastrianism, in Christianity, in Mohammedanism ; a vast deal of its metaphysics and philosophy in Plato, Aristotle, the Pythagoreans, the Neoplatonists, and the Gnostics—not to mention Spinoza and the Schellings of our own day ; much of its medicine in Hippocrates and Galen, and the Paracelsuses of but a few centuries ago—we shall scarcely be able to do more than to lay a few *dissecta membra* of these things before our readers. We cannot even sketch, in all its bearings, that singular mental movement which caused the best spirits of an entire nation to concentrate, in spite of opposition, all their energies for a thousand years upon the writing, and for another thousand years upon the commenting of this one book. Omitting all detail, which it has cost much to gather, and more to suppress, we shall merely tell of its development, of the schools in which it grew, of the tribunals which judged by it, of some of the men that set their seal on it. We shall also introduce a summary of its law, speak of its metaphysics, of its moral philosophy, and quote many of its proverbs and saws—the truest of all gauges of a time.

We shall, perhaps, be obliged occasionally to appeal to some of the extraneous topics just mentioned. The Talmud, like every other phenomenon, in order to become comprehensible, should be considered only in connection with things of a similar kind : a fact almost entirely overlooked to this day. Being emphatically a *Corpus Juris*, an encyclopædia of law, civil and penal, ecclesiastical and international, human and divine, it may best be judged by analogy and comparison with other legal codes, more especially with the Justinian Code and its Commentaries. What the uninitiated have taken for exceptional “Rabbinical” subtleties, or, in matters relating to the sexes, for gross offences against modern taste, will then cause the Talmud to stand out rather favorably than otherwise. The Pandects and the Institutes, the Novellæ and the *Responsa Prudentium* should thus be constantly consulted and compared. No less should our English law, as laid down in Blackstone, wherein we may see how the most varied views of right and

wrong have been finally blended and harmonized with the spirit of our times. But the Talmud is more than a Book of Laws. It is a microcosm, embracing, even as does the Bible, heaven and earth. It is as if all the prose and the poetry, the science, the faith and speculation of the Old World were, though only in faint reflections, bound up in it *in nuce*. Comprising the time from the rise to the fall of antiquity, and a good deal of its after-glow, the history and culture of antiquity have to be considered in their various stages. But, above all, it is necessary to transport ourselves, following Goethe’s advice, to its birth-place—Palestine and Babylon—the gorgeous East itself, where all things glow in brighter colors, and grow into more fantastic shapes :

“Willst den Dichter du verstehen,
Musst in Dichter’s Lande gehen.”

The origin of the Talmud is coeval with the return from the Babylonish captivity. One of the most mysterious and momentous periods in the history of humanity is that brief space of the exile. What were the influences brought to bear upon the captives, we know not. But this we know, that from a reckless, lawless, godless populace, they returned transformed into a band of Puritans. The religion of Zerdusht, though it has left its traces in Judaism, fails to account for that change. Nor does the Exile itself account for it. Many and intense as are the reminiscences of its bitterness, and of yearning for home, that have survived in prayer and in song, yet we know that when the hour of liberty struck the forced colonists were loth to return to the land of their fathers. Yet the change is there, palpable, unmistakable—a change which we may regard as almost miraculous. Scarcely aware before of the existence of their glorious national literature, the people now began to press round these brands plucked from the fire—the scanty records of their faith and history—with a fierce and passionate love, a love stronger even than that of wife and child. These same documents, as they were gradually formed into a canon, became the immutable centre of their lives, their actions, their thoughts, their very dreams. From that time forth, with scarcely any intermis-

sion, the keenest as well as the most poetical minds of the nation remained fixed upon them. "Turn it and turn it again," says the Talmud, with regard to the Bible, "for everything is in it." "*Search* the Scriptures," is the distinct utterance of the New Testament.

The natural consequence ensued. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, from a mere expounding and investigation for purposes of edification or instruction on some special point, this activity begot a science, a science that assumed the very widest dimensions. Its technical name is already contained in the Book of Chronicles. It is "Midrash" (from *darash*, to study, expound)—a term which the Authorized Version renders "Story." *

There is scarcely a more fruitful source of misconceptions upon this subject than the liquid nature, so to speak, of its technical terms. They mean anything and everything, at once most general and most special. Nearly all of them signify in the first instance simply "study." Next they are used for some one very special branch of this study. Then they indicate, at times a peculiar method, at others the works which have grown out of these either general or special mental labors. Thus Midrash, from the abstract "expounding," came to be applied, first to the "exposition" itself—even as our terms "work," "investigation," "inquiry," imply both process and product; and finally, as a special branch of exposition—the legendary—was more popular than the rest, to this one branch only and to the books that chiefly represented it.

For there had sprung up almost innumerable modes of "searching the Scriptures." In the quaintly ingenious manner of the times, four of the chief methods were found in the Persian word *Paradise*, spelt in vowelless Semitic fashion, PRDS. Each one of these mysterious letters was taken, mnemonically, as the initial of some technical word that indicated one of these four methods. The one called P [*peshat*] aimed at the simple understanding of words and things, in accordance with the primary exegetical law of the Talmud, "that no verse of the Scripture ever practically

travelled beyond its literal meaning"—though it might be explained, homiletically and otherwise, in innumerable new ways. The second, R [*remes*], means Hint, *i. e.*, the discovery of the indications contained in certain seemingly superfluous letters and signs in Scripture. These were taken to refer to laws not distinctly mentioned, but either existing traditionally or newly promulgated. This method, when more generally applied, begot a kind of *memoria technica*, a stenography akin to the "Notarikon" of the Romans. Points and notes were added to the margins of scriptural MSS., and the foundation of the Massorah, or diplomatic preservation of the text, was thus laid. The third, D [*derush*], was homiletic application of that which had been to that which was and would be, of prophetic and historical dicta to the actual conditions of things. It was a peculiar kind of sermon, with all the aids of dialectics and poetry, of parable, gnome, proverb, legend, and the rest, exactly as we find it in the New Testament. The fourth, S, stood for *sod*, secret, mystery. This was the Secret Science, into which but few were initiated. It was theosophy, metaphysics, angelology, a host of wild and glowing visions of things beyond earth. Faint echoes of this science survive in Neoplatonism, in Gnosticism, in the Kabbalah, in "Hermes Trismegistus." But few were initiated into these things of "The Creation" and of "The Chariot," as it was also called, in allusion to Ezekiel's vision. Yet here again the power of the vague and mysterious was so strong, that the word *Paradise* gradually indicated this last branch, the secret science, only. Later, in Gnosticism, it came to mean the "Spiritual Christ."

There is a weird story in the Talmud, which has given rise to the wildest explanations, but which will become intelligible by the foregoing lines. "Four men," it says, "entered *Paradise*. One beheld and died. One beheld and lost his senses. One destroyed the young plants. One only entered in peace and came out in peace." The names of all four are given. They are all exalted masters of the law. The last but one, he who destroyed the young plants, is Elisha ben Abuyah, the Faust of the Talmud, who, while sitting in the academy,

* See 2 Chron. xiii. 22, xxiv. 27.

at the feet of his teachers, to study the law, kept the "profane books"—of "Homeros," to wit, hidden in his garment, and from whose mouth "Greek songs" never cease to flow. How he, notwithstanding his early scepticism, rapidly rises to eminence in that same law, finally falls away and becomes a traitor and an outcast, and his very name a thing of unutterable horror—how, one day (it was the great day of atonement) he passes the ruins of the temple, and hears a voice within "murmuring like a dove"—"all men shall be forgiven this day save Elisha ben Abuyah, who, knowing me, has betrayed me"—how, after his death, the flames will not cease to hover over his grave, until his one faithful disciple, the "Light of the Law," Meir, throws himself over it, swearing a holy oath that he will not partake of the joys of the world to come without his beloved master, and that he will not move from the spot until his master's soul shall have found grace and salvation before the Throne of Mercy—all this and a number of incidents form one of the most stirring poetical pictures of the whole Talmud. The last of the four is Akiba, the most exalted, most romantic, and most heroic character perhaps in that vast gallery of the learned of his time; he who, in the last revolt under Trajan and Hadrian, expiated his patriotic rashness at the hands of the Roman executioners, and—the legend adds—whose soul fled just when, in his last agony, his mouth cried out the last word of the confession of God's unity:—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One."

The Talmud is the storehouse of "Midrash," in its widest sense, and in all its branches. What we said of the fluctuation of terms applies emphatically also to this word Talmud. It means, in the first instance, nothing but "study," "learning," from *lamad*, to learn; next, indicating a special method of "learning" or rather arguing, it finally became the name of the great Corpus Juris of Judaism.

When we speak of the Talmud as a legal code, we trust we shall not be understood too literally. It resembles about as much what we generally understand by that name as a primeval forest resembles a Dutch garden.

Nothing indeed can equal the state of utter amazement into which the

modern investigator finds himself plunged at the first sight of these luxuriant talmudical wildernesses. Schooled in the harmonizing, methodizing systems of the West—systems that condense, and arrange, and classify, and give every thing its fitting place and its fitting position in that place—he feels almost stupefied here. The language, the style, the method, the very sequence of things (a sequence that often appears as logical as our dreams), the amazingly varied nature of these things—everything seems tangled, confused, chaotic. It is only after a time that the student learns to distinguish between two mighty currents in the book—currents that at times flow parallel, at times seem to work upon each other, and to impede each other's action: the one emanating from the brain, the other from the heart—the one Prose, the other Poetry—the one carrying with it all those mental faculties that manifest themselves in arguing, investigating, comparing, developing, bringing a thousand points to bear upon one and one upon a thousand; the other springing from the realms of fancy, of imagination, feeling, humor, and, above all, from that precious combination of still, almost sad, pensiveness with quick catholic sympathies, which in German is called *Gemüth*. These two currents the Midrash, in its various aspects, had caused to set in the direction of the Bible, and they soon found in it two vast fields for the display of all their power and energy. The logical faculties turned to the legal portions in Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy—developing, seeking, and solving a thousand real or apparent difficulties and contradictions with what, as tradition, had been living in the hearts and mouths of the people from time immemorial. The other—the imaginative faculties—took possession of the prophetic, ethical, historical, and, quaintly enough, sometimes even of the legal portions of the Bible, and transformed the whole into a vast series of themes almost musical in their wonderful and capricious variations. The first-named is called "Halachah" (*Rule, Norm*), a term applied both to the process of evolving legal enactments and the enactments themselves. The other, "Haggadah" (*Legend, Saga*), not so much in our

modern sense of the word, though a great part of its contents comes under that head, but because it was only a "saying," a thing without authority, a play of fancy, an allegory, a parable, a tale, that pointed a moral and illustrated a question, that smoothed the billows of fierce debate, roused the slumbering attention, and was generally—to use its own phrase—a "comfort and a blessing."

The Talmud, which is composed of these two elements, the legal and the legendary, is divided into *MISHNAH* and *GEMARA*: two terms again of uncertain, shifting meaning. Originally indicating, like the technical words mentioned already, "study," they both became terms for special studies, and indicated special works. The Mishnah, from *shanah* (*tana*), to learn, to repeat, has been of old translated *δευτέρωσις*, second law. But this derivation, correct as it seems literally, is incorrect in the first instance. It simply means "Learning," like *Gemara*, which, besides, indicates "complement" to the Mishnah—itsself a complement to the mosaic code, but in such a manner that, in developing and enlarging, it supersedes it. The Mishnah, on its own part again, forms a kind of text to which the Gemara is not so much a scholion as a critical expansion. The Pentateuch remains in all cases the background and latent source of the Mishnah. But it is the business of the Gemara to examine into the legitimacy and correctness of this Mishnic development in single instances. The Pentateuch remained under all circumstances the immutable, divinely given constitution, *the written law*: in contradistinction to it, the Mishnah, together with the Gemara, was called the oral, or "Unwritten" law, not unlike the unwritten Greek *Πήρραι*, the Roman "Lex non Scripta," the Sunnah, or our own Common Law.

There are few chapters in the whole History of Jurisprudence more obscure than the origin, development, and completion of this "Oral Law." There must have existed, from the very beginning of the Mosaic law, a number of corollary laws, which explained in detail most of the rules broadly laid down in it. Apart from these, it was but natural that the enactments of that primitive Council or the Desert, the Elders and their succes-

sors in each period, together with the verdicts issued by the later "judges within the gates," to whom the Pentateuch distinctly refers, should have become precedents, and been handed down as such. Apocryphal writings—notably the fourth book of Ezra—not to mention Philo and the Church Fathers, speak of fabulous numbers of books that had been given to Moses together with the Pentateuch: thus indicating the common belief in the divine origin of the supplementary laws that had existed among the people from time immemorial. Jewish tradition traces the bulk of the oral injunctions, through a chain of distinctly-named authorities, to "Sinai" itself. It mentions in detail how Moses communicated those minutiae of his legislation, in which he had been instructed during the mysterious forty days and nights on the Mount, to the chosen guides of the people, in such a manner that they should forever remain engraven on the tablets of their hearts.

A long space intervenes between the Mosaic period and that of the Mishnah. The ever-growing wants of the ever-disturbed commonwealth necessitated new laws and regulations at every turn. A difficulty, however, arose, unknown to other legislations. In despotic states a decree is issued, promulgating the new law. In constitutional states a bill is brought in. The supreme authority, if it finds it meet and right to make this new law, makes it. The case was different in the Jewish commonwealth of the post-exilian times. Among the things that were irredeemably lost with the first temple were the "Urim and Thummim" of the high-priest—the oracle. With Malachi the last prophet had died. Both for the promulgation of a new law and the abrogation of an old one, a higher sanction was requisite than a mere majority of the legislative council. The new act must be proved, directly or indirectly, from the "Word of God"—proved to have been promulgated by the Supreme King—hidden and bound up, as it were, in its very letters from the beginning. This was not easy in all cases; especially when a certain number of hermeneutical rules, not unlike those used in the Roman schools (inferences, conclusions from the minor to the major and *vice versa*, analogies of ideas or

objects, general and special statements, etc.), had come to be laid down.

Apart from the new laws requisite at sudden emergencies, there were many of those old traditional ones, for which the *point d'appui* had to be found, when, as established legal matters, they came before the critical eye of the schools. And these schools themselves, in their ever-restless activity, evolved new laws, according to their logical rules, even when they were not practically wanted nor likely ever to come into practical use—simply as a matter of science. Hence there is a double action perceptible in this legal development. Either the scriptural verse forms the terminus *a quo*, or the terminus *ad quem*. It is either the starting point for a discussion which ends in the production of some new enactment; or some new enactment, or one never before investigated, is traced back to the divine source by an outward "hint," however insignificant.

This process of evolving new precepts from old ones by "signs,"—a word curiously enough used also by Blackstone in his "development" of the law—may in some instances have been applied with too much freedom. Yet, while the Talmudical Code practically differs from the Mosaic as much as our Digest will some day differ from the laws of the time of Canute, and as the Justinian Code differs from the Twelve Tables, it cannot be denied that these fundamental laws have in all cases been consulted, carefully and impartially as to their spirit, their letter being often but the vessel or outer symbol. The often uncompromising severity of the Pentateuch, especially in the province of the penal law, had certainly become much softened down under the milder influences of the culture of later days. Several of its injunctions, which had become impracticable, were circumscribed, or almost constitutionally abrogated, by the introduction of exceptional formalities. Some of its branches also had developed in a direction other than what at first sight seems to have been anticipated. But the power vested in the "judge of those days" was in general most sparingly and conscientiously applied.

This whole process of the development of the "Law" was in the hands of the "Scribes," who, according to the New

Testament, "sit in the seat of Moses." We shall speak presently of the "Pharisees" with whom the word is often coupled. Here, meantime, we must once more distinguish between the different meanings of the word "Scribe" at different periods. For there are three stages in the oral compilation of the Talmudical Code, each of which is named after a special class of doctors.

The task of the first class of these masters—the "Scribes" by way of eminence, whose time ranges from the return from Babylon down to the Greco-Syrian persecutions (220 B.C.)—was above all to preserve the sacred Text, as it had survived after many mishaps. They "enumerated" not merely the precepts, but the words, the letters, the signs of the Scripture, thereby guarding it from all future interpolations and corruptions. They had further to explain these precepts, in accordance with the collateral tradition of which they were the guardians. They had to instruct the people, to preach in the synagogues, to teach in the schools. They further, on their own authority, erected certain "Fences," i.e., such new injunctions as they deemed necessary merely for the better keeping of the old precepts. The whole work of these men ("Men of the Great Synagogue") is well summed up in their adage: "Have a care in legal decisions, send forth many disciples, and make a fence around the law." More pregnant still is the motto of their last representative—the only one whose name, besides those of Ezra and Nehemiah, the supposed founders of this body, has survived—Simon the Just: "On three things stands the world: on law, on worship, and on charity."

After the "Scribes"—*סופרים*—come the "Learners," or "Repeaters," also called Bana'im, "Master-builders"—from 200 B.C. to 220 A.D. In this period falls the Maccabean Revolution, the birth of Christ, the destruction of the Temple by Titus, the revolt of Bar-Cochba under Hadrian, the final destruction of Jerusalem, and the total expatriation of the Jews. During this time Palestine was ruled successively by Persians, Egyptians, Syrians, and Romans. But the legal labors that belong to this period were never seriously interrupted. However dread the events, the schools con-

tinued their studies. The masters were martyred time after time, the academies were razed to the ground, the practical and the theoretical occupation with the law was proscribed on pain of death—yet in no instance is the chain of the living tradition broken. With their last breath the dying masters appointed and ordained their successors; for one academy that was reduced to a heap of ashes in Palestine, three sprang up in Babylonia, and the law flowed on, and was perpetuated in the face of a thousand deaths.

The chief bearers and representatives of these divine legal studies were the President (called Nasi, Prince), and the Vice-President (Ab-Beth-Din = Father of the House of Judgment) of the highest legal assembly, the Synedrion, aramaized into *Sanhedrin*. There were three Sanhedrins: one "Great Sanhedrin," two "lesser" ones. Whenever the New Testament mentions the "Priests, the Elders, and the Scribes" together, it means the Great Sanhedrin. This constituted the highest ecclesiastical and civil tribunal. It consisted of seventy-one members, chosen from the foremost priests, the heads of tribes and families, and from the "Learned," i. e., the "Scribes" or Lawyers. It was no easy task to be elected a member of this Supreme Council. The candidate had to be a superior man, both mentally and bodily. He was not to be either too young or too old. Above all, he was not to be an adept both in the "Law" and in Science.

When people read of "law," "masters" or "doctors of the law," they do not, it seems to us, always fully realize what that word "law" means in Old or rather New Testament language. It should be remembered that, as we have already indicated, it stands for all and every knowledge, since all and every knowledge was requisite for the understanding of it. The Mosaic code has injunctions about the sabbatical journey; the distance had to be measured and calculated, and mathematics were called into play. Seeds, plants, and animals had to be studied in connection with the many precepts regarding them, and natural history had to be appealed to. Then there were the purely hygienic paragraphs, which necessitated for their precision a knowledge of all the medical

science of the time. The "seasons" and the feast-days were regulated by the phases of the moon; and astronomy—if only in its elements—had to be studied. And—as the commonwealth successively came in contact, however much against its will at first, with Greece and Rome—their history, geography, and language came to be added as a matter of instruction to those of Persia and Babylon. It was only a handful of well-meaning but narrow-minded men, like the Essenes, who would not, for their own part, listen to the repeal of certain temporary "Decrees of Danger." When Hellenic scepticism in its most seductive form had, during the Syrian troubles, begun to seek its victims even in the midst of the "Sacred Vineyard," and threatened to undermine all patriotism and all independence, a curse was pronounced upon Hellenism: much as German patriots, at the beginning of this century, loathed the very sound of the French language; or as, not so very long ago, all things "foreign" were regarded with a certain suspicion in England. But, the danger over, the Greek language and culture were restored to their previous high position in both the school and the house, as indeed the union of Hebrew and Greek, "the Talith and the Pallium," "Shem and Japheth, who had been blessed together by Noah, and who would always be blessed in union," was strongly insisted upon. We shall return to the polyglott character of those days, the common language of which was an odd mixture of Greek, Aramaic, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew; but the member of the Sanhedrin had to be a good linguist. He was not to be dependent on the possibly tinged version of an interpreter. But not only was science, in its widest sense, required in him, but even an acquaintance with its fantastic shadows, such as astrology, magic, and the rest, in order that he, as both lawgiver and judge, should be able to enter also into the popular feeling about these wide-spread "Arts." Proselytes, eunuchs, freedmen, were rigidly excluded from the Assembly. So were those who could not prove themselves the legitimate offspring of priests, Levites, or Israelites. And so, further, were gamblers, betting-men, money-lenders, and dealers in illegal produce. To the provision about the age, viz., that the

senator should be neither too far advanced in age "lest his judgment might be enfeebled," nor too young "lest it might be immature and hasty;" and to the proofs required of his vast theoretical and practical knowledge—for he was only by slow degrees promoted from an obscure judgeship in his native hamlet to the senatorial dignity—there came to be added also that wonderfully fine rule, that he must be a married man and have children of his own. Deep miseries of families would be laid bare before him, and he should bring with him a heart full of sympathy.

Of the practical administration of justice by the Sanhedrin we have yet to speak when we come to the *Corpus Juris* itself. It now behoves us to pause a moment at those "schools and academies" of which we have repeatedly made mention, and of which the Sanhedrin formed, as it were, the crown and the highest consummation.

Eighty years before Christ, schools flourished throughout the length and the breadth of the land;—education had been made compulsory. While there is not a single term for "school" to be found before the Captivity, there were by that time about a dozen in common usage.* Here are a few of the innumerable popular sayings of the period, betokening the paramount importance which public instruction had assumed in the life of the nation: "Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected." "The world is only saved by the breath of the school-children." "Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted." "Study is more meritorious than sacrifice." "A scholar is greater

than a prophet." "You should revere the teacher even more than your father. The latter only brought you into this world, the former indicates the way into the next. But blessed is the son who has learnt from his father: he shall revere him both as his father and his master; and blessed is the father who has instructed his son."

The "High Colleges" or "Kallahs"† only met during some months in the year. Three weeks before the term the Dean prepared the students for the lectures to be delivered by the Rector, and so arduous became the task, as the number of the disciples increased, that in time no less than seven Deans had to be appointed. Yet the mode of teaching was not that of our modern universities. The professors did not deliver lectures, which the disciples, like the Student in "Faust," could "comfortably take home in black and white." Here all was life, movement, debate: question was met by counter-question, answers were given wrapped up in allegories or parables, the inquirer was led to deduce the questionable point for himself by analogy—the nearest approach to the Socratic method. The New Testament furnishes many specimens of this contemporary method of instruction.

The highest rank in the estimation of the people was not reserved for the "Priests," about whose real position some extraordinary notions seem still afloat—nor for the "Nobles"—but for these Masters of the Law, the "Wise," the "Disciples of the Wise." There is something almost German in the profound reverence uniformly shown to these representatives of science and learning, however poor and insignificant in person and rank. Many of the eminent "Doctors" were but humble tradesmen. They were tentmakers, sandalmakers, weavers, carpenters, tanners, bakers, cooks. A newly-elected President was found by his predecessor, who had been ignominiously deposed for his overbearing manner, all grimy in the midst of his charcoal mounds. Of all things the most hated were idleness and asceticism; piety and learning themselves only received their proper estimation when joined to healthy bodily work. "It is

* Some of these terms are Greek, like *ἄλσος*, *ἱλεός*: some, belonging to the pellucid idiom of the people, the Aramaic, poetically indicated at times the special arrangement of the small and big scholars, e. g. "Array," "Vineyard" ("where they sat in rows as stands the blooming vine"): while others are of so uncertain a derivation, that they may belong to either language. The technical term for the highest school, for instance, has long formed a crux for etymologists. It is *Kallah*. This may be either the Hebrew word for "Bride," a well-known allegorical expression for science, "assiduously to be courted, not lightly to be won, and easily estranged;" or it may be the slightly mutilated Greek *σχολή*, or it may literally be our own word *University*, from *Kol*, all, universus: an all-embracing institution of all branches of learning.

† See preceding note.

well to add a trade to your studies; you will then be free from sin"—"The tradesman at his work need not rise before the greatest doctor"—"Greater is he who derives his livelihood from work than he who fears God"—are some of the most common dicta of the period.

The exalted place thus given to work, as on the one hand it prevented an abject worship of learning, so on the other it kept all ascetic eccentricities from the body of the people. And there was always some danger of them at hand. When the temple lay in ashes, men would no longer eat meat or drink wine. A Sage remonstrated with them, but they replied, weeping: "Once the flesh of sacrifices was burnt upon the Altar of God. The Altar is thrown down. Once libations of wine were poured out. They are no more." "But you eat bread; there were bread-offerings." "You are right, Master, we shall eat fruit only." "But the first fruits were offered up." "We shall refrain from them." "But you drink water, and there were libations of water." And they knew not what to reply. Then he comforted them by the assurance that He who had destroyed Jerusalem had promised to rebuild it, and that proper mourning was right and meet, but that it must be of a nature to weaken the body for work.

To be concluded.

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

IV.

ALL this, Fritz, was but the beginning of troubles.

You should have seen the city the next morning, at about eleven o'clock, when the engineering officers had finished inspecting the ramparts, and the tidings suddenly spread that there were needed seventy-two platforms inside the bastions, three bomb-proof forts, for thirty men each, at the right and left of the German gate, ten palankas with battlements forming stronghold intrenchments for forty men, and four blindages upon the great square of the mayoralty, to shelter each a hundred and ten men; and when it was known that the citizens would be obliged to work at all these, to provide themselves with shovels, pick-

axes, and wheelbarrows, and the peasants to bring trees with their own horses!

As for Sorlé, Sâfel, and myself, we did not even know what blindages and palankas were; we asked our neighbor Bailly, an old armorer, what they were for, and he answered with a smile:

"You will find out, neighbor, when you hear the balls roar and the shells hiss. It would take too long to explain. You will see, by and by; never too late to learn."

Think what a figure the people cut! I remember that everybody ran to the square, where our mayor, Baron Parmentier, made a speech. We ran there with all the rest.

Sorlé held me by the arm, and Sâfel by the skirt of my coat.

There, in front of the mayoralty, the whole city, men, women, and children, formed in a semicircle, and listened in the deepest silence, now and then crying all together, "Vive l'Empereur!"

Parmentier, a tall, thin man, in a sky-blue coat, with a cod-fish tail, a white cravat, and the tri-colored sash around his waist, stood on the top of the steps of the guard-house, with the members of the municipal council behind him, under the arch, and shouted out:

"Phalsburgians! The time has come in which to show your devotion to the Empire. A year ago all Europe was with us, now all Europe is against us. We should have everything to fear without the energy and power of the people. He who will not do his duty now will be a traitor to his country! Inhabitants of Phalsburg, show what you are! Remember that your children have perished through the treachery of the allies. Avenge them! Let every one be obedient to the military authority, for the sake of the safety of France," etc.

Only to hear him made one's flesh creep, and I said to myself:

"Now there will not be time for the spirits of wine to get here—that is plain! The allies are on their way!"

Elias the butcher, and Kalmes Levi the ribbon-merchant, were standing near us. Instead of crying "Vive l'Empereur!" with the rest, they said to each other:

"Good! we are not barons, you and

"I! Barons, counts, and dukes have but to defend themselves. Are we to think only of their interests?"

But all the old soldiers, and especially those of the Republic, old Goulden, the clockmaker, Desmarels, the Egyptian—creatures with not a hair left on their heads, nor as much as four teeth to hold their pipes—these creatures fell in with the mayor, and cried out:

"Vive la France! We must defend ourselves to the death!"

I saw several looking askance at Kalmes Levy, and I whispered to him:

"Keep still, Kalmes! For heaven's sake, keep still! They will tear you in pieces!"

It was true. The old men gave him terrible looks; they grew pale, and their cheeks shook.

Then Kalmes stopped talking, and even left the crowd to return home. But Elias stayed till the end of the speech, and, as the whole mass of people were going down the main street, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" he could not help saying to the old clockmaker:

"What! you, Mr. Goulden, a reasonable man, who have never wanted anything of the Emperor, you are now going to take his part, and cry out that we must defend ourselves till death! Is it our business to be soldiers? Have not we furnished enough soldiers to the Empire these last ten years? Have not enough men been killed? Must we give, besides, our own blood to support barons, counts, and dukes?"

But old Goulden did not let him finish, and replied, as if indignant: "Listen, Elias! try to keep still! The thing now to be done is not to know what is right or wrong—it is to save France. I warn you, that if you try to discourage others, it will be bad for you. Believe me—go!"

Already a number of superannuated soldiers were gathered round us, and Elias had only time to retreat by the opposite lane.

From this time public notices, requisitions, forced labors, domiciliary visits for tools and wheelbarrows, came one after another, incessantly. A man was nothing in his own house; the officers of the place assumed authority over everything: only they gave receipts.

All the tools from my storehouse

of iron were on the ramparts. Fortunately I had sold a good many beforehand, for these tickets in place of my wares would have ruined me.

From time to time the mayor made a speech, and the governor, a tall man, covered with pimples, expressed his satisfaction to the citizens; that made up for their money!

When my time came to take the pickaxe and draw the wheelbarrow, I arranged with Carabin, the wood-sawyer, to take my place for thirty sous. Ah, what misery! Such a time will never come again.

While the governor commanded us within the city, the gendarmery were always outside to superintend the peasants. The road to Lutzelburg was but one line of carts, laden with old oaks for building block-houses. These are large sentry-boxes, or turrets, built up of solid trunks of trees, laid crosswise one upon another, and then covered with earth. These are more solid than an arch. Shells and bombs might rain upon them without disturbing anything within, as I saw afterward.

These trees were also used to make lines of enormous palisades, pointed and pierced with holes for firing; these are what they call palaukas.

I seem still to hear the shouts of the peasants, the neighing of the horses, the strokes of the whips, and all the other noises, which never stopped, day or night.

My only consolation was in thinking, "If the spirits of wine come now, they will be well defended; the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians will not drink them here!"

Every morning Sorlé expected to receive the invoice.

One Sabbath day we had the curiosity to go and see the works of the bastions. Everybody was talking about it, and Sâfel kept coming to me, saying: "The work is going on; they are filling the shells in front of the arsenal; they are taking out the cannon; they are mounting them on the ramparts!"

We could not keep the child away. He had nothing to sell now under the market, and it would be too tedious for him to stay at home. He scoured the city, and brought us back the news.

On this day then, having heard that forty-two pieces were ranged in battery,

and that they were continuing the work upon the bastion of the infantry-barracks I told Sorlé to bring her shawl, and we would go and see.

We first went down to the French gate. Hundreds of wheelbarrows were going up the rampart of the bastion, from which could be seen the road to Metz on the right, and the road to Paris on the left.

There, above, crowds of laborers, soldiers and citizens, were heaping up a mass of earth in the form of a triangle, at least twenty-five feet in height, and a hundred in length and breadth.

An engineering officer had discovered with his spy-glass that this bastion was commanded by the hill opposite, and so everybody was set to work to place two pieces on a level with the hill.

It was the same everywhere else. The interiors of these bastions, with their platforms, were shut in all around, for seven feet from the ground, like rooms. Nothing could fall into them except from the sky. In the turf, however, were dug narrow openings, larger without, like funnels; the cannon, raised upon immense carriages, had their mouths drawn out through these apertures; they could be pushed forward and backward, and turned in all directions, by means of great levers, passed in rings over the hind wheels of the carriages.

I had not yet heard the sound of these forty-eight pounders. But the mere sight of them on their platforms gave me a terrible idea of their power. Even Sorlé said: "It is fine, Moses; it is well done!"

She was right, for within the bastions all was in complete order; not a weed remained, and upon the sides were raised great bags filled with earth to protect the artillerymen.

But what lost labor! and to think that every firing of these large pieces costs at least a louis—money spent to kill our fellow-men!

In fine, the people worked at these things with more enthusiasm than if they were gathering in their own harvests. I have often thought that if the French bestowed as much pains, good sense, and courage upon matters of peace, they would be the richest and happiest people in the world. Yes, they would long ago have surpassed the English and Ameri-

cans. But when they have toiled and economized, when they have opened roads everywhere, built magnificent bridges, dug out harbors and canals, and riches come to them from all quarters, suddenly the fury of war possesses them, and in three or four years they ruin themselves with grand armies, with cannon, with powder, with bullets, with men, and become poorer than before. A few soldiers are their masters, and look down upon them. This is all it profits them!

In the midst of all this, news from Mayence, from Strasburg, from Paris, came by the dozens; we could not go into the street without seeing a courier pass. They all stopped before the Bockhold house, near the German gate, where the governor lived. A circle formed around the house, the courier mounted, then the news spread through the city that the allies were concentrated at Frankfort, that our troops guarded the islands of the Rhine; that the conscripts from 1803 to 1814 were recalled; that those of 1815 would form the reserve corps at Metz, at Bordeaux, at Turin; that the deputies were going to assemble; then, that the door had been shut in their faces, etc., etc.

There came also smugglers of all sorts from Graufthal, Pirmasens, and Kaiserslautern; Franz Sépel, the one-armed man, at their head, and others from the villages around, who secretly scattered the proclamations of Francis Joseph and Frederic William, saying "that they did not make war upon France, but upon the Emperor alone, to prevent his further desolation of Europe." They spoke of the abolition of monopolies, and of taxes of all sorts. The people at night did not know what to think.

But one fine morning it was all explained. It was the eighth or ninth of December. I had just risen, and was putting on my breeches, when I heard the rolling of a drum at the corner of the main street.

It was cold, but nevertheless I opened the window and leaned out to hear the announcements. Parmentier opened his paper, young Engelheider kept up his drum-beating, and the people assembled.

Then Parmentier read that the governor of the place warned the citizens to

go to the mayoralty from eight in the morning till six in the evening, without fail, to receive their muskets and cartridge-boxes, and that those who did not come, would be court-martialed.

There was the end at last! Every one who was still able to march was on his way, and the old men must defend the fortifications; soberminded men—citizens—men accustomed to living quietly at home, and attending to their own affairs! now they must mount the ramparts and every day run the risk of losing their lives!

Sorlé looked at me without a word, and indignation made me also speechless. Not till after a quarter of an hour, when I was dressed, did I say:

"Make the soup ready. I am going to the mayoralty to get my musket and cartridge-box."

Then she exclaimed: "Moses, who would have believed that you would have to go and fight at your age? Oh! what misery!"

And I answered: "It is the Lord's will."

Then I started with a sad heart. Little Sâfel followed me.

As I arrived at the corner of the market, Burguet was coming down the mayoralty steps, which swarmed with men; he had his musket on his shoulder, and said with a smile:

"Ah, well, Moses! We are going to turn Maccabees in our old age?"

His cheerfulness encouraged me, and I replied:

"Burguet, how is it they can take rational men, heads of families, and make them destroy themselves? I cannot comprehend it; no, there is no sense in it!"

"Ah," said he, "what would you have? If they can't get thrushes, they must take blackbirds."

I could not smile at his pleasantries, and he said:

"Come, Moses, don't be so disconsolate; this is only a simple formality. We have troops enough for the active service; we shall have only to mount guard. If sorties are to be made, or attacks repulsed, they will not take you; you are not of an age to run, or to give a bayonet stroke! You are all gray and all bald. Don't be troubled!"

"Yes," I said, "that is very true,

Burguet, I am broken-down—more so, perhaps, than you think."

"That is well," said he, "but go and take your musket and cartridge-box."

"And are we not going to stay in the barracks?"

"No, no!" he cried, laughing aloud, "we are going to live quietly at home."

He shook hands with me, and I went under the arch of the mayoralty. The stairway was crowded with people, and we heard names called out.

And there, Fritz, you should have seen the looks of the Robinots, the Gourdiers, the Mariners, that mass of tilers, knife-grinders, house-painters, people who, every day, in ordinary times, would take off their caps to you to get a little work—you should have seen them straighten themselves up, look at you pityingly over the shoulder, blow in their cheeks, and call out:

"Ah, Moses, is it thou? Thou will make a comical soldier. He! he! he! They will cut thy moustaches according to regulation!"

And such-like nonsense.

Yes, everything was changed; these former bullies had been named in advance sergeants, sergeant-majors, corporals, and the rest of us were nothing at all. War upsets everything; the first become last, and the last first. It is not good sense but discipline which carries the day. The man who scrubbed your floor yesterday, because he was too stupid to gain a living in any other way, becomes your sergeant, and if he tells you that white is black, you must let it be so.

At last, after waiting an hour, some one called out, "Moses!" and I went up.

The great hall above was full of people. They all exclaimed:

"Moses! Wilt thou come, Moses? Ah, see him! He is the old guard! Look now, how he is built! Thou shalt be ensign, Moses! Thou shalt lead us on to victory!"

And the fools laughed, hitting each others' elbows. I passed on, without answering or even looking at them.

In the room at the farther end, where the names were drawn at conscriptions, Governor Moulin, Commander Petitgenet, the mayor, Frichard, secretary of the mayoralty, Rollin, captain of apparel, and six or seven other superannu-

ated men, crippled with rheumatism, brought together from all parts of the world, were met in council, some sitting, the rest standing.

These old ones began to laugh as they saw me come in. I heard them say to one another: "He is strong yet! Yes, he is all right."

So they talked, one after another. I thought to myself: "Say what you like, you will not make me think that you are twenty years old, or that you are handsome."

But I kept silence.

Suddenly the governor, who was talking with the mayor in a corner, turned around, with his great chapeau awry, and looking at me, said:

"What do you intend to do with such a patriarch? You see very well that he can hardly stand."

I was pleased, in spite of it all, and began to cough.

"Good, good!" said he, "you may go home; take care of your cold!"

I had taken four steps toward the door, when Frichard, the secretary of the mayoralty, called out:

"It is Moses! The Jew Moses, Colonel, who has sent his two boys off to America! The oldest should be in the service."

This wretch of a Frichard had a grudge against me, because we had the same business of selling old clothes under the market, and the country people almost always preferred buying of me; he had a mortal grudge against me, and that is why he began to inform against me.

The governor exclaimed at once: "Stop a minute! Ah ha, old fox! You send your boys to America to escape conscription! Very well! Give him his musket, cartridge-box, and sabre."

Indignation against Frichard choked me. I would have spoken, but the wretch laughed and kept on writing at the desk; so I followed the gendarme Werner to the side hall, which was filled with muskets, sabres, and cartridge-boxes.

Werner himself hung a cartridge-box and a sabre crosswise on my back, and gave me a musket, saying:

"Go, Moses, and try always to answer to the call."

I went down through the crowd so indignant that I heard no longer the shouts of laughter from the rabble.

On reaching home I told Sorlé what had happened. She was very pale as she listened. After a moment, she said: "This Frichard is the enemy of our race; he is an enemy of Israel. I know it; he detests us! But just now, Moses, do not say a word; do not let him see that you are angry; it would please him too much. By and by you can have your revenge! You will have a chance. And if not yourself, your children, your grandchildren; they will all know what this wretch has done to their grandfather—they will know it!"

She clenched her hand, and little Sâfel listened.

This was all the comfort she could give me. I thought as she did, but I was so angry that I would have given half my fortune to ruin the wretch. All that day, and in the night, too, I exclaimed more than twenty times:

"Ah, the robber!—I was going—they had said to me, 'You may go!'—He is the cause of all my misery!"

You cannot imagine, Fritz, how I have always hated that man. Never have my wife and I forgotten the harm he did us—never shall my children forget it.

V.

The next day we must answer to the call before the mayoralty. All the children in town surrounded us and whistled. Fortunately, the blindages of the Place d'Armes were not finished, so that we went to learn our exercises in the great court of the college, near the race-course at the corner of the powder-house. As the pupils had been dismissed for some time, the place was at liberty.

Imagine to yourself this large court filled with citizens in bonnets, coats, cloaks, vests, and breeches, obliged to obey the orders of their former tinkers, chimney-sweeps, stable-boys, turned into corporals, sergeants, and sergeant-majors. Imagine these peaceable men, in fours, in sixes, in tens, stretching out their legs in concert, and marching to the step, "One—two! One—two! Halt! Steady!" while others, marching backward, frowning, called out insolently: "Moses, keep in thy shoulders!" "Moses, bring thy nose into the ranks!" "Attention, Moses! Carry, arms! Ah, old shoe, thou'lt never be good for anything! Can any one be

so stupid at his age? Look—just look! Thunder! Canst thou not do that? One—*two*! What an old blockhead! Come, begin again! Carry, arms!”

This is the way my own cobbler, Monborne, ordered me about. I believe he would have beaten me if it had not been for Captain Vigneron.

All the rest treated their old patrons in the same way. You would have said that it had always been so—that they had always been sergeants and we had always been soldiers. I heaped up gall enough against this rabble to last fifty years.

They in fine were the masters! And the only time that I remember ever to have struck my own son, Sâfel, this Monborne was the cause of it. All the children climbed upon the wall of the race-course to look at us and laugh at us. On looking up, I saw Sâfel among them, and made a sign of indignation with my finger. He went down at once; but at the close of the exercise, when we were ordered to break ranks before the town-house, I was seized with anger as I saw him coming toward me, and I gave him two good boxes on the ear, and said: “Go—hiss and mock at your father, like Shem, instead of bringing a garment to cover his nakedness—go!”

He wept bitterly, and in this state I went home. Sorlé seeing me come in looking very pale, and the little one following me at a distance, sobbing, came down at once to the door and asked what was the matter. I told her how angry I was, and went up-stairs.

Sorlé reproved Sâfel still more severely, and he came and begged my pardon. I granted it with all my heart, as you may suppose. But when I thought that the exercises were to be repeated every day, I would gladly have abandoned everything if I could possibly have taken with me my house and wares.

Yes, the worst thing I know of is to be ordered about by bullies who cannot restrain themselves when chance sets them up for a moment, and who are not capable of receiving the idea that in this life everybody has his turn.

I should say too much if I continued on this head. I would rather go on.

The Lord granted me a great consolation. I had scarcely laid aside my cart-

ridge-box and musket, so as to sit at the table, when Sorlé smilingly handed me a letter.

“Read that, Moses,” said she, “and you will feel better.”

I opened and read it. It was the notice from Pézenas that my dozen pipes of spirits were on their way. I drew a long breath.

“Ah! that is good, now!” I exclaimed; “the spirits are coming by the ordinary conveyance; they will be here in three weeks. We hear nothing from the direction of Strasburg and Sarrebruck; the allies are collecting still, but they do not move; my spirits of wine are safe! They will sell well! It is a grand thing!”

I smiled, and was quite myself again, when Sorlé pushed the arm-chair toward me, saying: “And what do you think of *that*, Moses?”

She gave me, as she spoke, a second letter, covered with large stamps, and at the first glance I recognized the handwriting of my two sons, Frômel and Itzig.

It was a letter from America! My heart swelled with joy, and I silently thanked the Lord, deeply moved by this great blessing. I said: “The Lord is good. His understanding is infinite. He delighteth not in the strength of a horse; he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. He taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy.”

Thus I spoke to myself while I read the letter, in which my sons praised America, the true land of commerce, the land of enterprising men, where everything is free, where there are no taxes or impositions, because people are not brought up for war, but for peace; the land, Fritz, where every man becomes, through his own labor, his intelligence, his economy, and his good intentions, what he deserves to be, and every one takes his proper place, because no important matter is decided without the consent of all;—a just and sensible thing, for where all contribute, all should give their opinions.

This was one of their first letters. Frômel and Itzig wrote me that they had made so much money in a year, that they need no longer carry their own packs, but had three fine mules, and that they had just opened at Catskill, near

Albany, in the State of New York, an establishment for the exchange of European fabrics with cowhides, which were very abundant in that region.

Their business was prospering, and they were respected in the town and its vicinity. While Frômel was traveling on the road with their three mules, Itzig staid at home, and when Itzig went in his turn his brother had charge of the shop.

They already knew of our misfortunes, and thanked the Lord for having given them such parents, to save them from destruction. They would have liked to have us with them, and after what had just happened, in being maltreated by a Monborne, you can believe that I should have been very glad to be there. But it was enough to receive such good news, and in spite of all our misfortunes, I said to myself, as I thought of Frichard: "But it is only to me that you can be an ass! You may harm me here, but you can't hurt my boys. You are nothing but a miserable secretary of mayoralty, while I am going to sell my spirits of wine. I shall gain double and treble. I will put my little Sâfel at your side, under the market, and he will beckon to everybody that is going into your shop; and he will sell to them at cost-price rather than lose their custom, and he will make you die of anger."

The tears came into my eyes as I thought of it, and I ended by embracing Sorlé, who smiled, full of satisfaction.

We pardoned Sâfel over again, and he promised to go no more with the evil race. Then, after dinner, I went down to my cellar, one of the finest in the city, twelve feet high and thirty-five feet long, all built of hewn stone, under the main street. It was as dry as an oven, and even improved wine in the long run.

As my spirits of wine might arrive before the end of the month, I arranged four large beams to hold the pipes, and saw that the pits, cut in the rock, had all the water needful for mixing it.

On going up about four o'clock, I perceived the old architect, Krômer, who was walking across the market, his measuring-stick under his arm.

"Ah!" said I, "come down a minute into my cellar; do you think it will be safe against the bombs?"

We went down together. He examined it, measured the stones and the thickness of the arch with his stick, and said: "You have six feet of earth over the key-stone. When the bombs enter here, Moses, it will be all over with all of us. You may sleep with both ears shut."

We took a good drink of wine from the spout, and went up in good spirits.

Just as we set foot on the pavement, a door in the main-street opened with a crash, and there was a sound of glass broken. Krômer raised his nose, and said: "Look yonder, Moses, at Camus' steps! Something is going on."

We stopped and saw at the top of the double staircase a sergeant of veterans, in a gray coat, with his musket in his belt, dragging Father Camus by the collar. The poor old man clung to the door with both hands so as not to come down; he succeeded in getting loose, by tearing the collar from his coat, and the door shut with a noise like thunder.

"If war begins now between citizens and soldiers," said Krômer, "the Germans and Russians will have fine sport."

The sergeant, seeing the door shut and bolted within, tried to force it open with blows from the butt-end of his musket, which caused a great uproar; the neighbors came out, and the dogs barked. We were watching it all, when we saw Burguet come along the passage in front, and begin to talk vehemently with the sergeant. At first the man did not seem to hear him, but after a moment he raised his musket to his shoulder with a rough movement, and went down to the street, with his shoulders up and his face dark and furious. He passed by us like a wild boar. He was a veteran, with three chevrons, sunburnt, with a gray moustache, large straight wrinkles the whole length of his cheeks, and a square chin. He muttered as he passed us, and went into the little inn of the Three Pigeons.

Burguet followed at a distance, with his large chapeau over his eyebrows, wrapped up in his beaver-cloth great coat, his head thrown back, and his hands in his pockets. He smiled.

"Well," said I, "what has been going on at Camus'?"

"Oh!" said he, "it is Sergeant Trubert,

of the fifth company of veterans, who has just been playing his tricks. The old fellow wants everything to go by rule and measure. In the last fifteen days he has had five different lodgings, and cannot get along with anybody. Everybody complains of him, but he always makes excuses which the governor and commander think excellent."

"And at Camus' house?"

"Camus has not two much room for his own family. He wished to send the sergeant to the inn; but the sergeant had already chosen Camus' bed to sleep in, had spread his cloak upon it, and said, 'My billet is for this place. I am very comfortable here, and do not wish to change.' Old Camus was vexed, and finally, as you have just seen, the sergeant tried to pull him out, and beat him."

Burguet smiled, but Krômer said: "Yes, all that is laughable. And yet when we think of what such people must have done on the other side of the Rhine!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Burguet, "it was not very pleasant for the Germans. I am sure. But it is time to go and read the newspaper. God grant that the time for paying our old debts may not have come! Good evening, gentlemen."

He continued his walk on the side of the square. Krômer went toward his own house, while I shut the two doors of my cellar; after which I went home.

This was the tenth of December. It was already very cold. Every night, after five or six o'clock, the roofs and pavements were covered with frost. There was no more noise without, because people kept at home, around their stoves.

I found Sorlé in the kitchen, preparing our supper. The red flame flickered upon the hearth around the sauce-pan. These things are now before my eyes, Fritz—the mother, washing the plates at the stone sink, near the gray window; little Sâfel blowing in his big iron pipe, his cheeks round as an apple, his long curly hair all disordered, and myself sitting on the stool, holding a coal to light my pipe. Yes, it all seems here present!

We said nothing. We were happy in thinking of the spirits of wine that were coming, of the boys who were doing so

well, of the good supper that was cooking. And who would ever have thought, at such a time, that twenty-five days afterward the city would be surrounded by enemies, and shells hissing in the air?

(To be Continued.)

From Bentley's Miscellany.

STRANGE THINGS AMONG US.*

FOR one person that believes, and for two that speak with reserve upon the question of belief in ghosts, there are ten that treat so serious a matter with ridicule, scorn, or contempt. This is not philosophical; but we are not all philosophers, and the world must be taken as it is. A clever French writer—M. Kardec—puts this oft-debated question upon an at once intelligible and fair basis. Concluding that he who believes in God believes in his own soul, and, further, that that soul exists after death, the next question to solve is, can the disembodied spirit communicate with flesh? Why not? says M. Kardec. What is man but an imprisoned soul? Shall not the free spirit talk with the captive, as a free man with a prisoner? Since it is admitted that the soul survives, is it rational to conclude that the affections die? Since the souls are everywhere, is it not natural that the soul that loved us should desire to be near? Since, in life, it directed its own corporal movements, can it not in harmony with another soul, still united with the body, borrow from this living frame the power to render its thoughts intelligible?

The views here expounded will remind the reader of the "Physical Theory of Another Life," by Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and a writer well known for his remarkable powers of thought, united to great earnestness in the cause of evangelical religion. Mr. Taylor's views admit alike both the power and freedom of action of spiritual existences upon physical principles elaborately evolved, but he does not go so far as to expound the power of language being given to spirits. As to the permanence of the affections in heaven, that is admitted

* *Strange Things Among Us.* By H. Spicer author of "Old Styles's." Chapman & Hall.

by the generality of divines as deducible from the evidences of Holy Writ. That the free spirit should be among us, or have the power to visit us, must depend upon a very largely accumulated testimony. Mr. Taylor's theory is in favor of such intercommunication; it is, indeed, more easy to admit the fact than to contradict it. Lastly, that such a disembodied spirit may, when in harmony with another soul still united with the body—that is to say, when a person is in such a condition as is essential to communication with the spirits of the other world—borrow from this living frame the power to render its thoughts intelligible, is not so comprehensible as if it were said that it should, by such a harmony, place the embodied soul in those relations to the disembodied soul, which will enable it to establish a communication between the two—the impression being that that communication is established through the medium of the vocal organs and in the ordinary language of the spiritual and corporeal parties concerned. The necessity for such conditions is the probable reason for the rarity of the phenomenon, and it is a wise arrangement of Providence that it should be so, for the daily affairs of life would be sadly interfered with if exposed to so serious a mental disarrangement as the interference of spiritual existences. Such phenomena are apparently only permissible, or the power is only availed of, when some object is to be gained; such as decorous burial, the manifestation of affection, the correction of error, falsehood, or dishonesty, the punishment of crime, or for some other wise purpose.

M. Kardec, admitting the facts as above, places his opponents upon the horns of this dilemma: That, the being which thinks within us during life cannot think after death. That, if it does, it thinks no more of those it loved. That, if it thinks of them, it does not desire communication. That, though it be everywhere, it cannot be beside us. That, if it be beside us, it cannot communicate its presence. That, owing to its fluid form, it cannot act upon inert substances. That, if it can act upon inert substances, it cannot act upon an intelligible being.

The *modus operandi* of spiritual beings in their communications with em-

bodied spirits has never yet been satisfactorily explained. This is in great part owing to the connection never having been as yet philosophically studied. Such communications have hitherto generally occurred among those who were unprepared, taken by surprise, alarmed, or even disbelievers. Were persons thoroughly imbued with the idea of the possible communication between spiritual and bodily existences, they would feel no more dismay at the extraordinary incident than they would at any other daily occurrence of life. They would then study the mode and manner in which that communication is established, and great additional light would gradually be thrown upon the most mysterious phenomena in nature.

In the mean time, the adversaries of "spiritualism" tell the believers that it rests with them to prove the reality of the manifestations. They do so both by fact and argument. If, after this, they will admit neither the one nor the other—if they deny what other eyes have beheld, because they themselves have not seen it—it is for them to prove that all accumulated evidence is false, that all reasoning on the subject is illogical, and that the facts adduced are impossible. Those who are prepared to do so are likewise prepared to lay down limits to natural or physical agencies, as well as to the power or sufferance of the Creator.

Mr. Spicer has been sneered at—the inevitable mode of argument adopted in discussing this mysterious topic—for the work now before us; and his introduction of discussions upon many of what have been considered by some as modern or renovated modes of manifestation of spirits, as table-turning, spirit-rapping, spirit-writing, and media of all kinds and descriptions, may, to superficial readers, justify, to a certain extent, such a mode of treatment; but the fact is that Mr. Spicer treats the whole subject in a perfectly philosophical spirit: he is neither dogmatical for, or wilfully opposed to, any possible explanation or incidents; he carefully distinguishes the hallucinations of a diseased brain, the morbid quickening of the senses, the effects of impulse and impression, and the cases that defy analysis, from the better-attested cases of intercommunication with the spirits of the departing

or of the departed; and with regard to other less reputable phenomena, he contents himself with pointing out the insufficiency of the modes of explanation hitherto suggested, whilst he neither defends by open argument nor by implication the scenes of folly and profanity to which the practices of so-called "modern spiritualism," which has little or no reference to true "spiritualism," have given rise.

His chief labor has been to accumulate instances, selecting those that are best attested. We will refer at first to examples of intercommunication with departing spirits, of which several remarkable instances are given:

Although (says our author) our ghost-seers, as a rule, are, as has been noted, persons of sensitive and impressionable nature—we have apparent instances to the contrary—and, among the rest, a noticeable one in the person of the gallant Colonel M—, who perished, with a party of his men, in the lamentable burning of a transport, on her way to the Crimea.

M— (with whom the writer was well acquainted) was a man of the coolest nerve, of the most imperturbable self-possession. It was his habit to sit up reading in the chamber of his invalid wife, after the latter had retired to bed.

One night, Mrs. M— having fallen asleep, the door opened, and her maid, Lucy, who had been sent home ill, to the charge of her friends, a few days before, entered the room. Perfectly conscious, as he declared, from the first, that the object he beheld was no longer of this world, the steady soldier fixed his eyes on the apparition, careful only to catch its every movement, and impress the unexpected scene with accuracy on his memory. The figure moved slowly to the side of the bed—gazed with a sad and wistful expression on the sleeper's face—and then, as though reluctantly, died away into the gloom. Colonel M— then awoke his wife, and related what had occurred. Together they noted the precise moment of the vision. It proved to be that at which the poor girl had breathed her last, murmuring her mistress's name.

Here is another, in which the object of the visitation is more manifest:

Having laid it down, hereinbefore, as a wholesome rule, not to lay too much stress upon the well-strung nervous system of our heroes and heroines, it shall be simply stated, on authority of many years' acquaintance, that Mrs. D— possessed a serene, cheerful temper, and a peculiarly calm and steadfast mind.

When, five years since, this lady became a widow, it pleased the brother of her husband to dispute the dispositions of the latter's will—a proceeding the more annoying as the provision made for the widow was already extremely moderate. Ultimately, an appeal was made to chancery. The suit lasted three years, and caused Mrs. D— the utmost vexation and anxiety; when, at length, the law, finding those claims indisputable which should never have been disputed, decided in her favor.

Some short time after this, Mrs. D— was residing in L— Place, Brighton. A friend, Miss F—, usually shared her bedroom. Both were lying awake one morning, about eight o'clock, when Mrs. D—, with some surprise, saw her friend rise up suddenly in bed, clasp her hands, and sink back on the pillow, apparently in a profound sleep. Strange as seemed the movement, it was so evident to Mrs. D— that her friend was really in a tranquil slumber, that she made no effort to disturb her.

A minute had scarcely elapsed, when the door quietly opened, and there seemed to enter a figure which she was convinced was supernatural. She describes her feelings with careful minuteness. Her impressions, as she afterward remembered them, had not the slightest admixture of fear. She was conscious of a reverential awe, such as might well possess the witness of a revelation so far removed from the accepted laws of nature—united with a feeling of intense curiosity as to the object of the apparition.

Gliding through the subdued light, the figure had all the appearance, gait, and manner of her deceased husband; until, passing through the room, and sinking down into an arm-chair that stood nearly opposite her bed, turned slightly aside, the figure presented its profile, and Mrs. D— instantly recognized her connection, and late opponent, Mr. W. D—, at that time residing in the north. No sooner had the mysterious visitor sat down, than he raised his hands clasped, as if in passionate entreaty—but, though the spectral lips appeared to move as in harmony with the gesture, no sound was audible. Three times the hands were lifted in the same earnest manner; then the figure rose, and retired as slowly as it came.

Some nervous reaction followed its disappearance, for Mrs. D—'s maid, appearing a minute or two later, found her mistress trembling violently, and much agitated. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her self-possession, and calmly related what she had witnessed, both to Miss F— and the maid; the former being unable to recall anything unusual, and only knowing that she had fallen asleep again, contrary to her own intention.

The succeeding day was cold and stormy,

and neither of the friends quitted the house. In the evening some neighbors called. As they were taking leave, one of the party suddenly inquired:

"By-the-by, have you had any recent news from the north? A rumor has reached us, I hardly know how, that Mr. W. D—— is dangerously ill—some say dying, even—but it is only report—dead."

"He is dead," said Mrs. D——, quietly. "He died this morning at eight o'clock."

"You have a telegram?"

"You shall hear."

And Mrs. D—— related her story to her wondering friends.

As quickly as news could reach Brighton, she received intimation of Mr. D——'s death, at the hour of the vision.

A singular and suggestive statement is, that the scene witnessed by Mrs. D—— at Brighton, was being enacted in the death-chamber of Mr. W. D——, hundreds of miles distant. His mind wandered somewhat, as the end drew near, but perpetually returned to the subject of the unhappy litigation. Mistaking his sister for Mrs. D——, he addressed to her the most fervent entreaties for pardon, avowing his bitter regret, condemning his own injustice and covetousness, and declaring that he could not die in peace, without her forgiveness. Three times the dying man had raised his hands in the manner she had noticed, and so expired.

The possibility of spiritual appearances being conceded upon the testimony of a vast body of well-attested facts accumulating from the earliest periods at which records are extant, as well from the logical deductions derived from spiritual existence of any kind, it is open to us to admit that while we can understand such spiritual existences becoming visible and manifest to us under certain circumstances, we cannot at the same time so readily admit the spiritual existence of clothes and garments, or, in other words, of things that never had life in them. This part of the phenomena in question is utterly beyond our comprehension. We give, however, a story curiously illustrative of the point in question as differing from what is usually presented in instances of the kind, with the author's remarks upon the bearing of these differences. No little additional interest is imparted to this incident from the parties, although only alluded to by initials, being very generally known—personally so to the reviewer:

One morning, some years since, the lady of a distinguished London physician was in

bed, at her house in P—— Street. It was daylight, and she was broad awake. The door opened, but Lady C——, concluding it was her maid entering, did not raise her head, until a remarkable-looking figure, passing between her bed and the window, walked up to the fireplace, when, reflected in the mirror which hung above, Lady C—— recognized the features of her step-son, Dr. J. C——, then attached to a foreign embassy. He wore a long night-dress, and carried something on his arm.

"Good heavens! Is that *you*, J——, and in that dress?" cried Lady C——, in her first surprise.

The figure turned slowly round, and she then became aware that the object he carried was a dead child; the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship, which Lady C—— had presented to Mrs. J. C—— on the eve of her departure.

As she gazed, the outlines of the figures became indistinct, invisible; vanishing in the gray light, or blending with the familiar objects in the room.

Lady C—— neither fainted nor shrieked, nor even rang the bell. She lay back and thought the matter over, resolving to mention it to no one until the return of her husband, then absent in attendance on an illustrious household. His experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon. As for its being a dream, it may be taken as an accepted fact that, though nobody is conscious of the act of going to sleep, everybody knows by the sudden change of scenery, by the snapping of the chain of thought, etc., etc., when he has been sleeping.

Very shortly after, Sir J—— returned home. On hearing the story, he immediately looked at the tongue that related such wonders, and likewise felt his lady's pulse. Both organs perfect. Of her nerves he had seen proof. Touching veracity, she was truth itself. All his skill could devise nothing better than a recommendation to patience, and to see what came of it. In the mean time, the day and hour were noted down, and the next advices from T—— awaited with more than usual interest.

At length they came. Dr. J. C—— informed his father that their child, an only one, had died on such a day (that of the apparition), and that his wife, anxious that it should be laid to rest in the land of its birth, had begged that it might be forwarded by the next homeward ship. In due course it arrived, embalmed, but enclosed in a coffin so much larger than was required for the tiny occupant, that the intervening space had to be filled up with clothes, etc., while the Indian scarf had been wound, in many folds, around the child's body.

In faithfully quoting incidents of this nature, not usually provocative of merriment, the mention of some absurd feature—such as the appearance of Dr. J. C—— in a costume which was certainly not that in which he walked abroad, has often tended to discourage serious discussion, and that close pursuit of slight clues which might ultimately reveal the positive action of some fixed law. It would, for example, be interesting, and pertinent to the inquiry, to learn by minute comparison, whether, at the precise instant of the vision, the details of appearance, costume, manner, occupation, etc., were perfectly identical. In the majority of reliable cases, the spectrum is presented under the guise most familiar to the seer—the inference being that the latter's brain had by far the larger share in the production of the image. But in the instance last adduced, this rule did not prevail; the external aspect was *not* familiar. A figure in a night-dress, bearing a poor dead child, might indeed have moved about the house at T——, and no doubt did so, but by something more than imagination and the work of familiar ideas, must Lady C——'s mind have possessed itself of that unlikely image.

It is as though the mind were permitted to project itself for an instant into the actual scene to which it points, and to come back, enriched with direct and true intelligence, yet ignorant of the process by which it had been obtained; a sort of reflex action, in fact somewhat resembling that described by Sir Charles Bell and others, as existing in the corporal frame, in relation to the independent action of the sensational and motor nerves.

The following is one of that class of ghost-stories which are the least encumbered with incredible or impossible accessories, and it derives additional importance from being narrated by a clear-headed man, a sceptic and a disbeliever. It is, in fact, no doubt owing to the very circumstances of the hard philosophic turn of the attestor's mind that we have the details less encumbered with those absurdities which are often added under the influence of terror, or of an excited imagination:

It appears that, the conversation having taken a psychological turn, the elder gentleman had been plainly asked whether or no he believed that spirits could appear. Instead of replying, as had been confidently expected, with a couple of negative monosyllables and a little sarcasm, he made some hesitating answer, and, moreover, betrayed such unwonted agitation, that the questioner hastened to change the subject. He was, however, stopped.

"Nephew," said the old gentleman, earnestly, "you have touched upon a theme very painful to me—more so than you can well understand: still, I am not altogether unwilling to converse upon it; and perhaps the doing so may somewhat lessen the melancholy impression I have conceived from a circumstance that lately befell me. Yes, I will tell it you; but do not interrupt me with either doubts, suggestions, or queries. All this I have already done for myself.

"You know, well enough, that I am not a man given to fancies. I have a dull habit of regarding things as they *are*, not as they may possibly be. I ignore probabilities, and hate hypotheses. The facts of the world I have found numerous enough to deal with, let alone contingencies. I make this confession, not for the sake of argument, but simply to enable you the better to appreciate what I am going to tell.

"You have been long aware of the estrangement between my brother George and myself. It matters not for the cause. Blame, I am afraid, attached to both of us. It will be sufficient to remind you that we parted, ten years ago, in anger; and that, up to the time of his death, last year, we neither saw each other, nor held intercourse of any kind.

"One night, last December, I had gone to bed, as usual, about eleven o'clock, and had, I imagine, fallen asleep at once; for I remembered nothing after getting into bed, till I was awakened by something that seemed to be lying across my feet at the bottom of the bed. Supposing that it was Brush, my dog, who did sometimes gain surreptitious entrance into my room at night, I called to him, and bade him get down.

"As my speaking produced no effect, I sat up to see what it was that had disturbed me. I do not know if you will understand what I mean by seeing in the dark. Let me explain.

"If you go into a totally dark room, where there happens to be a pure white object, you will, after a time, know in what part of the room it is; and, if you are patient, you will soon be able to distinguish it from the other articles. Again, if you are in the dark, and an object of light color is near you, however minute, it will in a few moments become visible. You yourself are in darkness, yet you see. The object of your vision sheds no light on other bodies, however near. It is merely self-illuminating. So it was with me. I could not see the posts of my bed, nor the window, nor my own hand, and yet I saw that a man was lying across my feet, with his face turned toward me!

"I have more than once asked myself how it was I did not conclude him to be a robber. No such idea crossed my mind. I was not alarmed. Still, I made no effort to move, or question the intruder; and it was assuredly

from no superstitious feeling, for the thought of anything preternatural never occurred to me until the figure raised itself up on one arm, and showed me distinctly the countenance of my brother George. *Then*, I own, I felt awe-stricken—as in the presence of something beyond our comprehension. I knew that the spirit of the dead was before me.

"I had not, as I have said, seen George for ten years. The once familiar face was again before my eyes, showing just the change that period must have made. The faint halo which seemed to encircle the figure made perfectly visible the lines on his face, and the hair streaked with gray. I saw him gaze earnestly on me, and noticed his lips move, as though he strove to speak. At the moment I fell back on my pillow, and darkness shut him from my sight.

"After lying a minute or two to collect myself, I rose, noted the hour, and, for greater certainty, knocked at my servant's door and inquired the time. I did so for the sake of securing additional evidence that I had not been in a dream.

"The precaution was scarcely necessary. I awoke, next morning, with a clear remembrance of all that had transpired; and my first act was to write to my brother, asking him if anything had occurred to him, and (filled, too late, with the love I had before felt for him) asked him to forgive my part in our quarrel, and come and see me.

"Alas! he was past earthly reconciliation. He had, indeed, expired on the night his spirit visited me. And, nephew, at ten minutes before the time I had noted down, George had lifted himself faintly from the pillow, and, supporting his head on his hand, asked for his 'dear brother John.'"

It may be as well to add that Mr. "Hare" (the name by which the friend who supplied this incident desires to be known) furnished the most sufficing verifications of the fact related.

Our notice of Mr. Spicer's work would be very incomplete without an instance of intercommunication with departed as well as with departing spirits:

We arrive now at one of those inexplicable occurrences which, examined to their source, afford us no alternative but to believe either that gentlemen of high character and honourable position have united in the invention and dissemination of a gross falsehood, or that something that may fairly be called preternatural has really and truly been presented to our generation.

For several years past, singular rumors have got abroad, from time to time, relative to an old family-seat near F——, Somersetshire, which, however, despite its reputation, has never, up to the present moment, been without occupants. The circumstance most

frequently associated with the rumors aforesaid, was that, on almost every night, at twelve o'clock, something that was invisible entered a certain corridor at one end, and passed out at the other. It mattered not to the mysterious intruder *who* might be witnesses of the midnight progress. Almost as regularly as night succeeded day, the strange sound recurred, and was precisely that which would have been occasioned by a lady, wearing the high-heeled shoes of a former period, and a full silk dress, sweeping through the corridor. Nothing was ever *seen*—and the impression produced by hearing the approach, the passing, and withdrawal of the visitor with perfect distinctness, while the companion-sense was shut, was described as most extraordinary.

It was but a day or two since, that the brother of the writer chanced to meet at dinner one of the more recent ear-witnesses of this certainly most remarkable phenomenon, and, with the sanction of the latter, the adventure shall be given nearly in his own words.

"I was visiting, about two years ago, at a friend's house, a few miles from F——, when my attention was attracted, one day at dinner, to a conversation that was going on, having reference to the haunted character of B—— House, near F——. The subject seemed to interest the speakers so much, that I begged to be informed of the details, and learned that a particular corridor of the mansion in question was, every night, at twelve o'clock, the scene of an occurrence that had hitherto defied all explanation. One of the party had himself been a visitor at B—— House, and being sceptical and devoid of fear, requested permission to keep vigil in the haunted gallery. He did so, witnessed the phenomenon, and 'nothing on earth,' he frankly owned, 'would induce me to repeat the experiment.' He then recounted to me certain circumstances, which agreed so nearly with what I myself subsequently witnessed, that it will be better to narrate them from the direct evidence of my own astonished senses.

"My curiosity being greatly increased by the manifest belief accorded by those present to this gentleman's story, I obtained an introduction to the family of B—— House, and received from them a ready permission to pass a night, or more, if necessary, in the haunted corridor. I was at full liberty, moreover, to select any companion I chose, for the adventure, and I accordingly invited an old friend, Mr. W. K——, who happened to be shooting in the neighborhood, to accompany me.

"K——, like myself, was disposed to incredulity in such matters; he had never seen anything of the sort before, and was positively assured either that nothing unusual would

occur on the night when two such sentries were on duty, or that we should have no great difficulty in tracing the phenomenon to a fleshly source.

"The family at B—— happened at this period to be from home, but authority having been given us to make any arrangements we pleased, K—— and I proceeded to the mansion, intending, at all events, to devote two nights to the experiment. It will be seen that *this* part of the plan was not strictly carried out!

"We dined early, at five o'clock, and in order to make certain of the clearness of our heads, drank nothing but a little table-beer. We had then six hours before us; but, resolved to lose no chance, we took up our position at once in the haunted corridor. It was of considerable length, with a door at each extremity, and one or two at the side. My friend K—— is a good piquet player, and as our watch was to be a prolonged one, and it was extremely desirable to keep ourselves well on the alert, it was agreed to take some cards with us.

"Combining business with pleasure, we placed our card-table so as completely to barricade the passage; our two chairs exactly filling up the space that remained, so that it would be impossible for any mortal creature to press through without disturbing us. In addition to this, we placed two lighted candles on the ground near the wall, at two or three feet from the table, on the side from which the mysterious footsteps always came. Finally, we placed two revolvers and two life-preservers on the table.

"These precautions taken, we commenced our game, and played with varying success till about eleven o'clock. At that time, growing a little tired of piquet, we changed the game to *écarté*, and played until the house-clock sounded midnight. Mechanically we dropped our cards, and looked along the dim corridor. No sounds, however, followed, and after pausing a minute or two, we resumed the game, which chanced to be near its conclusion.

"*"I say, it's nonsense sitting up,"* yawned K——; *"this thing never comes, you know, after twelve. What do you say? After this game?"*

"I looked at my watch, which I had taken the precaution to set by the church clock, as we entered the village. By this it appeared that the house-clock was fast. It wanted yet three minutes of the hour. Pointing out the mistake to K——, I proposed that we should, by all means, wait another ten minutes.

"The words were not fairly out of my mouth, when the door at the end seemed to open and reclose. This time the cards literally dropped from our hands, for, though nothing could be seen, the conviction was growing, on both our minds, that *something* had

entered. We were soon more fully convinced of it. The silence was broken by a tapping sound, such as would be caused by a light person, wearing high-heeled shoes, quietly coming toward us up the gallery, each step, as it approached, sounding more distinct than the last—exactly, in fact, as would be the case under ordinary circumstances. It was a firm and regular tread—light, yet determined—and it was accompanied by a sound between a sweep, a rustle, and a whistle, not comparable to anything but the brushing of a stiff silken dress against the wall.

"How K—— and I looked as the sounds advanced as it were to storm us, I will not pretend to say. I confess I was, for the moment, petrified with amazement, and neither of us, I believe, moved hand or foot. On—on—on—came the tap and rustle; they reached the lighted candles on the floor, passed them, not even disturbing the flame, then the tapping ceased, but the invisible silken robe seemed to brush the wall on both sides, on a level with our heads; then the tapping recommenced on the *other* side the table, and so, receding, made its exit at the other door!!

"As for making any use of our revolvers or life-preservers, the idea never once occurred to either of us. There was not even a shadow at which to strike; it was sound alone.

"I feel that any attempt to explain this strange phenomenon at once to my own satisfaction and that of others, would be perfectly futile. I must of necessity content myself with simply narrating the fact as it occurred, and as it had been, and probably may yet be, witnessed by many others, as little predisposed as my friend K—— and I to be made the dupe of any human artifice.

"I may mention that, on one occasion, it chanced that a nurse in the family had to pass through the corridor about the hour of twelve, carrying, or rather leading, a little girl *who was deaf and dumb*. As the sounds passed, the child appeared to shrink back in the utmost alarm, struggling and moaning to get away, nor could she ever be induced to enter the corridor again, without evincing the same violent terror."

The only slight correction that we would humbly venture to make in this story is, that the ruffling of the spiritual body may have been mistaken for that of silken garments, but then the power in such a spiritual essence to tap or produce audible sounds is equally incomprehensible in the present state of the inquiry.

And here we must perforce quit this entertaining volume. Mr. Spicer has

added many remarkable instances of the supernatural to those already accumulated, and he has discussed them in a very fair and philosophic spirit, as much opposed to excessive credulity or superstition on the one hand, as it is to superficial denunciation on the other. Much, however, remains to be done ere correct and satisfactory inferences can be drawn from these extraordinary phenomena. It is, in the mean time, something to have taken a step in the right direction.

BALZAC HIS LITERARY LABORS.

HONORE DE BALZAC—a French author of great literary renown—was born in Lanquedoc, May 16, 1799, and died August 18, 1850. The following from the *Dublin University Magazine* is a sketch of some of his literary labors.

He wrote like no ordinary writer; he wrote as all great writers have written and must ever write. Where many men finish, Balzac only really began his work. He was a devotee to that "*limæ labor*" upon which Horace lays so much emphasis. He was a long time thinking over a subject, and before he sat down to his desk he had generally clearly conceived in his mind the whole plan of his work—the subject, the plot, the episodes, the digressions, and even the details of scene and points of conversation; and this mental conception was cherished in his memory as a whole, subjected to mental criticism, embellished, polished, filled with marked characters, whose peculiarities he had settled, whose dress was clear to him, and of whose continued influence on the plot and ultimate destiny he would not have to pause for a moment to consider. Consequently, when he began to write, the labor was to a great extent mechanical; his pen travelled over the paper with the swiftness of lightning—he never paused a moment; and people who saw him write, and were ignorant of the previous mental labor he had undergone, used to think him a marvel of rapid conception and ready imagination; but the detail had been labored out carefully, painfully, in his mind for months before.

When the composition was finished, one would imagine that little more

could be left to be done in the way of revision, but with Balzac this was really the commencement of his labor. When he received the proof from the printer he began by annihilating whole chapters or substituting others, changing the place of chapters, rearranging portions of the plot, so that one chapter which had appeared toward the beginning was now placed at the end; characters were replaced and others interpolated; details filled in which involved a considerable amount of new matter; and after an infinite number of minor corrections it was at last sent back to the printers, to be not corrected, but almost wholly recomposed, and that from a manuscript charged with a network of interpolations, obliterations, long lines leading from one point in the page to some marginal references, and other lines crossing and recrossing each other for a similar purpose, to the utter bewilderment of the poor printers, who used to pore over it, spell it out, discover the course of these many lines, and trace them to their termination with the greatest difficulty. There were only a certain number of men in Paris who could "compose" Balzac, and a rule sprang up amongst them that no one should work more than one hour at a time on his copy. "I have had my hour at Balzac" was a common saying in the Paris printing-offices, and the signal for a new victim to take up the copy whilst the other took his hour's rest. Then what is called a "paged" proof was sent him, which with most men would require only the slightest typographical correction; but with Balzac it was a renewal of his labor. Between certain phrases he inserted new sentences, added new words, obliterated others; a line was paraphrased into a page, and the substance of a page compressed into a sentence; one chapter was developed into three; their order was again disturbed, and not unfrequently arranged as they were placed in the first proof; the margin was crowded with a multitude of alterations, and covered with a new network of lines leading to the portion of the sentences to which they applied. It was then returned to the printers to be almost wholly recomposed, and after another—final proof—he allowed it to be struck off.

Not only was this habit a terrible

trial to the printers, but it was a continual expense to his publishers. It cost them forty francs for corrections for every sixteen pages. He was paid by the *Revue de Paris* 250 francs the sheet; and M. Buloz, the editor, one day, alluding to the labor and expense of correction, said;

"Balzac, you will ruin me."

He rejoined, angrily—"I will give up fifty francs per sheet to be free to make what corrections I think proper; so say no more about it, for you know very well that pecuniary discussions are soon settled with me."

Another good practice he had was the keeping a note-book, which he always carried about with him, and in which he recorded, not only the various phenomena that strike a vigilant observer in society, in the streets, in the fields, but the happy thoughts that so frequently occur to the mind under the stimulus of reading, conversation, or in wandering amongst the solitudes of nature. For such emergencies Balzac was always ready. No happy thought ever escaped him; no peculiarity in character or temper or even physical formation ever came before him without being recorded in his note-book, which became a repertoire of materials, natural scenes, domestic discussions, snatches of conversation, happy phrases, elegant thoughts, moral reflections, names, plots, and even apt words. It is to this book that we owe some of the most graphic descriptions of nature and subtle analyses of the human heart ever penned by mortals. He was a true artist; he worked like a galley-slave for his money and his fame, both of which he loved, though we are quite sure he had a true, pure love of his art as well, and to that he fell a victim.

It is of course quite impossible, in the space of a single review, to give a fair idea of the mind of such a voluminous author as Balzac. Amongst so many good things the difficulty of selection is increased, but we hope, by making our selection as varied as possible, to convey some idea of the marvellous anatomy of human nature to be found in this treasure-house of Balzac.

The first work we shall examine is one of the most amusing, and at the same time one of the keenest analyses of a certain phase of domestic life we have

ever found anywhere. The title is, "The Small Miseries of Married Life" (*Les Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*.) Before proceeding we may remark here a fact we have elsewhere examined more in detail*—that is, the obligation of Thackeray to Balzac. There were not only striking similarities in the styles and conceptions of these two men, but, strange to say, in their careers.

Balzac began his career in the celebrated Quartier Latin, so did Thackeray. Balzac, as we have seen, went into business and failed at the age of twenty-seven. Thackeray at about the same age had the misfortune to lose considerably by speculation. Both men set to work honorably and nobly to retrieve their position. Both labored for ten years without much success, in obscurity and with straitened incomes. Both burst suddenly into fame: Balzac by his "Physiologie du Mariage," and Thackeray by his now classical "Vanity Fair." In twenty years' time, both men were famous and wealthy. No man was more respected and beloved by those who knew him than Thackeray. Balzac, though not much beloved, enjoyed a popularity equalled by few, and was feared even by his enemies. But the most extraordinary coincidence is in their deaths, Balzac dying at fifty, and Thackeray at fifty-two, each somewhat suddenly, and each having an aged mother under his roof to lament his loss.

Thackeray often testified in public to his admiration of Balzac's writings, and his advice to Miss Brontë was to study them. Strange that both the adviser and advised have traces throughout their works of having drunk deeply at the same fountain. The nature of the obligation does not partake of the character of plagiarism. That is a vulgar crime to which writers of Thackeray's or Miss Brontë's stamp have no occasion to descend, nor could they under any circumstances. But it is of the nature of unconscious imitation: that subtle influence which mind exerts on mind. It is the same with literature as with life. From long contemplation of one character we assimilate into our own a portion

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, December, 1864. "On the Style of Balzac and Thackeray."

of that character. Revelation lays emphasis upon this great mystery of our being. The continued contemplation of the life of our Divine Master, is urged repeatedly as the only means of attracting his Spirit and becoming like him; so that, as the Apostle says, the consummation of that imitation of Christ from continually contemplating his life, will only be complete "when he shall appear, and we shall be like him." And that consummation will still be the effect of more perfect contemplation, for "*we shall see him as he is.*" Upon this phenomenon is based the absolute necessity of purity in literature, more especially in that class of literature which, appealing to the fancy, is most popular. What more insidious method could the Evil One have devised for instilling sin into the soul than the pages of an impure novel or play. We all know something of the facility by which an impure thought is implanted in the mind and of the difficulty of exorcising it; once the germ is planted it becomes vital, grows, matures, and bears deadly fruit.

The "*Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*" is an analysis of that phase or life, or rather it is what would be termed in surgical science a *morbid anatomy*. It is an endeavor to trace the rise and development of domestic infelicity, that subtle disease of which a keen eye may detect traces in many a gay, joyous pair, as they flit through the fairy chambers of fashionable life.

"The way of a man with a maid," was a mystery to Solomon, and it remains a mystery even now. Incomprehensible, unaccountable mystery. The way of man with man is tolerably well understood; it is subject to laws, which are known, it is characterized by some degree of regularity; ascertain the character of each, and you can predict with tolerable certainty what kind of communion they will hold with each other. But the companionship of man with woman is capricious, varying, inconsistent; his wisdom becomes folly, and sometimes folly appears like wisdom; the atmosphere is very unsettled, now calm, now stormy; the sun shines brilliantly on one day, but to-morrow there will be lightning and tempest. And so this French sage observes, "To know women as I know them, would not be

to know much about them; they do not know themselves, and the Creator, you recollect, was deceived by the only one that he had to govern, and whom he had taken the trouble to create."

MATRIMONIAL ANATOMY.

But we will endeavor to give an outline of this lecture on matrimonial anatomy. It consists of two parts, each containing eighteen chapters, and though necessarily there are allusions to phases of domestic life, to which we English are totally unaccustomed, and some of us happily ignorant, but which strongly characterize the domestic economy of the French, yet there is a great fund of general truth capable of universal application. It commences thus:

"A friend speaks to you of a young lady—good family, well educated, handsome, and three hundred thousand francs safe. It's just the thing you are looking for."

"Generally these accidental meetings are premeditated, and you are soon introduced to the object."

"Your intended will inherit property from a maternal uncle, an old gouty subject, whom she cajoles, humors, flatters, and muffles—in addition there is the fortune of her father to her. Caroline (name of the object) has always adored her uncle; her uncle who dandled her on his knees, her uncle this, her uncle that, her uncle everything, whose property was estimated at two hundred thousand francs. A mathematical calculation ensues in all such cases, such as the following:

	Francs.
Three probable inheritances, . . .	750,000
Your fortune,	250,000
That of your wife,	250,000

"That is the matter of fact of all those hymeneal processions whose choruses dance and feast in white kid gloves, with flower at the button hole, bouquets of orange flowers, gold and silver thread, veils, carriages going to the Mayor's, the church, from the church to the banquet, from the banquet to the dance, and from the dance to the nuptial chamber, amid the tones of the orchestra, and the flatteries of the guests. Meantime the parents sum up the whole matter in

two sentences. The husband's parents say, "Adolphus has done a good business," and the lady's, "Caroline has made an excellent marriage." Adolphus is an only son, and he will have sixty thousand francs income some day or another."

There is a chapter on discoveries which illustrates the following truth:

"Generally a young person does not reveal her true character until after two or three years of marriage. She unconsciously dissimulates her defects during the first rejoicings, the first fêtes she goes into the world to dance, she visits her relations, to parade you there. She becomes suddenly a woman; then she becomes mother, and in that situation, full of joy and suffering, so full of care as to leave no time or opportunity for observation, it is impossible to judge of a wife. You must spend three or four years of intimate life before the period of discoveries. They commence; you fancy you have been deceived, Caroline is deficient in perception, she cannot converse, she is dull and has not tact, you are alarmed, and you begin to feel that you will have to watch and guide her in society, where she will ever peril your self-love. You have already heard her remarks, and noticed how they have been received politely in a silence which scarcely hid the smile; you have felt quite certain that some such conversation as the following took place when your back was turned:

"Poor thing she is—"

"As stupid as a cabbage."

"How ever could a man of his intellect choose her. He should instruct her, or teach her to hold her tongue."

Time rolls on, bringing new knowledge, and revealing new facts.

"You have passed the allegro of bachelorhood and reached the grave andante of a father of a family. Instead of that fine English horse, prancing along the Champs Elysées, you drive a quiet, large Norman animal. Behind you, in that substantial four-wheeled vehicle, are spread out like flowers your wife and her mother, like a large rose with many leaves. They chirp and chatter about you, knowing well that the noise of the wheels prevents your hearing their conversation. On the box there is a pretty nursemaid, and upon her knees your little girl: by

her side is your son, a restless child, whose antics worry his mother and you.

"You have achieved the triumphant idea of taking your family out; you depart in the morning, the admiration of your poorer neighbors, who envy you the privilege of going into the country without undergoing the inconvenience of public vehicles. You have dragged that wretched Norman horse to Vincennes across Paris, from Vincennes to St. Maur, from St. Maur to Charenton, and from Charenton to some small spot which has appeared to the minds of your wife and mother-in-law more beautiful than any other.

"Let us go to Maisons," they cry.

You go to Maisons, which is near Alford, and return by the left bank of the Seine, in the midst of a cloud of dust; the horse can scarcely get along. At this moment little Adolphus becomes restless and cries.

"What is the matter?" says the grandmother.

"I am hungry."

"He is hungry," says the mother to the daughter.

"And how can he help being hungry? It is half-past five, we have been out two hours, and we are only at the barriers."

"Your husband should have let us dine in the country."

"He would rather make his horse go two leagues further and return home," said Caroline.

"The cook would have had her holiday," rejoined the mother-in-law, "but after all Adolphus is right. It is economical to dine at home."

"Adolphus," cried Caroline, stung by the word "economical," "we are going so slow, I feel as though I were sea-sick, and you seem to keep us in the dust as long as possible; my bonnet and dress are spoiled."

"Do you want me to kill the horse?" asked her husband.

"Never mind about the horse, think of your child, who is dying of hunger. It is seven hours since he has taken anything. Whip the horse on, or one would think you valued your horse more than your child."

You are afraid to urge the horse for fear of accident, and you take no notice.

"No," exclaim your wife and her mother, "Adolphus loves to contradict me."

"However, Caroline," said the old lady, maliciously, "*he does what he likes.*"

Nothing annoys you more than to be protected by your mother-in-law. She is hypocritical, enchanted always to see you at issue with her daughter, and with infinite precaution throws oil upon the fire. When you arrive at the Barrier your wife is sulky and says nothing; she will not even look at you, and if you have the misfortune to suggest that it was at her suggestion you undertook the journey, you are assailed with a number of sarcastic phrases.

Your atrocious mother-in-law whispers in your ear, "Bear everything rather than annoy a woman in *her delicate situation.*" You begin to get furious.

When the officer of the Octroi says the usual "Have you anything to declare?" your wife replies, "I declare a great deal of ill temper, and much dust."

She laughs, the man laughs, and you feel inclined to pitch all your family into the river.

You reach home at last, and Caroline is unwell; she cannot attend to her child, who screams all night. It is your fault—you prefer your horse to your children, who die with hunger.

"After all," says your dear mother-in-law, "*men are not mothers.*" As you leave the room you hear her consoling her daughter with these malicious words: "They are all selfish; calm yourself, your father was just like *him.*"

The gradual development of matrimonial infelicity is traced in a masterly manner, all the shoals and quicksands are marked: in fact, the book is a pocket-chart of the matrimonial voyage. We will mention a few such shoals.

He describes a scene where Adolphus takes his wife to a ball: everybody in the house had a hand in dressing her, it is a joint work, and they all admire her as a triumph as she steps out to her carriage, Adolphus being himself nobody.

She mingles in the ball with others, but she finds fifty women more beautiful than she, so that she is obscured and scarcely noticed. When there are

sixty beautiful women in a room, the sentiment of beauty is lost. Your wife becomes a very ordinary person. Her little smile, usually so effective, has no force amongst so many expressions; she is effaced, not asked to dance; others, more fortunate, hypocritically ask her if she is unwell that she does not dance, for they have a repertoire of malice concealed under a show of kindness, enough to make a saint sneer, and chill a demon.

"You, innocent, go and come, and see nothing of what is going on, they have wounded the vanity of your wife, and just at that point you come up and say—

"What is the matter?"

"Order *my* carriage," is the only reply.

This *my* is the *coup d'état* of marriage. For two years she had *the* carriage, the carriage of *monsieur*, *our* carriage, but now it is *my* carriage.

You order the carriage, and madame enters, in a smothered rage, throws herself in a corner, rolls herself up in her cloak, crosses her hands under her pelisse, sulks, and says nothing.

There is an amusing chapter called The Conjugal Gadfly, which of all flies, gnats, mosquitoes is the most troublesome. Caroline observes suddenly, in the most natural manner, "Madame Deschars had a handsome dress on yesterday."

"Yes, she has very good taste," replies Adolphe, innocently.

"It is her husband who has given it to her," says Caroline, shrugging her shoulders—"a dress of four hundred francs. All husbands do not pay such attention to their wives."

If you bring anything to your wife it is never so good as what M. Deschars gives his wife. If you use an impatient gesture, if an impatient word, you have this sibilant phrase, "M. Deschars never behaves like that. Take M. Deschars for a model." In fine, M. Deschars appears in our household at any moment, and on the slightest pretext. He is a sword of Damocles, or rather a pin, and your vanity is the cushion in which your wife runs it and withdraws it upon a thousand pretexts, and always with terms of endearment most tender and gentle.

After trying various expedients, such

as taking a country house, going frequently to the opera, he resolves at last to allow his wife to do what she pleases, to manage the house and provide what she likes, arrange how she likes, and go where she likes; he establishes the constitutional system for the autocratic, and the results are thus summed up:

For some days the happiness of Adolphe could only be compared to that of the honeymoon; she would invent little cares, little words, and little attentions, *calineries*, and tenderesses. But at the end of a month she began to say, not in word but in action, "It is impossible to please a man."

First epoch.—Everything goes well. Caroline buys little account books to enter her payments, a purse to keep her money, does everything to make Adolphe live as he should, is delighted with his approbation, discovers a multitude of things which are wanted in the house; her ambition is to be mistress of a well-ordered household. Adolphe cannot find a single fault. If he dresses himself, there is nothing wanting. The cosmetics are carefully renewed and his razors arranged, new braces are supplied for old; a button-hole is never ragged; his slippers are free from holes; his linen is assiduously attended to. At table, all his tastes and caprices are studied and consulted; he grows fat. He has ink in his inkstand and his sponge is always moist. He has never occasion to say, like Louis XIV., "*I have almost had to wait.*" He is even obliged to reprove Caroline for not attending sufficiently to her own wants. She carefully records that reproach.

Second epoch.—The scene changes. Everything is very dear; vegetables are beyond all prices; wood is sold as if it came from abroad; and as to fruits, only princes and bankers can eat them. Adolphe hears Caroline repeatedly whispering to Madame Deschars, "But how do you manage?" and conferences are held before him upon the subject of cooking. Caroline utters such ejaculations as, "Ah, men are happy, they have not the trouble of domestic matters; woman has all the burden." In fine, she is running into debt, but will not acknowledge it, and Adolphe laughs in his beard, foreseeing a catastrophe which will restore him to power.

Third epoch.—Caroline, penetrated with the idea that we should eat simply to live, makes Adolphe's table more like that of an ascetic. His socks have holes, or are burdened by many repairs; his braces are not renewed, his linen is dirty. If he is in a hurry, and wants to dress quickly to keep an appointment, it takes him an hour to find things; but Caroline is always well dressed. She has fine bonnets, velvet slippers, and handsome mantles. She has taken her position, and administers now upon the principle that well-ordered charity begins with one's self. When Adolphe complains of the contrast between himself and her, she replies, "But you scolded me because I bought nothing for myself."

An interchange of pleasantries takes place, and one evening Caroline makes herself most agreeable in order to confess a considerable deficit in her accounts; just as a minister commands tax-paying, and praises the greatness of the country as a preamble to a project to raise more supplies. The result was that the system constitutional was infinitely more expensive than the system monarchic. Adolphe seeks a pretext to bring matters to a crisis, and on one fatal evening utters the terrible phrase, "*When I was a bachelor.*" The words, "When I was a bachelor," are to a woman the equivalent of the "*My dear defunct*" of a widow to a new husband. These two strokes of the tongue make wounds which never heal.

This *coup d'état* brings matters to a crisis, and the monarchical form of administration is restored.

The second part of the book is called the feminine portion. It is the complaint of the wife, and it opens with a chapter called "Husbands of two months," in which we get an amusing report of an actual conversation which took place between two young married ladies in secret; as the topic of conversation of ladies, when they leave the gentlemen at dinner and retire to the drawing-room, has always been a subject of speculation, perhaps this may throw some light upon it. Two young married ladies, friends, have met in those solitudes to be found even in drawing-rooms; the ball has just commenced, they are at the second contre-

danse, but these two have retired to an embrasure near the cool air of the open windows, and thus commence:

"Well, Caroline."

"Well, Stephanie;" and then two sighs blend in one.

"You do not attend to conventionalities now."

"How do you mean?"

"Why do you not come to see me?"

"I am never left alone; in fact, I have hardly time to talk here."

"Ah, if my Adolphe were only to adopt that system."

"You recollect us, Armand and myself, when he paid me what is called—though why, I cannot understand—his 'court'?"

"Yes, I admired him; I thought you were happy; you had found your '*ideal*'—a handsome man, well dressed, with yellow gloves, clipped beard, varnished boots, white linen, and the most exquisite neatness."

"Va! va!"

"In fine, a man as he should be; his voice was of a feminine sweetness, no brusqueness. And what promises of happiness, of liberty! His words were redolent of shawls and lace; you could hear the gallop of horses and the roll of carriages in his voice. Your *corbeille* was of the magnificence of a millionaire. Armand always appeared to me to be a velvet husband; a fur of birds' feathers, in which you were going to enwrap yourself."

"Caroline, he now *takes snuff*."

"Ah, well, mine *smokes*."

"But mine takes it as they say Napoleon did; and I hold snuff in such horror."

"All men have those habits; it is absolutely necessary that they *take something*."

"You have no idea of the sufferings I endure. In the night I am awakened by a sneeze; when I turn in my sleep I come across grains of snuff scattered on the pillow, which make me spring like a mine. That wretch, Armand, is accustomed to such surprises and he never wakes. I find snuff everywhere, and, after all, I have only married a *snuff-box*."

"What is that? It is only a trifling inconvenience, my dear, if your husband is good and generous."

"He is as cold as marble, as regular as an old man; one of those men who say *yes* to everything, and *do* nothing but what they please."

"Say *no* to him."

"I have tried it already."

"Well?"

"He threatened to reduce my allowance to what would be only necessary to do without me."

"Poor Stephanie! he is not a man, but a monster."

"A monster calm and methodical, with a false wig, who every night—"

"What?"

"Has a *glass of water to keep his teeth in*."

"What a trap was your marriage! But Armand is rich."

"But how is it with you?"

"Me! at present I have only a pin which pricks me, but it is insupportable."

"Poor child, you, too, are unhappy. Come, tell me!"

Here they spoke together in whispers, so that it was impossible to hear a word; but the conversation finished thus:

"Is your Adolphus *jealous*?"

"How can he? We seldom part, and that is one of my miseries: I dare not even yawn. I am always acting the character of a loving wife, and it is fatiguing."

"Caroline."

"Well?"

"What will you do?"

"I shall resign myself. What will you?"

"I shall combat the snuff."

This tends to prove that in the fact of personal deceptions, the two sexes are quits with each other.

This chapter is a glimpse of the unseen, and a revelation of the unknowable. It is perfectly natural that in the mutual interchange of ideas between ladies, which we are told takes place when the toilette and the nursery are exhausted, and the natural history of husbands comes upon the *tapis*—a species of comparative anatomy which would be harmless were it not for the charlatanism it is apt to create; the matrimonial charlatanism which prescribes the universal remedy for all evils, forgetting that the treatment which soothes and composes one patient drives another mad. A

lady whose husband is of a phlegmatic temperment can scarcely be a good physician for one who is suffering from the gadfly stings of an ever active, restless companion. Mrs. Noakes advises Mrs. Styles to "show a spirit." On the next occasion the poor woman shows a spirit, and is cruelly used; then follow the stern magistrate, the brutal stubborn husband and the weeping but still forgiving wife, reluctant to punish: scenes which grace our police courts daily; the morbid anatomy of a disease which afflicts all classes, but is only concealed in refined life.

Two letters occur, one from a friend to Caroline, and the reply of Caroline to the friend; these letters sum up their respective matrimonial experiences. That from the friend says:

"After your departure from Paris I married M. de Boulandière, President of the Tribunal. I live with the uncle of my husband, and my mother-in-law. I am rarely alone, and when I go out I am accompanied by my mother-in-law or husband. We receive all the grave people of the village. They play whist at two sous the fish, and I listen to conversations like these—M. de Vitremont is dead; he leaves 290,000 francs. Then ensues a chorus of praises of the dead who had locked up his larder always and heaped up sou on sou."

In allusion to her husband and that of Caroline she says:

"I have bidden adieu to my dreams. I am Madame la Presidente, and resign myself to give my arm to this great M. de la Boulandière for forty years, to live, managed for in every way, and to see two thick eyebrows over two eyes of different colors, in a yellow face which never knows a smile. But you, Caroline, at the age of twenty-seven, with 200,000 francs, have captured and captivated a great man, one of the most intellectual in Paris, one of the two men of talent which our city has produced."

Caroline in her reply gives an analysis of her happiness:

"Adolphe, alas! is a man of letters, and men of letters are not less irritable, nervous, capricious, changeable, and wanton than women. We both love ourselves, to tell the truth. I have saved my husband from a great misery. Far from reaching 20,000 francs per annum,

he has not gained them in the fifteen years he has spent in Paris. We are lodged on a third floor in the Rue Joubert, which costs us 1,200 francs, and we have left about 8,500 francs of income, with which we endeavor to live. I have not more reason to complain of my marriage as an affair of money as an affair of the heart; my self-love suffers, my ambition has foundered. Ah, my dear friend, real talent is a rare flower; it grows spontaneously; no hot-house training will rear it; but Adolphe is a mediocrity tested and known—he has no other chance than to settle himself down to the *utilities* of literature. He was a genius at Viviers, but to be a genius at Paris a man must possess wit and intellect in large doses. I begin to esteem him, for after many falsehoods he has at last acknowledged his position to me. He hopes, like all mediocrities, to attain to some place like an under-librarian, or an editor of a journal. Who knows if he may not yet be nominated député for Viviers?"

She concludes with a little malicious triumph over her friend, who is married to an old rich man, with—

"You see, of the two, I, in spite of my deceptions and the little miseries of my life, am better allotted; Adolphe is at least young and charming."

In the answer of her friend she says to Caroline: "I hope the anonymous happiness which you enjoy will continue," and she revenges her old President upon Adolphe's gloomy future.

There are many other points in this book we should have liked to notice, but it is impossible now.

From the Saturday Review.

MARRIAGE AND LONG LIFE.

THE Scotch Registrar-General last year produced some statistics calculated to strike terror into the minds of all thoughtless bachelors. The supposed unwillingness of young men of the present day to enter into the bonds of holy matrimony has withstood gentle sermonizings; they have not, so far as we know, been tempted by the frequent demonstrations of newspaper correspondents that happiness in married life was attainable on three hundred a year. The

charms of clubs, or the terrors of social requirements, or some other considerations, are still too powerful. Matrimony indeed does not threaten to become an obsolete institution, but there has not been that general rush of the celibate into a changed condition which some moralists appeared to advocate. Perhaps, where milder expostulations have been unsuccessful, the stern power of statistics may prove more effectual; there is something appalling about a table of figures which claim all the inexorable certainty of mathematics. People whose bosoms are hardened against all mere sentiment may be brought down by tables of averages and careful statements about decimal fractions. At any rate, Dr. Stark has this year produced a new array of figures destined to enforce the lesson which was inculcated in his previous report. Thus it seems that, from the ages of 20 to 25, twice as many bachelors die out of every thousand alive as of married men. From 25 to 30, only 8·23 married men die in every thousand, and 14·94 unmarried; and from 30 to 35, the numbers are 8·65 and 15·94. Up to this point, and perhaps a little further, the bachelor may indeed remark that the comparison is not quite fair. The men who marry are, to a certain extent, selected lives. There are men with chronic diseases, and confirmed invalids from various causes, who do not marry. There are men of licentious habits who will not marry. The mortality among these classes is, of course, greater than among the more normal, steady-going, and healthy citizens who marry at the usual time. Dr. Stark adds to these classes those who do not marry from want of success in life, but it does not seem perfectly clear that such persons are likely to die sooner than their neighbors. The unsuccessful clergyman, as a rule, marries, and has an indefinite number of children, as the appropriate consolation for his case. Unsuccessful men in other professions very seldom cut their throats or die of melancholy. They may perhaps take to drinking, or fall into other objectionable habits which would bring them under one of the other classes; but, as a rule, we should say that the most annoying thing about the unsuccessful man is his obstinate refusal to do anything except

go on living. However this may be, there is no doubt that the classes who abstain from marriage on account of ill-health or bad morals must unfairly burden the scale of celibacy; and we should expect to find a much heavier rate of mortality amongst young bachelors than amongst young married men, without being thereby justified in any inference against the vitality of bachelors of good constitutions and steady habits. But this comfort will not go far. "Almost all such," says Dr. Stark (meaning apparently the sickly, the licentious, and the unsuccessful), "die out, by the course of nature, before they have attained their fortieth year—none survive their fiftieth year." This seems to be rather a bold statement, especially in regard to the last of the classes mentioned, and we do not know upon what authority it rests. It is evident, however, that as we proceed to later years the influence of this disturbing cause will be diminished, if it is not entirely extinguished. Yet we find that the married men still keep a decided advantage over their rivals. Thus, of a thousand married men from 50 to 55, there die annually 19·54, and 26·34 of an equal number unmarried. From 60 to 65 the numbers are 35·63 to 44·54; from 70 to 75, 81·56 to 102·17; and from 80 to 85, 173·88 to 195·40. Even if we go further, although the numbers are too small to give trustworthy indications, we find that only 9 out of 28 married centenarians died in 1864, and one of the only two existing centenarian bachelors. In this last case, however, it is obvious that the proportion was as nearly preserved as possible, seeing that 9·14ths of a bachelor could not die. So far, then, it seems that the numbers living at every age give similar results. The bachelor's advocate, however, has endeavored to find consolation by a different manipulation of the figures; for, as is well known, figures are the most accommodating of all things to those who can take them by their weak side. If then we take all the bachelor and all the married men, irrespectively of their ages, we find that 24 married men and a half died out of every thousand, and only 18 bachelors. Here the wretched bachelor fancies for a moment that he has got hold of a great fact, and may oppose to the Registrar-General the evidence of his own figures. But Dr. Stark informs

him that this is a mere "statistical paradox," and that "such a summary necessarily leads to a false conclusion." In fact, it depends upon a very simple circumstance. A very much larger proportion of the bachelors than of the married men are, of course, at the younger and healthier ages. Much more than half of the bachelors, for example, are under thirty, whilst much more than half of the married men are over forty. Hence it naturally follows that when we add all the numbers together, the death-rate of the bachelors will appear to be smaller than that of the married men, although at each particular age it is greater. In short, it is not surprising that the whole body of bachelors in the country is more healthy than that of the whole body of married men, because on an average they are far younger. When this "paradox," if it is to be dignified with such a name, is solved, the bachelor must begin to admit that the figures, so far as they go, are against him.

It is, however, evident that the question still requires a great deal of investigation. We may say that Dr. Stark has raised a certain *prima facie* presumption in favor of the connection between long life and marriage. We should, however, require a closer examination in order to eliminate many of the disturbing causes which may entirely vitiate the calculation. To say nothing else, many of the classes whose lives are most precarious naturally contribute chiefly to the bachelor class. There are the military, for example, and the lunatics, neither of whom necessarily die before fifty, to say nothing of the permanent invalids who may surely sometimes survive that age. Indeed it seems, from Dr. Stark's figures, that the rates steadily approximate as the age increases, which may be probably due to the thinning out of some of the classes who are deterred from marriage by the same causes which make their life precarious. Again, it would be necessary to know whether the proportion in which celibacy is common differs amongst different ranks of society; whether, for example, the healthiest classes may happen also to be those in which marriage is commonest. This would, of course, vitiate the results to some extent. In short, a closer inquiry is necessary before we can say

with complete confidence that the lower death-rate amongst married people proves that marriage is conducive to long life, and that it would not be a truer account to say that, on the whole, long-lived people are more apt to marry. This would be a less startling assertion than Dr. Stark's former declaration that bachelorhood was more destructive to life than the most unwholesome trades; and that it is more dangerous not to marry than to live amongst the worst sanitary arrangements.

Supposing, however, that Dr. Stark should succeed in making out his case, what is the moral? He has himself remarked, with due Scotch propriety, that he has confirmed, "after the lapse of several thousand years," one of the first natural laws revealed to man, "It is not good that man should be alone." It is pleasant to see statistics brought in aid of the Bible. Since Mr. Buckle's unfortunate discovery that the same number of people committed suicide and put undirected letters into the post-office every year, the science has rather a bad name. It has been rather less reviled than geology, but has enjoyed a distinct flavor of heterodoxy. All this will now be changed. The clergy will be able, when they have exhausted theological recommendations to leading a moral life, to turn to the pages of the Registrar-General for Scotland, and to promise to their hearers, not merely the advantages of another world, but 19·7 more years of life in this; and there are persons to whom such a purely temporal blessing would, of course, appeal more effectually. There is, indeed, a certain gap in the proof which we should like to see filled up. Dr. Stark can hardly be one of the school—not quite unknown in Scotland—who would interpret the English version literally, and argue that the text did not include the other sex in the term "man." Yet he gives us no tables to prove that married women die at a lower rate than spinsters. At some ages their mortality is said to be greater, as might perhaps be expected; and it is at least desirable that we should know whether the advantages derived from marriage are mutual. Otherwise there would be a certain awkwardness about confirming Scripture by such a one-sided proof, which would seem to imply an

imperfection in the arrangements of Providence. For, if it is a good thing for men to marry because they will then live longer, and if the same reason does not apply to women, we are landed in the conclusion that men should marry and women should not—which, to quote Euclid, is absurd. Let us hope that the figures may be merciful, and may at least prove that women do not shorten their lives by marriage.

If this be satisfactorily arranged, we shall be at last in possession of an additional argument for persuading young men to marry. Perhaps from a Malthusian point of view it might still be possible to pick a hole in it; for the people, as the last English report shows, are already increasing with great rapidity, and if they could be induced at once to marry more and to live longer we should be again in danger of over-population. Omitting this argument, which scarcely applies to the only class likely to be assailable by statistical considerations, we certainly have an extra inducement to marriage—that is, to those who would like to have their life prolonged by 19·7 years. Let us hope that there are no bachelors degraded enough to reply by an inappropriate aspiration for a short life and merry one; for, after all, marriage is one of those things which do not stand in much need either of a statistical, or of any other species of argument, beyond those which human nature supplies; much as, in our opinion, the statement that it is not good for man to be alone might safely be allowed to rest on its own evidence, without the collection of elaborate statistical information from Scotland.

Chambers's Journal.

OUR CHIEF TIME-PIECE LOSING TIME.

A DISTINGUISHED French astronomer, author of one of the most fascinating works on popular astronomy that has hitherto appeared, remarks, that a man would be looked upon as a maniac who should speak of the influence of Jupiter's moons upon the cotton-trade. Yet, as he proceeds to show, there is an easily-traced connection between the ideas which appear at first sight so incongruous. The required link is the determination of terrestrial longitude.

Similarly, what would be thought of an astronomer who, regarding thoughtfully the stately motion of the sidereal system, as exhibited on a magnified, and therefore appreciable, scale by a powerful telescope, should speak of the connection between this movement and the intrinsic worth of a sovereign? The natural thought with most men would be that "too much learning" had made the astronomer mad. Yet, when we come to inquire closely into the question of a sovereign's intrinsic value, we find ourselves led to the diurnal motion of the stars, and that by no very intricate path. For, what is a sovereign? A coin containing so many parts of gold mixed with so many parts of alloy. An ounce, we know, is the weight of such and such a volume of a certain standard substance—that is, so many cubic inches or parts of a cubic inch of that substance. But what is an inch? It is determined, we find, as a certain fraction of the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds in the latitude of London. A second, we know, is a certain portion of a mean solar day, and is practically determined by a reference to what is called a sidereal day—the interval, namely, between the successive passages by the same star of the celestial meridian of any fixed place. This interval is assumed to be constant, and it has indeed been described as the "one constant element" known to astronomers.

We find, then, that there is a connection, and a very important connection, between the motion of the stars and our measures, not merely of value, but of weight, length, volume, and time. In fact, our whole system of weights and measures is founded on the apparent diurnal motion of the sidereal system, that is, on the real diurnal rotation of the earth. We may look on the meridian plane in which the great transit-telescope of the Greenwich Observatory is made to swing, as the gigantic hand of a mighty dial, a hand which, extending outward among the stars, traces out for us, by its motion among them, the exact progress of time, and so gives us the means of weighing, measuring, and valuing terrestrial objects with an exactitude which is at present *beyond* our wants.

The earth, then, is our "chief time-

piece," and it is of the correctness of this giant clock that we are now to speak.

But how can we test a time-piece whose motions we select to regulate every other time-piece? If a man sets his watch every morning by the clock at Westminster, it is clearly impossible for him to test the accuracy of that clock by the motions of his watch. It would, indeed, be possible to detect any gross change of rate; but, for the purpose of illustration, I assume, what is indeed the case, that the clock is very accurate, and therefore that minute errors only are to be looked for even in long intervals of time. And just as the watch set by a clock cannot be made use of to test the clock for small errors, so our best time-pieces cannot be employed to detect slow variations, if any such exist, in the earth's rotation-period.

Sir William Herschel, who early saw the importance of the subject, suggested another method. Some of the planets rotate in such a manner, and bear such distinct marks upon their surface, that it is possible, by a series of observations extending over a long interval of time, to determine the length of their rotation-period within a second or two. Supposing their rotation uniform, we at once obtain an accurate measure of time. Supposing their rotation *not* uniform, we obtain—(1) a hint of the kind of change we are looking for; and (2), by the comparison of two or more planets, the means of guessing how the variation is to be distributed between the observed planets and our own earth.

Unfortunately, it turned out that Jupiter, one of the planets from which Herschel expected most, does *not* afford us exact information—his real surface being always veiled by his dense and vapor-laden atmosphere. Saturn, Venus, and Mercury are similarly circumstanced, and are in other respects unfavorable objects for this sort of observation. Mars only, of all the planets, is really available. Distinctly marked (in telescopes of sufficient power) with continents and oceans, which are rarely concealed by vapors, this planet is in other respects fortunately situated. For it is certain that whatever variations may be taking place in planetary rotations must be due to external agencies. Now,

Saturn and Jupiter have their satellites to influence (perhaps appreciably in long intervals of time) their rotation-movements. Venus and Mercury are near the sun, and are therefore in this respect worse off than the earth, whose rotation is in question. Mars, on the other hand, far removed from the sun, having also no moon, and being of small dimensions (a very important point, be it observed, since the tidal action of the sun depends on the dimensions of a planet), is likely to have a rotation-period all but absolutely constant.

Herschel was rather unfortunate in his observations of Mars. Having obtained a rough approximation from Mars' rotation in an interval of two days—this rough approximation being, as it happened, only thirty-seven seconds in excess of the true period—he proceeded to take three intervals of one month each. This should have given a much better value, but, as it happened, the mean of the values he obtained was forty-six seconds too great. He then took a period of two years, and being misled by the erroneous values he had already obtained, he *missed one rotation*, getting a value two minutes too great. Thirty years ago, two German astronomers, Messrs. Beer and Mädler tried the same problem, and taking a period of seven years, obtained a value which exceeds the true value by only one second. Another German, Kaiser, by combining more observations, obtained a value which is within one-fifteenth of a second of the true value. But a comparison of observations extending over two hundred years has enabled an English calculator to obtain a value which he considers to lie within one-hundredth part of a second of the truth. This value for Mars' rotation-period is 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22.74 seconds.

Here, then, we have a result so accurate, that, *at some future time*, it may serve to test the earth's rotation-period. We have compared the rotation-rate of our test-planet with the earth's rate during the past two hundred years; and therefore, if the earth's rate vary by more than one-hundredth of a second in the next two or three hundred years, we shall—or, rather, our descendants will—begin to have some notion of the change at the end of that time.

difficulties—somewhat modified in extent, but not in character—which puzzled Halley, Euler, and Lagrange. It would be an injustice to the memory of Laplace to say that his labors were thrown away. The explanation offered by him is indeed a just one, but it is insufficient. Properly estimated, it removes only half the difficulty which had perplexed mathematicians. It would be quite impossible to present in brief space, and in a form suited to these pages, the views propounded by Adams. What, for instance, would most of our readers learn if we were to tell them that, “when the variability of the eccentricity is taken into account, in integrating the differential equations involved in the problem of the lunar motions—that is, when the eccentricity is made a function of the time—non-periodic or secular terms appear in the expression for the moon’s mean motion—and so on?” Let it suffice to say that Laplace had considered only the effect of the sun in diminishing the earth’s *pull* on the moon, supposing that the slow variation in the sun’s *direct* influence on the moon’s motion in her orbit must be self-compensatory in long intervals of time. Adams has shown, on the contrary, that when this variation is closely examined, no such compensation is found to take place; and that the effect of this want of compensation is to diminish, by more than one-half, the effects due to the slow variation examined by Laplace.

These views gave rise at first to considerable controversy. Pontecoulant characterized Adams’ processes as “analytical conjuring tricks;” and Leverrier stood up gallantly in defence of Laplace. The contest swayed hither and thither for a while; but gradually the press or new arrivals on Adams’ side began to prevail. One by one, his antagonists gave way; new processes have confirmed his results, figure for figure; and no doubt now exists, in the mind of any astronomer competent to judge, of the correctness of Adams’ views.

But, side by side with this inquiry, another had been in progress. A crowd of diligent laborers had been searching with close and rigid scrutiny into the circumstances attending ancient eclipses. A new light had been thrown upon this subject by the labors of modern travelers and historians. One remarkable

instance of this may be cited. Mr. Layard has identified the site of Larissa with the modern Nimroud. Now, Xenophon relates that when Larissa was besieged by the Persians, an eclipse of the sun took place, so remarkable in its effects, and therefore undoubtedly total, that the Median defenders of the town threw down their arms, and the city was accordingly captured. And Hansen has shown that a certain estimate of the moon’s motion makes the eclipse which occurred on August 15, 310 B.C., not only *total* but *central* at Nimroud. Some other remarkable eclipses—as the celebrated sunset eclipse (total) at Rome, 399 B.C., the eclipse which enveloped the fleet of Agathocles as he escaped from Syracuse; the famous eclipse of Thales, which interrupted a battle between the Medes and Lydians; and even the partial eclipse which (probably) caused the “going back of the shadow upon the dial of Ahaz”—have all been accounted for satisfactorily by Hansen’s estimate of the moon’s motion; so, also, have nineteen lunar eclipses, recorded in the *Almagest*.

The estimate of Hansen’s which accounts so satisfactorily for solar and lunar eclipses, makes the moon’s rate of motion increase more than twice as fast as it should do according to the calculations of Adams. But before our readers run away with the notion that astronomers have here gone quite astray, it will be well to present, in a simple manner, the extreme minuteness of the discrepancy about which all the coil has been made.

Suppose that, just in front of our moon, a false moon exactly equal to ours, in size and appearance, were to set off with a motion corresponding to the present motion of the moon, save only in one respect—namely, that the false moon’s motion should not be subject to the change we are considering, termed *the acceleration*. Then, one hundred years would elapse before our moon would fairly begin to show in advance. She would, in that time, have brought only one-one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of her breadth from behind the false moon. At the end of another century, she would have gained four times as much; at the end of a third, nine times as much; and so on. She would not fairly have cleared her own breadth in less than twelve

at any assigned place. Very early, therefore, in the history of modern astronomy, the suggestion was made, that eclipses recorded by ancient astronomers should be calculated retrospectively. An unexpected result rewarded the undertaking; it was found that ancient eclipses could not be fairly accounted for without assigning a slower motion to the moon in long-past ages than she has at present!

Here was a difficulty which long puzzled mathematicians. One after another was foiled by it. Halley, an English mathematician, had detected the difficulty, but no English mathematician was able to grapple with it. Contented with Newton's fame, they had suffered their continental rivals to shoot far ahead in the course he had pointed out. But the best continental mathematicians were defeated. In papers of acknowledged merit, adorned by a variety of new processes, and showing a deep insight into the question at issue, they yet arrived, one and all, at the same conclusion—failure.

Ninety years elapsed before the true explanation was offered by the great mathematician Laplace. A full exposition of his views would be out of place in such a paper as the present, but, briefly, they amount to this:

The moon travels in her orbit, swayed chiefly by the earth's attraction. But the sun, though greatly more distant, owing to the immensity of his mass, plays an important part in guiding our satellite. His influence tends to relieve the moon, in part, from the earth's sway. Thus, she travels in a wider orbit, and with a slower motion, than she would have but for the sun's influence. Now, the earth is not at all times equally distant from the sun, and his influence upon the moon is accordingly variable. In winter, when the earth is nearest to the sun, his influence is greatest. The lunar month, accordingly (as any one may see by referring to an almanac), is longer in winter than in summer. This variation had long been recognized as the moon's "annual equation;" but Laplace was the first to point out that the variation is itself slowly varying. The earth's orbit is slowly changing in shape—becoming more and more nearly circular year by year. As the greater

axis of her orbit is unchanging, it is clear that the actual extent of the orbit is slowly increasing. Thus, the moon is slightly released from the sun's influence year by year, and so brought more and more under the earth's influence. She travels, therefore, continually faster and faster; though the change is indeed but a very minute one—only to be detected in long intervals of time. Also the moon *acceleration*, as the change is termed, is only temporary, and will in due time be replaced by an equally gradual retardation.

When Laplace had calculated the extent of the change due to the cause he had detected, and when it was found that ancient eclipses were now satisfactorily accounted for, it may well be believed that there was triumph in the mathematical camp. But this was not all. Other mathematicians attacked the same problem, and their results agreed so closely that all were convinced that the difficulty was thoroughly vanquished.

A very noteworthy result flowed from Laplace's calculations. Amongst other solutions which had been suggested, was the supposition (supported by no less an authority than Sir Isaac Newton, who lived to see the commencement of the long conflict maintained by mathematicians with this difficulty), that it is not the moon travelling more quickly, but our earth rotating more slowly, which causes the observed discrepancy. Now, it resulted from Laplace's labors—as he was the first to announce—that the period of the earth's rotation has not varied by one-tenth of a second per century in the last two thousand years. The question thus satisfactorily settled, as was supposed, was shelved for more than a quarter of a century. The result, also, which seemed to flow from the discussion—the constancy of the earth's rotation-movement—was accepted; and, as we have seen, our national system of measures was founded upon the assumed constancy of the day's duration.

But mathematicians were premature in their rejoicings. The question has been brought, by the labors of Professor Adams—codiscoverer with Leverrier of the distant Neptune—almost exactly to the point which it occupied a century ago. We are face to face with the very

difficulties—somewhat modified in extent, but not in character—which puzzled Halley, Euler, and Lagrange. It would be an injustice to the memory of Laplace to say that his labors were thrown away. The explanation offered by him is indeed a just one, but it is insufficient. Properly estimated, it removes only half the difficulty which had perplexed mathematicians. It would be quite impossible to present in brief space, and in a form suited to these pages, the views propounded by Adams. What, for instance, would most of our readers learn if we were to tell them that, “when the variability of the eccentricity is taken into account, in integrating the differential equations involved in the problem of the lunar motions—that is, when the eccentricity is made a function of the time—non-periodic or secular terms appear in the expression for the moon’s mean motion—and so on?” Let it suffice to say that Laplace had considered only the effect of the sun in diminishing the earth’s *pull* on the moon, supposing that the slow variation in the sun’s *direct* influence on the moon’s motion in her orbit must be self-compensatory in long intervals of time. Adams has shown, on the contrary, that when this variation is closely examined, no such compensation is found to take place; and that the effect of this want of compensation is to diminish, by more than one-half, the effects due to the slow variation examined by Laplace.

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But, side by side with this inquiry, another had been in progress. A crowd of diligent laborers had been searching with close and rigid scrutiny into the circumstances attending ancient eclipses. A new light had been thrown upon this subject by the labors of modern travelers and historians. One remarkable

instance of this may be cited. Mr. Layard has identified the site of Larissa with the modern Nimroud. Now, Xenophon relates that when Larissa was besieged by the Persians, an eclipse of the sun took place, so remarkable in its effects, and therefore undoubtedly total, that the Median defenders of the town threw down their arms, and the city was accordingly captured. And Hansen has shown that a certain estimate of the moon’s motion makes the eclipse which occurred on August 15, 310 B.C., not only *total* but *central* at Nimroud. Some other remarkable eclipses—as the celebrated sunset eclipse (total) at Rome, 399 B.C., the eclipse which enveloped the fleet of Agathocles as he escaped from Syracuse; the famous eclipse of Thales, which interrupted a battle between the Medes and Lydians; and even the partial eclipse which (probably) caused the “going back of the shadow upon the dial of Ahaz”—have all been accounted for satisfactorily by Hansen’s estimate of the moon’s motion; so, also, have nineteen lunar eclipses, recorded in the *Almagest*.

The estimate of Hansen’s which accounts so satisfactorily for solar and lunar eclipses, makes the moon’s rate of motion increase more than twice as fast as it should do according to the calculations of Adams. But before our readers run away with the notion that astronomers have here gone quite astray, it will be well to present, in a simple manner, the extreme minuteness of the discrepancy about which all the coil has been made.

Suppose that, just in front of our moon, a false moon exactly equal to ours, in size and appearance, were to set off with a motion corresponding to the present motion of the moon, save only in one respect—namely, that the false moon’s motion should not be subject to the change we are considering, termed *the acceleration*. Then, one hundred years would elapse before our moon would fairly begin to show in advance. She would, in that time, have brought only one-one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of her breadth from behind the false moon. At the end of another century, she would have gained four times as much; at the end of a third, nine times as much; and so on. She would not fairly have cleared her own breadth in less than twelve

hundred years. But the *whole* of this gain, minute at it is, is not left unaccounted for by our modern astronomical theories. *Half* the gain is explained, the other half remains to be interpreted; in other words, *the moon travels further by about half her own breadth in twelve centuries than she should do according to the lunar theory.*

But in this difficulty, small as it seems, we are not left wholly without resource. We are not only able to say that the discrepancy is probably due to a gradual retardation of the earth's rotation-movement, but we are able to place our finger on a very sufficient cause for such a retardation. One of the most firmly established principles of modern science is this—that where *work is done*, force is, in some way or other, consumed. The *doing of work* may show itself in a variety of ways—in the generation of heat, in the production of light, in the raising of weights, and so on; but in every case, an equivalent force must be expended. If the brakes are applied to a train in motion, intense heat is generated in the substance of the brake; now, the force employed by the brakeman is *not* equivalent to the heat generated. Where, then, is the balance of force expended? We all know that the train's motion is retarded, and this loss of motion represents the requisite expenditure of force. Now, is there any process in nature resembling, in however remote a degree, the application of a brake to check the earth's rotation. There is. The tidal wave which sweeps, twice a day, round the earth, travels in a direction contrary to the earth's motion of rotation. That this wave "does work," no one can doubt who has watched its effects. The mere rise and fall in open ocean may not be strikingly indicative of "work done;" but when we see the behavior of the tidal wave in narrow channels, when we see heavily laden ships swept steadily up our tidal rivers, we cannot but recognize the expenditure of force. Now, where does this force come from? Motion being the great "force-measurer," what motion *suffers* that the tides may *work*? We may securely reply, that the only motion which *can* supply the requisite force is the earth's motion of rotation. There-

fore, it is no idle dream, but a matter of absolute certainty, that, though slowly, still very surely, our terrestrial globe is losing its rotation-movement.

Considered as a time-piece, what are the earth's errors? Suppose, for a moment, that the earth was *timed* and *rated* two thousand years ago, how much has she *lost*, and what is her "rate-error?" She has lost in that interval nearly one hour and a quarter, and she is losing now at the rate of one second in twelve weeks. In other words, the length of a day is now more by about one-eighty-fourth part of a second than it was two thousand years ago. At this rate of a change, our day would merge into a lunar month in the course of thirty-six thousand millions of years. But after a while, the change will take place more slowly, and some trillion or so of years will elapse before the full change is effected.

Distant, however, as is the epoch at which the changes we have been considering will become effective, the subject appears to us to have an interest apart from the mere speculative consideration of the future physical condition of our globe. Instead of the recurrence of ever-varying, closely intermingled cycles of fluctuation, we see, now for the first time, the evidence of cosmical decay—a decay which, in its slow progress, may be but the preparation for renewed genesis—but still, a decay which, so far as the races at present subsisting upon the earth are concerned, must be looked upon as finally and completely destructive.

From the Saturday Review.

ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTION.

THAT England is a country changing every day, and almost every hour, with increasing rapidity, is obvious to every one. In a great many ways this change is unpleasant, and in some ways it is very serious to those who have got hold of the right end of the stick of English life, and consider themselves entitled to a perpetuity of the comfort and respectability to which they were born. There is undoubtedly, when regarded from the point of view of the comfortable classes, a spirit of insubordination and self-

assertion most painfully visible in the lower classes. There is more of bold, outrageous ruffianism in the floating population outside the pale of decent society. There is a foolish, purposeless uppishness in servants, who are always giving warning for nothing and behaving like crushed but spirited beings. Every one aims at a sort of senseless grandeur. Housemaids have given up getting wages, and ask for a "salary"; governesses have given up getting a salary, and ask for a "stipend." The poor are very poor, but it is almost impossible to get any work out of them. A woman who will do a real day's work at sewing or housecleaning is scarcely to be had for love or money. The lower classes are rebellious without thriving, and are corrupted by the insolence of riches in which they do not share. All this has its good side, we will hope, and merely symbolizes a period of transition, with its inevitable defects and ugliness. At any rate it is unavoidable. It comes from railways, and cheap newspapers, and cheap fiction, and cheap clothes, and the decay of the old territorial system of morality, and the expectation of democratic triumph. As we cannot help or alter it, we are not going to cry over it; but very lately there have appeared symptoms of a new change in English society which are really worth remarking. Hitherto we have been insular in our social difficulties and collisions. Some people always wanted something which the existing Constitution did not give them, but which they conceived they had a right to have because they were Englishmen. It was nothing to them that foreigners had or had not got privileges and advantages, or were poor or rich, happy or unhappy. They wanted to have Englishmen contented in England, and that was enough for them. They hated this or that English institution or class or person. They would get rid of the King, or the Lords, or the clergy. The House of Commons was corrupt, feeble, or prejudiced. All the good things belonged to a few fine people, and this was neither right nor English. But the grievances and the remedies were alike English and local; and even the social revolution going on around us and increasing every year in intensity never made us think of other

countries. The pert maids wanted to slip out of church to show their cheap finery to English eyes, and grand governesses took affront only in English homes and to the annoyance of English families. The poor were becoming more and more alienated from the rich, but it was only to herd together and nurse their misery, and their sadness, and their ill-will, in company. Dissatisfaction meant dissatisfaction with the Government, and was based on the theory that, if some change in government were made, the evil could be mended. Ballot, or Manhood Suffrage, or legislation to the taste of Trade Unions, was to be the cure, and then all would be well.

But recently a new spirit has, according to the unanimous statements of those who know them best, seized on the most energetic and stirring and typical part of the English poor. They are no longer insular and local in their feelings and aspirations. They have become an offset of the great European party of revolution. This is a vast change, and an important one, and alarms even those who are accustomed to think of themselves as popular leaders of opinion. The execution of the Fenians at Manchester has been widely received in England with comments of a new kind. There is not much blame thrown upon the Government. There is nothing like what we ordinarily mean by disloyalty. Full allowance is made for good intentions, for the honesty of the motives which prompted those in authority to distinguish between the murder of Brett and a political crime. But the execution of these men has been taken as a crowning sign that the Government has separated itself, and that all the governing classes have separated themselves, from the cause of European democracy. The English artisans, and others of whom we are speaking, do not particularly like the Irish, and they are capable of seeing, in some sort of dim way, how enormous the practical difficulty would be of letting Irishmen have their independence. But they feel as if the Irish were included in that general brotherhood of suffering and depressed democrats which is to them the noblest thing in Europe, and which they cannot forsake in its adversity. The revolutionary party in Europe has, it must be remembered, its distinct

creed, religious, political, and social. It is a party of action, and to some extent of organization; it has ideas to which it clings fondly, which it thinks sublime, and for which it will fight stoutly. In religion, it sets out with a profound alienation from established religions, which it considers are only made for the rich and the stupidly prosperous. It is not so much irreligious as aloof from religion, and yet piques itself on cultivating some of the nobler feelings which religion pretends, but fails, to develop. In politics, it is for the State or the nation as against foreign conquerors, domestic tyrants, and all persons, good or bad, that it happens to think obnoxious. Socially, it wants the poor man to have the world laid open to him as it is to the rich. Because these views are in some degree false, and are easily travestied and ridiculed, it is supposed that they may be ignored and despised. So they might have been hitherto, under the insignificant penalty of totally failing to understand the Continent, and of taking for ever a serene English view of European politics. But now to despise and to ignore them will be to throw away a means of understanding the country in which we live, and in which we have all that we think worth having. It cannot be a slight thing that we should be brought into collision with a force hitherto outside us, and apart from us, and which can, as we know from the experience of other countries, assume so compact a form, spread itself so widely and so deeply, and become not so much hostile to, as alien from, the whole character and tone of a society like our own.

The governing classes of England may reasonably feel that they did not deserve this. They do not wish to repress, restrain, and crush the lower classes. They have no fanatical religion which they wish to sustain. They do not love the temporal power of the Pope, neither do they hate Garibaldi. It seems hard on them to forget that, when that apostle of revolution came to England, Duchesses struggled to get him to breakfast. Why should the European revolution touch them, and annoy people so well-meaning, so kindly, and so liberal? Ireland is a thorn in their side which they only wish they were rid of. They allow any amount of treason to be talked and written there,

and it is only with some difficulty that they can make up their minds to interfere when thundering American colonels and captains come over and go about stopping cars, and burying rifles ready for action, and making themselves generally disagreeable. It does certainly seem hard that the European revolution should come to us, who have no turn for *coups-d'état*, and artillery in the streets, and deportations to Cayenne. Nor, if it is to come among us, can we suffer ourselves to doubt that we shall have our reward, and that, in a land where the upper classes are in the main just and generous and liberal, the revolution will assume a much milder form and lead to much less alarming consequences than would mark its triumph in France. It is not for nothing that we have got the sentiments of a free country, nourished by the traditions of centuries; and it is not for nothing that we have worked out a religion which, if vague and illogical, is yet the most tolerant, and the most compatible with secular ideas, of any religion in the world. We need not be very much terrified at this revolution, but it is most desirable that we should realize in time its significance. If it is worth noticing that the English Catholics are now represented by Ultramontanes, it is far better worth noticing that our Chartists are now becoming Mazzinians. Ultramontanism is a sickly plant in England, and Englishmen must totally change, and lose all their characteristic virtues, before they will have anything to do with it. But a fervent democratic spirit replacing religion by a love of justice and brotherhood among nations, alluring by the thought of membership in a noble band, and justifying the self-assertion of English artisans by their association with a great cause, might be almost as powerful in the England of the nineteenth century as Puritanism was in the England of the seventeenth century. The revolution would, indeed, have no change in England if the governing classes had any clear idea how to govern. But there scarcely ever was a time when the wish to govern well was more widely diffused, and the knowledge how to govern well more visibly lacking. In every department of social and intellectual and political activity, there is at this moment a want of pith and energy

and purpose in the governing classes. There is plenty of suggestive thought, but hardly any clear practical thought. Every one shrinks from picturing to himself, and stating simply on paper, what he believes and thinks. That which is called the Government does not know whether to govern or to be governed, whether to cry or to use troops, whether to let deputations talk sedition in a Government office, or to rely on bluster and big legal talk in the hope that rioters may be frightened. In such a state of society it is impossible to say that a revolutionary element in England, an element thinking of Europe more than of this country, and viewing Ireland through the haze of European ideas, might not some day become very serious. It is comfortable, but it is silly, to shut our eyes to the danger, and to repose on platitudes such as that the mass of the people are loyal. If we are wise we shall do more than this; we shall try to take away that standing-ground which the revolution gains from the existence of abuses which are manifest, and we shall also try to establish a governing power with more force and energy than any which we have at present.

Chambers's Journal.

SUN-SPOTS.

It is one of the most suggestive and important truths which science has embodied in the faith of philosophy, that space itself is not more "infinite" than are the sphere, number, and complexity of those unseen influences which affect the condition of the earth both as a planet and as a home and focus of sentient life. Astronomical research has thus before it an absolutely boundless field of discovery, which, in the course of ages, it is invited and encouraged to traverse: yet may we not estimate its progress by the space it embraces, or its completeness by the range of the telescope; for their very haste to mark and note the prominent phenomena of the wide universe has prompted men to overlook the more obscure though powerful influences, which thicken the more closely they surround us, and it surely avails little that the color and place of stars and nebulosities are known, while those multifarious agencies which centre in the sun

and focate in the earth itself, are as yet unacknowledged, except in the infinite variety of their results.

The telescope with its present powers has indeed sketched out a wide region for patient observation and study, to be extended only when optical science shall afford some new, unthought-of contribution to the means and appliances of sight; and astronomers have fitly left off for a time idly recounting the stars, and indulging in vague speculations on what is beyond their ken, for the better purpose of examining minutely those phenomena which lie within the range, though their causes may be beyond the scope of distinct vision. Such agencies have hitherto been too commonly regarded as insignificant in comparison with more brilliant discoveries, but extending research every day gives further proof of their intimate relations to the condition and destiny of our mother-earth.

We might instance the study of the laws of heat, light, magnetism, etc., as affording most important additions and aids to a science of which "astronomy" is an inadequate title; but in this paper we shall confine our attention to certain results of direct observation that promise to demonstrate many remarkable relations between the physical condition of the sun and that of the earth, and which continue to gain increasing interest, not only for astronomers, but for all intelligent men.

Day by day, at the principal observatories in Europe and America, is the appearance of the sun anxiously watched, and the spots which often mottle much of its surface carefully mapped out, and even photographed. And, indeed, their *utility* recommends such observations; for gravitation, as we vaguely understand it, is not the only link which binds our planet to the sun; and we have yet to learn how much the development and present condition of the earth are due to the action of those thermal, magnetic, and chemical influences which we have every reason to believe are intimately involved in its very existence and entire cosmical relations.

Before recounting the results of sun-spot observations, we may remark the difficulty of tracing at a distance of ninety-five millions of miles, and on a

visible disc having a diameter of little more than half a degree, the condition and appearances of a body whose diameter is more than one hundred times, and surface twelve thousand times, greater than those of the earth.

It is more than two centuries and a half since sun-spots were discovered, and known to reappear. The discovery is usually assigned to Galileo, whose first work on the subject—*Epistolæ ad Valsenum de Maculis Solaribus*—is dated 1612; but the claims of the Tuscan artist may in this respect be fairly disputed in favor of Fabricius, whose treatise, *De Maculis in Sole Observatis*, was written at Wittenberg in June, 1611. Hariot, in England, published his observations in December, 1611; and Scheiner, a Jesuit of Ingolstadt, made some important discoveries early in 1612. Even before this time, spots on the sun had been observed by the naked eye, for Kepler is known to have mistaken one for a transit of Mercury.

Nor is to be wondered at that these spots have not unfrequently been distinguished by the eye, when we consider the enormous dimensions of some of them. Pastorff observed one which he found to be 46,000 miles in length, and 27,960 broad; and Mayer, in 1758, saw one whose diameter was upwards of 45,000 miles, having an area greater than thirty times the entire surface of the earth. Now, it may easily be calculated that a circle at the distance of the solar surface, having a diameter of *one second* of arc, has a diameter of 460 miles, and contains 167,000 square miles; and such an area would form a distinct speck, the smallest that can be seen as such. Yet spots of an area greater than *a thousand millions* of square miles have been recorded; and these having a diameter of a minute and a half, or about one-twenty-secondth that of the solar disc, must have been distinctly visible to all eyes under a clear atmosphere. Even the *nuclei*, or dark central parts, the cavities through which, according to Sir William Herschel, we see the body of the sun laid bare, are sometimes of enormous extent; "so large," says one astronomer, "that the earth could pass clean through such a hole without coming within five thousand miles of either side."

In shape, as in size, these spots are extremely irregular.

The outer portion, at least, of the sun is frequently in a state of commotion, to which the most terrific storm at sea suggests only the faintest possible conception. This appears to be extremely probable, both from the motions of the spots, and from the existence of those *red flames*, which, during a total eclipse, have been observed to project from all sides of the sun sometimes to a height of 40,000 miles. That the photosphere, or external luminous envelope, is in a continual state of undulation, is also indicated by those flashing patches of light called *luculi*, which have been observed in all regions of the sun's disc, giving an unequally shaded appearance to its surface, and producing an impression like that from the waves of the glistening sea.

The spots, however, are entirely confined to a belt of one hundred degrees within fifty degrees north and south of the sun's equator.

A single spot, as it appears under the telescope, consists usually of an irregularly shaped patch of at least three distinctly separated degrees of shading. The central is the darkest, called the *nucleus*. The *umbra* forms a broad indented margin to the *nucleus*; and the *penumbra*, of a still slighter tint, surrounds the whole. Spots are frequently collected in groups; and so many as eighty distinct spots have sometimes been counted in a single group. Some spots appear to have two *nuclei*, and in others this singular change is observed in progress. They become bridged across by an embankment and ridges of the matter of the photosphere, and having a feathered appearance in one direction.

In the neighborhood of spots, and confined within the same limits of latitude, are certain remarkable streaks, brighter than the ordinary surface, which have been named *faculae*. Some of these waves, whatever they may be, have a feathered appearance, and though seldom straight, have been observed to extend 40,000 miles, with a breadth of forty miles. They move in the same direction, and with the same velocity as the spots themselves; and this fact tends strongly to confirm the inference, that the motion and reappearance of the spots indicate

a true and determinate rotation of the solar orb in that direction.

Besides a generally uniform passage, at the rate of about 4,000 miles per hour across the sun's disc, the spots are observed to have certain *proper* motions of their own, which at first sight seem to interfere with their general rotary velocity. Mr. Dawes observed a large spot which revolved round its centre in twelve days; and M. Laugier of Paris calculated the proper motion of certain irregularly moving spots to be (independently of the high velocity due to the solar rotation already referred to) at the rate of 247 miles per hour. Mr. Carrington attributes such proper motion to the tendency of groups of spots to recede from each other.

Spots also change in shape and size, and their duration varies from a few days to three or four months. Some appear to start into existence while you examine the solar disc, and others to fade away. Many are formed and then die out within a single transit, which lasts a fortnight. Others reappear during three revolutions of the sun, though seldom oftener.

The manner of the rise and obliteration of sun-spots is curious, and is the basis of Professor Wilson's original hypothesis of their being actual cavities. When one is being formed, the *umbra* appears before the *penumbra*; and in evanescence, the *nucleus* and *umbra* seem to get filled up irregularly, and crossed by faculose ridges. The *penumbra* is finally encroached upon by darting masses of incandescent matter, and is replaced by the general brightness of the photosphere.

Concerning the nature of these spots, it is a suggestion as old as Maupertuis, that they are masses of the floating unconsumed scum of the incandescent fluid. Lalande supposed them to be protuberances from the interior, standing out from the solar surface like our rock-islands from the sea; but the foreshortening of the nearest edges as they recede toward the sun's eastern limb, disproves this hypothesis; and it is even stated, on good authority, that the great spot of 1719 was seen as a notch on the sun's edge.

The explanation most widely accepted, especially since the time of the elder Herschel, is that they are cavities in the elastic solar atmosphere. This "discovery"

is due to Professor Alexander Wilson of Glasgow, who, in 1774, observed the foreshortening of their nearest edges, and who thence advanced the opinion, that they were holes in the sun's atmosphere, caused by masses of elastic fluid escaping volcanically from the fiery globe underneath, and thus, not only laying bare the sun's surface in the central nucleus, but also, by increasing expansion, causing that widening in their course which might account for the appearance of *umbra* and *penumbra*. Mr. Dawes states, in confirmation of a similar hypothesis, that the inner edges of the *umbra* and *penumbra* appear to be massed and tilted up, as if by the action of elastic gas in escaping from the interior.

A fourth hypothesis, accepted by many eminent physicists, seeks at once to account for the spots, and to explain the genesis of the solar heat—the latter a hitherto unsolved or rather unattempted problem.

Of the existence of countless meteoric stones revolving round the sun, even at a distance of more than ninety millions of miles, we have ample evidence in their periodic appearance in the middle of August and of November, when the path of the earth traverses their belt. Now, it is supposed that such meteorolites, near the sun, within and constituting the "zodiacal light," are continually getting entangled in their perihelion passage in the solar atmosphere; and, that thus being "licked up" by the central attraction out of their *elliptical* paths, they form sun-spots during one or two revolutions, to be finally swallowed up by the all-devouring orb. It is further alleged, consistently with known physical laws, that the light and heat of the sun are maintained by and dependent upon this continual incidence of immense masses of meteoric matter.

Neither our space nor present purpose allows us to discuss the merits of this bold and comprehensive theory, further than, in passing, to satisfy the reader of its feasibility. We find that the spots are confined to the sun's equatorial zone, around which alone meteoric matter revolves in variously inclined planes: their motions, too, are various, and their prevalence periodic, and both these facts are accounted for by this theory. It has

likewise been shown by Secchi of Rome, one of the most eminent cultivators of experimental physics, that the emission of heat is greater from the equatorial belt than from the other parts of the sun's surface; and it has been found that, on an average, those years are the warmest in which a great number of sun-spots are observed. Nor need it be regarded as inconsistent with the nature of things, that even among planets the higher forms of development should be maintained by the destruction of the lower, for the life and growth of every system involves the decay and change of individual forms.

Others, again, consider sun-spots to be analogous to our whirlwinds and cyclonic storms, and allege that, in looking at them, we look down into their rarefied central vortices, which, widening upward toward the surface of the solar atmosphere, present the appearance of cavities. Sir William Herschel, in 1801, accounted for the distinctness with which the umbrae and penumbrae are separated, by supposing that in these we see the rupture of successive strata differing in their densities. Whatever may be the character of such interior envelopes, Arago has satisfactorily proved that the outer photosphere is composed of inflamed gas; for he found that the rays from the sun's edge, which leave it at a small angle, are *not* polarized, as would be the case if they proceeded from either solid or liquid surfaces; whereas the light from inflamed gas is always in a natural condition at all angles of emission.

With regard to the direction and rate of motion of solar spots, it has been found that they move from west to east in conformity with the direction of the planets, and that the sun's equatorial plane thus indicated is inclined at an angle of seven degrees nine minutes to that of the ecliptic.

Owing to certain proper motions among themselves, the *time* of revolution of different spots is subject to slight variations; yet we may fairly infer that the sun revolves on its own axis in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days. Galileo, in 1612, found that a certain spot returned in 28 days; Fabricius, in his *Dialogus*, gives $27\frac{1}{2}$ days; and Scheiner, in 1630, estimated the period at 27 days. These are *rough* ob-

servations, so we may allow two days for the earth's progress in the same direction as the spots during their revolution, and regard these three observations as giving respectively 26, $25\frac{1}{2}$, and 25 days as the sidereal period of the sun's revolution. The following are periods of revolutions assigned by eminent astronomers, that have been carefully deduced from numerous observations: Lalande gives 25.42 days; Delambre, 25.01; Cassini, 25.59; Boehm, 25.32; Laugier, 25.34.

Spots are seldom seen at the sun's equator, and never in the circumpolar regions: they usually occupy belts in each hemisphere between the parallels of ten degrees and twenty degrees of heliographical latitude. Mr. Carrington, who recently published elaborate results of eleven years' observations, has shown that the spots near the equator revolve in a shorter time than those of higher latitudes, and that this retardation of angular motion is subject to a law more or less definite. His formula gives 24.98 days as the sidereal period of rotation at the sun's equator, and 26.57 days at latitude thirty degrees, beyond which very few spots have been noticed in either hemisphere. Sir John Herschel considers it reasonable to suppose that the body of the sun rotates with a velocity equal to that of its photosphere at the equator—that is, in 25 days, and that the different rates of movement thus indicated in different regions of the solar atmosphere, together with known differences in temperature, are results from that general state of disturbance indicated by the proper motions of the spots and other phenomena. The same philosopher attributes the differences in the periods of the spots, and of the same spot in successive transits, to the different velocity of rotation proper to higher latitudes, and to the effects of the proper motion of a spot in altering its latitude. Thus, he says, the fact that a spot in 1857 was observed to revolve four times in periods of 25.46, 25.67, 25.83, and 26.23 days, is to be explained by the force of its proper motion driving it into higher latitudes.

Some of the most interesting facts regarding sun-spots relate to the periodicity of their prevalence. The region of

spots is at times speckled all over for two or three days continuously; in other years, no spots are to be seen for many days. While we write, only one small spot appears on the solar disc, appearing under the telescope of the size of a pin-head; but in 1860, spots were seen every day, and in great numbers. And in the year 1870-71, any person, with the aid of a good field-glass, properly screened, will be able to see some of the spots which will then mottle the face of the sun. We are able to make such a prediction in accordance with a law announced in 1843 by Professor Schwabe of Dessau. He made spot-observations from 1826 to 1860 on about 300 days in each year; and found that, in the years 1833, 1843, 1844, and 1856, there were, on fully half the days of observation, no spots on the solar disc, and few at any time during these years—not more than thirty groups in all. But in each of the years 1828, 1838, 1848, and 1859-60, there were about 300 groups—the sun being always spotted. This observed recurrence at intervals of about *eleven* years of a *maximum* and intervening *minimum* number of spots as indicating periodic seasons of solar disturbance, or *activity*, as it has been called, was fully tested by Professor Wolf of Zürich, who examined all recorded sun-spot observations from the time of Galileo downwards. For he has shown that, for the last 254 years, the *maxima* and *minima* of sun-spots have each, with little variation, recurred at intervals of eleven one-fifth years; and that the minimum disturbance is not precisely in the middle of the period between any two *maxima*, but in the sixth or seventh year of that eleven-year space. Thus, while the number of spots reached a maximum in 1859-60, it will decrease till 1866-67, and then increase till 1870-71.

Again, the degree of maxima and minima variations is subject to a marked increase at periods of fifty-six years—a fluctuation undoubtedly due, as Mr. Carrington suggests, to the action of the planets in certain positions, especially of Jupiter, on that belt of matter called the zodiacal light; and it is indeed to be regretted that the proposal of Major Jacob, to establish an observatory at Purandhur, in India, for simultaneous observations of sun-spots and the zodiacal light has never

been carried out. It was observed, and, we think, demonstrated, by General Sabine, that the fluctuations, in corresponding periods, of the amount of variation of the earth's magnetism, are at least due to the same causes which produce the double variation we have mentioned in sun-spottedness; and we have every reason to hope that the daily photographs of both phenomena which are regularly taken at Kew, will lead to important developments in the science of magnetism.

Those induced currents of electricity in the upper and rarer strata of the atmosphere that are known as *auroræ*, have long been known to accompany certain earth-currents affecting our telegraphy, and certain states of the weather affecting our most intimate every-day interests; and it is a most remarkable fact that the numbers of auroræ and sun-spots increase and diminish together.

But, before accepting as a fixed result in this splendid field of inquiry that the sun's influence is maintained and regulated by the waste and wear of that planetary system which it appears to sustain, we must await further research to trace more clearly the coördinate changes of the earth and sun, and be satisfied the while that thus, and through many other unthought-of media, is our present condition governed by influences which involve our destiny, and life and death perpetually harmonized.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

IN connection with the fine portrait at the head of this number of the Eclectic, engraved for the purpose, we place on our pages a brief biographical sketch of the original.

Fitz-Greene Halleck was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1795. His mother, Mary Eliot, of Guilford, was a descendant of John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians." At the age of eighteen he became a clerk in the banking-house of Jacob Barker, in New York, in which employment he remained many years. He was also, as he informs us in one of his poetic epistles, "in the cotton trade and sugar line." For a long period previous to the death of John Jacob Astor he was engaged in his business affairs, and was named by him one of the origi-

nal trustees of the Astor Library, which he held till his death, which occurred at Guilford, his native town, November 19, 1867, at the ripe age of seventy-two years. Mr. Halleck has lived retired chiefly for the last twenty years, only occasionally coming to the city; but always pleased with the society of his old friends.

The following is from the pen of William Cullen Bryant, the veteran editor of the *Evening Post*, the well and widely-known poet, and the early friend of Mr. Halleck. It will be more valued coming from such a source, so appreciative of his character as a man, and of his talents as a poet. Mr. Bryant says:

"Mr. Halleck began to write verses in his boyhood. The earliest piece which he thought worthy to appear in his collected poems, the lines to 'Twilight,' appeared in the *Evening Post* so long ago as 1818, and the 'Croaker' papers, by Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, appeared in our Journal the following summer. 'Fanny,' his longest poem, was written in 1819. In 1822-3 he visited Europe, and in 1827 published an edition of his poems. Several editions have appeared since.

"Mr. Halleck was by no means a voluminous author, but the poems he wrote have long been favorites with the public. He possessed a peculiar vein or humor, exceedingly airy and graceful, and his versification is one of uncommon sweetness and melody. He delighted in rapid transitions from gay to grave, and again in unexpected returns from the grave to the ludicrous. Yet when the mood was on him he was capable of strains inspired with the highest poetic enthusiasm. There is not in the language a finer martial poem than his 'Marco Bozzaris.' His verses addressed to a poet's daughter are as charming as such verses could well be; and his 'Red Jacket,' a poem occasioned by the death of the Indian chief of that name, is, aside from the touches of his characteristic humor, which it contains, a poem of ro-

bust and manly vigor, worthy to be placed beside anything of its kind in our literature.

"Mr. Halleck was personally a most agreeable man, and one of the pleasantest companions in the world. He was an unwearied reader, and used to say that he could think of no more pleasant life than would be afforded by a large library and abundant leisure. He was acquainted with several modern languages. He studied Portuguese that he might read Camoens in the original, whose 'Lusiad' has lost all of its simplicity and much of its narrative interest in Mickle's diffuse translation. His conversation was entertaining, pointed to a degree which made it almost epigrammatic, and enlivened with anecdotes, which he related with a conciseness and spirit that would have satisfied even Samuel Rogers."

On the death of JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, September, 1820. This touching effusion, from the pen of Mr. Halleck, may well serve for his own

REQUIEM OR DIRGE.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

POETRY.

DIRGE OF SUMMER.

ALL in the arms of Autumn lying,
Fading flowers round her sighing,
Summer sick and sad is dying.

Now no more shall she be seen,
In the evening's deep serene,
Weaving garlands white and green!

Fold her in a winding-sheet,
Woven all of blossoms meet,
For the shroud of maiden sweet.

Crimson rose and lily white—
All she had of best and bright,
Long have vanished from the light!

Gather Autumn's palest flowers,
Dank with Autumn's softest showers—
Bring them to her leafless bowers.

Then through Winter's icy gloom,
She shall rest as in a tomb
Sheeted snow shall shroud her bloom—

Shroud her bloom, but not forever;
Mortals die, but seasons never.
When the chains of Winter sever,

Spring shall wake her up again,
Lead her forth to hill and plain,
Over willing hearts to reign.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings,
To take all its wanderers home;
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of Autumn!
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

—Chambers's Journal

FAMILY MUSIC.

Beside the window I sit alone,
And I watch as the stars come out,
I catch the sweetness of Lucy's tone,
And the mirth of the chorus' shout:
I listen and look on the solemn night,
Whilst they stand singing beneath the light.

Lucy looks just like an early rose
(Somebody else is thinking so),
And every day more fair she grows
(Somebody will not say me no),
And she sings like a bird whose heart is blessed
(And Somebody thinks of building a nest!)

And now she chooses another tune,
One that was often sung by me:—
I do not think that these nights in June
Are half so fine as they used to be,
Or 'tis colder watching the solemn night,
Than standing singing beneath the light.

Lucy, you sing like a silver bell,
Your face is fresh as a morning flower—
Why should you think of the sohs which swell
When leaves fall fast in the autumn bower?
Rather gather your buds and sing your song,
Their perfume and echo will linger long.

I'm gray and grave—and 'tis quite time, too—
I go at leisure along my ways;
But I know how life appears to you,
I know the words that Somebody says:
As old songs are sweet, and old words true,
So there's one old story that's always new!

There is a grave that you do not know,
 A drawer in my desk that you've never seen,
 A page in my life that I never show,
 A love in my heart that is always green:
 Sing out the old song! I fear not the pain,
 I sang it once—Lucy, sing it again!

ISABELLA FVIR.

—Good Words.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

If the butterfly courted the bee,
 And the owl the porcupine;
 If churches were built in the sea;
 And three times one was nine;
 If the pony rode his master;
 If the buttercups ate the cows;
 If the cat had the dire disaster
 To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
 If mamma, sir, sold the baby
 To a gipsy for half a-crown!
 If a gentleman, sir, was a lady—
 The world would be Upside Down!
 If any or all of these wonders
 Should ever come about,
 I should not consider them blunders,
 For I should be Inside Out!

THE RIVER OF TIME.

OH! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
 As it runs through the realms of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a broad'ning sweep, and a surge sublime,
 That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
 And the summers like buds between,
 And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they
 go,
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
 As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical isle on the river of Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as vesper chime,
 When the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
 There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
 There are tunkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer;
 There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garment that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy
 shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air;
 And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
 All the days of our life till night—
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closed to slumber a while,
 May our "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

COMING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,
 Do you all remember yet
 That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
 Where once our household met?
 Do you know how we used to come from school,
 Through the summer's pleasant heat;
 With the yellow fennel's golden dust
 On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
 We loitered by the way;
 And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
 And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
 That told of the coming night,
 We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
 And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
 Than she whose life is o'er,
 Do you think of the mother's loving face,
 That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;
 That home in the dust is low;
 And that loving smile was hid from us,
 In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
 From which our weary eyes
 Can almost look on that home that shines
 Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
 Still let us move as one,
 Always together keeping step,
 Till the march of life is done:

For that mother, who waited for us here,
 Wearing a smile so sweet,
 Now waits on the hills of paradise
 For her children's coming feet!

I WONDER WHY!

I WONDER why, when wild winds cry,
 And rain drips from the eaves,
 And before the rising tempest fly
 The last few fluttering leaves;
 There bursts a tune of merry June
 Upon my inner ear,
 Warm odors pass through the deep rich grass,
 And the blackbird whistles clear!
 I wonder why!

I wonder why, when night winds sigh,
 And the city rests in shade,
 And its living souls in slumber lie,
 And glare and tumult fade;

Far from the town on a clovered down,
 With short, fine grass to tread,
 'Mid gorse and gray stone I wander alone,
 And larks carol overhead!
 I wonder why!

Do I wonder why when you and I
 Are parted by many a mile,
 And between us tireless streams go by,
 Woods whisper and pastures smile;
 In whatever way, by night or day,
 You come to eye or ear,
 You are no surprise to my gladdened eyes,
 And the words of your song ring clear?
 Do I wonder why?

A. F. O. K.

SONNET—TENNYSON.

THERE are three things beneath the blessed skies
 For which I live—black eyes and brown and
 blue:

I hold them all most dear: but O, black eyes,
 I live and die and only die for you!
 Of late such eyes looked at me—while I mused
 At sunset underneath a shadowy plane
 In old Bayona, nigh the southern sea—
 From a half-open lattice looked at *me*.
 I saw no more, only those eyes, confused
 And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain.

It is singular that this charming sonnet should not
 have appeared in the volume of 1833, then prepar-
 ing for the press.

MY DREAM.

A SLENDER form, a girlish face,
 Blue eyes, and golden hair;
 Sweet lips, dear lips! and sunny smiles,
 A vision angel fair!
 Oh, gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!
 Why will you haunt me so?
 Filled with the old sweet tenderness;
 The love of long ago.

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,
 Sweet chimes, like silver bells;
 Old music unforgotten still,
 Around me rings and swells.
 Oh, wooing voice! oh, cruel voice!
 Why will you haunt me so?
 Speaking the old sweet tenderness,
 The love of long ago.

An angel form, a blessed face,
 A picture, fading never!
 The anguish of a vanished hope,
 That clings to me for ever.
 Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream!
 Why will you haunt me so?
 Sad with the old sweet tenderness,
 The love of long ago.

MOONLIGHT AND DARKNESS.

LIGHTS upon the water dancing,
 Eyes beneath the moonlight glancing,
 Words spoken low;
 Filled my heart with tender fancying
 Long, long ago.

Clouds above a dark sea bending,
 Sighs with sad sea-breezes blending
 Words wild with woe,
 All my heart with fears were rending
 Long, long ago.

Years that brought with them estranging,
 Hopes and fancies all deranging,
 Hearts altered so;
 Love, like life, for ever changing,
 Since long ago.

L. G.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Sheldon & Company, the well-known publish-
 ers at No. 498 Broadway, send us the Memoir of
 Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D. By Rev. A. R. Van
 Nest, D.D., 1867, pp. 446, neatly executed by
 pen and printer. Dr. Bethune was our personal
 friend for many years, and we welcome this inter-
 esting memoir of him. He was a burning and a
 shining light, and his praise was in many churches.
 His eloquent words in the pulpit and upon the
 platform before many assemblies, have delighted
 the ears, instructed the minds, and warmed the
 hearts of multitudes in this land. He was well
 and widely known, and being dead yet speaks in
 his published writings and discourses, and now in
 this permanent volume ably prepared by the pen
 of affection. It is a good book, well charged with
 practical wisdom and night-burning thoughts,
 which should be read and remembered by all who
 revere his memory.

Sheldon & Company send us also "*A Parting
 Word*," by Newman Hall, a neat little volume of
 almost 100 pages, which thousands who hung on
 his eloquent lips during his late visit to this coun-
 try will be glad to get, and instructed to read.

Ticknor & Fields, the eminent Boston publish-
 ers, whose beautifully-executed books are read
 everywhere, send us "*The Uncommercial Travel-
 ler*," the last volume of the Diamond Edition of
 the complete works of Mr. Charles Dickens. This
 volume, the publishers inform us, contains vari-
 ous interesting papers "not included in any other
 American Edition," which we are sure will secure
 the attention of the reading public.

Ticknor & Fields also send us *Child Pictures*
 from Dickens. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge,
 Jr. Chapters which Mr. Dickens says, in a note,
 were compiled for American children, from his
 various works, "with my free consent." These
 stories are beautifully illustrated, which comprise
 the most popular themes of this popular author,
 such as Little Nell, The Marchioness, Paul Flor-
 ence, The Fat Boy, etc., belonging to this imaginary
 family. For sale by Sheldon & Co.

M. W. Dodd, publisher of many good books,
 sends us *The Clifford Household*. By S. F. Moore.

"We whose law is love, seem less
 By what we do, than what we are."

The book presents a rich table of contents, suggestive of many valuable thoughts.

Mr. Dodd also sends *Elsie Dinsmore*. By Martha Farquharson, author of various works. This well-told story is more especially interesting to little folks—the younger portions of community—as well as full-grown children who are fond of children's food. Mr. Dodd, we believe, never publishes books injurious to the minds and hearts of his readers.

M. W. Dodd also sends us *The Little Fox*, or the story of Captain Sir F. L. McClintock's Arctic Expedition. Written for the young. By S. T. C. Which will interest and instruct little readers in the customs of the people in high northern latitudes, as well as give them some lessons in natural history.

Samaritan Text-Book.—Orientalists will doubtless be interested in a little hand-book of thirty-four pages, under this title, purporting to contain the principal words in the Samaritan version of the Pentateuch, written by Robert Young, Esq., and received by us from the publishers, George Adam Young & Co., Edinburgh. Mr. Young has paid great attention to the study of Scripture texts, as is shown by his new translation of the Scriptures, and by numerous other textual, linguistic, and expository publications. In a "Supplement to the Bible," consisting of fifty-five pages, he has collected a number of more literal renderings of passages in the New Testament, derived from an examination of the original when compared with the common version and with his own new translation. Among the works written by him we find the "Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism," in thirteen languages; also a "Dictionary and Concordance," containing every word in the Hebrew Scriptures, with all its prefixes and affixes, and references to every passage in which these occur, to which is added the Septuagint rendering of the words.—*Am. Lit. Gazette*.

The first volume of a work which will possess a thrilling interest for many, "Les Mystères de Constantinople," is announced as ready by a Constantinople paper. We have had "Mysteries of London" *usque ad nauseam*, and "Mysteries of Paris" too. It is to be hoped that "Mysteries of Constantinople" will reveal realities, and not the mere imaginative pictures of the "literary book-maker."

SCIENCE.

Self-recording Barometer.—A self-recording barometer, which has been termed Barometrograph, has been invented by M. Brequet. It is designed to furnish diagrams, every six hours, of the pressure of the atmosphere. It consists of four metallic boxes, the upper and lower of which are curved: these are vacuum-boxes, and are, in some measure, a modification of the aneroid barometer. The registration is made by a revolving cylinder, which is wound by clock-work, and is covered with a paper on which lamp-black has been deposited. On this paper a lever from the barometer makes its traces as the wheel revolves.

Electricity.—Professor Newmann, of Königsberg, who has been working upon the subject of the action of electricity on white blood-corpuscles, has pointed out some very remarkable facts. He finds

that under the influence of strong induced currents the white corpuscles of the frog swell out, their walls become quite smooth, and a clear space is left between the wall and the granular nucleus in the interior. The molecules in the cell commence, too, to exhibit rapid movements.

Muscles of the Eye.—M. C. Sappey has published in the *Comptes Rendus* a paper on the unstripped muscles of the eye. Up to the present, he has described only the muscles of the eyelid. He intends to describe, also, the ciliary muscle, which is thought to be employed in adapting the eye's focus to vision at different distances.

Cross-breed Cotton.—In experimenting on the artificial fertilization of the different forms of the cotton-plant, M. Balsammo has obtained varieties which seem to deserve the attention of those interested in cotton-growing. By producing a cross-breed between two varieties possessing peculiarly valuable but different properties, he has obtained plants whose fibre is of a quality such as no variety has yet exhibited. The principle of artificial selection, as in this instance, might, we doubt not, be made far more applicable to commercial objects than it is at present. This discovery of M. Balsammo's, like one or two others which have preceded it, points to a fair field for investigation calculated to lead to valuable practical results.

The Human Heart.—A German physiologist has pointed out that in crabs the heart is supplied with a nerve which regulates its movements just as the pneumogastric nerve in man influences the human heart.

Silurian System.—M. Barrande, the celebrated geologist, has just issued four new volumes of his treatise on the Silurian System of Bohemia. They include descriptions of the fossil remains belonging to the orders Cephalopoda and Pteropoda.

Salt Manure.—In a paper published in the *Comptes Rendus*, M. Velter suggests that for certain soils farmers will find common salt a much more valuable manure than is generally believed. He considers that salt is especially useful in earths which contain a large proportion of organic matter. In these it is first transformed into carbonate, and ultimately into nitrate of soda.

Small-Pox.—Concerning the prevention of small-pox in large towns, Dr. Druitt suggests that in future all "casual paupers" who possess no sufficient vaccination mark, should be vaccinated on admission to the nightly refuge.

Spontaneous Generation.—It is rumored that the Professorship of Chemistry in the Faculty of Science at Paris, lately vacated by M. Dumas, will be given to M. Pasteur, the great opponent of spontaneous generation.

New Meteorological Instrument.—Prof. De la Rive, of Geneva, Switzerland, has invented an instrument for determining the transparency of the atmosphere. It consists of a double telescope with a single eye-piece, by which two objects at known distances may be compared. Thus the effect of the stratum of air between them may be noted. The inventor thinks that a measure of transparency may be of great importance in a sanitary point of view. He agrees with Pasteur, who supposes that the light, dry fog which sometimes intercepts the light is caused by myriads of organic germs floating near the earth, which become transparent when saturated with moisture, and are swept to the earth by heavy rains. Val-

lant, however, believes that the haze sometimes seen in fine weather is the effect of variations in the density of the atmosphere; for reflected light, passing through such a medium, would not give a distinct impression of distant objects.

A Swiss Observatory.—At Neufchatel, in Switzerland, is an observatory organized on an extensive scale, and possessing the very finest instruments. Besides purely scientific results, it renders immense service to the chronometer manufacturers by enabling them to produce watches which are every day becoming more perfect as time-keepers. This is important to the branch of industry in question, which can only exist by constant improvement. Prizes have been instituted for the most perfect watches and chronometers.

New Treatment in Cases of Amputation.—Dr. Maisonneuve, surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, Paris, read a paper before the French Academy on the advantages of a continuous method of aspiration in the healing of great amputations. The liquids exuding from the surface of the wound coming in contact with the air, poisonous putrefaction ensues. To arrest this action, Dr. Maisonneuve, after dressing the wound with lint saturated with antiseptic liquids, brings into use his aspiratory apparatus, which consists of a sort of a burette of india-rubber furnished with a tube of the same substance, a flask of three or four litres capacity, and an air-pump which exhausts by means of a flexible tube. By the use of this apparatus he removes the principal cause of danger from amputations.

The Exhibition Building.—The framework of the Paris Exhibition building, which is about to be sold, weighs 27,000,000 pounds. In the whole there are 6,000,000 rivets, for the placing of which 15,000,000 holes had to be punched.

A very instructive Report has been published showing the number of deaths in England in 1865, and the several causes of mortality. The total number was 490,909. 184,877 died from local diseases, that is, inflammation and functional disorders, disease of the heart and digestive organs, and bronchitis. This last disease has greatly increased; it slew 21,528 in 1856, 32,346 in 1860, and in 1865 advanced to 36,428. Softening of the brain also shows a marked increase; the deaths therefrom in 1865 were 1051 males, and 627 females; and among nervous diseases were 26,722 deaths of children from convulsions. Zymotic diseases, epidemic and contagious, rank next, and the number of deaths under this head was 113,948. Intemperance cut off 437 persons, and *delirium tremens* 612. Then come constitutional diseases—phthisis, gout, dropsy, cancer, and diabetes, with 83,604 deaths; then the fourth class, developmental diseases, with 77,806 deaths; and fifthly, 17,374 deaths by violence, of which number 15,232 were owing to accident or negligence. In addition to the tables, the Report contains important statements: that dysentery and typhoid fever are probably propagated through air or water—that tubercular diseases are communicable by inoculation—that the presence of phthisis in the armies of Europe is probably due in part to the inhalation of expectorated tubercular matter, dried, broken up into dust, and floating in the air of close barracks. The increase in the number of deaths from gout deserves consideration. Gout affects some of the ablest men in England, and it

is suggested that there is perhaps some connection between the phosphorus abounding in the brain and the excess of phosphoric acid in the blood. From this brief summary, it will be seen that the death Report for 1865 is well worth study.

A Burning Well.—While some artisans were engaged in making borings for an artesian well at Narbonne, the water rushed forth with great violence, and soon burst into flame. The flame, which arises from the combustion of carburetted hydrogen, is reddish and smoky, and does not emit a smell either of bitumen or sulphuretted hydrogen. The “sinking” for the spring was made on the left branch of the Aude, in a plain situate about two metres above the sea-level, and composed of alluvial mud. The alluvial mud extends to a depth of six metres; then follow tertiary limestones and marls, with the remains of marine shells. At the depth of 70 metres, the spring containing the inflammable gas was met with.

High Rock, Congress Spring.—This spring, the most remarkable of all at Saratoga for the variety and extent of its mineral properties, was first known to the white man, and visited by Sir William Johnson, in 1767, just one hundred years ago. Its analysis shows fifteen mineral ingredients, which, as a remedy for human ills, doubtless surpass all the provisions of nature. We do a service to the invalid by calling his attention to this admirable provision, which he can obtain and have sent to any address, by directing to High Rock, Congress Spring, Saratoga Co.

The Coagulation of the Blood.—With a degree of moral courage which we fear few of our savans would venture to show, Dr. Richardson has withdrawn his theory of the coagulation of the blood. At the meeting of the British Association he announced that recent research showed the ammonia hypothesis to be no longer tenable, and he therefore begged to withdraw it. Experiments, which he had lately made on the influence of extremes of heat and cold on albuminous and fibrinous fluids, have shown to him that the process of coagulation in these fluids is due to a communication of caloric force to them, and to a physical or molecular change determined by the condition of their constituent, water. Thus all substances which possess the power of holding blood in the fluid condition, through fixed alkalies, various soluble salts, and volatile alkali, in every respect act after the manner of cold. They render latent so much heat, and in the absence of that heat the fibrine remains fluid. In the opposite sense, every substance which combines with water and produces condensation, with liberation of heat, quickens coagulation. The direct effects of heat and cold illustrate the same truth, and upon these facts turn the differences of coagulation in animals of different temperatures. Those of our philosophers who work for reputation alone (not a few), may think a recantation like that of Dr. Richardson's rather a perilous proceeding. To some small minds it may seem so. We venture to believe, however, that the step Dr. Richardson has taken redounds in the highest manner to his credit, and we believe that it will only add another honor to a name which has always been associated with that honest pursuit of science which results from an earnest desire to discover truth.

The Relation of Cow-pox to Small-pox.—The report which M. Danet presented to the French Academy of Medicine contains the following conclusions: 1. Cow-pox and small-pox are two distinct maladies. 2. Cow-pox does not predispose the patient to any affection. 3. There is no relation between typhoid fever and small-pox. 4. The vaccine matter, after a time, loses its anti-variolic properties. 5. The vaccine matter is a better preventive of the small-pox than the variolous matter. 6. Vaccine matter should be renewed. 7. Predisposition to small-pox is greater among the young and aged than among the middle-aged. 8. Revaccination is essential. 9. Even those who have had small-pox should be vaccinated. 10. In passing through the organism, the vaccine matter borrows certain of the matters from the constitution; vaccination, therefore, from arm to arm may be objectionable. 11. The febrile state is unfavorable to the satisfactory action of the vaccine matter.—*Vide L'Institut.*

Botany at the British Museum.—The Annual Report shows that the officials in the Botanical Department have certainly not been idle during the past twelve months. The addition of specimens to the Museum amounts to several thousands; and of microscopic slides of *Diatomaceæ* no less than 5,000 have been purchased. In fact, the whole of the valuable collection of the late Dr. Greville and the late Dr. Gregory are now to be seen in the British Museum.

How the Earth's Rotation affects Gunnery.—Some may be found to doubt that the movement of the earth affects the direction of a ball expelled from a cannon; nevertheless, the fact is correct. In the *Astronomical Register* Mr. Kincaid says that a simple illustration of this effect may be made by attaching to the same axis two wheels of different diameters, so that both shall rotate together. If the one have a diameter of 3 feet and the other of 1-foot, it is evident that any point on the circumference of the larger will, during a revolution, move through three times as much space as a similar point on the periphery of the lesser circle, and will therefore move with three times the velocity. The figure of the earth may be considered as made up of an infinite number of such wheels, diminishing in size from the equator to the poles, and all revolving in 24 hours. Now, if a gun be fired from the equator in the direction of the meridian, which is obviously that of maximum deviation, at an object nearer the pole, it is plain that that object, being situated on a smaller circle than the gun, but revolving in the same interval of time, will not move, during the flight of the projectile, through less space eastwards than the shot, which will have imparted to it the greater velocity of the larger circle from which it started, and the latter will therefore tend to strike eastwards from its butt.—*Astronomical Register.*

Human Life.—The average duration of human life in this country is greater than that of any other nation. Taking 100,000 persons here for a basis, they show that while over 14,000 of that number die the first year after birth, not 27,000 have died during the first five years, and that over one-half of them are alive at the age of forty-six.

A person at ten years of age may calculate upon living 47 years; a person at twenty, 41 years; one of thirty, 35 years; of forty, 28 years; of fifty,

22 years; and of sixty, 15½ years. Infancy and old age approximate in the rate of mortality. The first year of life nearly 15 per cent. die; at 80 years of age 12 per cent.; and at 90 years, 25 per cent. die within the year of all who have reached those ages respectively. Of the supposed 100,000 born at the same time, 70,075 are found to be surviving twelve years thereafter, and of those survivors less than one-half of one per cent. die at the age of 12. At the age of 25 the mortality is one per cent.

For the whole United States, the population being 31,443,321, the deaths were found to be less than 400,000. The rate of mortality would give a percentage of 1.2727 for the whole population, white and black, and of 1.2000 for the whites alone. This would show six deaths yearly for every 500 whites. A very low rate of mortality, indeed, and one, we imagine, not exceeded by that of any other country in the world.

Velocity.—The speed of our ocean steamers in crossing the Atlantic rarely exceeds 11 miles per hour; the speed of river steamers is from 14 to 24 miles per hour; of a race-horse from 29 to 30; of a bird, 50 to 60; of a high wind, 20, and of a hurricane, 80 miles; of sound, 804; of mechanical force in air, 750; of the earth around the sun, 68,000; of light, as demonstrated by Foucault's apparatus, 690,000,000 miles; and yet this inconceivable speed is little more than half the velocity of static electricity, which latter Wheatstone has shown to be 1,040,000,000 miles an hour. If the earth were a cannon-ball, shot at the sun from its present distance, and with the velocity it now travels, and if, simultaneous with the explosion, a telegram were sent to the solar inhabitants, the electricity would pass the intervening space of 95,000,000 miles, and the message be received in five minutes; the earth would be soon coming towards them after the lapse of eight minutes; the inhabitants would have nearly two months to prepare for the shock, which would be received over ten years before they heard the explosion.

Norway.—Imagine a huge table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock, in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine-tenths of the Norway that is shown on the map.

Polar Continent.—The *Honolulu Advertiser* publishes an account of the discovery of land, hitherto unknown, in the Arctic Ocean, by Captain Long of the whale-ship Nile. It is thought this territory will prove to be the Polar Continent so long sought after. The past season has been the mildest which has been experienced by the oldest whalers, and Captain Long was able to reach latitude 73° 30'. He examined the land attentively along the entire southern coast, which he sketched. It appears to be quite elevated, and has a mountain near the centre, about longitude 180°, resembling an extinct volcano, and estimated to be about 8,000 feet high. Captain Long named the country Urongell's Land, after a Russian explorer. The western point of the coast, in latitude 70° 46' north, longitude 78° 30' east, he named Cape Thomas, after the seaman who discovered it. The Nile sailed several days along the coast, and approached within fifteen miles of the shore. The lower part of the land was free from snow, and appeared to be covered with

vegetation. It was impossible to tell how far the land extended northward. Ranges of mountains could be seen until they were lost in the distance.

Sulphur Mountains.—The following description of the sulphur mountains of Iceland is full of interest: "These large hills are a very wonderful sight. They are of various colors, a variety of mixtures of red and yellow. From their sides are emitted numerous jets of steam, and masses of bright yellow sulphur are strowed all around them. At the foot on the eastern side are the mud-geysers—huge caldrons of blue mud in different states of solution. Some bubble and spurt like filthy water; others are so gross that they can scarcely heave the massive bubbles to the surface. They are the centres of broken and dilapidated cones, raised by their own sputterings. The highest part of their cones, which was that part toward the mountains, was about three feet. They are, however, continually changing in shape; and I observed that these portions of the cones themselves was (*sic*) different from what they were when I visited them in 1861. All around the soil was very treacherous, consisting of hot mud with a covering of sulphur about an inch in thickness, which in most places was about sufficient to bear a man's weight. When this crust was broken, steam issued forth, strongly impregnated with sulphur. The clouds of steam, the roaring, the spluttering, and the splashing of these loathsome pits, the sickening smell and the desolate country, had somewhat of an awe-inspiring effect." Mr. Shepherd gives some instructive details of the habits of the Icelandic birds, and he has given some happy sketches of Icelandic scenery, which have been chromo-lithographed in Hanhart's best style.

Hurricanes and Earthquakes.—There has been a singular succession of hurricanes, cyclones, or typhoons of late throughout the world, accompanied with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. By the terrible cyclone which recently occurred in Bengal, 1,000 lives have been lost at Calcutta alone, 30,000 native huts destroyed in the suburbs alone of that city, and 600 native boats and numerous ships destroyed in its vicinity. The crops of rice, jute, etc., in Bengal, too, have been sadly injured. Since the hurricane took place at St. Thomas', two earthquakes have occurred there, and it is believed that there was an earthquake during the hurricane. There have, within a short time, been more than one volcanic eruption in the ocean, and Vesuvius is in a highly active state. The recent severe gale in England is said to have been really a cyclone quite similar in its nature to that which has just passed over India. Professor Brande describes these destructive storms as follows: "Rotatory storms, or whirlwinds, occur in the tropical seas of China, the West Indies, and round Mauritius, but never on the equator. Their diameter is generally about 200 or 300 miles, but sometimes exceeds even 500. The centre of the vortex [which is always calm] travels at a rate varying from two to thirty miles an hour. These storms are preceded by a singular stillness of atmosphere and a rapid fall of the barometer. They are, perhaps, most destructive of all storms." The question is an interesting and an important one, whether there be any essential connection between hurricanes and earthquakes. It is not the first

time their occurrence has been simultaneous, or nearly so.—*English paper.*

Depths of the Sea.—A French journal says that the sounding of the transatlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the depths of the different seas. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depths in the neighborhood of continents. Thus the Baltic, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130 feet. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 200 feet, while to the south-west of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2,000 feet. The seas of the south of Europe are much deeper than those of the interior. In the narrowest parts of the Straits of Gibraltar, the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod), no bottom was found at 7,000 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Sea. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena, 27,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet.

VARIETIES.

Flowers of Palestine.—That land of sacred memories has not lost all its primeval fertility and beauty, though barbarism and violence have destroyed many of its ancient cities and laid waste its fair fields. We stood gazing last spring from our window in early morning, when the old celestial sun came up from behind the mountains of Judea in all its ancient splendor, and as we rode many miles over the plains of Sharon, the rose of Sharon and beautiful flowers in vast variety carpeted the ground and called to mind the graphic description of a modern author, where he says, alluding to its floral luxuriance and beauty:

"It is the wild flowers of a land that outlive its devastations—it is these that outlive the disasters or the extermination of its people—it is these that outlive misrule, and that survive the desolations of war. It is these 'witnesses for God'—low of stature as they are, and bright, and gay, and odoriferous—that, because they are infructuous, are spared by marauding bands. These gems of the plain and of the hillside outlast the loftiest trees of a country. They live on to witness the disappearance of gigantic forests: they live to see the extinction of the cedar, and of the palm, and of the ilex, and of the terebinth, and of the olive, and of the acacia, and of the vine, and of the fig-tree, and of the myrtle. They live to see fulfilled, in themselves, the word, 'every high thing shall be brought low, and the humble shall rejoice.' So has it been in Palestine. Once it was a land of dense timber growths, and of frequent graceful clusters of smaller trees, and of orchards, and of vineyards, which retains now only here and there a remnant of these adornments. Meanwhile the alluvial plains of the land, and its hillsides, are gay every spring with the embroidery of flowers—the resplendent crocus, the scented hyacinth, the anemone, the narcissus, the daffodil, the florid poppy, and the ranunculus, the tulip, the lily, and the rose. These jewels of the spring morning—

these children of the dew—bedded as they are in spontaneous profusion upon soft cushions of heather and divans of sweet thyme—invite millions of bees, and of the most showy of the insect orders—flowers, perfumes, butterflies, birds of song, all things humble and beautiful, here flourish and are safe—for man seldom intrudes upon the smiling wilderness!

"Nevertheless, skirting the flowery plains of Palestine, in a few spots, there are yet to be found secluded glades in which the cypress and the acacia maintain the rights of their order to live; and where, as of old, 'the birds sing among the branches.' And so live still, on spots, the fruit-bearing trees—the apricot, the peach, the pear, the plum, the fig, the orange, the citron, the date, the melon, the tamarisk, and—noblest of all fruits—the grape, 'that maketh glad man's heart.' All still exist, as if in demonstration of what God has heretofore done for this sample land of all lands, and may do again."

Terrible Earthquakes.—The British agent thus writes:

"ST. THOMAS, Nov. 21.

"From the afternoon of the 18th there has been a succession of earthquakes; the shocks estimated at between 80 and 90, of which six or seven lasted for minutes. Of the buildings, scarcely one is left that is not cracked down and rendered useless and unsafe. On the 18th the sea rose like a wall, and it was feared that the island would be swept. The loss of life, as far as ascertained, does not exceed 50, but the destruction to property is immense, and places the damages of the hurricane in insignificance. The consulate office, store, and other places are fearfully damaged, and there has been considerable injury to the few ships in port."

In the town and harbor of St. Thomas, the fright, consternation, and damage were perfectly paralyzing. Scarcely a stone or brick structure has escaped destruction or great damage. Sides and gables of houses are thrown down, roofs have fallen in, and all weak mason-work is cracked and damaged. The inhabitants rushed from their stores, offices, and houses in thousands, with horror and affright depicted on every countenance, rushing madly and wildly for the supposed safest places, while the earth trembled, vibrated, and upheaved with a horribly distracting, roaring, grumbling noise. Above the town rose the dust from the cracked, torn, and destroyed mason-work.

Ten minutes after the first great shock, another smart earthquake took place; and in about five minutes more there came from the sea toward the south-east a most horrifying, roaring noise, and soon it was seen to be the great sea-roller which follows heavy earthquakes. No words can describe the horror of the inhabitants at the sight of this third calamity. First, the great hurricane of October 29; second, the earthquake; and now the tearing and roaring into the harbor of the Caribbean Sea itself, with a vast frontage towering some 50 feet above the level. Every man, woman, and child who, up to that moment, had bowed their heads tremblingly, affrightedly, and sorrowfully to the decrees of the Almighty, turned their backs at the approach of the last terrible visitation and fled to the mountains—up, up the hills in thousands, panting, breathless, giving all up but their young ones, their aged, and their sick, who were seized and carried in all sorts of ways at great

risks, and as far as possible from the angry sea. As the water rushed in, ship after ship dashed ashore and against each other. The beautiful iron wharf of the Liverpool Steam Company was swept in a moment away as if it had never existed. Two American men-of-war steamships spun round the harbor in a dead calm as if they were in a vortex, one of them (the *De Soto*) being repeatedly driven aground, and floated off again, receiving great injury to her bottom; ships afloat lay up high and dry—ships which had been driven high and dry by the hurricane sent afloat; the great iron dock, some time totally submerged, then showing 20 feet of its side exposed. The people in the small-boats afloat at their usual harbor work rowed for the shore; but few escaped, and many lives were lost. The Royal Mail Company's tug steamer *Itchen* was swallowed up, and two engineers lost. The divers at work saving cargo out of the sunken steamer *Columbian* had their diving apparatus swept away. The sea rushed against the town and wharves, into the stores along the streets and passages, destroying and damaging almost the whole of the valuable stocks of merchandise, provisions, ironmongery, etc., in the whole of the stores.

The United States navy consists of 238 vessels, carrying 1869 guns. At present in use there are 103 vessels, carrying 898 guns, and manned by 11,900 men. During the past year the naval fleet has been reduced by 40 vessels and 480 guns. Nearly all the vessels in the navy are propelled by steam, 49 of them are armor-plated, and 6 armor-plated vessels are now being built.

Novels.—Anthony Trollope, whose speech at the Dickens Dinner was interrupted by cries of "Assez, assez!" from the lips of another well-known author, made the wild statement that novels nowadays were as virtuous and cleanly as they ever were. Surely this may be doubted. When Walter Scott and G. P. R. James were the first favorites, and Miss Edgeworth and Jane Austen eagerly read; when Maxwell wrote "*Stories of Waterloo*," Charles Lever jumped his brave heroes over squares of infantry, and Captain Marryat made us walk the quarter-deck, and peep into the midshipmen's mess, surely the purity of novels was not to be doubted. Adventures they had, but the whole of their plot did not concern the tender passion of love and the savage desire of murder. Their novels always ended with a marriage; ours begin with a divorce. Mr. Trollope, who has personally assured the writer that he has not time to read popular literature, must have spoken from a reflex of his own wordy, prosy, and pure productions. Not only are novels scrofulous enough, but magazine-papers have caught the infection. Tainted are they, and of vice they smack somewhat.—*Saturday Review*.

The Manetho Chronology.—Unger's treatise on the chronology of Manetho is a work of immense research, and interesting even to the uninitiated into the mysteries of Egyptian archæology. He is decidedly an advocate for a long chronology, placing the era of Menes two thousand years before the date assigned by Bunsen—a striking illustration of the uncertainty of the subject.

Epistles of the Popes.—An edition of the epistles of the Popes, from St. Hilary to Pelagius II., is, as the learned editor justly remarks, a work of much importance for the history both of doctrine and

of ecclesiastical law. His labors would appear to have received much encouragement from the authorities of the Vatican, and he is able to assert that his edition will be found a great improvement upon its predecessors. Although the oldest of these epistles are as early as the middle of the fifth century, the mediæval style of thought and diction is already fully developed in them. Nothing can be more complete than their divorce from the classical spirit.

The Austrian Clergy.—The Austrian clergy list includes 1 patriarch, 4 primates, 11 archbishops, 58 bishops, 12,863 priests, and 539 clerical professors. There are also 720 monasteries, with 59 abbots, 45 provincials, 6,754 priests, 645 monks, 240 novices, and 1,917 lay brothers. The convents are 298 in number, with 5,198 nuns. The total revenues of the church amount to 19,639,713 florins.

The German papers announce the death of a man who was so devoted an admirer of Cervantes that he spent nearly the whole of his life and a considerable fortune in collecting every edition of "Don Quixote" which has been published in Europe since its first appearance. There were found in the library of this curious bibliomaniac 400 editions of "Don Quixote" in the Spanish language, 168 in French, 200 in English, 87 in Portuguese, 96 in Italian, 70 in German, 4 in Russian, 4 in Greek, 8 in Polish, 6 in Danish, 13 in Swedish, and 5 in Latin.

Bunyan Hall.—The far-famed allegory of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress has been beautifully illustrated in the form of a magnificent panorama, at Bunyan Hall, Union Square, in this city. The artistic skill, and the beautiful paintings prepared for the panorama, are worthy of high praise, and deserve the commendation and patronage of the public. We have rarely seen anything of the kind more attractive, impressive, and instructive for all classes in the community.

Home Gymnasium.—Physical health, physical training, physical exercise, are very important matters for human comfort and well-being. For want of this the man of sedentary life and habits becomes an invalid, breaks down in health, and sinks to a premature grave. Similar results occur among business men, among young men, young ladies, and many valuable lives and healths are sacrificed and lost to families and friends for want of proper care of physical exercise. We call attention to the advertisement at the end of this number. The Home Gymnasium is admirable for the purpose. It is portable, can easily be put up and taken down. Its influence is worth ten times its cost. See the advertisement.

Cathedral of the Assumption, Moscow.—Rev. Dr. G. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, preached the annual sermon before the American Board, at Buffalo. We have received the annual report of this august board and the published discourse. Dr. Thompson closes it in the following graphic language: Upon the shortest day of the year I stood within the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, the most sacred sanctuary of the Greek Church. In local associations this is even more impressive than St. Peter's, while its dimensions are more easily mastered, and the unity of its effect is neither lost in vastness nor broken by side-chapels that dispute the preëminence of sanctity and riches.

Here the Chief Patriarch has his seat. Here all former Patriarchs lie buried. Here is the holy chrism which, reproduced like the oil of the widow of Sarepta, is applied in baptism to every child born within the pale of the Greek Church throughout the Empire. Here every Emperor of Russia for four hundred years has taken the oath and received the sacrament of coronation. Here Byzantine art has decorated the walls, pillars, and ceiling, with the whole history of the Gospel and the Church, in gold and enamel; while imperial magnificence and passionate devotion have lavished upon altars, shrines, and pictures

"The wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Barbaric pearl and gold."

The service was majestically intoned by a celebrant who looked the very king of priests; and splendid choral responses rolled their deep-voiced bass under the spray of boys' voices, richer than organ or lute. At the close of the Litany, when the golden gates of the *Iconostasis** swung open, and the Holy of Holies appeared glittering with gems and wreathed with incense, the sunlight stole in through the domes, heightening the effect of candles, till all the jewels were ablaze, and the four walls, gilded and painted from floor to roof, were resplendent as an apocalyptic vision;—on the altar-screen the Eternal Father, the Virgin and the Son, with patriarchs, prophets, angels, and apostles, in gold and brilliants; on the right wall the seven holy Councils; on the left the story of the Virgin's life; on the pillars the canonized martyrs; in front the last judgment,—all history represented as related to Christ: the cathedral one grand and solemn *Te Deum*, the goodly Fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the glorious company of the apostles praising the King of glory, who will come to be our Judge. Of a sudden the sun kindled the halo around the infant Saviour upon the Altar-screen, and for an instant all the light of the Cathedral was beaming from his face. It seemed to say, This brilliancy of color, gold, and jewels is not light; there is no warmth in these walls, no life-power in this ritual: Life only can give light; and "I AM COME THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE."

Dr. Underhill's Crown Point Vineyard.—We do a useful service to the public—to all invalids who are benefited by the use of the purest and best wines that are grown in this or any country. Dr. Underhill is a benefactor of his country and his race, in this regard. His long years of experience and eminent skill in the production of pure wines and most delicious grapes, are above praise. His extensive vineyards are well and widely known, and full worthy of extensive patronage. The pure wine, so needful for medical and communion purposes, is furnished by Dr. Underhill, perfectly free from all foreign substances, and of mature age, and can be relied on by the careful physician for the purposes for which he needs it.

* The *Iconostasis* is a screen covered with sacred pictures which shuts off the *Bema* or Sanctuary from the congregation.

[For an engraving of the Kremlin of Moscow, the great central fortress of Russia, enclosing this Cathedral, with full description, see the *ECLECTIC* for Dec., 1865.—EDITOR OF *ECLECTIC*.]

The depot for the sale of these fine wines is at No. 744 Broadway, New York.

Prince de Metternich recently went back to carry the Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa to Prince Napoleon. The Emperor's cousin immediately put it on, and went to the Elysée to thank the French Emperor. "I am the more touched with this distinction," said the Prince, "that I have positively done nothing to merit it." "Receive it," his Majesty answered, "as a souvenir of a journey which has been a source of great satisfaction to me."

An *English halfpenny*, of the reign of George I., dated 1719, was found recently by Mr. Allen Roberts, of Pottstown, Pa. It was discovered wedged in the crevice of a rock in the little creek that runs along the eastern part of the borough. When and how this little copper coin, which started on its travels nearly a century and a half ago, reached the place where it was picked up, is of course not known.

It is claimed for a certain ring, lately bequeathed to his daughter by a knight who died at Teignmouth, that it was once the property of the Queen of Sheba, who gave it to Solomon. It was taken from Jerusalem by Titus, brought to Rome and was given by Clement VIII. to Wolsey. From him it passed to the monks of Leicester Abbey, and thence into private hands on the dissolution of the monasteries. It is added that the fortunate owner of this ancient relic is a ward in chancery.

A *statute* was inaugurated two days back at Rotterdam, to the memory of Count van Hogendorp, the statesman who went to England to offer the Crown of the Low Countries to William of Orange, son of the Stadtholder, William I. The King of Holland, the Prince of Orange, the Ministers, and the principal personages of the kingdom were present at the ceremony, which was presided over by the Burgomaster of the place.

A *country lawyer* who was the happy father of ten tall girls, averaging about six feet in height, often boasted that he had sixty feet of daughters.

If *going uncovered* indicates a reverent spirit, as is claimed in some countries, many of our ladies in fashionable circles are patterns of reverence. They are head and shoulders in advance of the world in general.

Mouldy Substances in Rooms.—It has long been known that the presence of moulds in rooms is highly injurious to human health; under certain conditions of dampness and bad ventilation, it is no uncommon thing to see mildew run over a large expanse of whitewashed wall or ceiling. If this mould occur in a living room, and it be not destroyed, it frequently brings on a complication of painful symptoms in the human patient, or, in other words, the membranes and tissues of the body are known to offer a fitting habitat for the plant, and it is transferred from the original objects to the human frame. A weak solution of hypochlorite of lime has recently been recommended as a destroyer of moulds in rooms, and as their growth is both common and rapid in this country in damp and ill-ventilated situations, the remedy is worth a trial.—*Builder*.

Dickens.—The *London Review* says: "Charles Dickens is a messenger of peace between two countries; he will lay down happily, 'tis no idle

boast of his, a third cable between that land whose hearty alliance we most covet, and this large-burdened, staggering, overworked noble old land of ours, dear mother England. Lord Lytton was the chairman, an altogether inefficient chairman, too, save for his name. One who never gave any heartiness to his personification, and who threw a lurid air of sham over the whole proceedings, although underneath there lay an immeasurable depth of feeling."

The *Review* quotes from the *Birmingham Daily Post*, calling it "an admirably clever picture of the noble chairman, because there is real truth in it."

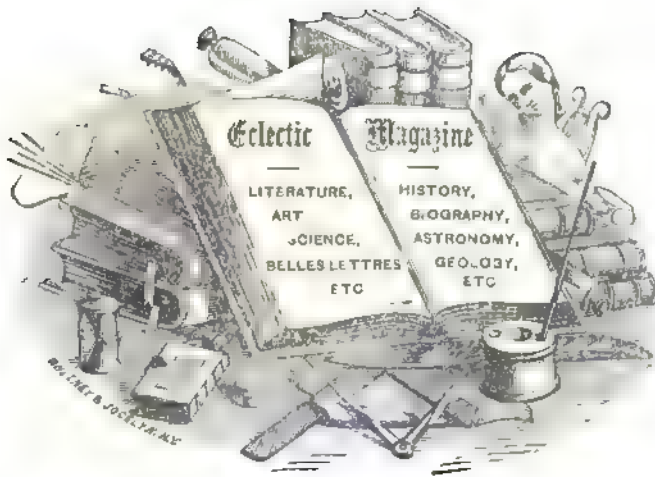
"Let me say unreservedly, that of all the dull, prosy chairmen ever put into a chair, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is the worst. Of course I know this is heresy to start with. People talk of the respect due to genius, and that sort of thing. Respect to fiddlesticks! If genius can't drive a coach and six, it should not risk other people's necks; if it cannot talk after dinner, it should not bore intelligent people who can. Here was a great intellectual gathering—men of brains, presided over by a man of brains, who was as tedious an old foggy as ever twaddled at a tea-table, who had learned off a high-faluting speech by heart, which he delivered with false emphasis, with ridiculous, even grotesque and ludicrous gesture, in an altogether comical and more than painfully tedious manner. Vestrymen, however, must not think his tediousness was like unto theirs. He was not vulgar, nor common, nor foolish, but quite otherwise. His speech was that of a Don Quixote, and he himself looked as the immortal Don might have looked if he had been woke suddenly in the night, and called on to address the College of Salamanca. His eyes, awake with wonder, their orbits not yet settled, and at cross purposes; his eyebrows elevated and awry, his—well, his hair—tumbled; his face, like to a monument of genius, with the inscription very much effaced; but, withal, his air, manner, gesture, that of a ludicrous dandy exquisite, man of honour and genius, grown old, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and only to be pitied because it strives to keep up its appearance of youth, and to be what it is not."

"As for Mr. Dickens' speech, which was in its way a masterpiece, my impression at the time was that it was learned by heart and not impromptu, and that the emotion he showed he kept purposely down, so that he might recollect his lesson. The opening sentences, 'exquisitely constructed,' says our previously quoted friend, 'were intended to express profound emotion, and the great author was too obviously repeating a lesson—too certainly drawing on his memory to produce the effect.' Yet every word told, and one or two had the old ring. The row after dinner, the heart-burnings, jealousies, the fierce love and admiration for their chief, the subservience to sham yet hate of sham, has not been depicted anywhere. Here were the true rulers of men, and only two literary lords among them. Here was not one living genius, but twenty, and no Prince of Wales or man of State to be at the gathering."

I have always thanked God, says an old philosopher, that I was not born a woman, deeming her the bestower rather than the enjoyer of happiness—the flower-crowned sacrifice offered up to the human lord of the creation.







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From the London Quarterly Review.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL QUESTION OF THE WORLD.*

WE must not allow the interest attending the affairs of Rome to turn away our attention altogether from a question which concerns us more nearly, is much more important for the world at large, and has been the occasion of a far greater amount of human suffering.

There is no great Power in Europe, the interests of which will not be more or less directly affected by the issues which are being prepared, or slowly worked out, or which may be suddenly consummated in the regions under the sway of the Ottoman scimitar.

The purposes of Russia are a secret to no one. The aspirations that dictate them have been gathering strength these hundred and fifty years, along with Russia's consciousness of her own growing power, and of the irremediable collapse of Turkey. But, in case of a dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, Austria

is the natural rival of Russia. More than half of her subjects belong to the Slavonic stock, some of them to the Greek communion likewise, so that Francis Joseph reigns over races kindred by blood and attached by religion to those who are panting for escape from the despotism of their Mahometan masters. Austria shrinks from changes that would stimulate the feeling of separate nationality in her own subjects; but, on the supposition of a general breaking-up and reconstruction in the East, it would seem to that Government natural and desirable that the Roumans of Moldavia and Wallachia should be united to those of Transylvania, and that the Servians south of the Danube, the Bosnians also, and the Montenegrins, should cast in their lot with the Servians of Hungary. Under certain circumstances, indeed, the policy of aggrandisement would become necessary for self-defence; Austria would be condemned to enlarge her boundaries or to go to pieces.

Prussia has no prospect of ever directly appropriating any part of Turkey, but she is not indifferent to the interests of

* *La Question d'Orient, Exposé Politique.* Paris: Dentu, Palais Royal, 17.

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Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, and, what is more important, she is so placed as to be ready to exact an equivalent in Germany for whatever accession Austria may receive toward the East. Again, it is of vital importance to Prussia, almost more than any other Power, that Russia should not acquire irresistible preponderance by carrying out her ambitious designs. Prussia is the nearest neighbor of the Muscovite, and, as such, is under an imperious necessity to watch against any increase in the resources of the giant, whose accomplice she has been in former deeds of usurpation.

France is less forcibly involved in the matter than Austria or Prussia. But she has already begun to divide the spoil by her possession of Algiers; she would fain look upon the whole of North Africa as to be one day hers; she is our rival in Egypt. She has moreover committed herself to the struggle against Russian encroachments; professing to be the disinterested friend and protectress of the native Christian populations, she has at least been less interested than Russia, less ungenerous than Austria, or than England, with the important exception of our gift of the Ionian Isles.

As for England, our interest in the East is to be measured, in the first place by our interest in India, and in the next by our wish to preserve the independence of all Europe against the Tartar despot that threatened it a few years ago, and will threaten it again if we are not vigilant and ready, if needs be, to strike.

Such being the importance of the question, we feel no little responsibility in attempting to enlighten public opinion upon it, and we have a very natural leaning to a policy of expectancy. It is easy to see what ought not to be done, and what ought to be hindered at any cost, but it is not so easy to determine what ought to be done. On the other hand there are conjunctures in which delay is as fatal as precipitation, and this may be one of them. We wish therefore to state the facts, the certainties, and the contingencies of the case, as fully as possible—to present the rights, circumstances, and prospects of the several populations whose future is at stake, as they appear to us after many years of careful and impartial observation.

It is certain that the existence of an

independent State upon the Bosphorus sufficiently powerful to protect itself, or sufficiently protected by common consent, is a necessity of the balance of power in Europe. Lord Chatham once said that he would not waste five minutes' argument upon any one who did not at once recognize that the existence of Turkey was a political necessity, but we suppose this opinion may be translated into the more general proposition just laid down. His lordship would not have cared whether the people who held the Bosphorus in trust for the benefit of Europe were Jews, Greeks, Turks, Infidels, or Heretics, provided they were able to hold their own. The necessity of the existence of such a Power is even more evident now than it was in Lord Chatham's time; the only question is—Who are the people best qualified for, and best entitled to, the trust?

The Turks have in their favor the fact that they are in possession. This is a most important, at first sight an almost decisive, point. They could not be supplanted by any direct and immediate action without war, and that, practically, a war of extermination; not only unsettling Europe, but attended by fearful reprisals and massacres in Asia. Every lover of peace and of humanity must admit, that it is better to live with a people imperfectly qualified to meet the responsibilities of their position, than forcibly to put in their place a people better qualified. The Turks ought not to be abandoned by their protectors unless their fall is absolutely inevitable, and even in such a case extreme measures should be delayed as long as would be consistent with the safety of Europe. The *effete* Power should be gently let down, and its successor gently and gradually inducted.

The view of this question generally taken by Englishmen is exceedingly narrow. In their eyes it is but a choice between Turkey as it is and Turkey as a Russian province, with Constantinople as the capital of the Romanoffs. We are happy in our persuasion that this view is altogether inadequate, and therefore false; for if it were true we should be in despair:—if there be no choice except that between Russia and Turkey, then Russia must have the prey in spite of all the world. We may prolong the life of

the dying man at a ruinous expense in money, and at the still greater cost of sharing the responsibility of all sorts of iniquity; we may struggle against fate, and retard the consummation for a few short years; but the Turkey that now is, is doomed. There are those now living that will either witness its fall, or else a transformation that we fear is hopeless.

As nearly as we can judge after comparing many statistical tables and calculations, the Mahometans of European Turkey are about three millions eight hundred thousand. Of these, three hundred thousand are Tartars and Circassians; about two millions and a half are converts from subject races, Albanian, Bosnian, and Bulgarian, and only one million are genuine Osmanlis of the governing race. It must be remembered that we are not now taking into consideration the Asiatic part of the empire, where the true Turks are five times as numerous. The Christians of European Turkey who have attained to partial independence, that is to say the Moldo-Wallachians, and the Servians of the Principality, number five millions and a quarter. Those that remain in total but unwilling subjection are about seven millions and a half.

The dismemberment of the empire has begun by the independence of the kingdom of Greece, the French conquest of Algiers, the practical independence of Tunis and Egypt, Moldo-Wallachia and Servia; the very Arabs hate the Turks; but the diseased state of the whole body politic is such that the head is hardly conscious of losses at the extremities. While the Christian populations are increasing in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, in aspirations for freedom, and in confidence that they will obtain it, their masters are rapidly growing fewer and poorer, and the conviction is gaining ground among them that their empire is to be destroyed ere long, or as the peasants of Asia Minor put it, that "God has become a Frank." The feeling of apathy is universal, the spirit of armed proselytism has died away, and there is no force of impulsion left.

Since Turkish landowners can no longer compel the rayas to cultivate their fields for nothing, they have begun to leave their villages and crowd into the towns. This movement has been very percep-

tible since 1850; it is one cause of depopulation, and of the rapid transfer of landed property from Mahometan to Christian hands. There are even places where a crowded burial-ground is the only memorial of the Turkish village that was in existence fifty years ago. The other permanent causes of depopulation are over-early marriages, the unhealthy lives and criminal practices of the Turkish women, the excessive severity with which the obligation to military service falls upon the Mahometans exclusively. One provision, indeed, of the Hatt-i-Humayou extends the right and duty of bearing arms in defence of the empire to all its subjects without distinction; but this clause was only inserted to hoodwink the representatives of the European Powers; its practical result has been the imposition of a new tax upon the rayas as a substitution for the conscription, and the drain upon the Mahometans remains as constant as before. There is a progressive diminution of the Ottoman population in city and country taken together, and an almost total desolation of fertile tracts from sheer lack of cultivators and communications.

These are not the symptoms of a mere functional disorder, but of an incurable organic disease. Turkish peasants have all the virtues of a dominant race. They are brave, truthful; are distinguished by a native dignity and self-respect; they are less brutal to their subordinates than the Mahometans of the subject races. The worst that can be said of them in an economical point of view is, that they allow everything to go to ruin by never mending or renewing anything, and that they dream their lives away; and this is, perhaps, not so much the result of temperament, as of the circumstances in which bad government and their own arbitrary ascendancy have placed them. But the higher we rise, the less morality, truth, and worth we meet within Turkish society. There is no integrity and patriotism, or sense of honour among the men high in office. We can hardly use the word upper class, for there is practically no aristocracy in Turkey, the effendis or country gentlemen having died out, or been crushed by the spoliation of pashas. The corruption of public functionaries is flagrant and universal; hence

the mockery of justice in all courts, civil and criminal, and the inconceivable indifference to either material or moral improvement which astounds the Western traveller. Place is synonymous with receiving bribes from those below, and the obligation of giving them to those above. The vices of Turkey are stronger than her wish to be cured of them; she is her own worst enemy. The pasha copies the bad side of European society without any of its excellencies; his enlightenment consists in drinking without scruple, and he has retained withal the nameless vices of the East.

What are the trade, finances, justice, legislation of the Turks? They once bargained with the conquered and let them govern themselves; but *they* never governed. The Eastern correspondence of our contemporary, *Evangelical Christendom*, has for many years back teemed with complaints by missionaries from all parts of Asia Minor and Syria, relating the outrages inflicted upon Protestant converts by officials of every degree, who have received bribes from the high Armenian clergy, or wished to ingratiate themselves with the representatives of France. The sufferers belong to a small and peculiar class, and one which has always had protectors at Constantinople, except during the residence of Sir Henry Bulwer, so these few glimpses can only convey a faint idea of the unblushing rapacity and lying effrontery of the whole administration: taxes arbitrarily and unequally distributed, men punished for offences which the authorities knew to be imaginary, or thrown into prison for equally imaginary debts; in one instance a Protestant girl taken by force and married to a gipsy, and appeals to Constantinople invariably met by a strenuous denial of the most notorious facts.

"The poverty and misery of the people in the interior of the empire is terrible," writes a missionary some two years ago, "and their condition is becoming worse. This is a fact which European politicians should understand. The people of the Turkish empire (a few cities only excepted), are becoming poorer and more wretched every year, less and less able to bear the weight of taxation which is crushing them."*

* Some five months of travel in Turkey in 1867, traversing the empire from the Red Sea to

No country ever thrives on the strength of natural resources without industry, knowledge, equal laws, respect for personal rights, and security for property—things of which a genuine Mussulman would never so much as dream. Hence their commerce is carried on by foreigners; their land, once tilled by serfs, remains waste, and passes into the hands of bitter internal enemies; the master's share of the produce is, virtually, not rent, but tribute. The taxes, especially the tithes, are imposed with odious inequality, and so oppressively exacted as often to ruin the husbandman, putting a stop to cultivation altogether; the poorer Mussulmen, it has been frequently observed, are less able to bear the rapacity of the local governors than even the rayas.

When a people fashioned by an inferior civilization is brought into contact and occasional collision with a superior civilization, it is a decisive trial of the vitality of that people; it must adjust itself to the higher civilization; it must be transformed or perish. The Turks have reached this great crisis in their history, and the results are sooner or later to become evident. A really impartial traveller in the East, M. George Perrot, whose antiquarian researches brought him into communication with people of all ranks, says he never yet saw a Turk who had profited by contact with Europeans. "Not only have I never met with a really educated Turk, I have never even seen one who understood what education meant, its value, and the trouble that must be taken in order to acquire it. They have not a shadow of that precious curiosity which is, as it were, the salt of modern societies, and which, notwithstanding their faults, hinders them from becoming corrupt."

The nature of this race, moulded as it has been by a religion which leaves no room for the idea of progress, hinders them from passing with success out of the limits of patriarchal and military life. The vitality of the empire seems to have been lessened rather than increased by the reforms of Mahmood. As soon as the Turk steps out of a

the Danube, and through the interior of Syria, more than confirms this statement.—[ED. OF ECLECTIC.]

simple and elementary mode of existence, as soon as he has lost his native faith and traditional manners, he seems under a fatal incapacity to put anything better in their stead. The partial departure from ancient habits was but the loss of self-confidence and self-respect without the acquisition of a firm and discriminating hold of new principles. As it has been felicitously said, the improvement is of the kind typified by the exchange of the turban suited to the climate for the fez cap, which affords no protection to head or eyes.

Turks imitate only what they like in Western civilization. They have displayed a marvellous readiness to adopt the system of national loans. They would fain copy the centralization of our Continental neighbors. They catch at every excuse for abolishing the exceptional immunities of their Christian subjects, which, however politically anomalous, are necessary to screen the rayas from their own brutality. In this respect Constantinopolitan pashas are perfect masters of the cant of a false and hypocritical liberalism. In the preamble of a firman addressed to the Greek Patriarch in November, 1857, it is said to be destined "to put the privileges and immunities granted to the Greeks by different Sultans in harmony with the progress and the light of the age." The document introduced with this flourish of trumpets simply abolished the patriarch's temporal and judicial authority over his co-religionists, and substituted for his fees and those of the higher clergy a fixed tax, upon which the Government was to have a percentage.

It is strange that a nation like England, in whose inner life religion plays so important a part, should be slower than almost any of the Continental nations to recognize the all-important influence of the religion professed by a people upon its institutions and character. Even Volney, an unbeliever, in his considerations upon the war of 1788, anticipated the impossibility of civilizing Mahometans on grounds which have since been verified by experience. So long as the Turks remain Mahometans, they will be incapable of any such change for the better as would make their yoke tolerable and their empire

stable. What we have seen in India of Mahometan subjects, even though they form only a minority of the population, ought to make us understand what it must be to have Mahometan masters.

When despotism is supposed to be the law of the universe; when God is understood to be a sort of Oriental monarch, stern to His subjects and terrible to His enemies, who has committed to a brave people the task of crushing all idolaters and infidels; when the unity of the Divine Being is so explained as to leave no room in its essence for reciprocal relations, so that God is not conceived as eternal love, but as mere absolute, resistless will;—when this is the religion of a people, no form of government can be practically and consistently carried out except an insolent and cruel military despotism. The Christian subject must remain a despised alien, who is only allowed to exist by sufferance, and cannot be trusted with arms to defend the common country. The Osmanlis must continue to hold down in forcible subjection spirited populations more numerous than themselves. The Government must continue to deal arbitrarily with the persons and properties of its subjects; and the old administrative barbarism will go on spreading desolation over these fertile regions, as the winds of the Bay of Biscay used to spread the sterile sands over the plains of Gascony. You can make their barbarism more refined, their ferocity more corrupt, their venality more full of expedients; but you cannot communicate any culture equivalent to Christian civilization. Why is the Ottoman not to be expected to do aught but dream his life away? His God did so, while he sat from all eternity upon a white cloud, previous to creation, without wants, affections, or motives. For the Turkish mind there is no real life in heaven or on earth; no progress, for, according to the orthodox faith, Mahomet did but restore the religion of Abraham. The institutions founded upon such a conception of the universe must be marked by immobility, and the character of the people who hold it by apathy.

The amalgamation of the Turks with their subject races would be evidently necessary to the stability of the empire,

and this is absolutely hopeless. The various religio-political organizations which create so many separate states within the State are indispensable to protect the Christians from the intolerance of masters who know no medium between the extermination of professors of a different creed, and the leaving them this kind of precarious, unsatisfactory, and embittered independence. Were the Turks to wish for social fusion, the memory of the *rayas* is too tenacious of the traditions of mutual contempt and hatred to admit of it. Wherever the Christians are strong enough to prevent it, a Turk is never seen to enter a Christian village, not even for the purpose of collecting taxes. But the Turks entertain no such wish; their feelings are those of slave-owners, who fear the future escape of the oppressed. Hence, like the defeated planters of America, one of the reforms of the Hatt-i-Humayou which they obstinately refuse to carry out, is the allowing the testimony of a Christian to weigh against a Mussulman in a court of justice. The application to Christians of the word *giaour*, *dog*, is forbidden by the Hatt-i-Humayou; but the term *rayas*, *herd*, is still an official designation, and a more appropriate one could not be imagined. It is no uncommon practice for the mudirs of a district to lock up the rich *rayas* without any pretext, in order to extort money for letting them go.

One thing could save the Ottoman Empire—that would be a religious change upon a scale as wide as the Reformation of the sixteenth century. We believe it would be want of faith deliberately to pronounce such a change impossible. Christianity was made for man, and therefore for Turks as well as others; nor is the East religiously immovable. The great Wahabite schism shows that it is not. There is at present a considerable degree of religious curiosity—not to call it by a better name—among the Turks of Constantinople, enough to arouse the fears of the Ulemas and of the Government. But the question arises—Should we be justified in continuing to shield the oppressor on the bare possibility of his becoming at some future time amenable to the one influence that would create honest

functionaries and a thriving, contented people? Lord Stratford de Redcliffe tried at once to civilize the Turks and to give Protestant missionaries fair play. Sir Henry Bulwer must have thought the plan a failure; for he did everything that in him lay to tie up the hands of the missionaries, to hinder proselytism, and sustain the Government in its attempts to revive the old Mahometan spirit as far as it could go while stopping short of violence and massacre. Hence it is that we read in a letter of August, 1865, by an old resident: "It is my opinion that there is not only in the interior, but in Constantinople itself, a general revival among the Turks of the old insolent contempt of Christians which preceded the Crimean war."

No later than the summer of 1866, two ladies, travelling from end to end of European Turkey, record the following observations:

"The rural population of Bulgaria is Christian, and hereabout the *raya* has a down look and a dogged stolidity, which give one the impression that heart and mind have been bullied out of him. . . . His country, lying as it does on the road of the Turkish armies to the Danube, has been subject to unceasing spoliation, and nothing is more melancholy than the tale told by its desolate highways, and by the carefulness with which villagers are withdrawn from the notice of the passers-by.

"The Mahometans of Monastir and Ochrida are more numerous than the Christians. Whenever this is the case, the state of the disarmed and disfranchised *raya* is most pitiable, and open murder occurs frequently and unpunished. So long as the victims are *rayas*, the authorities take no notice; and even if they did, the conviction of the assassin is hopeless, for a Christian cannot give evidence in criminal cases. The Christians cannot resist; they are unarmed; and if they should injure a Mussulman, even in self-defence, they are rigorously punished."

A fact which occurred during the Crimean war furnishes a sad commentary upon these statements. An officer high in rank amongst our allies, Salih Pasha, violated a young Bulgarian girl of Toultscha. The outrage being perpetrated undisguisedly as a sort of right, attracted the notice of a French general officer, who made a noise about it, and called for an inquiry. The wretch had his victim assassinated in

order to secure her silence, and he was himself sent out of the way by the Turkish authorities, but remained otherwise undisgraced and unpunished until he fell in a skirmish with the Montenegrins some years later. Indeed, outside of the capital there is not a Christian female in European Turkey who can reckon herself safe from the passions of the first Mussulman of rank who may fancy her. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, we believe, mentioned a few years ago, apparently on good authority, a tragedy which had just taken place at the foot of the Balkan. A Turkish officer, travelling with his escort, took up his abode for the night in the house of a substantial Bulgarian farmer. That the whole house should be given up to him and his soldiers without any compensation, was a matter of course: but the brutal Turk was not content with this—he ordered the wife of his host to be brought to him. The unfortunate raya attempted no opposition. In the morning the tyrant called for his victim's only daughter, a child of twelve years old; the Bulgarian turned away as if to fetch her, but it was to seize an axe and strike the officer dead at his feet. As was inevitable, this successful burst of indignation and despair cost the injured husband and father his own life.

The Bosnian nobles assume for themselves, their servants, and their visitors, something worse than the most infamous prerogative of the feudal times. There are outrages with which we cannot defile our pages, which are not the less really suffered by Christian mothers and their daughters. This much we can say, that between the 20th and 26th of June, 1858, a hundred and eighty young Bosnian girls were carried off by the Turkish soldiery. The population disarmed by Omar Pasha defended their houses, their churches, and their families as well as they could with ploughshares, scythes, and pitchforks; but they were soon driven by thousands to take refuge within the Austrian frontier. We transcribe part of a complaint presented to the European commissioners at Klibuok, in that fatal summer of 1858, by the villagers of Orobuisk and Piva:

"If the poor Christians have taken up arms, they have done so because of the oppressions

and exactions of the cursed Turks and malefactors, who have taken and eaten up everything that belonged to us; they have profaned our churches, insulted our religion, and above all, outraged our wives and sisters, so that we are obliged to baptize the bastards that our wives and sisters bring into the world.

"Ever since Omar Pasha came into Bosnia, we, wretched rayas have not taken up arms against the poor Sultan, but against malefactors, his enemies and our own, who do not listen to the Sultan nor obey his orders.

"We call God to witness, that if his Grace the Sultan does not withdraw these malefactors from our midst, and give us justice, we are ready to die to the last man, and drown ourselves with our families."

It was a little later than this that English money enabled Omer Pasha to subdue the Montenegrins, and overawe the people of the neighboring provinces who had been expected to act with them. Is it surprising that these people hate us as they do the Turks? The Jeddah massacre took place that same year—1858. The *Times* thought we were in too great a hurry to expect tolerant feelings from Mahometans. "Let us but give them time," said that journal, "and we shall see them adopt the principles of modern society." The massacres of Damascus two years afterward may serve to measure the progress our pupils had been making.* Five thousand Christians were butchered in Damascus alone, and many more in various localities of Syria, and that invariably with the connivance of the authorities—in some instances with their direct participation. We may if we please continue to preach contentment to the co-religionists of the victims; let them but bleed patiently for two or three generations more, and their masters will become civilized at last; but they do not seem disposed to lend themselves to the experiment, and let the scimitar dull its edge at their expense.

A letter from Constantinople of Nov. 7, 1866, by a writer not originally friendly to the Turks, says:

"European Turkey cannot long be kept in subjection to the Turks. Since the Crimean war, and especially since the Italian war, the idea of nationality has taken possession of

* Col. Churchel, a personal observer of the scenes, puts down the whole number at 11,000.—[ED. OF ECLECTIC.]

the minds of Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians. . . . It will require but little more mismanagement and oppression on the part of the Turks to fan this spark into a flame. The Turks fear something of this sort, and they are adopting the most severe measures to crush out all thoughts of Bulgarian or Slavic nationality. Scores of Bulgarian young men have been seized within a few years, and hurried off to die in distant prisons, without even a form of trial, without even knowing why they were arrested. There are some twenty such now pining in the prisons of Diarbekir, who were never guilty of any crime whatever, but were simply suspected to be unfriendly to the Turks.

"At the other extremity of the empire the Arabs—Moslems though they are—seem to be waking to these same ideas of nationality. They hate the Turks; and all Syria and Arabia would rise against the Turkish dominion if they could see a chance of success. While these disturbing forces are daily gathering strength, the Government itself is becoming more and more inefficient and oppressive. During the years of peace which have followed the Crimean war, the debt has steadily increased; the money borrowed has been, for the most part, squandered; the taxation has increased in about the same ratio as the debt; the country has grown poorer in spite of the momentary relief afforded to certain districts by the high price of cotton; promised reforms and public works have been postponed; and the people everywhere are in despair. Worse than all, there seems to be no possible hope of improvement. Under these circumstances, it is hardly possible that this empire can remain intact much longer, whether left to itself or helped on to destruction."

The opinion thus forcibly expressed is shared by almost every impartial and competent person who visits the East; and the nearer to Constantinople, the stronger the impression. We have been trying to infuse from without an extraneous strength into the arteries of a decaying race. We gave back Syria to the Sultan when it had been wrested from him in 1840, and by doing so we gave it back to anarchy. We gave him back in 1830 and 1832 the very provinces of Greece, the populations of which had been the first to take up arms for their independence. In 1858 all Europe did its utmost to let anarchy have every possible chance in the Principalities of the Danube. In the eighth article of the Constitution given to the latter, they are subjected to all treaties that the Porte may make with foreign

nations, so that the impoverished Porte may sell to foreigners any exorbitant privileges it pleases upon the Rouman soil.

It is but a few years since the Porte forbade the establishment of printing-presses in Bulgaria. We are helping to keep millions against their will under a Power which does not care for their prosperity, and positively dreads their enlightenment. The tendency of British policy in the East has been to make the disease, decay, and debility of the head the measure of the prosperity that is to be allowed to the limbs. We are known to these rising Christian populations as the powerful, effective, vigilant enemy of their provincial liberties for the present, and of their hopes for the future. There is an oppressive and decayed East—there is an oppressed but rising East—and all our statesmen, except Mr. Gladstone, have thought it just and politic to identify us with the former.

It is not to be denied we have given the Porte a prodigious quantity of good advice. Our relation toward our promising pupil in the fez cap upon the Bosphorus, is exactly that of the French Emperor towards his equally interesting *protégé* with the tiara upon the seven hills. In both cases there is an oppressed people wishing to become their own masters, and an irremediably corrupt theocracy hastening to decomposition, and there are royal or imperial guardians, stunning sick men's ears with recommendations to reform. We may boast that Abdul Medjid and his pashas receive our advice with humbler mien than that of Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli under the homilies of Napoleon III. and his ministers; the Sultan does not profess himself infallible. But as far as practical results are concerned, both preachers might as well address themselves to Ailsacraig. It is just as reasonable for Napoleon to expect the Pope to become a philosopher, as it was for Lord Palmerston to imagine that Turkey could really take a place in the family of modern Christian nations. For the Holy See to put itself into the modern condition of governments would be simply suicidal; it would be simply the transformation of a priestly into a lay government.

Similarly, if Turkey were to grant real civil and political equality to the various populations of the empire, it would simply be a transfer of power to the rayas. England may hope against hope with national obstinacy; shut her eyes and pretend to believe the reforms she hears of serious; but the Ali Pashas and the Antonellis know better; an unerring instinct teaches them that the old garment had better be let alone; that to sew on the bran new pieces officious hands are holding out from London and Paris, would be but to precipitate the fate of the failing vesture. Our Mussulman restoration is in its results but Russian preponderance. Every appearance we give to Turkey is a reality in the path of Russia. The Sultan can neither govern nor keep the provinces that we thrust back under his feet.

After having been on the eve of annihilation for centuries, the Greeks fell in 1453: partly because they persuaded themselves too fondly that Europe would never suffer them to perish. The Turks are now, by a singular turn of the wheel, in exactly the same position as the Greeks in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Their weakness causes Europe as much trouble now as their power did once. They were our peril of old, and they are our difficulty now.

We believe ourselves under obligation not to precipitate the fall of the Ottoman Empire; but we are equally bound by interest and humanity not to delay giving countenance to the Greek, the Rouman, and the various Slavonian races until they are driven by despair to give themselves over irrevocably to the interested protection of Russia. Here is the great practical difficulty—How are we to know where our protection of the Turks is to stop, and where our protection of the subject nations is to begin? or, Is there any way of dealing fairly, humanely and wisely with all parties at the same time?

We will not attempt to answer these questions until we have passed in review the state, the aspiration, and prospects of the several subject races of European Turkey.

It is natural to begin with the Greeks. They number about 1,500,000 in Roumelia, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, forming — with about 210,000 Walla-

chians, chiefly inhabiting Thessaly, with 320,000 Albanians, and more than twice that number of Bulgarians—the Christian population of these provinces, which is slightly superior to the Mussulman. The Greeks of Asia Minor are reckoned to be about 1,300,000. The Fanariots, or wealthy Greeks of Constantinople, are notorious throughout the East for their spirit of selfishness, corruption, and jobbery. They have managed to make themselves the agents intervening between the Turkish Government and its Christian subjects of all races, and they have sacrificed the interests of both parties to their own. For this reason they are hated by all their fellow-rayas. We are in the habit of looking upon the Greeks as the instruments of Russia. They, on the other hand, look upon themselves as the natural heirs of the Turks, and consequently Russia is in their eyes a natural enemy. When King Otho, upon coming of age in 1835, chose Fanariots and Russian partisans for his ministers, the whole Greek public were indignant; but Lord Palmerston understood this so little that, in the same year, he denounced France to the absolute courts for patronizing Coletti and the constitutional party.

Of course, if the Greeks felt sure that they could never succeed in regaining possession of the capital of their forefathers with its immediately dependent provinces, they would prefer becoming Russian subjects to remaining under the yoke of the Crescent. Hence, if reduced to despair, they will become that for which our statesmen have precipitately taken them; and the fact that they are the co-religionists of the Russians, and that their ancestors were the religious teachers of Russia, would certainly render the humiliation of subjection to the Czar less galling to their national pride. However, for the present they are anything but desponding, and merely coquet with Russia, trying to avail themselves of her power for their own purposes. The passionate ardor with which every Greek (except the higher clergy since they have been paid by the Porte) looks forward to the future restoration of his people, equals, if it does not exceed, that with which the bosoms of Italian patriots glowed for the unity and the

independence of their country. In both cases alike the remembrance of former glory has embittered present humiliation, and in both cases the readiness to sacrifice fortune and life for his country ennoble many a character that in too many other respects bears the stamp left by degradation.

When ceding the Ionian Isles to Greece, the British Government read the natives of both the isles and the mainland a lecture on the necessity of henceforth resigning all unreasonable expectations. This piece of political pedantry was about as effectual as if they had been told to abstain for the future from breathing. The instinct that impels the Greek to make the freedom of the Levant the one wish of his heart, can as little be resisted by himself as the power of gravitation. A total and speedy transformation of the Turks, such as a change of religion could alone produce, might yet save their supremacy; but if this renovation be not brought about in a short time, the next generation, if not the present, will see the Greeks either the subjects of a Christian power, or else the guardians of the Bosphorus under the auspices of Europe.

When George the First entered Athens, deputations from the old soldiers of the War of Independence in Crete, Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, Samos, and other isles still under Turkish rule, thronged the road leading from the Piræus. The natives of Independent Greece made an unwise and ungenerous law in February, 1843, refusing to heterochthones, as they called their brethren of foreign birth who should settle in Greece, a full and equal participation in the privileges of citizenship. Notwithstanding this narrow and selfish act, all the Greeks throughout the East look upon the emancipated district as their country. It is to them what Jerusalem was long ago to the Israelites scattered throughout the old Roman world. They say it will prove to them what Piedmont has been to Italy in the present generation, the nucleus of a country much larger than itself, and which, while waiting to attain its full proportions, served as an example and a school of political life.

One might suppose from some appear-

ances, that we have been so long without having to fight for our own liberties as to become ungenerous, indifferent to the wrongs, insensible to the enthusiasm of others. Happily, the warm sympathy of the English people for the Italian cause shows that this is not the case. The fact is, we have some peculiar prejudices to overcome in the case of the modern Greeks, and upon the whole the English press of the last twenty years has been very hard upon them, sometimes positively unjust. We expected too much from them at first, and then in our indignation and disappointment we refuse to take into account the effects of long oppression. The Greek character had already been degraded under the lower empire, and the sway of the Turks was not the sort of adversity fitted to discipline and to regenerate.

Travellers in the Levant, unless possessed of unusual benevolence, or that far-seeing and comprehensive philosophy which measures the effect of circumstances upon a national character, almost invariably come home with a sort of antipathy to the Greeks, and the feeling is not altogether without excuse. There is something in the subtle, selfish, intriguing dexterity of the Greek singularly repugnant to British manliness and plain dealing. Then, the subtle Hellene has inherited from his illustrious ancestors that contempt for strangers and barbarians which ever distinguished them, but which is far less justified in his case than in theirs. He has so little esteem for the intellect of foreigners, that he seems to reckon upon deluding their dulness with the most transparent paradoxes, the most untenable propositions, the thinnest veiling of the most obvious motives. This pretentious conceit in a race our inferior in civilization and in moral principle, is irritating in the highest degree to all but the firmest nerves. With all this we have the natural disposition of the disappointed creditor to be severe upon an insolvent debtor, who has too good an opinion of himself.

But we are not influenced by these excusable weaknesses alone; there are other motives that can less bear examination. Having persuaded ourselves that the maintenance of Turkey is our interest, we are voluntarily blind to the failings of our *protégés*, and

to the merits and even the rights of those whom they oppress. In different ways, during the last fifty years, we have been insensibly drawn into a position that hinders us from forming a disinterested and dispassionate judgment, because we have identified ourselves with the oppressor. It was heroic of Nelson to put the glass to his blind eye when the signal for retreat was hung out at Copenhagen. But in the Mediterranean he showed that he could also turn the blind eye to the atrocities of the Court of Naples. Now, of all the great men in our history, there never was a more completely typical Englishman than Horatio Nelson. The valor, the self-devotion, the sense of duty, the high resolve to show himself in deeds rather than in words, the indomitable tenacity and perseverance—all these eminently English characteristics were associated in him with our equally national capacity for the exhibition of prejudices the most intense that can possess the human mind.

When England undertook the protection of the Ionian Islands, she little knew into what complications this connection would lead her, and still less how far her judgment would be warped by the results of a position that seemed so natural at first, and was to end by becoming utterly untenable. In October, 1809, General Oswald, upon landing at Corfu, informed the inhabitants of the Ionian Isles that his Britannic Majesty offered them the necessary help to drive away their oppressors and establish a free and independent government. "The English do not present themselves as conquerors, but as allies, who come to offer the Ionians the advantages of British protection, and to restore their freedom and commerce." The Congress of Vienna, by the treaty of November 5, 1815, stipulated, Art. I., that these islands should form a free and independent State under the denomination of the United States of the Ionian Islands, losing their continental dependencies. Art. II. that they were to be under the immediate and exclusive protection of England. Art. III.: "They are to regulate their internal organization with the approbation of the protecting Power." The forts to be occupied by English troops, and the isles to pay the garrison.

The concession of the Continental dependencies, Parga, etc., to the Turks, was a cruel and gratuitous one, making us the accomplices of Ali Pasha's atrocities; so that England's wedded life with the Ionians began most unfavorably. It was worse when the War of Independence broke out. Our ports were open to the Turks, while they were sternly shut against the heroic Greek sailors, and Government forbade any islanders going to the mainland to fight the Turks on pain of confiscation of their property. This was a clear violation of the treaty that determined our connection with them; we assumed over them more than a protectorate, indeed, more than the rights which the Government of any free country can assert over its own citizens. In everything that concerned their material prosperity, the Ionians had no reason to complain of us; we acted as enlightened, unselfish, liberal protectors; but in a matter which touched them far more nearly than their commercial prosperity, we abused our power and violated their rights. It was not done for any English interest, it is true, but only in the interest of Turkey, and our statesmen might apply to their consciences the Jesuitical salve that they did evil exclusively from considerations of general policy.

We really wished to be kind, gentle, and considerate guardians, to make our pupils rich, give them good and cheap justice, and teach them self-government; but successive English ministers found the Ionians could not be left the degree of liberty which had been promised them without using it to spread the boon among their kinsmen, and so they were manacled. When part of Continental Greece became free, the one use the Ionians cared to make of their independence was to cast in their lot with their brethren; so the garrison they were bound to pay was used once more to hold them down, and the men who tried to assert in arms their right to dispose of themselves were punished with the lash, which we used to degrade and brutalize our own soldiers, but was to this spirited race an outrage worse than death. Of course the journals of Athens, Syra, Patras, nay, the papers printed under our flag at Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, circulated through-

out the East their complaints of "British brutality and perfidy." We are such awkward hands at the trade of tyranny, that after rousing the fiercest passions against our rule, we allowed them to vent themselves unhindered in all manner of abuse, and in exaggeration of facts which were bad enough in themselves.

When Sir Thomas Young's despatch was stolen from the Colonial Secretary's office in 1858, and published in the *Daily News*, the *Times* complained that it had been immediately circulated "among Greeks, Servians, Moldo-Wallachians, Russians, and the whole herd of our Oriental ill-wishers." Who made them *ill-wishers*? Who taught them to look upon the Englishman as the unsympathizing, hard, stolid enemy of every man's freedom except his own? Why were we in such a position as to be mortified when the opinion of a clear-sighted and generous statesman of our own came to be made known to the world? Our unpopularity in the East comes of our friendship for Turkey and Austria, the two Powers that have existed hitherto only by crushing every reviving nationality. Europe has everything to hope from the vitality of the Christian populations of European Turkey, and nothing to fear from them unless it make them desperate. Let us add, our unpopularity has been very gratuitously increased by the insulting language in which the *Times* and some other English papers are in the habit of indulging, when they speak of races whose most cherished wishes we believe ourselves obliged to repress.

The Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, called the battle of Navarino an untoward event. Europe, in 1830 and 1832, made Greece—that bleeding child of civilization, as Chateaubriand called it—as small as it could, and that with the worst possible grace. We excluded the very districts of which the population had been the first to take arms in 1821, and had struggled bravely for years. There is now a further reaction of prose against poetry, of which the Greeks are victims; and a Continental publicist, M. Jean Lemoine, thought himself authorized by facts some time back to say that the English people, like an old cynic, repented of the only two

virtuous acts they had ever done—the emancipation of Greece and that of the slaves in the West Indies! Another French writer, Viscount d'Haussonville, takes occasion to say that England never seconds a generous cause, unless it be her interest. The charge is false; but it would be true to say that when we look upon any injustice as an absolute necessity, we try to harden ourselves against the reality.

The complaints of the Ionians naturally exasperated the British public and press, and all the more that it was not easy to answer them satisfactorily. The most unfortunate result of the long continuance of this false position was, that it made our judgment of the Greek race always harsh, and often unjust. We were drawn into a way of thinking akin to that of oppressors by temperament. We gave the Ionians constitution after constitution, each more liberal than the preceding. They would none of them; they wanted but one thing—to become themselves, to be Greeks; and they were ready to sacrifice their prosperity, and all the advantages of British protection, to become one with impoverished Greece. The English papers called this folly and ingratitude; we ought rather to have honored a feeling which in the same circumstances would surely have been our own. In any case our discontented *protégés* achieved a moral victory—we had to let them go. Now, what strange blindness is that which can continue to reckon upon retaining three millions of Greeks in subjection to Turks, when we found it morally impossible to keep two hundred thousand under our own sceptre? Is the Ottoman sway so much more bearable than that of England? We have had to give up being gaolers on our own account, and we still hope to wield the keys on behalf of Turkey. There is neither grandeur nor charity in such a policy, and, for such people as are too practical to be influenced by these considerations, we will add—this policy is impossible.

We have a feeling of respect for the valor of the Turks. They are ready to die hard, and sell their supremacy as dearly as they can. But why can we not sympathize with the valor of the oppressed? The Greeks throughout the War of Independence displayed a hero-

ism as great as that of their ancestors. Mark Botsaris, at Carpenitz, threw himself by night with three hundred palikars into a camp of fourteen thousand Turks. The dauntless assailants appointed to meet at the Seraskier's tent, whither they were to hew their way, every man for himself. Botsaris fell, but in the midst of the confusion, other bodies of Greeks came to help their countrymen, and the Turks were defeated with slaughter. Photos Tsavellas of Suli did more than Regulus, for he sent for his whole family, put it in the power of Ali Pasha, and went back to join them, after betraying the tyrant. During the War of Independence forty-nine members of the one Mainote family of Mavromichaelis fell in their country's cause. Canaris, that dauntless sailor, surpassed the leaders at Salamis by his exploits; and at the present moment, a few thousand Cretans, assisted by less than their own number of volunteers, have braved armies.

Our disposition to be unjust is shown by the reproaches we make. The finances of Greece are in disorder forsooth; we left them to begin housekeeping with a debt, the interest of which absorbs four-fifths of the revenue, and we gave them a Government that squandered the loan. The political adventurers who have come into power have retained the Turkish method of farming the taxes, and used taxation as an instrument of electoral pressure; they exhibit much of the classical Greek spirit of intrigue, restlessness, and instability, with a most unwholesome spirit of place-hunting, only equalled by their administrative incapacity. This is much to be regretted, but Greece is some five-and-thirty years old; how long, we should like to know, does it take to educate a people? The shortcomings of Greece in this respect are certainly less than those of Turkey, and within those limits the United States of America are a proof that a nation does not die of speculation.

Again, we are scandalized at the wretched state of agriculture. We are told that the plough in use is a barbarous imitation of that described by Hesiod; that three-fifths of the arable land in the kingdom is lying uncultivated; that a great deal of what might be the richest land in Europe is a succession of

swamps, breeding marsh fever, instead of producing rice, cotton, tobacco, and Indian corn. In short, it is said, the Greeks should take possession of their own country before they covet new provinces. This is only too true a statement; but, when we reproach a people who are struggling into existence with the unprosperous and unfinished look of everything, let it be remembered that during eight years of a war of extermination, the Turks were burning the houses, cutting down the olives and fruit trees, and laying waste the vineyards. Even before the war broke out, the unsettled tenure of land, the uncertainty of the agriculturist reaping what he had sown, the unequal and arbitrary distribution of taxation, the uncontrolled rapacity of pashas, the ravages of klephts and pirates—all these unfavorable conditions worked together to make agriculture the very last pursuit of peaceful industry to which a Greek would think of devoting himself with any energy. The sailor or the petty trader could make some shift to conceal his earnings, but the peasant could not put his crop out of harm's way. Then came on that long and fierce struggle, with its indescribable horrors, necessarily unfitting many of the population for peaceful pursuits of any kind. Such ruins, material and moral, could not be cleared away by one generation of the best government in the world; and we ourselves helped the Greeks to one of the worst of governments.

The Powers of Europe took an untried boy, the scion of a royal house all whose traditions were those of despotism, the son of a narrow art-pedant, and they set him to accomplish the civilizing of a brave but ignorant and factious people, demoralized alike by slavery and by the struggle which had freed them, and drunk with national pride. Under the Bavarian system Greece boasted ten prefects, forty-nine sub-prefects, and more than six thousand inferior functionaries. It is pretended that in thirty years this Government achieved twenty-six miles of road. And we reproach the unfortunates for not making progress, and for being a people of place-hunters.

An Englishman, who had known Greece for nearly forty years, told Mr.

Senior: "I wish to think that Attica and the other provinces are more prosperous than they were before the War of Independence; but the improvement is not obvious. The debtor and creditor side of the account are nearly balanced. There is more education; there is less municipal liberty; there is less violence, and more corruption; the roads are worse; the insecurity is greater; the taxation is more regular, but more exacting; it has made many kinds of cultivation unprofitable." We believe it can be shown that every item of this indictment tells against those who chose a king stork for Greece, quite as much as against the Greeks. If the government of Otho had been merely imbecile; if, for instance, he had been like his relative, the present King of Bavaria, who only thinks about music at a crisis that is to give the future of Germany its shape, then he would not have done so much mischief. But he was a bigoted Catholic, and a despot in principle, and an intriguer to boot. He broke up the old self-governing communes, which would have been such excellent schools to teach the people the habits, rights, and duties of free political life, and put in their stead artificial districts, in which the exercise of a serious control by the people over their municipal interests was less to be feared. They obtained a constitution at the cannon's mouth in September, 1843; but the king managed to neutralize it; practising both intimidation and falsification of votes without scruple, and training his people in all manner of political immorality. The demarchs or communal authorities were, if not in name yet in fact, selected by the king as absolutely as the eparchs and nomarchs, superintendents of the districts and provinces. For profligate subserviency, corruption, jobbery, malversation, and general inefficiency, these municipal officers have been justly called by a writer in the *National Review*, "in their small way, a set of pashas. Indeed, in their connivance with local brigands, they were worse than pashas."

Brigandism was naturally developed into a profession under Turkish tyranny. Indeed, it would seem that there is in the population of the three peninsulas, Greece, Italy, and Spain, a peculiar tendency to take to brigandage when

under the influence of violent or corrupt governments. It was one of the misfortunes of Greece that the valor and devotedness shown in defence of the national cause by several klephts shed a false lustre upon their former pursuits, and that even before the War of Independence the peasantry had been often accustomed to find them practically protectors against Turkish oppression. The celebrated Nicotsaras was both robber and pirate; the glens and defiles of Mount Olympus are at this moment nests of robbers—the sons of those who effectually made head against Ali Pasha of Jannina. However involuntarily, the Bavarian system, by weakening the integrity and self-respect of the authorities, could not but strengthen brigandism, and bring about the complicity with it of persons high in office. However, the peasantry have more than once shown themselves superior to their rulers with respect to this scourge. In 1855, when they were fairly supported by the Government of the day, one hundred and fifty brigands were destroyed by the rural population in the course of a few weeks. Since that time brigandage has not the less directly injured the fortunes of the whole rural population from the plains of Messenia to the mountains of Etolia, and impeded the progress of the country by preventing the rich Greeks in Western Europe from investing their capital in the purchase of landed estates. But this very summer the peasants of Argolis destroyed the bands of Kitsos, the "King of the Mountain," and Laphasanes, who had once extorted a ransom from a minister of finance. The brigands were surrounded and brought to bay at Nemea on the 24th and 25th of June. The peasants would be satisfied with nothing but their heads, says the correspondent of the *Times*.

"They have so little confidence in their Government and its authorities that they fear to make prisoners. Throughout all Greece there is a persuasion that every brigand has or will easily find a political patron, who will obtain his pardon and escape from prison. Brigands are also pretty sure of a speedy release by one of the frequent amnesties which form a part of the trading capital of Hellenic statesmen. As a matter of what brigands call honor, a Greek brigand considers it an affair of conscience to murder his captor,

burn his barn, or mutilate some member of his family on escaping from prison. So the peasants gave no quarter to either Kitsos, or Laphasanes, or any of their companions, and the head of the 'King of the Mountains' that surround the city of Minerva, was brought to the capital and exhibited publicly to the people, as a proof that the real Kitsos was not concealed in the country-house or the celler of some one of his patrons."

Such events as these afford the best hope of future security for life and property in Greece. It is evident that if not thwarted in the zeal they are displaying, the peasants will themselves destroy the scourge and reproach of their country.

The Athens correspondent of the *Times* complained, in a letter of the 12th of September last, that the population of the kingdom of Greece was only 1,800,000 souls, adding, "it ought, after thirty years of peace, at the rate of increase and under the condition of the progress even in the Old World, to be more than 2,000,000." The *Times* of the 18th of September complacently refers to this "testimony of our Athens' correspondent, than whom there can be on such subjects no higher authority." Now, will it be believed that this highest of authorities, in order to demonstrate the want of vitality in the Greek race, has chosen the one point in which they are superior to all the other nations of Europe? Anybody at all conversant with statistics knows that the population of Greece is increasing faster than that of England, or any country of continental Europe. The disposition to judge this people harshly and unfairly cannot be better illustrated than by this singularly awkward choice of the wrongest possible head of indictment.

(To be Continued.)

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THE HURRICANE, THE TYPHOON, AND THE TORNADO.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S.

IN that beautiful and picturesque group of the West Indian Islands called the Virgin Islands, of which St. Thomas and Tortola are the largest and most inhabited, on 29th October last, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, the weather was fine and the sky clear as usual, and the

barometer stood at 30 inches. The harbor of St. Thomas was full of shipping, and in various sheltered spots between the harbor and the adjacent islands the steamers of the West India Mail Steamship Company were collecting, to exchange cargoes and passengers. No one at that hour seems to have foreseen mischief, but a storm was then approaching that in a very short space should bring destruction on everything exposed to it. Within half an hour the barometer had fallen seven-tenths of an inch, and the hurricane commenced. It advanced rapidly, the wind changing as the storm neared. For a time it seemed that the storm would be unimportant, but toward noon the whole of the district near the town and to the east was in the centre of one of the great tornadoes that occasionally desolate the West Indies. At half-past twelve there was a cessation of wind, but the barometer showed a pressure of little more than 28 inches. The sky was then black and the darkness so thick that nothing could be seen either of cloud or sky. Deluges of rain fell, hailstones consisting of angular fragments of ice fell on the earth, earthquake shocks were felt, huge sea-waves swept over the earth, and none either at sea or on shore was safe from the terrible force of this great storm of wind. At this time the central axis of the storm passed over the town. By 5 P.M., the storm having lasted eight hours, all was over; every ship was wrecked, every building destroyed, and a large part of the population ruined. Upward of a hundred lives were also sacrificed. Such was the real meaning of the few terrible words flashed across the Atlantic by the telegraph a few days after the occurrence. The details came later. After a few days the storm was followed by further and more serious earthquake shocks, and all the adjacent islands, especially Tortola, appear to have suffered seriously. Three weeks later a severe earthquake shook the island, destroying much that had been spared by the storm.

About thirty years before, on the 2d August, 1837, a very similar storm travelled over almost exactly the same path, and was accompanied by similar phenomena. Then also there was a fearful wind felt, torrents of rain fell, hailstones consisting of angular frag

ments of ice were picked up by the terrified inhabitants, and earthquake shocks then also assisted in the destruction. The great sea-wave came up over the land and carried back with it to the deep the evidences of the mischief done; and the destruction caused by the storm on the shipping in the harbor and in the seas around, as well as on all the buildings on the shore, by the wind, the wave, and the earthquake, was of the same nature, only carried to a still greater extent. Many other severe storms have happened since, and many are recorded that happened before. They were not dissimilar; but it does not often happen that such a complete and perfect parallel can be traced as is obtained by a comparison of the log of H.M.S. Spey, a packet-ship that visited St. Thomas a few days after the hurricane of 1837, with that recorded of the recent event. We quote the account from the admirable and well-known work by Sir William Reid "On the Law of Storms." It should be mentioned that the year 1837 was remarkable for two severe hurricanes in the West Indies, and several other great storms. On same year it is recorded that many severe earthquakes were felt in Mexico and several islands in the West Indies. It may be observed, as a further coincidence, that the hurricane of the 2d August seems to have originated in the open sea to the east of the Virgin Islands, and not off the South American coast. This was the case also with the late hurricane of the 29th October.

August 6, 1837, A.M.—Arrived at Tortola. Here the hurricane (of the 2d Aug.) has destroyed the town and several plantations.

P.M.—Came to an anchor in St. Thomas' harbor. Here the hurricane appeared to have concentrated all its power, force, and fury, for the harbor and town were a scene that baffles all description. Thirty-six ships and vessels totally wrecked all round the harbor, among which about a dozen had sunk capsized at their anchors; some rode it out by cutting away their masts, and upwards of a hundred seamen drowned. The harbor is so choked up with wreck and sunken vessels that it is difficult to pick out a berth for a ship to anchor. The destructive powers of this hurricane will never be forgotten. Some houses were turned regularly bottom up. One large, well-built house was carried by

the force of the wind from off its foundation, and now stands upright in the middle of the street. The fort at the entrance of the harbor is levelled with the foundation, and the 24-pounders thrown down; it looks as if it had been battered to pieces by cannon shot. In the midst of the hurricane shocks of earthquake were felt, and to complete this awful visitation a fire broke out in some stores. Heavy tiles were flying about from the tops of the shaking and trembling houses, killing and wounding many persons. One fine American ship, 500 tons, was driven on shore near the citadel, and in an hour nothing could be seen of her but a few timbers. Several fine merchant ships and brigs are at anchor, dismasted, with cargoes, and not a spar or rope for standing rigging to be had in the island. No place hitherto has suffered so much from a hurricane in all the West Indies as St. Thomas.

Terrible and fatal as were the great storms of 1837, whose results we are still lamenting, they are by no means the only, nor are they the worst cases recorded of destructive hurricanes in the West Indian Seas. The great hurricane of 1780, which took place on the 10th October, was much more destructive and very far more fatal to human life than either of these, or even than both put together. On that occasion, at Santa Lucia, Admiral Rodney speaks of 6,000 persons having perished, while at St. Eustatia between 4,000 and 5,000, and at Martinique nearly 10,000 fell victims to the storm. At Barbadoes the loss of life exceeded 3,000, and in several of the other islands the result was disastrous, though in a less degree.* The amount of shipping destroyed was never accurately known, but among the losses may be mentioned a French convoy with 5,000 troops on board, which disappeared altogether during the storm. Part of the mischief seems to have been done by an earthquake, and a large part by great sea-waves, which washed over the land carrying everything away. At St. Pierre, in Martinique, a great sea-wave which rose twenty feet did more damage than the wind-storm itself.

All these and many other terrible storms, occurring between the months of July and November, have been especially destructive in and near the

* It must be remembered that at this time the West Indian Islands were much more densely peopled than they are now.

Gulf of Mexico and among the group of the West Indian Islands, which shuts off that sea from the Atlantic. They have many points in common and belong to a class of storms happily rare in our climate, though frequent in tropical seas, both in the east and west. Their course in the Atlantic is well known. They take their start generally from the islands nearest the north-eastern corner of South America, and travel in a tolerably regular and almost parabolic curve, first to the N.W., then past the coast of Florida towards the north, and afterwards bearing more to the east, parallel to the North American coast, emerge again on the Atlantic near the banks of New Foundland. They travel at rates varying from two to seven hundred miles per day for a distance sometimes exceeding 4,000 miles. They have a limited breadth, generally from one to four hundred miles, and within the limits of their path they move with so much system and regularity that with a few data we may almost tell by calculation the exact details of their course. Their courses have been frequently and accurately laid down on charts.

All these storms are of the nature of whirlwinds, and the direction and rate of motion of the wind in the hurricane is very different from the direction and rate of motion of the whole hurricane. Thus within a very short time, and in the same spot, during the late storm, the wind is described to have blown from various points of the compass; and while the whole storm was moving at the rate of ten or twenty miles per hour the wind within the storm was blowing at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Almost every one must have noticed on a summer day a cloud of dust raised from the earth, whirling round leaves and twigs with great violence, and advancing with comparative slowness in a certain direction. The same, on a vastly larger scale, is the case with these terrible hurricanes. They twist round with fearful rapidity, on a central axis where there is generally a calm, the belt of storm moving steadily at the same time along the surface. Waterspouts at sea, and sandstorms in the deserts of Africa, are similar phenomena.

Originated chiefly because of the excessive heating of the earth in some

special localities near the equator, and set in motion by opposite currents of air rushing in to fill the partial vacuum thus formed, it is not extraordinary that the central part of a whirlwind should be comparatively calm and be accompanied by electrical phenomena; nor need we be surprised at the mechanical force exerted where the wind is once set in motion. It is recorded that even small whirlwinds lift not only vast quantities of dust, but carry even fish into the air. The partial vacuum in the central part where the pressure is reduced from 100 to 150 pounds on each square foot of surface, acts in the most extraordinary manner on buildings, not unfrequently forcing the windows and roof outwards, instead of blowing them into the building, and sometimes lifting a whole house from the foundation. The mere force of the wind moving with extraordinary rapidity, in a spiral and with a complicated motion (one motion round the axis, the other in a curved line in the main course of the storm), is sufficient to explain most of the wonderful things recorded of these phenomena. Some that verge on the impossible may, perhaps, owe a little to the fears and lively imagination of the describer.

The class of storms to which these great tropical hurricanes belong is now generally called *cyclonic*, from their moving round an axis in a circle, or rather spiral. Though producing their most striking effects in the tropics, and best known in the Tropic of Cancer, they are not limited to such latitudes; occasionally crossing the Atlantic into the temperate zones, and sometimes originating apparently near our own shores. The great storm of 1859, which among other fatal accidents was the cause of the wreck of the Royal Charter off the mouth of the Mersey, and strewed our shores with wrecks, will long be remembered. This storm followed a distinct path through England, and in all respects resembled the hurricane of which we have just heard. It was less disastrous, because as we leave the tropics there are fewer of the causes at work that give intensity to atmospheric disturbances; but the course of the hurricane was similar, and though not accompanied by earthquake shocks, there was an amount of derangement of magnetic equilibrium both in

the atmosphere and the earth, which proved clearly that the phenomena in question are not merely violent local winds, but have some peculiar characteristics and are the outward indications of something going on in the interior of the earth. There is reason to suppose that they may even be connected with changes and occurrences in open space, or in the sun itself, the centre of our system.

It was in the China Seas and in the Bay of Bengal that storms of this kind were first distinguished from ordinary tempests: and it was more especially the study of the storms of the Coromandel coast that enabled Colonel James Capper to point out (in 1801) that they were invariably whirlwinds or circular storms, while to Mr. Redfield, who succeeded him, we owe the determination of the fact that they are not merely circular or confined to one spot, but spiral, having a path on the earth as well as a revolution round an axis.

The East Indian hurricanes, of which we have unfortunately had a terrible example in the cyclone of the 1st November last, have been as frequent, as fatal, and as distinctly traced as the West Indian tornadoes. As in the case of the latter, there seems to be a singular resemblance between recent and former storms. Thus, on the 31st October, 1831, there was a hurricane in the Ganges, on which occasion 150 miles of country were flooded, and 300 villages with 10,000 persons destroyed. After 36 years the storm recurs almost on the same day. But these storms are very frequent, for in the very next year (1832) there was another great hurricane, on the 7th October, and six months afterwards a third, at the mouth of the Hoogley, when the barometer fell $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, or one-twelfth of the whole atmospheric pressure. In all these cases the nature of the storm, the existence of a spiral movement, and the limits of a path, were made out. Storm-waves advancing up the great rivers occurred on all these occasions, and are especially liable to do serious mischief. In the instance recently recorded in the present year, it appears that 30,000 native huts were destroyed, a thousand lives lost, and 600 native boats destroyed. The constant and sudden changes in the direction of the wind

after occasional lulls, the limit of duration of the storm in any one spot, and the fact that the total diameter of the storm is rarely more than from one to two hundred miles, clearly place this hurricane in the class of storms we have been describing. It may be regarded as certain that while on the whole such storms take place at distant parts of the world at similar seasons, and may be even almost contemporaneous, they have no direct relation with each other. Thus, the path of the late West Indian storm, commencing on the 28th or 29th of October in the Atlantic, and running eastward and northward, could have no immediate reference to the storm in the Bay of Bengal that commenced on the 1st November and travelled northward. At the same time, it must not be lost sight of that about that season, and for some time both before and after, there has been unusual atmospheric disturbance in the Atlantic and also in the Indian Seas. Thus the problem to be solved in reference to the cause of cyclonic storms is one of very large dimensions, and the phenomena are numerous, complex, and very varied.

Several important facts may be noticed in most of the accounts of great cyclonic storms that have been carefully recorded. There are—First, the limit of space on the earth's surface over which such storms are common, and the fact that within this limit each storm has its own path and its own limits of breadth. Second, the approximate identity of these paths at very distant intervals, and the strict fidelity with which the principal phenomena are repeated. Third, the spiral or corkscrew motion of the storm round a central axis, the outer limit of the largest spiral being the extreme width of the storm. Fourth, the complication of earthquake shocks with the hurricane on those parts of the course of the storm where it is most destructive. Fifth, the electrical and magnetic disturbances frequently indicated. And Sixth, the occurrence of a great sea-wave during such storms sweeping over the lands, and exceedingly destructive to life and property. All these phenomena were observed during the late hurricane at St. Thomas and Tortola.

Leaving for the present the case of

typhoons, waterspouts, and variable-wind storms, and confining ourselves to the region of the West Indies, it may be remarked that all the great hurricanes that have devastated the islands themselves, the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and the east coast of the United States, have originated near the north-eastern extremity of South America, between latitudes 10° and 20° North and between 50° and 60° West longitude. Almost all have followed the direction of the islands to the peninsula of Florida, and have then passed on, grazing as it were the coast, and gradually diminishing in intensity till they re-enter the open Atlantic, near the island of Newfoundland. The best observed have performed this whole path in a time varying from seven to ten days. They have sometimes been only partially traced, and in some of these cases the rate has been much more rapid. Some few have gone in a straight line towards Mexico. In these storms the path of the centre of the storm is always from the equator into the north temperate zone, but the whirl itself moves from north by west to south, and round from south by east to north, being the reverse direction to that of the hands of a watch. The diameter of the whirl, at first small, has gradually increased, the strength of the storm at the same time diminishing.* Thus the greatest intensity of each storm is near the centre of the whorl, and near the commencement of the path, and there of course are the most disastrous results produced. The smaller whorls of some great storms have not been more than 50 miles in diameter at first, but have increased to 500 miles. Others have been more uniform.

The limit of space occupied by these storms has been proved by the examination of the logs of ships in various positions, some within and others just outside the limit of the storm, and sometimes by the effect produced on land. The nature of the spiral motion is detected, and the magnitude of the spiral estimated, by the mode in which the storm

returns to the same spot, and the very different quarter from which the wind blows within very short intervals. This is a characteristic of cyclonic storms; and a knowledge of the fact and its cause is extremely useful to shipmasters, enabling them in some cases to avoid altogether the storm, in others to steer out of it with little damage, while other ships less intelligently conducted have suffered serious injury or been entirely wrecked.

Few things are more remarkable than the exact repetition of the phenomena of great West Indian hurricanes. This has been shown by an example quoted at the commencement of this article. The following outlines, derived from recorded narratives of characteristic examples, will serve as a general account. Before the storm the weather is fine, clear, and excessively hot, with light, shifting winds and a high barometer; if at sea the water is smooth. Suddenly the barometer falls, sometimes very much and very rapidly, at other times moderately, but almost always rapidly, and often some hours previously to change. The direction of the wind when the storm arrives depends on the part of the storm that first reaches the place; but it shifts rapidly and soon veers, in all cases backing round from east by north to west.* After a while the central axis arrives, and then there is a dead calm, which lasts for a short time—perhaps an hour. The wind then rises again, commencing almost instantaneously with a hurricane from the opposite quarter to that from which it had last blown. When the observer is at sea we find it described in such words as these: "The sea tremendous from the force of the wind; no tops to the waves, being dispersed in one sheet of white foam; the decks tenanted by many sea-birds in an exhausted state, seeking shelter in the vessel; impossible to discern even during the day anything at fifty yards distance; the wind representing numberless voices elevated to the shrillest tones of screaming" (Log

* This is not always the case, as in the great Barbadoes hurricane of 1837 the path of the storm at Barbadoes was about 130 miles wide, and had not increased to 200 miles when near Florida, a distance of nearly 1,500 miles.

* It is well known that when the wind changes in the direction of the motion of the hands of a watch, north by east to south, and so by west to north, there is a probability of fine settled weather. The reverse motion indicates bad weather, and is called by sailors the "backing" of the wind.

of the Rawlings, Captain Macqueen, 20th August, 1837). On shore the case is somewhat different. Electrical phenomena and magnetic disturbances, and sometimes earthquakes, complicate the horrors, and the destruction, if not greater, is more seen and more easily described. In the account of the Barbadoes hurricane of 1831 we read, that "On the morning of the 10th August the sun rose without a cloud; at 10 A.M. a breeze that had been blowing died away; towards 2 P.M. the heat became oppressive; at 5 P.M. thick clouds appeared in the north, rain fell, and was succeeded by a sudden stillness and a dismal blackness all around except towards the zenith, where there was an obscure circle of imperfect light. Till 10.30 P.M., however, there was no sign of change; then lightning appeared in the north, and very unusual fluctuations of the thermometer were observed. All this time the storm was only approaching.

"After midnight the continued flashing of the lightning was awfully grand, and a gale blew fiercely from the north and north-east, but at 1 A.M. on the 11th August the tempestuous rage of the wind increased as the storm suddenly shifted and burst from the north-west and intermediate points. The upper regions were illuminated by incessant lightning, but the quivering sheet of blaze was surpassed in brilliancy by the darts of electric fire which exploded in every direction. At a little after 2 A.M. the astounding roar of the hurricane cannot be described by language.*

"About 3 the wind abated and the lightning ceased for a few moments at a time, when the blackness in which the town was enveloped was inexpressibly awful. Fiery meteors were presently seen falling from the heavens; one in particular, of a globular form and a deep red hue, was observed by the writer to descend perpendicularly from a vast height. On approaching the earth it assumed a dazzling whiteness and an elongated form, and on reaching the ground splashed around in the same

manner as melted metal would have done, and was instantly extinct.* A few minutes afterwards the deafening noise of the wind sank to a solemn murmur, or rather a distant roar; and the lightning, which from midnight had flashed and darted forkedly with few but momentary intermissions, now for nearly half a minute played frightfully between the clouds and the earth with novel and surprising action. The vast body of vapor appeared to touch the houses, and issued downward flaming blazes, which were nimbly returned from the earth upward.

"The moment after this singular alternation of lightning the hurricane again burst from the western points with violence prodigious beyond description, hurling before it thousands of missiles, the fragments of every unsheltered structure of human art. The strongest houses were caused to vibrate from their foundations; and the surface of the very earth trembled as the destroyer raged over it. No thunder was any time distinctly heard. The horrible roar and yelling of the wind; the noise of the ocean, whose frightful waves threatened the town with the destruction of all that the other elements might spare; the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din.

"After 5 A.M. the storm abated; at 6 the wind was at south; at 7 south-east; at 8 east-south-east; and at 9 the weather was clear.

"The view from the summit of the cathedral tower, a few hours later, was frightfully grand. The whole face of the country was laid waste; no sign of vegetation was apparent, except here and there small patches of sickly green. The surface of the ground appeared as if fire had run through the land, scorching and burning up the productions of the earth. The few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage,

* The commanding officer of the 36th Regiment, who had sought protection by getting under the arch of a lower window outside his house, did not hear the roof and upper story of the house fall, and only found it out by the dust caused by the fall.

* It is evident that the coincidence of the storm on this occasion with the day on which the earth is known to pass through the August belt of meteors, rendered the effect of this great storm at Barbadoes more striking. It is not safe to assert that there was no relation between the phenomena.

wore a cold and wintry aspect; and the numerous seats in the environs of Bridgetown, formerly concealed among thick groves, were now exposed and in ruins."*

It was reported that earthquake shocks were felt during this great storm, but the accounts seem not to have been sufficiently clear to justify the statement. Of the electrical state of the air there is no doubt, but observations on earth magnetism were not then understood or thought of in the island. It is said that heavy showers of salt water occurred.

In both the accounts here given, and in all the recorded accounts of hurricanes in the northern hemisphere, the fact of the spiral motion, the extreme force, and therefore velocity of the wind in the storm, the comparatively slow motion of the whole storm in path, and the backing of wind from north by west to south, and thence by east to north, are facts made perfectly clear. It has often happened that ships at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from the storm, and not in the line of its path, have failed to notice anything extraordinary in the weather; and on land the storm has sometimes swept through a forest, throwing down trees in various directions in its path, but injuring nothing on either side. This has been noticed in England as well as in the tropics, and is indeed a familiar fact.

The coincidence of earthquake shocks with hurricanes may be only accidental, but as it is certain that both events are frequently, if not always, accompanied by electrical and magnetic disturbances, and that earthquakes are almost always indicated by barometric changes, it would be unsafe and unphilosophical to deny that the earthquake and the storm are without mutual connection. It is not indeed easy to explain how or why this is the case; but the fact being determined by observation, the theory will soon adapt itself. Earthquake shocks have also been often accompanied by falls of meteoric stones, and these again very frequently by storms and hurricanes. The earthquake shocks have usually been recorded as near the central axis of the storm, and also near the

time of its commencement. It is only of late that observations of earth magnetism have been made and recorded; but it is now well known that the telegraph wires, especially those nearly meridional (proceeding from the north to the south), are altogether unusable for signals during great storms, owing to the surcharge of magnetic electricity passing through them in the form of earth currents.

Lastly, the great sea-wave that is produced by the sudden alteration of atmospheric pressure in the central part of a tornado (amounting sometimes to one-tenth of the whole pressure), multiplied as all such waves are when they enter narrow funnel-shaped channels, is at once an illustration of the nature of the storm and the cause of some of its most fatal results. This wave approaching the land rises and rushes over the surface, sometimes rising twenty or thirty feet or more above the ordinary sea-level, and in its forward and return motion sweeps away almost everything that is not attached in the most solid manner to the earth. It is rarely (perhaps never) absent from a great hurricane; but the amount of destruction it causes is dependent on the mode in which it obtains access to the land, and the form of the land it comes in contact with.

Great tropical storms are thus not mere accidents: they are like most natural phenomena—simple results of certain great laws that may be studied and understood. They occur periodically; they are intimately connected with other phenomena with which at first they seem to have no relation: they are preceded by certain indications or appearances; and they are followed by certain results. The forces that are in action to produce ordinary winds tend from time to time to produce these storms also; and should certain changes take place in the distribution of the land near the part of the world where they originate, there can be no doubt that corresponding changes would take place in the time and path of the tornadoes. Like all those phenomena which must be regarded as occasional they excite surprise, and when their effects injure human life or property we call them terrible; but they are in no sense interruptions to the established order of things, and they involve

* Reid's Law of Storms, p. 28, et seq.

no special interference with the ordinary course of nature. In the sense in which all natural events, such as the daily rising and setting of the sun, the annual course of the seasons, or the monthly phases of the moon, are providential, and illustrate the design and intelligence of a Creative Power; so must the hurricane, in its wildest and most frightful horrors, be regarded no doubt as indicating the finger of God. But it is so in no other sense. It is not a special visitation, in the sense of involving a special exercise of Divine will; for it is one of the modes by which equilibrium is restored upon the earth's surface, and is the result of a very simple modification of force essentially belonging to the established order of creation. Since the earth has existed there have been such storms; since the land existed in its present position they have taken their present course; and as these events long preceded the advent of the human race, it follows that they are neither sent to clear the air of cholera, to sweep away wicked men from the earth, nor to act as warnings to the indifferent and careless among the survivors. The human sufferings and losses that arise from them may indeed be foreseen, and if desried may be prevented. Every one interested in navigation knows well that the West Indian Islands have always been subjected to hurricanes; that the island and harbor of St. Thomas, known to be unhealthy at certain seasons, lie in the direct path of the tornadoes—few years passing without some injury from them. But the station possesses certain conveniences which it is to be presumed counterbalance this risk. It seems as unreasonable to complain and be astonished, when a serious accident from storm occurs in such a spot, as it is for the capitalist who invests in a speculative security at a high rate of interest to feel aggrieved when his security is found to be somewhat unsound. The speculator must be presumed in each case to have estimated the risk, and acted accordingly. We venture to offer these remarks, not to check the liberality of those who, after a disaster of this or any other kind, do their utmost to sympathize with and help innocent sufferers, but simply to show the real state of the case. The hurricane that swept over the harbor

of St. Thomas and the adjacent island of Tortola was not in any sense an extraordinary phenomenon. It was one of a class foreknown, foreseen, and certain to happen at one time or other. The risk might have been calculated in any required terms; and as far as the West India Mail Steamboat Company were concerned, it appears that their Insurance fund provided for their loss in ships and money. Unfortunately, although we may insure human life for the benefit of the survivors, we cannot replace the life sacrificed—and life being lost, money cannot pay for it. Thus there is a sad and painful feature in these events, admitting of no comfort; and naturally enough the human part of the question is so prominent in the eye of human beings that they are apt to forget or ignore the greater cosmical question which is also involved.

The Saturday Review.

THE CAUSES OF SHIPWRECKS.

A GREAT many dismal returns of casualties of various kinds are annually produced for the warning of people who seem to pay little heed to the teachings of statistics, or of anything else. The records of railway disasters, indeed, rather diminish the impressiveness of the lesson conveyed, on account of the comparatively small percentage which the actual deaths bear to the number of passengers conveyed; and as for the constant drain of life by the neglect of sanitary precautions, we have all grown so used to the normal conditions of fever-breeding that the Registrar-General's returns of mortality scarcely produce any appreciable effect. It is otherwise, however, with the register of casualties at sea. Except to those whose life is spent upon the sea, a tale of wreck is unfamiliar enough to seize hold strongly of the imagination, while the terrible adjuncts of these most appalling of disasters must, one would think, suffice to prevent any amount of familiarity from dulling the sense of horror. And yet the annual Wreck Register includes at least as large a number of avoidable casualties as are presented by the returns of accidents by land, while there is some reason to fear the years, as they roll on, bring with them anything rather than symptoms of improvement.

The Chart for 1866, which has recently appeared, shows a large increase in the number of wrecks on the British coast. No less than 2,289 ships are returned as lost or damaged, the casualties including 422 collisions, by almost every one of which the two vessels suffered, besides 562 total wrecks from other causes, and 876 cases of partial loss. This is a formidable catalogue, and it is almost a relief to find that the loss of life is not even greater than it is; but it is serious enough to hear that 896 sailors and passengers are returned as having been lost in 200 vessels. It thus appears that in more than nine cases out of ten the crew and passengers manage to escape, owing in a very large degree to the provision of lifeboats made all round the coast by the exertions of one of our most valuable institutions, and to the unflinching courage of the crews by which these boats are manned. If the inevitable dangers of the sea were the sole cause of these calamities, the returns would be a useless subject to discuss, except perhaps in a sermon; but it is certain that many, and probable that most, of the disasters to shipping are to be ranked among the avoidable causes of destruction to life and property.

Some sort of classification is generally attempted in the official returns, though, for some reason or other, the presumed causes of wreck are not detailed in the last Report. The upshot, however, of previous experience is that about half the total losses from causes other than collisions are in a greater or less degree attributable to stress of weather, while the remainder are attributable in nearly equal proportions to unseaworthiness, or other defects in the ship or equipment, and to the neglect or incompetency of the captain or crew. Even this gives an insufficient idea of the extent to which wrecks are properly to be classed as avoidable calamities, for hundreds of cases occur—like that of the *London*, for instance—in which, though the weather was in one sense the occasion of the loss, the ship might not improbably have escaped had she been sent to sea in better trim, or handled by a more competent crew. In the case of collisions, except those which occur during fogs, one or other of the ships is almost always in fault, so that we can scarcely be wrong in attributing the great majority of these catastrophes

to the bad seamanship of the officers in charge of one or both of the vessels. On the most lenient view that can be taken, the majority of the casualties at sea are to be laid to the charge either of masters or owners; and it is a very grave question how the blame is to be divided between them, and whether any means can be devised to encourage or compel greater attention to the conditions of safety.

One or two facts come out very clearly from the returns. In the first place, an enormous number of ships are daily sent to sea in a crazy condition, wholly unfit to contend against even a moderate gale. Between half and a third of the whole number of wrecks fall upon the collier class of vessel, and it is a matter of perfect notoriety that a really seaworthy collier is the exception rather than the rule. The larger class of vessels in which most of the passenger packets are included produce a much smaller number of casualties; and these, as is well known, are under the control of an official supervision which, however imperfectly it may be exercised by the Board of Trade, does seem to exclude from the risks of the sea the chance of tempting the weather in a vessel almost doomed to destruction before she sails. In many respects the inspections of officers under the Board of Trade are lamentably defective; and it has long been the favorite maxim of the chiefs of that supine department that it would be better to leave ships and crews and passengers to the tender mercies of political economy, and to trust to the imagined interests of owners to secure the seaworthy condition of their ships. The statistics, however, point the other way; for where there is no inspection—as in the case of colliers—calamities are far more frequent, though less noticed by the public, than those which befall passenger vessels. When a gentleman is murdered in a first-class carriage, the sympathy felt by people who may any day be exposed to the same danger is wonderfully more active than when a coalheaver thrashes his wife to death. Just in the same way the foundering of one packet-ship alarms the public mind infinitely more than the loss of any number of crazy colliers; and if it were not for the statistics annually published, it would scarcely be known that there is a class of shipowners who habitually, knowingly, and as a judicious

mode of carrying on business, send out floating coffins fit only for the breaker's yard, with crews scarcely strong enough to navigate even a first-class ship in safety. And yet we are told that Government interference does more harm than good, and that it is always the interest of the shipowner to save his property from the chance of loss. The real truth is that he has no such interest, and that it is a problem depending on the rate of insurance, the interest of money, the foolhardiness of seamen, and some few other conditions, whether it pays better to buy vessels that are sound and comparatively dear, or to use wornout craft that no man whose conscience was not blunted by custom and example would dare to send to sea at all. Experience, moreover, shows that as a rule it does pay best to employ unseaworthy craft in the collier and some other branches of the coasting trade; and, however sacred the doctrine of *laissez faire* may be in certain cliques, it cannot be for a moment denied that it does lead to a multiplication of casualties to life, and to a serious loss of property—loss unfortunately not to the niggardly owner, who is insured, but not the less loss of actual property, by which the national wealth is to that extent diminished. It is something to know, first, that even bad Government inspection is not entirely useless; and secondly, that under the present conditions of some branches of trade it does unhappily pay to increase, instead of diminishing, the avoidable dangers of the sea. It has been said that the true remedy for the wicked indifference of owners to the safety of their crews rests with those who navigate their ships, and that, if sailors would but refuse to serve in what are known to be floating coffins, there would soon be none of this undesirable class of ships left in existence. This is true, like most other statements qualified by an "if." But it is notorious that the seamen engaged in the coasting trade have almost abandoned the idea of insisting upon passing their lives in a seaworthy and well-found ship. The practice of considering any old hull good enough for a collier has become so universal that a strike against dangerous ships would throw half the maritime population of the East coast out employment for months, if not years; and the men, though ready enough to stand out

for an extra shilling or two per month, are too hardy and too accustomed to the special risks which they run to make any effective protest against the cupidity of their employers. This might be otherwise if the class by whom the evil is chiefly felt were more intelligent or less courageous, but the fact remains that neither the interest of the owners nor the prudence of the seamen is such as to insure the seaworthiness of the great majority of the class of vessels of which we are speaking. Whether this is or is not to be considered a case for legislative interposition depends mainly on the broad question whether the *doctrinaire* maxims of a certain school of economists are a more precious possession than the lives of hundreds of the stoutest and the bravest of our seafaring population. There are, strange to say, different opinions on this abstract question; but if all those who are indifferent to the subject, simply because the peril to which greedy owners expose their servants is not brought to their attention, would but stir their little fingers in a good cause, it would soon be seen how far the hard doctrines that have been preached from official pulpits are from commanding assent or even toleration from the common sense of the community.

We have dwelt upon the single case of the collier fleet, not as the solitary, but as the most striking instance of the evils produced by the absence of adequate machinery for the protection of those who trust their lives to the chances of a seafaring career. Much might also be said, notwithstanding some improvement of late years, of the incompetency of too many of the masters of all except the first class of passenger ships. The same power that would check the one mischief could be applied to control the other; but without entering into any details, our purpose will be accomplished if we succeed in directing attention to the two leading facts to be gathered from the Wreck Register—namely, first, that the ordinary influences which govern the action of men of business do not prevent ships more or less unseaworthy from being habitually used; and secondly, that Government inspection, where it is applied, does to a large extent restrain this most abominable form of reckless cupidity.

Chambers's Journal.
IN A CITY 'BUS.

Few of the habitual dwellers in London have occasion to visit the city less frequently than I have. I have never set foot inside the mansion of the Old Lady of Threadneedle street in my life. To me, the Stock Exchange is a complete *terra incognita*. Of the thousand-and-one different methods of coining money, as practised by merchants, bankers, brokers, and that countless army which flocks cityward every week-day morning from nine till eleven, I know absolutely nothing. Neither, to best of my belief, has the Money Article of the *Times* ever been read by me from beginning to end. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it has so happened that, on certain rare occasions, I have been compelled, by "urgent private affairs," to join the throng of city bees for a few hours and wing my way eastward with the swarm. At such times, I have generally chosen to survey mankind from the box-seat to an omnibus, as from a "coign of vantage" not to be surpassed, and hardly equalled, for any one who loves to watch the wonderful, ever-shifting panorama of London life.

On one such occasion—now several years ago—the morning was so intolerably rainy that I was obliged to give up all thought of my favorite perch aloft with the driver, and content myself with the humbler position of an inside. At that time I was only three-and-twenty years old, and had been in London about a couple of years, having been sent up from my far-off home, in one of the northern counties, to attend the classes of, and to study under, a certain then famous analytical chemist. On the morning to which I have just referred, after waiting twenty minutes in the rain, I was glad to find a vacant place inside one of the numerous city 'buses that passed the end of the street in which my rooms were situated. After having squeezed into my place, and been well scowled at for my pains, I proceeded to take stock of my companions in misery. We were eleven men and one woman. All of us men were more or less moist, and each of us had a very damp umbrella. We had all put on our

severe business air, and we were all more or less suspicious of the company in which we found ourselves; and—in consequence, perhaps, of the badness of the weather—we were all more than usually inclined to bully the conductor, and to poke him viciously in the ribs with the ferrules of our umbrellas.

But the twelfth inside? Well, she was a lady, young and nice-looking into the bargain; and enveloped with the prettiest air of unconsciousness that she was in the company of eleven blocks of wood, rather than in that of as many beings of flesh and blood, not quite unsusceptible, let us hope, to the charms of female loveliness. I have no doubt in my own mind, that if she had travelled any length of time in our company, the mere fact of her presence would have softened our manners, and have weaned us in some measure from that touch-me-not boorishness with which, as a rule, all passengers by omnibus love to cloak themselves. But fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, journeys by omnibus are of short duration, and our young lady asked to be set down at the corner of Cheapside. Previously to this, however, we have stopped some half-dozen times to let down and take up other passengers, all of them of the masculine gender, so that I was beginning to look upon myself quite in the light of an old acquaintance, when our young lady got up to leave us. I was sitting next the door, as she alighted, and I could not help noticing how pale she seemed all at once to have become. Without heeding the rain that still kept falling, she began to feel for her purse in a trembling, nervous sort of way, first in one pocket, and then in another.

"I have either lost my purse, or else my pocket has been picked!" she said at last, with a sort of gasp.

The conductor expressed no surprise, but merely put a fresh straw in his mouth, and then asked us "gents" to move while he looked for the purse, "which if young ladies was 'bus conductors," he murmured softly to himself, "they would learn to take better care of their money."

But the purse was not to be found. "If it really ain't anywhere about you, miss," said the conductor, as he emerged from among the straw, "then your

pocket *has* been picked. How much was there in it?"

"Half-a-sovereign and fife-and-six-pence in silver," answered the young lady, with tears trembling on her eyelids. "But that was not all. It also contained a valuable diamond ring, the property of the lady with whom I am living, and which I was taking to a jeweller's not far from here, to be repaired."

The conductor turned an eye of compassion on her. "Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered; "to think of anybody in their senses being so green." Then turning quickly on the remaining insides, he scanned us over one by one, ending with a solemn shake of the head. "Can do nothing for you, miss," he said. "You had better go to the police, and give them a description of your property. I knows most of my morning passengers for respectable city gents; but there was one fishy-looking cove—him as got in at Edgeware Road, and sat next you, miss, all the way to Farringdon street—what I didn't like the looks of; and if your purse was taken by anybody after you got into the 'bus, I'll lay odds that was the cove as took it. And wasn't he a downy-looking card! Oh, no, not a bit of it!" And the conductor winked at me portentously, to signify that his last remark was meant for "sarkasum."

"But I have not even money left to pay my fare with," urged the young lady.

Half a dozen purses were out at once, such was the influence of beauty in distress.

"Never mind the fare, miss," answered the conductor, affably, as he mounted to his perch. "A tanner won't either break the Co. or make its fortune. You go to the police—that's what you've got to do. All right, Joey; go ahead."

The 'bus drove away, leaving the young lady standing on the curb. She put down her fall, to hide her wet eyes, and was turning sadly away, when our conductor leaped nimbly down, ran back to her, said a few words, and was on his perch again in less than two minutes. "Thought it best to give the poor young creetur my number," he remarked confidentially to me, "and the address of our secretary, in case of anythink turning up. But that ain't likely, you know,

sir. Ah, it was that fishy-looking cove, you may depend upon it."

I was detained in the city till 5 o'clock. At that hour I set off westward, with the intention of walking home. The rain had ceased hours ago, and a fresh crisp breeze was now blowing. Over the murky city roofs the moon was rising in an unclouded sky, and all the shops were ablaze with light. My rooms were in a street leading out of Oxford street; but having one or two calls to make, I chose, this evening, to go round by way of the Strand and Charing Cross. My calls all made, I turned up St. Martin's Lane, as my nearest way home, and was walking carelessly along that classic thoroughfare, when, whom should I see a little way in front of me, staring intently into the window of a jeweller's shop, but the "fishy-looking cove" of my friend the conductor! I recognized him in a moment, having taken particular notice of him while he was my fellow-passenger in the morning. Not that there was anything either in his appearance or manners that made me suspicious of his honesty, but rather that he offered such a marked contrast to the respectable, well-to-do-looking city men who made up the rest of the passengers. He was a thin, frouzy, disreputable-looking man, dressed in a suit of rusty black; with a hat and boots that had been carefully "doctored," and might still do some fair-weather service, but which were ill calculated to stand the brunt of a rainy day. His mouth was that of a habitual dram-drinker. His eyes were weak and watery; and his high-ridged aquiline nose had an inflamed look about it, suggestive of many a deep potation. His chin had evidently not felt a razor for several days; and the minute fragments of straw and chaff which clung to his dress, and were mixed up with his unkempt hair, hinted at the style of accommodation to which he had been reduced during the preceding night. Yet, with all this, the fellow carried a jaunty little cane, which he swung to and fro as though he had not a care in the world; and he had on a pair of dog-skin gloves that would have looked stylish if they had not been quite so dirty.

But was it he who took the young lady's purse? That was the question; and

the oftener I looked at the man, the more inclined I felt to endorse the opinion of the 'bus conductor. A brown morocco purse, containing fifteen-and-sixpence in cash, and a lady's diamond ring of the value of fifty guineas—not a bad morning's work for a gentleman in reduced circumstances. In such a case, however, all the surmising in the world was of no avail. No one had seen him take the purse, and so long as he kept his own counsel, he was safe from detection. The grand point was to ascertain whether he really had the ring or a pawnbroker's duplicate for it about his person! But how to do this?

This was the problem that I kept turning over and over in my mind as I cautiously followed up my man when he went on his way from the jeweller's shop. At the top of the lane he seemed to hesitate for half a minute; then he turned to the right, and went up Long Acre, I still following cautiously about a dozen yards in the rear.

"I will put you to a simple test, my friend," thought I; "and as you come out of it, so will I adjudge you innocent or guilty."

Hurrying up behind him, I tapped him lightly on the arm. "I beg your pardon," I said, "but did you drop this pencil-case just now?"

He started as I touched him, and seemed for a few seconds as if he could not take in the meaning of my question. He looked at me with eyes full of suspicion. Whether he recognized me as one of his fellow-passengers by the morning's 'bus, I could not determine. We had halted opposite a large shop, and the light from the window shone full on my silver pencil-case, on which, at length, when he was apparently satisfied with his scrutiny of my face, his glance fastened greedily.

"Picked it up, did you say?" he asked, as he began to fumble with thumb and finger in his waistcoat pocket.

"Just behind you," I answered. "But if it's not yours, I shan't bother any more about it, but pocket it myself."

"But it is mine," he put in eagerly. "How stupid of me to lose it!"—I put the pencil-case in his hands without hesitation.—"I am really much obliged to you," he went on, "for your kindness in returning it. As you grow older, young

gentleman, you will find that honesty is the exception in this world, and not the rule."

"Well, I'm glad to have found the owner," I said, with a laugh. "You seem to value the case?"

"I do value it, young gentleman," answered the old hypocrite. "Less, perhaps, from its intrinsic worth, than from the fact that it is the sole relic now left me of a very dear friend. Friendship ever let us cherish. A truly noble sentiment!"

"Then, if you value it so highly," I said, "you can hardly object to stand half a go of brandy for its recovery."

"Half a go of brandy!" he said, in a horrified tone. "Young man, young man, I'm very much afraid——"

I had taken out my watch, a valuable gold lever. As his eye fell on it, his intended remonstrance came to an abrupt conclusion.

"Well—ah—yes, you are quite right," he resumed, "and I shall be happy to treat you to a go of brandy. To what place shall we adjourn?"

"To the nearest house, please. I want to get home to my dinner."

So we went into the nearest tavern, where my new acquaintance ordered a glass of brandy for me, and half a pint of stout for himself. Not to be behind-hand, I ordered a couple of cigars.

"Been in London long?" asked my companion, as I was lighting my weed.

"No, only a few months. Fresh from the country."

"At the risk of being thought impertinent, may I just inquire to what particular line of business your talents are devoted?"

"To no line at all, just at present.—The fact is," I added, lowering my voice to the proper confidential tone, "I had a little money left me about a year ago, and I am up in London looking out for a sound business investment. But I've met with nothing to my liking, so far; in fact, I'm getting tired of town, and have half a mind to go back home, and take my money with me."

I could see the old scamp's eyes brighten as he drank in my words eagerly.

"My dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so," he began in blandly persuasive accents, "let me counsel you to do nothing rashly. There

are thousands of excellent investments in London. But what *you* want is a man at your back who knows all the ins and outs of this great city; who knows how to separate the wheat from the chaff; and who can distinguish, almost as it were by instinct, a sound investment from a rotten one."

"All very fine. But where is a greenhorn like me to find such a man?"

The gesture with which my scampish friend bowed to me, and laid his hand on his heart, had in it a touch of the sublime. "It is not for a modest man like me to vaunt himself or his qualifications, but I—*moi qui vous parle*—have lived in London all my life, and I have not lived with my eyes shut. Although I am, just now—why attempt to deny it?—in some measure under a cloud, my fortunes, I am proud to say, have not always been at their present low ebb. My wife—she is dead now, poor creature!—at one time kept her brougham and pair; and I had my hack for the park, and a hunter down at Melton. But those days are gone, never to return. (Drink up, sir, and let us have another glass.) I was ruined in the year of the great panic. All the more, then, am I fitted, after passing through such a bitter experience, to fill the part of a judicious Mentor to inexperienced youth with capital at its back. Sir, my humble services are yours to command."

"Well," I said, with a dubious air, "it is just possible that you might be able to put me up to a useful wrinkle or two. But, in any case, this is not the spot to discuss such matters. Come and have a bit of dinner with me at my rooms, and we can talk things over afterward, with the assistance of a pipe and a tumbler."

"A bit of dinner, a pipe, and a tumbler! Ha, ha! I will attend you, my young friend, with the utmost satisfaction."

I hailed the first cab I could find, and we rattled off to my lodgings. No conversation took place while we were going over the stones; but in imagination I saw before me a certain sweet, tearful face, and I felt more determined than ever to go through with the scheme, wild and preposterous as it might have seemed at any other time, which had suddenly flashed across my brain while

I was following the rascal by my side up St. Martin's Lane.

Having instructed my landlady to put down another cutlet, and to send out for one or two extras, we ascended to my rooms.

"In the hope, my dear sir, that our friendship will be a long and flourishing one," said my unwelcome guest, "allow me, as a needful preliminary, to present you with my card."

He handed me, as he spoke, a very limp, and rather dirty piece of pasteboard, which he had had some difficulty in finding among his multifarious pockets, and on which was inscribed the name of "Mr. Reginald Tracy." Of course, I could do no less than return the compliment.

Dinner was served a few minutes later; and while it was in progress, the conversation between Mr. Tracy and myself was of the most intermittent character. I gathered enough, however, to enable me to discover that he was a man of some education, and must at one time have mixed in superior society. By the exercise of what knavish arts he had contrived to forfeit the position he once held, I could not, of course, tell: therein, no doubt, lay hidden the great secret of his life. Poor wretch! It was easy to see, from the style in which he got through his food, that a plentiful and wholesome meal was what he had not partaken of for some time. At length, he lay back in his chair in a state of happy repletion. "Not another morsel, my dear boy," he said with a benignant smile. "Positively, I could not. 'Let good digestion wait on appetite'—you know the rest. A bountiful meal! But, 'Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!' And now for the pipe and the tumbler. Ha, ha! I have not forgotten."

As soon as we were fairly under way with our first tumbler, Mr. Tracy broke ground on the subject that was evidently uppermost in his thoughts. "If, sir," he said, "you would favor me with a hint as to the special class of investment in which you are desirous of laying out your capital, and would also furnish me with some idea as to the amount of the capital itself, I should then have some positive data to work upon, and could give you the benefit of my experience in that particular line of procedure which

your inclinations may lead you to prefer."

"Capital, three thousand; line of investment not decided on," I said. "Something light and genteel would be preferred."

"Such as an importer of wines and spirits, for instance," said Mr. Tracy.

"That would do capitally, I daresay, only I happen to know nothing in the world about it."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear sir, that you should. Only find the money, and I will engage to find the brains, and to make your fortune into the bargain." Mr. Tracy sighed deeply, took a long pull at his tumbler, and then proceeded to enlighten my ignorance as to the various methods by which extraordinary profits might be realized, without the slightest risk of failure, by any one who, combining capital with brains, might choose to appear before the world as an importer of wines and spirits. That some of the methods indicated by Mr. Tracy were several degrees on the shady side of honesty, might at once have been predicated from the character of the man; but he certainly had a very neat way of wrapping up and labelling his "tricks of trade," so as to make them look as much like a genuine article as possible.

His exhortation and his third tumbler came to an end together.

"Have you ever been in the United States?" I suddenly asked.

"Never, sir. As a patriotic Englishman, my love of travel never took me so far from home."

"Then you never tasted any of those delicious drinks which, under various strange names, are so popular among the Yankees?"

"Once more a negative must be my answer. But, my dear young friend, if you will only decide to lay out your capital in accordance with——"

"A moment, if you please," I said. "Before going into any further business details, what do you say to a change of tippie? I think we have had enough of this stuff. Let me try whether I cannot brew you one of those delightful American drinks of which I spoke just now. I had the recipes for several of them from an uncle of mine who is captain of a liner."

"Just as you like, *cher ami*—just as

you like," he said; "though I don't think much improvement on this delicious toddy is possible."

"We can come back to it again, if the other does not prove to our liking," I said.

"And not be flouted for our inconstancy," added Mr. Tracy, with a laugh. "So now for this Yankee nectar of yours. I grow thirsty by anticipation."

Two large tumblers and the various ingredients required for my purpose were quickly got together; last of all, I went into my study, and after staying there about a couple of minutes, I went back, carrying with me a packet containing half-a-dozen powders done up in differently-colored papers. The degree of knowledge I had laid claim to as a concocter of American drinks was by no means fictitious; and I now proceeded to mix one after the most approved fashion, and ended by opening one of the colored papers and pouring the contents of it into the tumbler, and then offered the whole to Tracy.

But the putting in of the powder had evidently roused his suspicions, and with a polite wave of the hand, he refused the proffered tumbler. "After you, my dear sir," he said. "I must really insist on your imbibing the first tumbler yourself. The second one will do excellently well for me."

"As you please," I said, with a shrug. With that I proceeded to drain the first tumbler, expressing by pantomime, as I did so, my appreciation of its excellence. After this, I mixed a second tumblerful, into which, as before, I poured the contents of one of the colored papers, and then handed the whole to Tracy. His lips having once touched the glass, stuck there till it was empty.

He gave a sigh of intense satisfaction as he put down the glass. "Ambrosia, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "The man who invented that tippie ought to be immortalized by a statue of the whitest marble. I have no wish to be thought presumptuous, but I cannot resist asking you to mix me one more potation."

"One! half-a-dozen, if you like," I replied, "and all of them different. Unless your taste differs very much from mine, you will find No. 2 an improvement on No. 1."

He refilled his pipe while I was mixing the second tumbler, but still kept a watchful eye on my proceedings; not that he was any longer suspicious of my good faith, but because he was desirous of taking a lesson in the art of concocting such delicious drinks. When all the other ingredients were properly combined, I opened one of the packets, as before, and shook the contents into the tumbler; and then having well stirred the whole, I handed the glass to Tracy. But the powder, in this case, possessed properties very different from that of the innocent alkali of which I had made use previously.

As before, Tracy's lips seemed glued to the tumbler till he had drained the contents to the last drop.

"How does that suit your taste?" I said. "Is it equal to the first?"

"Such a question is hard to answer," he replied. "The beauties of both are so evenly balanced, that Bacchus himself would find it difficult to decide between the two. I have to thank you, my dear young friend, for having opened up a new vista of pleasure undreamed of by me before."

"I must give you one or two of my recipes, and then you can mix for yourself. One more tumbler, and then to business."

Even while I was speaking, the pipe dropped from his lips, and his eyes began to wander. Slowly and deliberately, I proceeded with my preparations for another tumbler. Tracy, after glancing down reproachfully at his pipe, took no further heed of it, but planting both his elbows firmly on the table, and taking fast hold of his head between his hands, he tried his utmost to bring his weak, wavering gaze to bear on my manipulating fingers. But the effort was too much for him. His eyes closed, opened, closed again; and then, with a few incoherent words of apology, his head drooped forward on the table; his nerveless arms lost all powers of tension; and in twenty seconds he was faster asleep than he had ever been in his life before.

It was to this end that all my efforts had been directed. The powder put by me into his second tumbler was a powerful Indian narcotic, which I had latterly had occasion to use in some of

my chemical experiments. Although successful so far, it was not without a more unequal beating of the heart than usual that I proceeded to carry out the remainder of my design. However honest one's intentions may be, there is something nefarious in the act of feeling a man's pockets—something that goes utterly against the grain; yet that was precisely what I had now got to do. Before proceeding any further, however, I thought it advisable to have a third person by me to act as a witness of what might follow. So I went down-stairs to my landlady's room, with the intention of getting either the worthy dame herself or her husband to act the part of chorus in my forthcoming little drama. Fortunately, I found the old lady's son, who is a strapping sergeant in the Guards, and who made no difficulty about going back with me.

We found Tracy still soundly asleep, with his head on the table. From this posture I gently raised him, and laid him back in the easy-chair in which he was sitting. My next proceeding was to insinuate my hand into each of his pockets, one after the other, in search of the missing diamond. I found the young lady's purse, but the ring was not in it; I also found a number of pawnbroker's duplicates, but none of them having reference to the object of which I was in search. Here, too, was my pencil-case, which, together with the stolen purse, I did not fail to appropriate. One after the other, I searched all the pockets I could find, but still the ring was not forthcoming, and I began to fear that he had already disposed of it, in which case it was probably lost beyond recovery. My friend the sergeant, seeing my perplexity, suggested that the ring was perhaps sewn up inside the lining of his coat or waistcoat. Acting on this hint, I felt all over the lining of his coat, but without success; but on coming to his waistcoat, I found something hard, over which a patch of wash-leather had been carefully stitched. A few seconds sufficed to unrip the sewing, and there, wrapped up carefully in cotton-wool and tissue-paper, was a lady's diamond ring. In silent triumph, I held it up on the tip of my finger for the sergeant's inspection.

"Hurrah! that's jolly, and no mis-

take!" shouted the guardsman, with a wave of his pipe. "How will Mr. Slyboots feel when he wakes up?"

We were not left long in doubt on that point. Mr. Tracy began to yawn, and stretch, and pull himself together. It was a peculiarity of the narcotic I had given him that its effect, when administered in small doses, was of very short duration, and I knew that Tracy's stupor would not last above half-an-hour at the most. To assist his recovery, I held a vial of strong-smelling salts under his nose. He opened his eyes, sat up, sneezed, and stared vacantly around.

"Good-evening, governor," said the sergeant. "You seem to have had quite a refreshing little snooze."

Mr. Tracy did not respond to this friendly greeting. His fingers were busy fumbling at his waistcoat, and next moment he started up with a tremendous oath, and declared that he had been robbed.

"Of what have you been robbed, Mr. Tracy?" I asked.

"Of a valuable diamond ring, which, for better security, I had stitched up in the folds of my waistcoat."

"Probably this purse also belongs to you?" I said, holding up the article in question.

He changed color at once, and all the defiance seemed to ooze out of him as I kept my eyes fixed steadily on his.

"That, too, is my property," he said with a poor attempt at bravado; "and I must ask you at once to explain how it came into your possession."

"Let me first tell you how it came into yours," I said. "You took it, this morning, out of the pocket of a young lady who sat next you in an omnibus. At that time it contained, beside a small sum of money, a diamond ring, now in my custody, and which I mean to restore to its owner to-morrow. Are you satisfied?"

"A lie! an infernal lie!" he said, with an angry stamp of the foot.

"You are *not* satisfied," I said. "Such being the case, let us adjourn to the nearest police station, and each tell his own story to the inspector. For my part, I am quite willing to bear the brunt of such a proceeding. Are you ready to accompany me?"

"Sold! most damnably sold!" cried

Tracy, flinging up his clenched hands. Then he turned, and picked up his hat and cane; then facing me, he said: "You villain! You have tricked me this time, but I'll be revenged on you yet. Next time it will be my turn, and I advise you to beware."

"If you are not out of this house in two minutes," I said, "I will give you in charge of the police."

He turned on me with a snarl, and made as though he would have struck me across the face with his cane. My friend, the sergeant, was on his feet in an instant.

"Now, governor, you just book it quietly, or it will be worse for you," he said. "I may as well light you to the street-door, or you might perhaps find your way by accident into one of the other rooms. Now just step out, will you?"

I called next morning at the office of the Secretary of the Omnibus Company, and found, as I had anticipated, that the young lady had left her address there. To this address, which was in a certain west-end square, I hurried as fast as a cab could take me. I found the young lady, and the old lady with whom she was living as companion, terribly put about by the loss of the ring, and therefore proportionately pleased at its recovery. That first visit was not the last, by any means; but all the rest merely concerns Minnie and myself, and may remain left unwritten.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WOMEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BEING alive to the awkward conjunction of the words "women" and "middle age" in the same sentence, we at the outset entreat patience until the sequel shall prove our innocence of the intention to write about "*middle-aged women*," or even to affirm that such beings are. Women, we know, are all either young or old. There is no debatable ground between these extremes. May and December are familiar, but there is no autumn, and, if there were, it is hoped that we have too much sense to call attention thereto.

The real subject of this paper is the social position of women during the middle ages of the Christian world; and

the train of thoughts which led up to it began with reflections on woman's anxiety to unsex herself in the present age. The lovely being is tired of the sanctity in which she was enshrined centuries ago, and is determined to "clear out" of the same, to jostle us men on the walks which we have hitherto considered proper to ourselves, to owe nothing to our gallantry, but to forage for herself, and to prefer a fair field and no favor to all the homage which has been hitherto hers. She, no doubt, has weighed carefully the prescriptive rights which she is about to abdicate; but we, not being well informed on that subject, desire to "take stock" of these advantages, and to understand how she acquired them. For, looking back to our early histories, and especially to that earliest of all in which are recorded her first appearance in the world, and the little obligation which she laid us all under, we see her able to exact but small regard from men, and men disposed to concede but sparing regard to her. Milton has suggested something like a beginning of chivalrous homage in Eden, but as "Paradise Lost" is not the poetry of the period, it does not prove much for our inquiry. She appears to have been for ages little better than a drudge. Howbeit, between that original forced drudgery and the voluntary drudgery which she is to-day demanding as a right, she has known a canonization, or rather an apotheosis; she has been exalted to an absolute sovereignty; her breath has been incense, her perpetual tribute adoration; the deeds of heroes have been amply rewarded by her smile, her displeasure has brought despair and ruin; to do her will was man's voluntary and laudable service, to offend her was to rouse the wrath of every manly bosom, and to incur the reproach of being recreant and disloyal. Perhaps this is attributing to the whole sex a power which only distinguished individuals could exercise to the full; nevertheless the sex at large was endued with it in kind, if not in degree. Strong in her weakness, overruling by the abnegation of all right and will, woman reigned despotic; her sway rested on no charter, but the swords of paladins leapt from their scabbards to sustain it; her wrong,

borne in voiceless meekness, pointed the lance of chivalry, and made every true man her sworn avenger. How the resignation of such high influences as these, which set her in some senses above the world and its vicissitudes, can be compensated by a pair of small-clothes with tribulations, one is at a loss to understand. Yet such is her pleasure, and our faith would be unfaithful if we did not bear with her even in her self-asserting caprice. In place of her true knight, woman proposes to champion herself to-day; it is not masculine strength, but her own right hand, that shall help her.

The sceptre is not one, we trow, which she can lay down and resume at will. It is an artificial ensign, not for all time, though it has endured for many ages. The halo will not disappear by a sudden eclipse, but it will go down slowly and with a mellow glory, like the setting sun, into the future; and Christendom, forlorn and chill, will accept its destiny, and seek a savage civilization. And so, when the gentle tyranny shall be a tradition of the past, a power never to revive while the world standeth, the marvel will be how it ever existed. We do not pretend to solve the riddle, or to explain by what subtle course of feeling and opinion the unruly wills and affections of sinful men came to bow themselves before this absolute idol; but we do hope to be able to exhibit some of the circumstances of the dawn of the worship and of its meridian glory. Its decline and fall are already a topic familiar to our age.

On first considering the question we found ourselves possessed of an idea that the social state known to our own experience and pervading our literature was according to the eternal fitness of things; that woman's position is not an arbitrary one which she can relinquish or which she can be deprived of, but one prescribed by Providence and by our nature; one, therefore, certain to be re-established whatever attempts may be made to change it. But a very brief retrospect shows the fallacy of this. The mention of her in the books of the Old Testament does not indicate that she is a being claiming by natural right any particular influence, or that there should be merit in obeying or indulging her.

Far less have we a warrant for worshipping her. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception," said the Creator to her; "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." There is not much foreshadow of supremacy in that sentence. And we are well assured that throughout the Jewish dispensation, woman, far from dictating or controlling, was not allowed to have a will of her own. An episode here and there proves that Eve's daughters were worthy of her, and that they did a little in the beguiling line, principally to their husbands' detriment, as Solomon, Ahab, Job, Samson, and others knew to their cost, though sometimes an Abigail or an Esther showed a better spirit. But there was nothing like an acknowledged deference to the sex: on the contrary, there was scarcely a decent respect. When Jehu, a prince and a warrior, saw wretched Jezebel at the window, his order was, "Throw her down;" and over her corpse he exclaimed, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her; *for she is a king's daughter!*" The concession of the rite of burial was not made to the woman, but to the daughter of a king. Thus, notwithstanding that between the ninth century B.C., and the nineteenth century of the present account, there rises a great arch of time, on the keystone of which we see woman sitting supreme. The feet of the arch are nearly on a level. Jezreel suggests New Orleans, and Jehu might have been a humble follower of Butler. Jezebel was, it is true, an ugly old crone, but her treatment by the great charioteer is of kin to the modern outrage on Beauty by "the Beast."

If we refer to profane history, we find that the heathen woman of ancient days was worse off than the Jewish. The Roman lady's condition has been carefully described by Gibbon as follows:

"According to the custom of antiquity, he" (the Roman) "bought his bride of her parents, and she fulfilled the *coemption* by purchasing with three pieces of copper a just introduction to his house and household deities. A sacrifice of fruits was offered by the pontiffs in the presence of ten witnesses; the contracting parties were stated on the same sheepskin; they tasted a salt cake of *far* or rice; and

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this *confarreatio*, which denoted the ancient food of Italy, served as an emblem of their mystic union of mind and body. But this union on the side of the woman was rigorous and unequal, and she renounced the name and worship of her father's house to embrace a new servitude, decorated only by the title of adoption. A fiction of the law, neither rational nor elegant, bestowed on the mother of a family (her proper appellation) the strange characters of sister to her own children, and of daughter to her husband or master, who was invested with the plenitude of paternal power. By his judgment or caprice her behavior was approved, or censured, or chastised; he exercised the jurisdiction of life and death; and it was allowed that in the cases of adultery or drunkenness the sentence might be properly inflicted. She acquired and inherited for the sole profit of her lord; and so closely was woman defined, not as a *person* but as a *thing*, that if the original title were deficient she might be claimed like other movables, by the use and possession of an entire year.

And in a note the same author quotes Aulus Gellius as follows:

"Metellus Numidicus the censor acknowledged to the Roman people, in a public oration, that had kind nature allowed us to exist without the help of woman, we should be delivered from a very troublesome companion; and he could recommend matrimony only as a sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty."

Metellus and the Apostle Paul appear to have been much of the same mind on this head.

But when we begin to reflect on women as they are shown in classic lore, it is not the Roman lady that we feel inclined to dwell on, but our memories instantly summon up such brilliant names as Aspasia, Lais, Glycera. And here it would seem as if we came upon an oasis in the great desert—as if that glorious city of old days, whose image, once suggested, will lead the mind captive, and distract it from its work-a-day theme—

"Whate'er the tale,

So much its magic must o'er all prevail,"

—as if the renowned Athene, preëminent in so much of what is beautiful and noble, had also been preëminent in removing the disabilities of women, and had anticipated the gentleness of Christianity by cultivating their minds, encouraging their talents, and venerating their opinions. If not worship, here they

enjoyed equality with the other sex; if the female sex itself did not exercise an absolute supremacy, its individuals were recognized and celebrated according to their abilities and charms. But no: this is only a specious fancy, striking at first, but no exception when sifted and examined. We prefer, however, not to put forward our own argument on this head, but rather to show how far the instance was thought to be favorable to the rights of women by one of themselves, and a clever one, too.*

"These women, whose names are linked with those of the greatest and wisest men of antiquity, were the outcasts of society—its admiration, its pride, and its shame, the agents of its refined civilization, the instruments of its rapid moral corruption.

"Born in slavery, or sold to it, infant captives taken in war, or of a class too lowly to be recognized as citizens by the state, these victims of civil combinations, foredoomed, by the accidents of their birth or of their lives, to an inevitable social degradation, had one privilege incidental to their singular lot; and of that they availed themselves, to the triumph of mind over station, and of usurping acquirement over established ignorance. They were not under the ban of that intellectual proscription which was reserved by the law for the virtuous and the chaste. . . .

"The position of these women was a false one, dangerous to the best interests of society; and their privileges and their influence (for rights they had none), though uncontrolled by the lawgiver, and freely permitted by the conventional manners of the times and country, became a deteriorating principle, which worked out the political ruin of Greece through its moral depravity."

After this, we will add nothing of our own concerning the Athenian women, but accept the dictum of our gifted authority, the champion of her sex. From her pages, however, we will take the liberty of extracting another passage, illustrative of the condition of women in the East.

"The position of the woman of savage life, miserable as it may be, is less strikingly degraded than that of the females of those vast empires of the East which vaunt an antique origin, and in which the lights of a semi-civilization have surrounded a fraction at least of the species with the luxuries of wealth, and afforded something of the semblance of a social policy. Of the earliest condition of these widely-extended nations

nothing is known; and the few scanty fragments of their history which have reached posterity show them as then already far removed from the rudeness of savage life. In these fragments, the records of ages when civilization was as yet exclusively confined to Asia (the supposed cradle of the human species, and certainly the cradle of its written history), physical pressure of another character and origin is found to determine the servitude of woman, and to crush her under a slavery, if possible, more revolting than that of the mere savage. . . .

"It is an awful and heart-rending act to raise the dark curtain which hangs before the 'sanctuary of the women' throughout the great continent of Asia, and to penetrate the domestic holds of those vainglorious nations which arrogate to themselves the precedence in creation, and date their power and their policy from eras anterior to the written records of more civilized communities. In these states, on whose condition the passage of some thousands of years has impressed no change, and in which the sufferings of one half the species have awakened no sympathy, may be discovered the most graphic illustrations of the tyranny of man and of the degradation of woman."

And, referring particularly to China, both past and present, it is written:

"The female slave who, at the head of a band of inferior slaves, is dignified with the name of superior (adequate to that of wife), who has been purchased with gold, and may be returned if on trial not approved, is not deemed worthy to eat at her master's table."

And so, whenever we can arrive at any knowledge of the condition of women of old, whatever may have been their country, we find them in subjection—degrading subjection generally—to the male sex. Then the oldest antiquity passed away; Christ was incarnate in the world, was dead and buried, and rose again and ascended into heaven, yet clouds and thick darkness were not immediately dispelled from woman's lot.

Plutarch, as every student is aware, took some pains to set forth the merits of women of different nations. It is quite evident that, in doing so, he considered that he was putting in an apology or a plea. He is the mill of ancient days, and his interference proves that woman in his time suffered, or fancied that she suffered, or was believed by him and his disciples to suffer, grievous wrong, and that the good that was in her was not appreciated by the times in

* Lady Morgan.

which he wrote—that is to say, the latter end of the first and beginning of the second century. As time rolled on and Barbarian kingdoms were founded on the ruins of the Roman Empire, woman's moral position appears to have been a very subordinate one. Historians complain bitterly of the darkness of those periods; but the glimmer that we get shows us women still a very humble if not a degraded being. Her physical burden was greater or less according to the customs of tribes; but legally and morally she was nowhere. At last we came upon the Round Table and see the beginnings of chivalry, which shone for a season, only to be quenched in Saxon grossness and idolatry: that is, if it did shine, and if Arthur and his Court was not an imagination of later years. As to Lombardy, as late as the sixth and seventh centuries "we incidentally learn that no woman was mistress of her own actions; she was under the *mundium*, the legal protection or control, of her father, her brother, her husband, or in their default, of the nearest male of her family, or even of the king; if she were injured, the pecuniary compensation went not to her, but to the person who exercised this *mundium* over her—in other words, to her owner." * When we pass to other tribes and nations the picture is no better. The laws and customs show plainly that the honor and virtue of women were matters of small account. Not only is there no concession of rights or position to them, but there is no acknowledgment that they were due to them. The world was quite satisfied that woman *as an inferior* was in her right and natural place. Whatever alleviation or benefit she enjoyed, she enjoyed by the favor and condescension of man, whose caprice might lead him sometimes to indulge her; but as to *her* grace being worth obtaining, there is not a vestige of such an idea!

Thus it is abundantly clear that up to the sixth or seventh century of the years of our Lord, the sex all over the world, far from enjoying worship, or precedence, or observance, was in an inferior and sometimes cruelly base condition, although individual women had, by their

charms or their talents, enslaved here and there their own admirers. But the time had now come when it was to experience a rise in the world, when it was to become successively a *protégée* and a toy, an equal, a power, a glorified power, an idol, an object of the wildest fanaticism. To trace the origin and early growth of this influence until we find it recognized as a leading article of knightly faith, would be a grateful task; but we fear that to trace them accurately is now impossible. As far as actual records guide us the account amounts nearly to this, viz., we lose sight of a moral insect somewhere in the third century after Christ, and in the tenth century find the same insect developed as a moral butterfly, the intermediate grub state being a blank of seven or eight centuries. But in the absence of positive history to guide them, modern writers have speculated, though not very widely, on the probable circumstances and degrees of the transition.

It has been said by some whose opinions are well worthy of respect, that the germ of female ascendancy is to be traced among the manners of the Germans or Gauls. Tacitus says that the Germans thought there was something holy in women, and that they never despised their counsels nor neglected their answers. The following anecdote, which may be thought to support the same view, we take from an old translation of Plutarch's Essays:

"Before the Gauls passed over the mountains called Alpes, and held that part of Italy which now they do inhabit, there arose a great discord and dangerous sedition among them, which grew in the end to a civil war; but when both armies stood embattled and arranged, ready to fight, their wives put themselves in the very midst between the armed troops, took the matter of difference and controversy into their hands, brought them to accord and unity, and judged the quarrell with such indifferent equity, and so to the contentment of both parts, that there ensued a wonderful amity, and reciprocate good will, not only from city to city, but also between house and house; insomuch that ever after they continued this custom in all their consultations, as well of war as peace, to take the counsell and advice of their wives; yea, to compose and pacify all debates and braules with their neighbors and allies, by the mediation of them, and therefore in that composi-

* Dunham's "Middle Ages."

tion and accord which they made with Anibal, at what time he passed through their city, among other articles this went for one: That in case the Gauls complained of any wrongs done unto them by the Carthaginians, the Carthaginian Captains and Governour which were in Spaine should be the judges between them; but contrariwise, if the Carthaginians pretended that the Gauls had wronged them, the Gaul Dames should decide the querrell."

The Germans, according to Sir W. Scott, who follows Tacitus, fought in the presence of their women, who, with dishevelled hair and fierce aspect, rushed into the *mêlée*, thereby exciting the valor of the warriors to its highest effort. The females, by a natural instinct, admired and preferred those whom they had seen distinguishing themselves in fight; and so they become the judges and the rewarders of achievements.

But we confess that this reasoning does not satisfy us. If this cause would account for woman's elevation, she would have begun to rise long before the Germans were heard of, for in all savage or primitive wars, there must have been but too many contests of which women were spectators: and the fame of exploits produces as great or a greater impression on the female mind than the view of the exploits themselves. The deeds, therefore, of early days which woman might not witness, she would certainly know by report, and appreciate; yet her appreciation of them never seems to have done her much good. The Indian squaws revile the cowards of the tribe, and admire the great warriors—still they are only squaws. When the women of Israel answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," though their "damnable iteration" drove Saul mad, and sent David into exile after several narrow escapes from assassination, it does not appear that they themselves took anything by their clamor. We have all been taught that the Lacedæmonian and Roman mothers fostered the devoted valor of the two nations; and we cannot doubt that they criticised and favored it; still they remained only as the Roman women, whose condition Gibbon, as above quoted, has described. The learned Henry Hallam puts forward another theory, and maintains that the treatment

of women must improve as civilization advances, and will be, in every nation, proportioned to the degree of refinement. But, according to this rule, there would have been a certain chivalry in the most advanced of ancient nations; and, as we have been growing more and more refined since the days of Edward III., it would follow that woman's position, instead of declining, as it has done, would have continued, and if possible improved, up to the present day. Look, however, at the facts. Butler stalks about in whole skin, and with the rank of a general officer, defying opinion. In the fourteenth century a thousand knights would singly have gone in quest of him, immediately after hearing of his proceedings, and his mouth would have been stopped and his soul been sent to Hades as soon as an avenger could get within a lance's length of him. On this side the Atlantic, if we have not reached the point of tolerating brutality toward women, we have, by many infallible signs, abated in our homage to them. We cannot, therefore, quite accept Mr. Hallam's doctrine as explanatory of the phase of woman's history into which we are inquiring.

Our own belief is, that although mere civilization could never have produced the effects which we are contemplating, civilization, accompanied by the spread of the Christian religion, might, and did, give rise to it. The nation which could approve the maxim *parcere subjectis*, would, by an expansion of its principle, exercise at least forbearance toward woman; but it required a knowledge of the doctrines of Christ to conceive the principle which was afterward pushed to such a marvellous extreme. As soon as men learned to believe in the beatitudes, and to see in meekness, poorness of spirit, and earthly inability, marks for the favor of God, their toleration for women probably grew into respect; and the wish to uphold them whom God regarded with favor, would suggest the protection of them. Allow for the enthusiasm with which a new and popular creed is often followed to the pitch of ridicule, and for the superstitious elements which are to be expected when the world is shaking off an old and inducing a new belief, and we have some plausible conception of the mode in which our fathers' minds were

acted upon so as to assign to woman her place in the system of chivalry.

What pure and sober Christianity would have done for women may be learned from St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, chapter 2, verse 11, to the end of the chapter: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression. Notwithstanding she shall be saved in child-bearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." But Christianity, instead of being pure and sober, was engrafted, as we know, on some very ignorant and wilful stocks. As a general rule, conversion was only a compromise. Nations, like individuals, accepted the new religion with a proviso in favor of their besetting sins. The European nations held fast by war and violence, but acted them now for the glory of God instead of for the indulgence of their own savage passions. On the other hand they conceded the confession that hitherto their usage of the gentler sex had been unwarrantably severe. The blessed Redeemer was the son of David and of Joseph in name only, but He was truly and literally born of a woman. And this highest indication of Divine favor toward the sex was in conformity with those Christian teachings which sanction as blessings many of woman's attributes. Though the practice, therefore, of patience, meekness, temperance, and forgiveness, was more than a warrior could stoop to, he was pleased to compound with religion by admiring and extolling these virtues in the weaker sex. And here were the beginnings of a reaction—a reaction whose force must be measured, not by the power which produced it, but by the contrary force which had prevailed before. By how much it was perceived that woman, blessed of God, had been degraded and enslaved by man, by so much it was felt, and sworn by the holy rood, that she should be exalted and compensated. She was to get not only her own, but her own with usury. Forty centuries of arrears were to be paid up to the fair creature: men heaped Ossa on Pelion to form a homage worthy her

acceptance, and believed that they had come short of her desert. With this revolution woman herself had little to do. Intrinsically she remained much what she had ever been. She was translated, not transformed. She had been the Pagan's victim and thrall. She was the Christian's idol and mistress.

Inclination, no doubt, powerfully seconded the sense of duty. Men, having once tried the experiment, rejoiced to find a natural passion elevated to a noble sentiment. Emulation was excited and fostered on both sides. Woman strove to approach the perfection that was ascribed to her; ascertained and practised the virtues and graces that became her sex; and shed over domestic and public life a brightness and a tenderness which had never been seen in the world before. Man, to render himself worthy of his divinity, became in principle, if not always in practice, a combination of dazzling qualities and virtues. A new refinement began to improve manners. Courtesy, condescension, and subordination were found not only to be no detriment to the valor of a knight, but to add tenfold lustre to that valor.

Whatever may have been the facts of the transition from the state assigned to her by St. Paul, we find that in the days of Arthur and of Charlemagne, woman had already attained to some consideration; and the few glimpses that we get of her between that period and the period of the Crusades, when her exaltation may be said to have been fairly established, though not yet at its height, show that she is gradually ascending in the social scale. Her halcyon days may be said to have been contemporary with Edward III. and his glorious son. And about that period we are enabled to see and appreciate her worship and renown; for we have chroniclers who delight in details of knightly acts and magnificence.

However obscure may be the causes and progress of her power, there is no doubt or darkness about the height and glory to which it attained. *Malgré* the impiety, folly, and extravagance which are proved along with it, the fact of her ascendancy and the circumstances thereof, are elaborately and indelibly stamped on the pages of the histories of the middle ages. The love of God *and of*

the ladies was the prime motive of every true knight in his course of chivalry. To this he publicly and solemnly devoted himself. The ladies occupy the second place in the sentence, but it is to be feared that their prophets far outnumbered the prophets of the Lord. We ourselves believed before we examined, and we doubt not most of our readers now believe, that the expression above quoted, however great its impropriety, was simply a *façon de parler*, without serious signification, and that the religious faith of those days, when sifted, would be found to be sound and pure. But lo! when, in the hope of proving this, we begin to turn over the books and chronicles of chivalry, we are startled by the information that among some, at least, and those persons who exercised a wide-spread influence, the worship of the ladies was literally a RELIGION. Hear the doctrine of La Dame des Belles Cousines, a burning and a shining light in the days of chivalry. She held, as touching *l'amour de Dieu et des Dames*, that "the one should not go on (*ne devoit point aller*) without the other, and the lover who comprehended how to serve a lady loyally *was saved!*" And St. Palaye, in his "Memoires sur la Chevalerie," hesitates not to accept this as a serious article of the faith of a knight. Speaking of the education of gentle youth, he says: "The first lessons given to them had reference principally to the love of God and of the ladies—that is to say, to religion and to galantry. If one can credit the chronicle of Jean de Saintre, it was generally the ladies who undertook the duty of teaching them at one and the same time *their catechism and the art of love*. But in like manner, as the religion which was taught was accompanied by puerillities and superstition, so the love of the ladies, which was prescribed to them, was full of refinement and fanaticism." La Dame des Belles Cousines was, we venture to hope, an extreme ritualist, claiming for her pet observances a merit which the great body of worshippers did not quite concede to them. Moderate believers may have been free from the sin of absolute and confessed idolatry. Still, whether the service of the fair sex was or was not regarded by them as a religious duty, it is certain that they

entertained very strong opinions concerning it. The general maxim, according to Sir Kenelm Digby, was, "*Perdu est tout honneur à cil qui honneur à dame ne refère;*" and the same author quotes the poet Chaucer to the following effect: "Women are the cause of all knighthood, the increase of worship, and of all worthiness, courteous, glad, and merry, and true in every wise." Gassier, in his "Histoire de la Chevalerie Française," speaking of the romancers or troubadours, has the following:

"Many knights are numbered among these poets. To consecrate his heart and his homage to a mistress, to live for her exclusively, for her to aspire to all the glory of arms and of the virtues, to admire her perfections and assure to them public admiration, to aspire to the title of her servant and her slave, and to think himself blessed if, in recompense of so great a love, and of so great efforts, she deign to accept them; in a word, to serve his lady as a kind of divinity whose favors cannot but be the prize of the noblest sentiments, a divinity who cannot be loved without respect, and who cannot be respected without love—this was one of the principal duties of every knight, or of whosoever desired to become one. The imagination sought to exalt itself with such a scheme of love; and by forming heroes, it (the scheme of love, we presume) gave reality to all the flights of the poet's imagination of that time. The fair whose charms and whose merit the knights-troubadours celebrated, those earthly goddesses of chivalry, welcomed them with a winning generosity, and often repaid their compliments with tender favors. . . . It is easy to understand that, love and war being the spring of all their actions, some celebrated the deeds of arms which had rendered so many brave knights illustrious, while others sang of the beauty, the graces, and the charms of their ladies, and of the tender sentiments with which the ladies had inspired them."

St. Palaye, speaking of the duties of knights, remarks: "It was one of the capital points of their institution on no account to speak ill of ladies, and on no account to allow any one in their presence to dare to speak ill of ladies." In a note he says: "This is, of all the laws of chivalry, that which was maintained at all times with the greatest rigor among the French nobility." "If a virtuous dame," says Brantome, as quoted by St. Palaye, "desire to maintain her position by means of his valor and constancy, her servant by no means

grudges his life to support and defend her, if she runs the least hazard in the world, either as regards her life, or her honor, or in case any evil may have been said of her; as I have seen in our court many who have silenced slanderers who have dared to detract from their mistresses and ladies, whom by the duty and laws of chivalry we are bound to serve as champions in their troubles."

"By the customs of Burgundy a young maid could save the life of a criminal if she met him by accident, for the first time, going to execution, and asked him in marriage." "Is it not true," asks Marchangy, "that the criminal who can interest a simple and virtuous maid, so as to be chosen for a husband, is not so guilty as he may appear, and that extenuating circumstances speak secretly in his favor?" Again: "The greatest enemies to the feudal system have acknowledged that the preponderance of domestic manners was its essential characteristic. In the early education of youth women were represented as the objects of respectful love, and the dispensers of happiness." *

It is not necessary to adduce further proof of the eminence to which, morally, woman was exalted. Her empire was notorious and unchallenged. All writers of those times celebrate it, and in recent times it has been attested by the charming pen of Scott and by the sneer of Gibbon.† The theory of the worship is beyond dispute; but it may be interesting to examine how the practice of chivalry accorded with its profession, and whether the power and position of the sex were substantially as dazzling as speculation represented them. Upon reflection we shall probably all admit that they were so. For though the phase of lady-worship most familiar to us is seen in the practice of the knights-errant, to whose vagaries a certain amount of ridicule attaches, there is ample evidence of a real, practical, established female ascendancy. The

* Sir Kenelm Digby. *The Orlandus* in the "Broad Stone of Honor."

† "As the champion of God and the ladies (I blush to unite such discordant names), he devoted himself to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to protect the distressed; to practise courtesy, a virtue less familiar to the ancients; to pursue the infidels, etc., etc."—Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," vol. vii., p. 340.

wandering or the soldier knight would vaunt the charms and virtues of a mistress whose favor he might or might not wear,* and enforce the acknowledgment of them with the point of his lance; he would draw his sword for the deliverance of a captive lady, or to redress a lady's wrong; but independently of the effects of real or fancied passion, independently of acts of individual compassion, or generosity, or condescension, the sex, as such, undoubtedly did experience and exercise the benefits and the powers which the knight's profession assigned to it. In proof of this be it remembered that a lady never hesitated to lay her commands upon a knight, whether specially devoted to her service or not, and that it was imperative upon the knight to obey her, except the command should unfortunately be incompatible with his devoir to his own elected lady, to his sovereign, or to a brother in arms. Conflicting orders and duties thus sometimes placed an unhappy knight in a "fix;" and so delicate an affair was it, that when he had the opportunity of obtaining advice, he generally submitted himself to the decision of a court of honor. The expressed approbation of a noble or beautiful lady, whether dame or demoiselle, was fame. The ladies could and did soften and exalt the characters of knights and the sentiments of knighthood generally. "They can even impart," says Digby, "noble and generous sentiments, so that their power exceeds that of kings, who can grant only the titles of nobility." The excessive exertions of this power by vain or indiscreet women are proofs of the reality of the power, if not very creditable to the ladies concerned. There is the story of the lady who sent her shift to a knight, and bade him combat, with this only for armor, in the *mêlée* of harnessed knights. The fine fellow vindicated her opinion of his valor, and proclaimed her inhumanity to after ages, by wresting the victory from his armed opponents, though he was fearfully slashed and gored in so doing. In return for the trifling service, he requested the owner to wear the blood-stained shift in public as an outer

* Sometimes a knight would vaunt a violent passion for a lady whom he had never seen.—*St. Palaye*.

garment, which she, with a complimentary speech, undertook to do, and which she did. The well-known story of the knight bringing a lady's glove out of the den of lions, and other anecdotes scattered about the annals of chivalry, and setting forth most perilous adventures wantonly imposed by ladies on knights, also illustrate the argument. It is consolatory to know that in these last instances the knights, after performing their devoir, renounced the service of the exacting ladies, and obtained the general approbation by so doing; for these merciless ladies were not in harmony with the true spirit of chivalry, which "even gave warning to women not to forget the softness and humanity of their character, in requiring any unreasonable service of danger from a knight." But, to pass beyond instances of the abuse of the power of the sex by individuals, we have historical evidence that the peril or requirements of ladies were sufficient to interrupt military operations, and temporarily to unite, for their especial service, contending armies. The story of the ladies of Meaux, however well known, may, we hope, be here repeated without fear of its proving tedious.

France and England were at war: the former country had suffered cruel loss and humiliation from the armies of the Black Prince, and to its troubles from abroad were added disaffection and rebellion at home. The peasantry of Brie had risen upon the nobles, who were unable to suppress the rising, and they were ravaging the country in large bands, committing the most frightful atrocities on noblemen and knights, and on their ladies. Panic-stricken and horror-stricken, a crowd of helpless dames and young children fled before this jacquerie, and some of the greatest ladies in France, married and unmarried, and children of quality were assembled at Meaux, under the protection of the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess of Normandy was there, and the Duchess of Orleans, with three hundred other ladies; but the Duke had not the means of defending them against such a mighty rabble as the peasants were becoming. The insurgents of Brie were joined by those of Valois, and another crowd was advancing from Paris. Al-

together, about nine thousand of them were in motion, while the garrison of Meaux was but a handful of knights and men-at-arms. The danger was imminent, and the terror and misery of the ladies and the desperation of the scanty garrison of Meaux may be conceived. Every hour brought nearer the time when they were to be at the mercy of a brutal mob—all was lamentation and affright. At this crisis the Capital de Buch, who was in the service of the King of England, was returning from an expedition, and happened to be at Chalons with the Comte de Foix. There these gallant knights got word of the miserable strait in which the French ladies were. Forgetting their national animosities, remembering only that a flock of trembling women were exposed to the violence of the jacquerie, they started without hesitation to the rescue. They numbered about sixty lances, while the peasants counted their thousands; but that consideration did not trouble them—they thought only of the fair fugitives and their danger. Happily they reached Meaux before the rabble; and it may be imagined how relieved the ladies were at the appearance of the brave little band, and how gratified they were at such devotion.

The peasantry, who had increased in numbers at every step, were not long in arriving; and it would appear that there was either poltroonery or treachery within, for the wretched inhabitants opened the gates, and in swarmed the whole motley force, filling the streets; but the market-place at Meaux was, it seems, a kind of citadel, defensible after the town was in the enemy's hands. The river Marne nearly surrounds it, leaving but a small front to guard. It was here that the ladies were lodged, and it was from hence that they saw their bloodthirsty pursuers advancing through the streets of the town. Their only hope was in the little band of knights and warriors: as long as they lived, no woman would be molested, but if they should be overborne and slain by this vast multitude, as seemed not improbable, these helpless delicate beings would be at the mercy of the insurgents. The emergency was a dreadful one for all. The good knights, however, were equal to the occasion. Like wise sol-

diers, did not wait to be attacked by the banditti, but went out to meet them in one company, as if they had been brothers in arms instead of being the servants of hostile sovereigns. Their knightly vows had bound them to the service of God and the ladies, and they were all therefore united for the time in the execution of their highest duties. Ensigns and battle-cries usually proceeding from opposite sides of the field were now all going forth together in a service of the greatest danger and responsibility: side by side fluttered the banners of Orleans and of Foix and the pennon of the Captal de Buch; and their valor met the reward which all true hearts would desire for it, although the throbbing bosoms in the market-place dared not expect so glorious a result. The sight of this firm and well-appointed array, small though it was, caused the foremost of the rabble to hesitate and to draw back a little; whereupon the knights allowed them not a minute to recover, but charged home, using their spears and swords in such fashion that the banditti, losing all their assurance, turned about and commenced a retreat, which soon became an utter rout. In their confusion they fell one over another and prevented anything like resistance, so that the gentlemen had only to cut them down or to drive them before them like a herd of beasts, and clear the town of them. They were absolutely tired with slaying, and threw them in great heaps into the river. Indeed, they might have slain all had they been so minded, and, as it was, the slaughter was prodigious.

Thus did the ladies' peril outweigh all other considerations with these gallant knights, and thus did chivalry dare and do for the dames' deliverance.

THE TALMUD.

(Concluded from page 299.)

ANOTHER most striking story is that of the Sage who, walking in a market-place crowded with people, suddenly encountered the prophet Elijah, and asked him who, out of that vast multitude, would be saved. Whereupon the Prophet first pointed out a weird-looking creature, a turnkey, "because he was merciful to his prisoners;" and next two common-looking tradesmen, who came walking

through the crowd pleasantly chatting. The Sage instantly rushed toward them, and asked them what were their saving works. But they, much puzzled, replied: "We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said for us is that we are always of good cheer, and are good-natured. When we meet anybody who seems sad we join him, and we talk to him, and cheer him, so long that he must forget his grief. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled, we talk to them and persuade them, until we have made them friends again. This is our whole life." . . .

Before leaving this period of Mishnic development, we have yet to speak of one or two things. This period is the one in which Christianity arose; and it may be as well to touch here upon the relation between Christianity and the Talmud—a subject much discussed of late. Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the talmudical writings. The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, "among Jews, by Jews, for Jews," cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realize; for such terms as "Redemption," "Baptism," "Grace," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of Man," "Son of God," "Kingdom of Heaven," were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning. No less loud and bitter in the Talmud are the protests against "lip-serving," against "making the law a burden to the people," against "laws that hang on hairs," against "Priests and Pharisees." The fundamental mysteries of the new Faith are matters totally apart; but the Ethics in both are, in their broad outlines, identical. That grand dictum, "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by," against which Kant declared himself energetically from a philosophi-

cal point of view, is quoted by Hillel, the President, at whose death Jesus was ten years of age, not as anything new, but as an old and well-known dictum "that comprised the whole Law." The most monstrous mistake has ever been our mixing up, in the first instance, single individuals, or classes, with a whole people, and next our confounding the Judaism of the time of Christ with that of the time of the Wilderness, of the Judges, or even of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The Judaism of the time of Christ (to which that of our days, owing principally to the Talmud, stands very near), and that of the Pentateuch, are as like each other as our England is like that of William Rufus, or the Greece of Plato that of the Argonauts. It is the glory of Christianity to have carried those golden germs, hidden in the schools and among the "silent community" of the learned, into the market of Humanity. It has communicated that "Kingdom of Heaven," of which the Talmud is full from the first page to the last, to the herd, even to the lepers. The fruits that have sprung from this through the wide world we need not here consider. But the misconception, as if to a God of Vengeance had suddenly succeeded a God of Love, cannot be too often protested against. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is a precept of the Old Testament, as our Saviour himself taught his disciples. The "Law," as we have seen and shall further see, was developed to a marvellously and, perhaps, oppressively minute pitch; but only as a regulator of outward actions. The "faith of the heart"—the dogma prominently dwelt upon by Paul—was a thing that stood much higher with the Pharisees than this outward law. It was a thing, they said, not to be commanded by any ordinance; yet was greater than all. "Everything" is one of their adages, "is in the hands of Heaven, save the fear of Heaven."

"Six hundred and thirteen injunctions," says the Talmud, "was Moses instructed to give to the people. David reduced them all to eleven, in the fifteenth Psalm: Lord, who shall abide in Thy Tabernacle, who shall dwell on Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly," etc.

"The Prophet Isaiah reduced them to six

(xxxiii. 15): He that walketh righteously," etc.

"The Prophet Micah reduced them to three (vi. 8):—What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

"Isaiah once more reduced them to two (lvi. 1):—Keep ye judgment and do justice."

"Amos (v. 4) reduced them all to one:—Seek ye Me and ye shall live."

"But lest it might be supposed from this that God could be found in the fulfilment of His whole law only, Habakkuk said (ii. 4):—'The just shall live by his Faith.'"

Regarding these "Pharisees" or "Separatists" themselves, no greater or more antiquated mistake exists than that of their being a mere "sect" hated by Christ and the Apostles. They were not a sect—any more than Roman Catholics form a "sect" in Rome, or Protestants a "sect" in England—and they were not hated so indiscriminately by Christ and the Apostles as would at first sight appear in some sweeping passages in the New Testament. For the "Pharisees," as such, were at that time—Josephus notwithstanding—simply *the* people, in contradistinction to the "leaven of Herod." Those "upper classes" of free-thinking Sadducees who, in opposition to the Pharisees, insisted on the paramount importance of sacrifices and tithes, of which they were the receivers, but denied the Immortality of the Soul, are barely mentioned in the New Testament. The wholesale denunciations of "Scribes and Pharisees" have been greatly misunderstood. There can be absolutely no question on this point, that there were among the genuine Pharisees the most patriotic, the most noble-minded, the most advanced leaders of the Party of Progress. The development of the Law itself was nothing in their hands but a means to keep the Spirit as opposed to the Word—the outward frame—in full life and flame, and to vindicate for each time its own right to interpret the temporal ordinances according to its own necessities and acquirements. But that there were very many black sheep in their flock—many who traded on the high reputation of the whole body—is matter of reiterated denunciation in the whole contemporary literature. The Talmud inveighs even more bitterly and caustically than the New Testament against

what it calls the "Plague of Pharisaism," "the dyed ones," "who do evil deeds like Zimri, and require a goodly reward like Phinehas," "they who preach beautifully, but do not act beautifully." Parodying their exaggerated logical arrangements, their scrupulous divisions and subdivisions, the Talmud distinguishes seven classes of Pharisees, one of whom only is worthy of that name. These are—1, those who do the will of God from earthly motives; 2, they who make small steps, or say, just wait a while for me; I have just one more good work to perform; 3, they who knock their heads against walls in avoiding the sight of a woman; 4, saints in office; 5, they who implore you to mention some more duties which they might perform; 6, they who are pious because they *fear* God. The real and only Pharisee is he "who does the will of his Father which is in Heaven *because he loves Him*." Among those chiefly "Pharisaic" masters of the Mishnic period, whose names and fragments of whose lives have come down to us, are some of the most illustrious men, men at whose feet the first Christians sat, whose sayings—household words in the mouths of the people—prove them to have been endowed with no common wisdom, piety, kindness, and high and noble courage: a courage and a piety they had often enough occasion to seal with their lives.

From this hasty outline of the mental atmosphere of the time when the Mishnah was gradually built up, we now turn to this Code itself. The bulk of ordinances, injunctions, prohibitions, precepts—the old and new, traditional, derived, or enacted on the spur of the moment—had, after about eight hundred years, risen to gigantic proportions, proportions no longer to be mastered in their scattered, and, be it remembered, chiefly unwritten form. Thrice, at different periods, the work of reducing them to system and order was undertaken by three eminent masters; the third alone succeeded. First by Hillel I., under whose presidency Christ was born. This Hillel, also called the second Ezra, was born in Babylon. Thirst for knowledge drove him to Jerusalem. He was so poor, the legend tells us, that once, when he had not money enough to fee the porter of the academy, he

climbed up the window-sill one bitter winter's night. As he lay there listening, the cold gradually made him insensible, and the snow covered him up. The darkness of the room first called the attention of those inside to the motionless form without. He was restored to life. Be it observed, by the way, that this was on a Sabbath, as, according to the Talmud, danger *always* supersedes the Sabbath. Even for the sake of the tiniest babe it must be broken without the slightest hesitation, "for the babe will," it is added, "keep many a Sabbath yet for that one that was broken for it."

And here we cannot refrain from entering an emphatic protest against the vulgar notion of the "Jewish Sabbath" being a thing of grim austerity. It was precisely the contrary, a "day of joy and delight," a "feast day," honored by fine garments, by the best cheer, by wine, lights, spice, and other joys of preeminently bodily import: and the highest expression of the feeling of self-reliance and independence is contained in the adage, "Rather live on your Sabbath as you would on a week-day, than be dependent on others." But this only by the way.

About 30 B.C. Hillel became President. Of his meekness, his piety, his benevolence, the Talmudical records are full. A few of his sayings will characterize him better than any sketch of ours could do. "Be a disciple of Aaron, a friend of peace, a promoter of peace, a friend of all men, and draw them near unto the law." "Do not believe in thyself till the day of thy death." "Do not judge thy neighbor till thou hast stood in his place." "Whosoever does not increase in knowledge decreases." "Whosoever tries to make gain by the crown of learning perishes." Immediately after the lecture he used to hurry home. Once asked by his disciples what caused him to hasten away, he replied he had to look after his guest. When they pressed him for the name of his guest, he said that he only meant his soul, which was here to-day and there to-morrow. One day a heathen went to Shammai, the head of the rival academy, and asked him mockingly to convert him to the law while he stood on one leg. The irate master turned him from his door.

He then went to Hillel, who received him kindly and gave him that reply—since so widely propagated—"Do not unto another what thou wouldst not have another do unto thee. This is the whole Law, the rest is mere commentary." Very characteristic is also his answer to one of those "wits" who used to plague him with their silly questions. "How many laws are there?" he asked Hillel. "Two," Hillel replied, "one written and one oral." Whereupon the other, "I believe in the first, but I do not see why I should believe in the second." "Sit down," Hillel said. And he wrote down the Hebrew alphabet. "What letter is this?" he then asked, pointing to the first. "This is an Aleph." "Good, the next?" "Beth." "Good again. But how do you know that this is an Aleph and this a Beth?" "Thus," the other replied, "we have learnt from our ancestors." "Well," Hillel said, "as you have accepted this in good faith, accept also the other." To his mind the necessity of arranging and simplifying that monstrous bulk of oral traditions seems to have presented itself first with all its force. There were no less than some six hundred vaguely floating sections of it in existence by that time. He tried to reduce them to six. But he died, and the work commenced by him was left untouched for another century. Akiba, the poor shepherd who fell in love with the daughter of the richest and proudest man in all Jerusalem, and, through his love, from a clown became one of the most eminent doctors of his generation, nay "a second Moses," came next. But he too was unsuccessful. His legal labor was cut short by the Roman executioner. Yet the day of his martyrdom is said to have been the day of the birth of him who, at last, did carry out the work,—Jehuda, the Saint, also called "Rabbi" by way of eminence. About 200 A.D. the redaction of the whole unwritten law into a Code, though still unwritten, was completed after the immense efforts, not of one school, but of all, not through one, but many methods of collection, comparison, and condensation.

When the Code was drawn up, it was already obsolete in many of its parts. More than a generation before the Destruction of the Temple, Rome had

taken the penal jurisdiction from the Sanhedrin. The innumerable injunctions regarding the temple-service, the sacrifices, and the rest, had but an ideal value. The agrarian laws for the most part applied only to Palestine, and but an insignificant fraction of the people had remained faithful to the desecrated land. Nevertheless the whole Code was eagerly received as their text-book by the many academies both in Palestine and in Babylonia, not merely as a record of past enactments, but as laws that at some time or other, with the restoration of the commonwealth, would come into full practice as of yore.

The Mishnah is divided into six sections. These are subdivided again into 11, 12, 7, 9, (or 10) 11, and 12 chapters respectively, which are further broken up into 524 paragraphs. We shall briefly describe their contents:—

"Section I., *Seeds*: of Agrarian Laws, commencing with a chapter on Prayers. In this section the various tithes and donations due to the Priests, the Levites, and the poor, from the products of the lands, and further the Sabbatical year, and the prohibited mixtures in plants, animals, and garments, are treated of.

"Section II., *Feasts*: of Sabbaths, Feast and Fast days, the work prohibited, the ceremonies ordained, the sacrifices to be offered, on them. Special chapters are devoted to the Feast of the Exodus from Egypt, to the New Year's day, to the Day of Atonement (one of the most impressive portions of the whole book), to the Feast of Tabernacles, and to that of Haman.

"Section III., *Women*: of betrothal, marriage, divorce, etc.: also of vows.

"Section IV., *Damages*: including a great part of the civil and criminal law. It treats of the law of trover, of buying and selling, and the ordinary monetary transactions. Further, of the greatest crime known to the law, viz., idolatry. Next of witnesses, of oaths, of legal punishments, and of the Sanhedrin itself. This section concludes with the so-called 'Sentences of the Fathers,' containing some of the sublimest ethical dicta known in the history of religious philosophy.

"Section V., *Sacred Things*: of sacrifices, the first-born, etc.: also of the measurements of the Temple (Middoth).

"Section VI., *Purifications*: of the various levitical and other hygienic laws, of impure things and persons, their purification, etc."

There is, it cannot be denied, more symmetry and method in the Mishnah than in the Pandects; although we have

not found that minute logical sequence in its arrangement which Maimonides and others have discovered. In fact we do not believe that we have it in its original shape. But, as far as the single treatises are concerned, the Mishnah is for the most part free from the blemishes of the Roman Code. There are, unquestionably, fewer contradictory laws, fewer repetitions, fewer interpolations, than in the Digests, which, notwithstanding Tribonian's efforts, abound with so-called "Geminationes," "Leges fugitivæ," "errativæ" and so forth; and as regards a certain outspokenness in bodily things, it has at last been acknowledged by all competent authorities that its language is infinitely purer than that, for instance, of the mediæval casuists.

The regulations contained in these six treatises are of very different kinds. They are apparently important and unimportant, intended to be permanent or temporary. They are either clear expansions of Scriptural precepts, or independent traditions, linked to Scripture only hermeneutically. They are "decisions," "fences," "injunctions," "ordinances," or simply "Mosaic Halachah from Sinai"—much as the Roman laws consist of "Senatusconsulta," "Plebiscita," "Edicta," "Responsa Prudentium," and the rest. Save in points of dispute, the Mishnah does not say when and how a special law was made. Only exceptionally do we read the introductory formula "N. N. has borne witness," "I have heard from N. N.," &c.; for nothing was admitted into the Code but that which was well authenticated first. There is no difference made between great laws and little laws—between ancient and new Halachah. Every precept traditionally received or passed by the majority becomes, in a manner, a religious divinely sanctioned one, although it was always open to the subsequent authorities to reconsider and to abrogate; as, indeed, one of the chief reasons against the writing down of the Code, even after its redaction, was just this, that it should never become fixed and immutable. That the Mishnah was appealed to for all practical purposes, in preference to the "Mosaic" law, seems clear and natural. Do we generally appeal in our law-courts to the Magna Charta?

This uniform reverence for all the manifold contents of the Mishnah is best expressed in the redactor's own words—the motto to the whole collection—"Be equally conscientious in small as in great precepts, for ye know not their individual rewards. Compute the earthly loss sustained by the fulfilment of a law by the heavenly reward derived through it; and the gain derived from a transgression by the punishment that is to follow it. Also contemplate three things, and ye shall not fall into sin: Know what is above ye—an eye that seeth, an ear that heareth, and all your works are written in a book." The tone and tenor of the Mishnah is, except in the one special division devoted to Ethics, emphatically practical. It does not concern itself with Metaphysics, but aims at being merely a civil code, yet it never misses an opportunity of inculcating those higher ethical principles which lie beyond the strict letter of the law. It looks more to the "intention" in the fulfilment of a precept than to the fulfilment itself. He who claims certain advantages by the letter of the law, though the spirit of humanity should urge him not to insist upon them, is not "beloved by God and man." On the other hand, he who makes good by his own free will demands which the law could not have enforced; he, in fact, who does not stop short at the "Gate of Justice," but proceeds within the "line of mercy," in him the "spirit of the wise" has pleasure. Certain duties bring fruits (interest) in this world; but the real reward, the "capital," is paid back in the world to come: such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honor to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbor. The Mishnah knows nothing of "Hell." For all and any transgressions there were only the fixed legal punishments, or a mysterious sudden "visitation of God"—the scriptural "rooting out." Death atones for all sins. Minor transgressions are redeemed by repentance, charity, sacrifice, and the day of atonement. Sins committed against man are only forgiven when the injured man has had full amends made and declares himself reconciled. The highest virtue lies in the study of the law. It is not only the

badge of high culture (as was of old the case in England), but there is a special merit bound up in it that will assist man both in this and in the world to come. Even a bastard who is learned in it is more honored than a high-priest who is not.

To discuss these laws, their spirit, and their details, in this place, we cannot undertake. But this much we may say, that it has always been the unanimous opinion of both friends and foes that their general character is humane in the extreme: in spite of certain harsh and exceptional laws, issued in times of danger and misery, of revolution and reaction; laws, moreover, which for the most part never were and never could be carried into practice. There is an almost modern liberality of view regarding the "fulfilment of the Law" itself, expressed by such frequent adages as "the Scripture says: 'he shall live by them'—that means, he shall not *die through them*. They shall not be made pitfalls or burdens to him, that shall make him hate life." "He who carries out these precepts to the full is declared to be nothing less than a 'Saint.'" "The law has been given to men, and not to angels."

Respecting the practical administration of justice, a sharp distinction is drawn by the Mishnah between the civil and criminal law. In both, the most careful investigation and scrutiny is required; but while in the former three judges are competent, a tribunal of no less than twenty-three is required for the latter. The first duty of the civil judges is always—however clear the case—to urge an agreement. "When," says the Talmud, "do justice and goodwill meet? When the contending parties are made to agree peaceably." There were both special local magistrates and casual "justices of peace," chosen *ad hoc* by the parties. Payment received for a decision annuls the decision. Loss of time only was allowed to be made good in case of tradesmen-judges. The plaintiff, if proved to have asked more than his due, with a view of thus obtaining his due more readily, was non-suited. Three partners in an action must not divide themselves into one plaintiff and two witnesses. The Judge must see that both parties are

pretty equally dressed, *i. e.*, not one in fine garments, the other in rags; and he is further particularly cautioned not to be biassed *in favor of the poor against the rich*. The judge must not hear anything of the case, save in the presence of both parties. Many and striking are also the admonitions regarding the Judge. "He who unjustly hands over one man's goods to another, he shall pay God for it with his own soul." "In the hour when the Judge sits in judgment over his fellow-men, he shall feel as it were a sword pointed at his own heart." "Woe unto the Judge who, convinced in his mind of the unrighteousness of a cause, tries to throw the blame on the witnesses. From him God will ask an account." "When the parties stand before you, look upon both as guilty; but when they are dismissed, let them both be innocent in thine eyes, for the decree has gone forth."

It would not be easy to find a more humane, almost refined, penal legislation, from the days of the old world to our own. While in civil cases—whenever larger tribunals (juries) had to be called in—a majority of one is sufficient for either acquittal or condemnation; in criminal cases a majority of one acquits, but a majority of two is requisite for condemnation. All men are accepted in the former as witnesses—always except gamblers (*xuβsia*—dice-players), betting men ("pigeon-flyers"), usurers, dealers in illegal (seventh year's) produce and slaves, who were disqualified from "judging and bearing witness"—either for the plaintiff or the defendant; but it is only for the defence that everybody, indiscriminately, is heard in criminal cases. The cross-examination of the witnesses was exceedingly strict. The formula (containing at once a whole breviary for the Judge himself), with which the witnesses were admonished in criminal cases was of so awful and striking a nature, that "swearing a man's life away" became an almost unheard-of occurrence:

"How is one," says the Mishnah, "to awe the witnesses who are called to testify in matters of life and death? When they are brought into Court, they are charged thus: Perchance you would speak from conjecture or rumor, as a witness from another witness—having heard it from 'some trustworthy man'—or perchance you are not aware that we shall proceed to search and to try you with

close questions and searching scrutiny. Know ye that not like trials about money are trials over life and death. In trials of money a man may redeem his guilt by money, and he may be forgiven. In trials of life, the blood of him who has been falsely condemned will hang over the false witness, and also that of the seed of his seed, even unto the end of the world; for thus we find that when Cain killed his brother, it is said, 'The voice of thy brother's blood is crying to me from the ground.' The word blood stands there in the plural number, to indicate to you that the blood of him, together with that of his seed, has been shed. Adam was created alone, to show you that he who destroys one single life in Israel will be called to account for it, as if he had destroyed a whole world. . . . But, on the other hand, ye might say to yourselves, What have we to do with all this misery here? Remember, then, that Holy Writ has said (Lev. v. 1), 'If a witness hath seen or known, if he do not utter, he shall bear his iniquity.' But perchance ye might say, Why shall we be guilty of this man's blood? Remember, then, what is said in Proverbs (xi. 10), 'In the destruction of the wicked there is joy.'"

The "Lex Talionis" is unknown to the Talmud. Paying "measure for measure," it says, is in God's hand only. Bodily injuries inflicted are to be redeemed by money; and here again the Pharisees had carried the day against the Sadducees, who insisted upon the literal interpretation of that verse. The extreme punishments, "flagellation" and "death," as ordained in the Mosaic Code, were inflicted in a humane manner unknown, as we have said, not only to the contemporary courts of antiquity, but even to those of Europe up to within the last generation. Thirty-nine was the utmost number of strokes to be inflicted: but—the "loving one's neighbor like oneself" being constantly urged by the Penal Code itself, even with regard to criminals—if the life of the culprit was in the least degree endangered, this number was at once reduced. However numerous the delinquent's transgressions, but one punishment could be decreed for them all. Not even a fine and flagellation could be pronounced on the same occasion.

The care taken of human life was extreme indeed. The judges of capital offences had to fast all day, nor was the sentence executed on the day of the verdict, but it was once more subjected

to scrutiny by the Sanhedrin the next day. Even to the last some favorable circumstance that might turn the scale in the prisoner's favor was looked for. The place of execution was at some distance from the Court, in order that time might be given to a witness or the accused himself for naming any fresh fact in his favor. A man was stationed at the entrance to the Court, with a flag in his hand, and at some distance another man, on horseback, was stationed, in order to stop the execution instantly if any favorable circumstance should still come to light. The culprit himself was allowed to stop four or five times, and to be brought back before the judges if he had still something to urge in his defence. Before him marched a herald, crying, "The man N. N., son of N. N., is being led to execution for having committed such and such a crime; such and such are the witnesses against him; whosoever knows aught to his favor, let him come and proclaim it." Ten yards from the place of execution they said to him, "Confess thy sins; every one who confesses has part in the world to come; for thus it is written of Achan, to whom Joshua said, My son, give now glory to the God of Israel." If he "could not" offer any formal confession, he need only say, "May my death be a redemption for all my sins." To the last the culprit was supported by marks of profound and awful sympathy. The ladies of Jerusalem formed a society which provided a beverage of mixed myrrh and vinegar, that, like an opiate, benumbed the man when he was being carried to execution.

There were four kinds of capital punishment,—stoning, burning, slaying with the sword, and strangling. Crucifixion is utterly unknown in the Jewish law. "The house of stoning" was two stories high, "stoning" in the Mishnah being merely a term for breaking the culprit's neck. It was the part of the chief witness to precipitate the criminal with his own hand. If he fell on his breast, he was turned on his back; if the fall had not killed him on the spot, the second witness had to cast a stone on his heart; if he still survived, then, and then only, the whole people hastened his death by casting stones upon him.

The modes of strangling and burning were almost identical: in both cases the culprit was immersed to his waist in soft mud, and two men, by tightening a cord *wrapped in a soft cloth* round his neck, caused instantaneous suffocation. In the "burning" a lighted wick was thrown down his throat when he opened his mouth at his last breath. The corpse was buried in a special place appropriated to criminals. After a time, however, the bones were gathered together and transferred to the burial-place of the culprit's kin. The relations then visited the judges and the witnesses, "as much as to say, we bear no malice against you, for a righteous judgment have ye judged." The ordinary ceremonies of outer mourning were not observed in such cases, but lamentation was not prohibited during the first period of grief—"for sorrow is from the heart." There was no confiscation of the culprit's goods.

Practically, capital punishment was abrogated even before the Romans had taken it out of the hands of the Sanhedrin. Here again the humanizing influences of the "Traditions" had been at work, commuting the severe Mosaic Code. The examination of witnesses had been made so rigorous that a sentence of capital punishment became almost impossible. When the guilt had, notwithstanding all these difficulties, been absolutely brought home, some formal flaw was sure to be found, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The doctors of a later period, notably Akiba, who, in the midst of his revolutionary dreams of a new Independence, kept his eye steadily on a reform of the whole jurisdiction, did not hesitate to pronounce openly for the abolition of capital punishment. A Court which had pronounced one sentence of death in seven, or even seventy years, received the name of "Court of Murderers."

So far the Mishnah, that brief abstract of about eight hundred years' legal production. Jehudah, the "Redactor," had excluded all but the best authenticated traditions, as well as all discussions and exegesis, unless where particularly necessary. The vast mass of these materials was now also collected, as a sort of apocryphal oral code. We have, dating

from a few generations after the redaction of the official Mishnah, a so-called external Mishnah (Boraita); further the discussions and additions belonging by rights to the Mishnah, called Tosefta (Supplement); and, finally, the exegesis and methodology of the Halacha (Sifri, Sifra, Mechilta), much of which was afterward embodied in the Talmud.

The Mishnah, being formed into a code, became in its turn what the Scripture had been, a basis of development and discussion. It had to be linked to the Bible, it became impregnated with, and obscured by speculations, new traditions sprang up, new methods were invented, casuistry assumed its sway—as it did in the legal schools that flourished at that period at Rome, at Alexandria, at Berytus,—and the Gemara ensued. A double Gemara: one, the expression of the schools in Palestine, called that of Jerusalem, redacted at Tiberias (not at Jerusalem) about 390 A.D., and written in what may be called "East Aramæan;" the other, redacted at Syra in Babylonia, edited by R. Ashe (365–427 A.D.). The final close of this codex, however, the collecting and sifting of which took just sixty years, is due to the School of the "Saboraim" at the end of the fifth century A.D. The Babylonian Gemara is the expression of the academies of Syra, Nehardea, Pum-Veditha, Mahusa, and other places, during six or seven generations of continuous development. This "Babylonian" Talmud is couched in "Western Aramæan."

Neither of the two codes was written down at first, and neither has survived in its completeness. Whether there was a double Gemara to all the six or even the first five divisions of the Mishnah (the sixth having early fallen into disuse) is at least very doubtful. Much however that existed has been lost. The Babylonian Talmud is about four times as large as that of Jerusalem. Its thirty-six treatises now cover, in our editions, printed with the most prominent commentaries (Rashi and Tosafoth), exactly 2947 folio leaves in twelve folio volumes, the pagination of which is kept uniform in almost all editions. If, however, the extraneous portions are subtracted, it is only about ten or eleven times as large as the Mishnah, which

was redacted just as many generations before the Talmud.

How the Talmud itself became by degrees what the Mishnah had been to the Gemara, and what the Scripture had been to the early Scribes, viz., a Text; how the "Saboraim" and "Garonim," those Epigoni of the "Scribes," made it the centre of their activity for centuries; what endless commentaries, dissertations, expositions, responses, novellæ, abstracts, etc., grew out of it, we cannot here tell. Only this much we will add, that the Talmud, as such, was never formally accepted by the nation, by either General or Special Council. Its legal decisions, as derived from the highest authorities, certainly formed the basis of the religious law, the norm of all future decisions: as undoubtedly the Talmud is the most trustworthy canon of Jewish tradition. But its popularity is much more due to an extraneous cause. During the persecutions against the Jews in the Persian empire, under Jesdegerd II., Firuz, and Kobad, the schools were closed for about eighty years. The living development of the law being stopped, the book obtained a supreme authority, such as had probably never been dreamt of by its authors. Need we add that what authority was silently vested in it belonged exclusively to its legal portions? The other, the "hagadistic" or legendary portion, was "poetry," a thing beloved by women and children, and by those still and pensive minds which delight in flowers and in the song of wild birds. The "Authorities" themselves often enough set their faces against it, repudiated it, and explained it away. But the people clung to it, and in course of time gave to it, and it alone, the encyclopædic name of "Midrash."

We have now to say a few words respecting the language in which these documents are couched, as furnishing an additional key to the mode of life and thoughts of the period.

The language of the Mishnah is as pure a Hebrew as can be expected in those days. The people themselves spoke, as we mentioned above, a corrupt Chaldee or Aramaic, mixed with Greek and Latin. Many prayers of the period, the Targums, the Gemaras, are conceived in that idiom. Even the Mishnah itself

could not exclude these all-pervading foreign elements. Many legal terms, many names of products, of heathen feasts, of household furniture, of meat and drink, of fruits and garments, are borrowed from the classical languages. Here is a curious addition to the curious history of words! The bread which the Semites had cast upon the waters, in the archaic Phœnician times, came back to them after many days. If they had given to the early Greeks the names for weights and measures,* for spice and aromas,† every one of which is Hebrew: if they had imported the "sapphire, jasper, emerald," the fine materials for garments,‡ and the garments themselves—as indeed the well-known *χιτών* is but the Hebrew name for Joseph's coat in the Bible—if the musical instruments,§ the plants, vessels, writing materials, and last, not least, the "alphabet" itself, came from the Semites: the Greek and Latin idioms repaid them in the Talmudical period with full interest, to the great distress of the later scholiasts and lexicographers. The Aramaic itself was, as we said, the language of the common people. It was, in itself, a most pellucid and picturesque idiom, lending itself admirably not only to the epigrammatic terseness of the Gemara, but also to those profoundly poetical conceptions of the daily phenomena, which had penetrated even into the cry of the watchmen, the password of the temple-guards, and the routine-formula of the levitical functionary. Unfortunately, it was too poetical at times. Matters of a purely metaphysical nature, which afterward grew into dogmas through its vague phraseology, assumed very monstrous shapes indeed. But it had become in the hands of the people a mongrel idiom; and, though gifted with a fine feeling for the distinguishing characters of each of the languages then in common use ("Aramaic lends itself best to elegies, Greek to hymns, Hebrew to prayer, Roman to martial compositions," as a common saying has it), they yet mixed them all up, somewhat in the manner of the Pennsyl-

* *μνᾶ, κάδος, δραχμή.*

† *μύρρα, κιννάμωμον, κασία, νάρδος, βάλσαμον, ἀλόη, κρόκος, etc.*

‡ *βύσσος, κάρπασος, σινδών.*

§ *νάβλα, κινύρα, σαμβύκη, etc.*

vanians of to-day. After all, it was but the faithful reflex of those who made this idiom an enduring language. These "Masters of the Law" formed the most mixed assembly in the world. There were not only natives of all the parts of the world-wide Roman empire among them, but also denizens of Arabia and India; a fact which accounts for many phenomena in the Talmud. But there is hardly anything of domestic or public purport, which was not called either by its Greek or Latin name, or by both, and generally in so questionable a shape, and in such obsolete forms, that both classical and Semitic scholars have often need to go through a whole course of archæology and antiquities before unravelling it.* Save only one province, that of agriculture. This alone, together with some other trades, had retained the old homely Semitic words: thereby indicating, not, as ignorance might be led to conclude, that the nation was averse to it, but exactly the contrary: that from the early days of Joshua they had never ceased to cherish the thought of sitting under their own vine and fig-tree. We refer for this point to the idyllic picture given in the Mishnah of the procession that went up to Jerusalem with the first-fruits, accompanied by the sound of the flute, the sacrificial bull with gilt horns and an olive-garland around his head, proudly marching in front.

The Talmud does, indeed, offer us a perfect picture of the cosmopolitanism and luxury of those final days of Rome, such as but few classical or post-classical writings contain. We find mention

* Greek or Latin, or both, were the terms commonly employed by them for the table (*τραπέζα*, *tabula*, *τραπεζίς*, *trípous*), the chair, the bench, the cushion (*subsellium*, *accubitum*), the room in which they lived and slept (*καίτων*, *εὐνή*, *ἐξέδρα*), the cup (*cyathus*, *phiala patoria*) out of which they drank, the eating and drinking itself (*cœnagarum*, *collyra*, *παρψίς*, *γλεῦκος*, *acraton*, *opsonium*, etc.). Of their dress we have the *στολή*, *sagum*, *dalmatica*, *braccæ*, *chirodota*. On their head they wore a *pileus*, and they girded themselves with a *ζώνη*. The words *sandalium*, *solea*, *soleus*, *talaria*, *impilia*, indicate the footgear. Ladies adorned themselves with the *catella*, *cochlear*, *τόρπη*, and other sorts of rings and bracelets, and in general whatever appertained to a Greek or Roman lady's fine apparel. Among the arms which the men wore are mentioned the *λόγχη*, the spear, the *μάχαιρα* (a word found in Genesis), the pugio.

made of Spanish fish, of Cretan apples, Bithynian cheese, Egyptian lentils and beans, Greek and Egyptian pumpkins, Italian wine, Median beer, Egyptian Zyphus: garments were imported from Pelusium and India, shirts from Cilicia, and veils from Arabia. To the Arabic, Persian, and Indian materials contained, in addition to these, in the Gemara, a bare allusion may suffice. So much we venture to predict, that when once archæological and linguistic science shall turn to this field, they will not leave it again soon.

We had long pondered over the best way of illustrating to our readers the extraordinary manner in which the "Haggadah," that second current of the Talmud, of which we spoke in the introduction, suddenly interrupts the course of the "Halacha,"—when we bethought ourselves of the device of an old master. It was a hot Eastern afternoon, and while he was expounding some intricate subtlety of the law, his hearers quietly fell away in drowsy slumbers. All of a sudden he burst out: "There was once a woman in Egypt who brought forth at one birth six hundred thousand men." And our readers may fancy how his audience started up at this remarkable tale of the prolific Egyptian woman. Her name, the master calmly proceeded, was Jochebed, and she was the mother of Moses, who was worth as much as all those six hundred thousand armed men together who went up from Egypt. The Professor then, after a brief legendary digression, proceeded with his legal intricacies, and his hearers slept no more that afternoon. An Eastern mind seems peculiarly constituted. Its passionate love for things wise and witty, for stories and tales, for parables and apologues, does not leave it even in its most severe studies. They are constantly needed, it would appear, to keep the current of its thoughts in motion; they are the playthings of the grown-up children of the Orient. The Haggadah too has an exegesis, a system, a method of its own. They are peculiar, fantastic things. We would rather not follow too closely its learned divisions into homiletical, ethical, historical, general and special Haggadah.

The Haggadah in general transforms Scripture, as we said, into a thousand

the others did not;”—“in its proper season”—“it was not meet to create *this* world until now.”

The Talmud assumes some original substance, itself created by God, out of which the Universe was shaped. There is a perceptible leaning to the early Greek schools. “One or three things were before this world: Water, Fire, and Wind: Water begat the Darkness, Fire begat Light, and Wind begat the Spirit of Wisdom.” The *How* of the Creation was not even matter of speculation. The coöperation of angels, whose existence was warranted by Scripture, and a whole hierarchy of whom had been built up under Persian influences, was distinctly denied. In a discussion about the day of their creation it is agreed, on all hands, that there were no angels at first, “lest men might say ‘Michael spanned out the firmament on the south, and Gabriel to the north.’” There is a distinct foreshadowing of the gnostic Demiurgos—that antique link between the Divine Spirit and the World of Matter—to be found in the Talmud. What with Plato were the Ideas, with Philo the Logos, with the Kabbalists the “World of Aziluth,” what the Gnostics called more emphatically the wisdom (*σοφία*) or power (*δύναμις*), and Plotinus the *νοῦς*, that the Talmudical Authors call Metraton.* The angels—whose names, according to the Talmud itself, the Jews brought back from Babylon—play, after the exile, a very different part from those before the exile. They are, in fact, more or less Persian: as are also for the most part all incantations, the magical cures, the sidereal influences, and the rest of the “heathen” elements contained in the Talmud. Even the number of the Angelic Princes is seven, like that of the *Amesha-Speñtas*, and their Hebrew names and their functions correspond, as nearly as can be, to those of their Persian prototypes, who, on their own part, have only at this moment been discovered to be merely allegorical names for God’s supreme qualities. Much as the Talmudical authorities inveigh against those “heathen ways,” sympathetic cures, the exorcisms of demons, the charms, and the rest, the

working of miracles, very much in vogue in those days, yet they themselves are drawn into large concessions to angels and demons. Besides the seven Angel Princes, there are hosts of ministering angels—the Persian *Yazatas*—whose functions, besides that of being messengers, are twofold; to praise God and to be guardians of man. In their first capacity they are daily created by God’s breath out of a stream of fire that rolls its waves under the divine throne. As guardian angels (Persian *Fravashis*) two of them accompany every man, and for every new good deed man acquires a new guardian angel, who always watches over his steps. When the righteous dies, three hosts of angels meet him. One says (in the words of Scripture) “He shall go in peace,” the second takes up the strain and says, “Who has walked in righteousness,” and the third concludes, “Let him come in peace and rest upon his bed.” If the wicked leaves the world, three hosts of wicked angels come to meet him.

With regard to the providential guidance of the Universe, this was in God’s hand alone. As He is the sole Creator and Legislator, so also is He the sole arbiter of destinies. “Every nation,” the Talmud says, “has its special guardian angel, its horoscopes, its ruling planets and stars. But there is no planet for Israel. Israel shall look but to Him. There is no mediator between those who are called His children, and their Father which is in Heaven.” The Jerusalem Talmud—written under the direct influence of Roman manners and customs, has the following parable: “A man has a patron. If some evil happens to him, he does not enter suddenly into the presence of his patron, but he goes and stands at the door of his house. He does not ask for the patron, but for his favorite slave, or his son, who then goes and tells the master inside: The man N. N. is standing at the gate of the hall, shall he come in or not?—Not so the Holy, praised be He. If misfortune comes upon a man, let him not cry to Michael and not to Gabriel, but unto Me let him cry, and I will answer him right speedily—as it is said, Every one who shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

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If ill reported, the page becomes like a broken dream, a half-transparent palimpsest. Would it perhaps have been better if a wise discretion had guided the hands of the first redactors? We think not. The most childish of trifles, found in an Assyrian mound, is of value to him who understands such things, and who from them may deduce a number of surprisingly important results.

We shall devote the brief space that remains, to this Haggadah. And for a general picture of it we shall refer to Bunyan, who, speaking of his own book, which—*mutatis mutandis*—is very Haggadistic, unknowingly describes the Haggadah as accurately as can be:

" Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy ?

Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?

Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation ?

Or else be drownèd in thy contemplation ?

Dost thou love picking meat ? Or wouldst thou see

A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee ?

Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep ?

Or, wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep ?

Wouldst lose thyself, and catch no harm ?

And find thyself again without a charm ?

Wouldst read thyself, and read thou know'st not what ?

And yet know whether thou art blest or not

By reading the same lines ? O then come hither.

And lay this book, thy head and heart together. . . "

We would not reproach those who, often with the best intentions in the world, have brought almost the entire Haggadistic province into disrepute. We really do not wonder that the so-called "rabbinical stories," that have from time to time been brought before the English public, have not met with the most flattering reception. The Talmud, which has a drastic word for every occasion, says, "They dived into an ocean, and brought up a potsherd." First of all, these stories form only a small item in the vast mass of allegories, parables, and the like, that make up the Haggadah. And they were partly ill-chosen, partly badly rendered, and partly did not even belong to the Talmud, but to some recent Jewish story-book. Herder—to name the most eminent judge of the "Poetry of Peoples,"—has extolled what he saw of the genuine specimens, in transcendental terms. And, in truth, not only is the entire world of pious biblical legend which Islam has said and sung in its many tongues, to the delight of the wise

and simple for twelve centuries, now to be found either in embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah, but much that is familiar among ourselves in the circles of medieval sagas, in Dante, in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Milton, in Bunyan, has consciously or unconsciously flowed out of this wondrous realm, the Haggadah. That much of it is overstrained, even according to Eastern notions, we do not deny. But there are feeble passages even in Homer and Shakspeare, and there are always people with a happy instinct for picking out the weakest portions of a work; while even the best pages of Shakspeare and Homer are apt to be spoiled by awkward manipulation. At the same time we are far from advising a wholesale translation of these Haggadistic productions. Nothing could be more tedious than a continuous course of such reading, though choice bits from them would satisfy even the most fastidious critic. And such bits, scattered through the Talmud, are delightfully refreshing.

It is, unfortunately, not in our power to indicate any specimens of its strikingly keen interpretations, of its gorgeous dreams, its

" Beautiful old stories,
Tales of angels, fairy legends,
Stilly histories of martyrs,
Festal songs and words of wisdom;
Hyperboles, most quaint it may be,
Yet replete with strength, and fire,
And faith—how they gleam,
And glow, and glitter ! . . . "

as Heine has it.

It seems of more moment to call attention to an entirely new branch of investigation, namely, talmudical metaphysics and ethics, such as may be gleaned from the Haggadah, of which we shall now take a brief glance.

Beginning with the Creation, we find the gradual development of the Cosmos fully recognized by the Talmud. It assumes destruction after destruction, stage after stage. And in their quaintly ingenious manner the Masters refer to the verse in Genesis, "And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good," and to that other in Eccles. iii. 11, "God created everything in its proper season;" and argue "He created worlds upon worlds, and destroyed them one after the other, until He created this world." He then said, "This pleases me,

the others did not;”—“in its proper season”—“it was not meet to create *this* world until now.”

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who, therefore, was created last, "when everything was ready for his reception." When he has reached the perfection of virtue "he is higher than the angels themselves."

Miracles are considered by the Talmud—much as Leibnitz regards all the movements of every limb of our body—as only possible through a sort of "pre-stabilitated harmony," i. e., the course of creation was not disturbed by them, but they were all primevally "existing," "preordained." They were "created" at the end of all other things, in the gloaming of the sixth day. Among them, however, was—and this will interest our palæographers—also the art of writing: an invention considered beyond all arts: nothing short of a miracle. Creation, together with these so-called exceptions, once established, nothing could be altered in it. The Laws of Nature went on by their own immutable force, however much evil might spring therefrom. "These wicked ones not only vulgarize my coin," says the Haggadah with reference to the propagation of the evil-doers and their kin, bearing the human face divine, "but they actually make me impress base coin with my own stamp."

God's real name is ineffable; but there are many designations indicative of his qualities, such as the Merciful (Rachman, a name of frequent occurrence both in the Koran and in the Talmud), the Holy One, the Place, the Heavens, the Word, Our Father which is in Heaven, the Almighty, the Shechinah, or Sacred Presence.

The doctrine of the soul bears more the impress of the Platonic than of the Aristotelian school. It is held to be preëxisting. All souls that are ever to be united to bodies have been created once for all, and are hidden away from the first moment of creation. They, being creatures of the highest realms, are cognizant of all things, but, at the hour of their birth in a human body, an angel touches the mouth of the child, which causes it to forget all that has been. Very striking is the comparison between the soul and God, a comparison which has an almost pantheistic look. "As God fills the whole universe," says the Haggadah, "so the soul fills the whole body; as God sees and is not seen, so

the soul sees and is not seen; as God nourishes the whole universe, so the soul nourishes the whole body; as God is pure, so the soul is pure." This purity is specially dwelt upon in contradistinction to the theory of hereditary sin, which is denied. "There is no death without individual sin, no pain without individual transgression." That same spirit that dictated in the Pentateuch: "And parents shall not die for their children, nor the children for their parents," has ordained that no one should be punished for another's transgressions. In the judgment on sin the *animus* is taken into consideration. The desire to commit the vice is held to be more wicked than the vice itself.

The fear of God, or a virtuous life, the whole aim and end of a man's existence, is entirely in man's hand. "Everything is in God's hand save the fear of God." But "one hour of repentance is better than the whole world to come." The fullest liberty is granted in this respect to every human being, though the help of God is necessary for carrying it out.

The dogma of the Resurrection and of Immortality, vaguely indicated in the various parts of the Old Testament, has been fixed by the Talmud, and traced to several biblical passages. Various are the similes by which the relation of this world to the world to come is indicated. This world is like unto a "Prosdora" to the next: "Prepare thyself in the hall, that thou mayest be admitted into the palace:" or "This world is like a roadside inn (hospitium), but the world to come is like a real home." The righteous are represented as perfecting themselves and developing all their highest faculties even in the next world; "for the righteous there is no rest, neither in this world nor in the next, for they go, say the Scriptures, from host to host, from striving to striving:—they will see God in Zion." How all its deeds and the hour when they were committed are unfolded to the sight of the departed soul, the terrors of the grave, the rolling back to Jerusalem on the day of the great trumpet, we need not here tell in detail. These half-metaphysical, half-mystical speculations are throughout in the manner of the more poetical early Church fathers of old and of Bunyan in our times. Only the glow of

imagination and the conciseness of language in which they are mostly told in the Talmud contrast favorably with the verbosity of later times. The Resurrection is to take place by the mystic power of the "Dew of Life" in Jerusalem—on Mount Olivet, and the Targums.

There is no everlasting damnation according to the Talmud. There is only a temporary punishment, even for the worst sinners. "Generations upon generations" shall last the damnation of idolaters and traitors. But there is a space of "only two fingers breadth between Hell and Heaven;" the sinner has but to repent sincerely and the gates to everlasting bliss will spring open. No human being is excluded from the world to come. Every man, of whatever creed or nation, provided he be of the righteous, shall be admitted into it. The punishment of the wicked is not specified, as indeed all the descriptions of the next world are left vague, yet, with regard to Paradise, the idea of something inconceivably glorious is conveyed at every step. The passage, "Eye has not seen nor has ear heard," is applied to its unspeakable bliss. "In the next world there will be no eating, no drinking, no love, and no labor, no envy, no hatred, no contest. The Righteous will sit with crowns on their heads, glorying in the Splendor of God's Majesty."

The essence of prophecy gives rise to some speculation. One decisive talmudical dictum is, that God does not cause his spirit to rest upon any one but a strong, wise, rich, and humble man. Strong and rich are in the Mishnah explained in this wise: "Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot." There are degrees among prophets. Moses saw everything clearly; the other prophets as in dark mirrors. "Ezekiel and Isaiah say the same things, but Ezekiel like a town-bred man, Isaiah like a villager." The prophet's word is to be obeyed in all things, save when he commands the worship of idolatry. The notion of either Elijah or Moses having in reality ascended "to Heaven" is utterly repudiated, as well as that of the Deity (Shechinah) having descended from Heaven "more than ten hands' breadth."

The "philosophy of religion" will be best comprehended by some of those "small coins," the popular and pithy sayings, gnomes, proverbs, and the rest, which, even better than street songs, characterize a time. With these we shall conclude. We have thought it preferable to give them at random as we found them, instead of building up from them a system of "Ethics" or "Duties of the Heart." We have naturally preferred the better and more characteristic ones that came in our way. We may add—a remark perhaps not quite superfluous—that the following specimens, as well as the quotations which we have given in the course of this article, have been all translated by us, as literally as possible, from the Talmud itself.

"Be thou the cursed, not he who curses. Be of them that are persecuted, not of them that persecute. Look at Scripture: there is not a single bird more persecuted than the dove; yet God has chosen her to be offered up on his altar. The bull is hunted by the lion, the sheep by the wolf, the goat by the tiger. And God said, 'Bring me a sacrifice, not from them that persecute, but from them that are persecuted.' We read (Ex. xvii. 11) that while, in the contest with Amalek, Moses lifted up his arms, Israel prevailed. Did Moses's hands make war, or break war? But this is to tell you that as long as Israel are looking upwards and humbling their hearts before their Father which is in Heaven, they prevail; if not, they fall. In the same way you find (Num. xxi. 9), 'And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.' Dost think that a serpent killeth or giveth life? But as long as Israel are looking upwards to their Father which is in Heaven they will live; if not, they will die.—'Has God pleasure in the meat and blood of sacrifices?' asks the prophet. No; He has not so much ordained as permitted them. It is for yourselves, he says, not for me that you offer. Like a king who sees his son carousing daily with all manner of evil companions: You shall henceforth eat and drink entirely at your will at my own table, he says. They offered sacrifices to demons and devils, for they loved sacrificing, and could not do without it. And the Lord said, 'Bring your offerings to Me; you shall then at least offer to the true God.'—Scripture ordains that the Hebrew slave who 'loves' his bondage, shall have his ears pierced against the door-post. Why? Because it is that ear which heard on Sinai, 'They are My servants, they shall not be sold as bondsmen:—They are *My* servants, not

servant's servants. And this man voluntarily throws away his precious freedom—'Pierce his ear!'—He who sacrifices a whole offering, shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt-offering, shall have the reward of a burnt-offering; but he who offers humility unto God and man, shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world.—The child loves its mother more than its father. It fears its father more than its mother. See how the Scripture makes the father precede the mother in the injunction, 'Thou shalt love thy father and thy mother;' and the mother, when it says, 'Honor thy mother and thy father.'—Bless God for the good as well as the evil. When you hear of a death say 'Blessed is the righteous Judge.'—Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.—Prayer is Israel's only weapon, a weapon inherited from its fathers, a weapon tried in a thousand battles.—When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who has lost it—well may he weep.—Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower, of a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird in its flight—away flies the bird and there is neither bird nor shadow.—Repent one day before thy death. There was a king who bade all his servants to a great repast, but did not indicate the hour: some went home and put on their best garments and stood at the door of the palace; others said, There is ample time, the king will let us know beforehand. But the king summoned them of a sudden; and those that came in their best garments were well received, but the foolish ones, who came in their slovenliness, were turned away in disgrace. Repent to-day, lest to-morrow ye might be summoned.—The aim and end of all wisdom are repentance and good works. Even the most righteous shall not attain to so high a place in Heaven as the truly repentant.—The reward of good works is like dates: sweet and ripening late.—The dying benediction of a sage to his disciples was: I pray for you that the fear of Heaven may be as strong upon [you as the fear of man. You avoid sin before the face of the latter: avoid it before the face of the All-seeing.—'If your God hates idolatry, why does he not destroy it?' a heathen asked. And they answered him: Behold, they worship the sun, the moon, the stars; would you have him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish?—If your God is a 'friend of the poor,' asked another, why does he not support them? Their case, a sage answered, is left in our hands, that we may thereby acquire merits and forgiveness of sin. But what a merit it is! the other replied; suppose I am angry with one of my slaves, and forbid him food and drink, and some one goes

and gives it to him furtively, shall I be much pleased? Not so, the other replied. Suppose you are wroth with your only son, and imprison him without food, and some good man has pity on the child, and saves him from the pangs of hunger, would you be so very angry with the man? And we, if we are called servants of God, are also called his children.—He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; whilst he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot.

"Love your wife like yourself, honor her more than yourself. Whosoever lives unmarried, lives without joy, without comfort, without blessing. Descend a step in choosing a wife. If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper into her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark. It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house. She teaches the children, speeds the husband to the place of worship and instruction, welcomes him when he returns, keeps the house godly and pure, and God's blessings rest upon all these things. He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him. The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician. The birds in the air even despise the miser. He who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses himself. Honor the sons of the poor, it is they who bring science into splendor. Let the honor of thy neighbor be to thee like thine own. Rather be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame. Hospitality is the most important part of Divine worship. There are three crowns: of the law, the priesthood, the kingship; but the crown of a good name is greater than them all. Iron breaks the stone, fire melts iron, water extinguishes fire, the clouds drink up the water, a storm drives away the clouds, man withstands the storm, fear unmans man, wine dispels fear, sleep drives away wine, and death sweeps all away—even sleep. But Solomon the Wise, says: Charity saves from Death.—How can you escape sin? Think of three things: whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and to whom thou wilt have to account for all thy deeds: even to the King of Kings, the All Holy, praised be He. Four shall not enter Paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer. To slander is to murder. The cock and the owl both await the daylight. The light, says the cock, brings delight to me, but what are you waiting for? When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he con-

siders himself an honest man. If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter around thee. Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend: be discreet. The dog sticks to you on account of the crumbs in your pocket. He in whose family there has been one hanged, should not say to his neighbor, Pray hang this little fish up for me. The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears. The soldiers fight, and the kings are the heroes. The thief invokes God while he breaks into the house. The woman of sixty will run after music like one of six. After the thief runs the theft; after the beggar, poverty. While thy foot is shod, smash the thorn. When the ox is down, many are the butchers. Descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend. If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself. Luck makes rich, luck makes wise. Beat the gods, and the priests will tremble. Were it not for the existence of passions, no one would build a house, marry a wife, beget children, or do any work. The sun will go down all by himself, without your assistance. The world could not well get on without perfumers and without tanners: but woe unto the tanner, well to the perfumer! Fools are no proof. No man is to be made responsible for words which he utters in his grief. One eats, another says grace. He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed. One contrition in man's heart is better than many flagellations. If our ancestors were like angels, we are like men; if our ancestors were like men, we are like asses. Do not live near a pious fool. If you wish to hang yourself, choose a big tree. Rather eat onions and sit in the shadow, and do not eat geese and poultry if it makes thy heart uneasy within thee. A small stater (coin) in a large jar makes a big noise. A myrtle, even in a desert, remains a myrtle. When the pitcher falls upon the stone, woe unto the pitcher: when the stone falls upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher: whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher. Even if the bull have his head deep in his trough, hasten upon the roof, and drag the ladder after you. Get your living by skinning carcasses in the street, if you cannot otherwise, and do not say, I am a priest, I am a great man; this work would not befit my dignity.—Youth is a garland of roses, age is a crown of thorns. Use a noble vase even for one day—let it break to-morrow. The last thief is hanged first. Teach thy tongue to say, I do not know. The heart of our first ancestors was as large as the largest gate of the Temple, that of the later ones like that of the next large one; ours is like the eye of a needle.

Drink not, and you will not sin. Not what you say about yourself, but what others say. Not the place honors the man, but the man the place. The cat and the rat make pence over a carcase. A dog away from his native kennel dares not to bark for seven years. He who walks daily over his estates finds a little coin each time. He who humiliates himself will be lifted up; he who raises himself up will be humiliated. Whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him; he who runs from greatness, greatness follows him. He who curbs his wrath, his sins will be forgiven. Whosoever does not persecute them that persecute him, whosoever takes an offence in silence, he who does good because of love, he who is cheerful under his sufferings—they are the friends of God—and of them the Scripture says, And they shall shine forth as does the sun at noonday. Pride is like idolatry. Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable. When the end of a man is come, everybody lords it over him. While our love was strong, we lay on the edge of a sword; now it is no longer strong, a sixty-yard-wide bed is too narrow for us. A Galilean said: when the shepherd is angry with his flock, he appoints to it a blind bell-wether. The day is short and the work is great; but the laborers are idle, though the reward be great, and the master of the work presses. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work: but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward: for the master who employed thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world."

Solemnly, as a warning and as a comfort, this adage strikes on our ear:—"And it is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work." When the Masters of the Law entered and left the academy they used to offer up a short but fervent prayer, in which we would join at this moment—a prayer of thanks that they had been able to carry out their task thus far: and a prayer further "that no evil might arise at their hands, that they might not have fallen into error, that they might not declare pure that which was impure, impure that which was pure, and that their words might be pleasing and acceptable to God and to their fellow-men."

From Chambers's Journal.

HISTORIC METEORS,

THE great luminaries in the firmament of history shine with a light purely brilliant, as when good deeds illumine

a great name ; or lurid, as when violence and tyranny, the lust of conquest, and ruthlessness of heart tinge the radiance of supreme dignity with the hue of blood ; or their radiance gleams out with a solemn sadness from the surrounding night of sorrow and misfortune, when even as their splendor has been their woe. High, lonely, and apart, they meet our upward gaze, and we read a settled lesson in their shining. And the lesser luminaries, the "meaner beauties" of the historic skies, those whose brilliance is that of satellites—they are not less worthy of contemplation, for they are often more suggestive and more sad. Again, the meteor-lights of history, shooting from obscurity across the face of the glittering heavens, wild, startling, rapid, glorious, and brief, a brilliant moment and no more ; do we not follow the flash of their career, rushing in their might and their beauty into nothingness, with somewhat of the startled admiration and the regret with which, on nights when all the pageantry of the heavens is arrayed, and the wind-ushers have withdrawn the cloud curtains, and the planets we see hold their court for a moment almost too brief for sight, a shooting-star gleaming, then quenched in the limitless space.

The historical portrait-galleries of France serve to represent this ideal firmament to the mind of the gazer. The halls of the Louvre are peopled with the phantoms of the Valois—the chambers of the Luxembourg are storehouses for the memory of the Florentine Medici and their minions—Fontainebleau sends whispers of diplomacy and love from its *allées* and its courts ; formal, indeed, but with an antique and simple formality, not the mathematical magnificence, the dreary spaciousness, of Versailles, the ghost-walk of the Bourbons. What is so transient and so lasting, so ever-living and so utterly dead, as human greatness, the magnificence of kings and courtiers, the ambition of men and its prizes, the strife and the attainment of human life, as we walk through these great historical buildings, the palaces of the past, the reception-rooms of the dead ? Is it more true of Egypt than of Paris, that her grandest monuments are memorial ? All the stir and life, all the gayety and glitter, all the modern fash-

ion and newest Parisian *façons*, do not overpower the old-world air of the Palais Royal—do not turn the attention of the loiterer by the fountains and through the colonnades, from the scenes of the Revolution enacted there, from the more distant political events which it witnessed. All the bustling, busy, brilliant crowd cannot shut out a few figures, such as Egalité, the Regent, Mazarin, and Richelieu. A little effort of memory, a little indulgence of fancy, and the Palais Cardinal is here, untouched, with all its associations of political intrigue and successful statecraft, of diplomacy of royal marriages, and skilful management of faction-interests, of unscrupulous cruelty and consummate polish. Is not the site of the palace of the Tournelles haunted ground ; and St. Denis, where the kings of France slept, and were shaken from their slumber by the rude hands of the mob ; where the oriflamme hangs, ghostly, in the solemn gloom ; where the modern world is linked to the ancient, and Christian to pagan times by the memory of Dionysius the Athenian, the first Archbishop of Paris. From St. Denis to Peter the Hermit, from the Crusades to Charles the Victorious, from the days of *Jeanne la Pucelle* and *La Dame de Beauté*, when the maiden heroine of France won her fiery crown of martyrdom, and the king's mistress wore the first set of cut and polished diamonds, Jacques Cœur's invention, to the fanatical pilgrimages of the last Valois and the funeral of the last Bourbon, we are carried down the vista of time by the first glance at the famous Abbey-church, beneath which lies perhaps the most illustrious dust ever laid reverently by to mingle with its fellow-earth. There is no history so full of tragedy, none so brilliant and dazzling to the imagination, as that of France, none through which so many meteor-lights shine gloriously, to sink into such deep darkness. The sepulchres are very white, and the legends upon the tombs are resonant, and nowhere does fancy find such employment in clothing the dry bones with the valiant flesh, and the gallant trappings of the life they have laid down.

To the time of the House of Valois, as to that of our own Plantagenets and Tudors, the memory of chivalry

and romance attaches in particular. The Bourbons are magnificent and dazzling in their way, and the tragic is not wanting in their history, which it pervades only a little less thoroughly than that of the Stuarts. But it is a different kind of splendor, less individual, a power more fatal to themselves in its misuse, but not so ruinous to others. The story of the House of Valois, from Francis I. to the death of Henry III., occupies an exceptional place in our imagination, as we look upon the palaces which witnessed the height of its magnificence, and the art-treasures which chronicled and flattered it. In that story, female beauty, talent, and influence shine so conspicuously that it is an exceptional period in history, the most extraordinary mingling of political and romantic intrigue on record. The women who had influenced the destinies of France before the time of Francis were of a grander and a simpler *trempe*, even when, as in the case of Agnes Sorel, their position was indefensible; the women who shed lustre and disgrace upon the Bourbons had meaner ambitions, and more entirely mercenary successes. The height to which Gabrielle d'Estrées was raised by the infatuation of the Great Henry is not more conspicuous than the failure of her attempt to reach a still higher elevation; and it does not appear that so ambitious a project as hers was ever again entertained by even the most audacious of royal favorites, until spiritual fear and bigotry having replaced, in his old age, the vices of Louis XIV.'s prime, the cold, cautious, crafty Françoise d'Aubigny became the uncrowned queen of France. With the sole exception of Louise de la Vallière—whose story is so pitiful that the sternest cannot deny her compassion—whose repentance was so true, whose life of reparation was so admirable, that the most incredulous is forced to believe and to admire such practical penitence—there is not one figure of the brilliant procession which passes before the imagination, from Gabrielle d'Estrées, shrieking in the agonies of death, her beautiful face livid, and her mouth horribly distorted, to Madame Dubarry, on her way to the scaffold, evincing in her death a cowardice as dastardly as the licentiousness of her

life had been loathsome, which has more than a momentary and surface attraction.

The great political interests, the social problems, the religious animosities of the period, all past and gone with those who strove and suffered, are faint to our perceptions; but the men and women who formed the court of the Valois kings, whom they loved and hated, who were greater, worse, more distinct than they, to whom they were faithless and fatal, keep us ghostly company under the painted ceilings in the palace chambers. The chivalrous king, with a face like a handsome satyr, was always ruled by women. We glance at the earlier years of his reign, and his mother, Louise of Savoy, comes out of the past, with her imperious temper, and her supple faithlessness, the origin of, and the excuse for, the treason of Bourbon, and the proximate cause of the loss of the Milanese. In that most romantic of historical incidents, the capture of Francis at Pavia, and his detention at Madrid, the ladies of the French court play a prominent and interesting part. We see them in their consternation and grief, in their wounded pride and helpless anger, when the news reached Paris, whether by the famous disputed apocryphal message to the queen—"Tout est perdu lors l'honneur"—or otherwise, it matters not; in the noble resolution taken by Marguerite de Valois, the king's brave, learned, devoted sister; we follow the gallant train as it sets forth, and under safe-conduct from the emperor, the *Marguerite des Marguerites* goes her way to cheer and support, to guide and counsel, her captive brother, to whom she was ever faithful and useful:

Paris saw a stirring scene that day, when the princess and her ladies, among them the Countess de Châteaubriand, heroine of so many false and tragical stories, and of one true and shameful—the woman who trafficked in military, political, and civil appointments as coolly and profitably as she defied her husband audaciously and successfully—the splendid predecessor of her who was destined to mould the character of a sovereign of France, and to rule throughout two reigns, Diana of Poitiers. Paris saw another splendid sight, when the Duch-

ess d'Angoulême departed with her brilliant, joyous court for Bayonne, there to meet the liberated king of France, when she took with her the bride-maidens who were to embellish the loveless marriage, stipulated in the treaty of Madrid. We see and learn little of the vices of the kings of the House of Valois, with the exception of the terrible Catharine; but there is a mournful shadow always over these gloomy, proud, ignorant, unloved Austrian princesses, submissive to the arbitration of their destiny, but stubborn in the maintenance of their own habits, and never winning sympathy from, or becoming assimilated to, their new surroundings. In their lonely splendor of rank and place, in a greatness which has only a nominal meaning, they shine with a melancholy lustre. There was much heartburning, and not a little humiliation, under the show and the bravery, for the king of France had parted with his children, the two noble boys, of whom one was never to return, on the banks of the Bidassoa; and the princes of France were hostages of Spain. That was a gallant day, when Francis rode within its lapse, from Fontarabia to Bayonne, and danced till dawn at the revel which welcomed him; and saw for the first time the daughter of the Lord of Mendon, Mademoiselle d'Heilly. She was not beautiful by any means; we can see her on Primaticcio's canvas, and in Jean Gourjon's marble—see her prominent brow, full of intellect, her robust figure, her firm expression. A woman to rule where she was loved, and to hold power until a stronger should wrest it from her, in a desperate struggle. For her, the chivalrous king forgot everything—the safety of his kingdom, the sanctity of his word, and, above all, forgot the beautiful Countess de Châteaubriand, who did by no means die the violent and romantic death the romancers tell us of, but lived to reappear at court, when the influence of the ennobled favorite was at its height.

What a superb image presents itself to the mind as that of the Duchess d'Etampes, the patroness of letters, the protectress of the liberal party, just then struggling hard against long-established power. A strong woman—physically and mentally—full of bloom and activity,

coarse, wise, prompt, and resolute, adulated by poets, courted by politicians, consulted by men of letters, with sympathetic tastes for all, but inclining, in reality, rather to the humor of Rabelais, to whom she gave an asylum and a cure, than to the flowery flatteries of Marot. She married Jean de Broses, chiefly because he favored the doctrines of the Reformation; and by her orders, Calvin translated the Psalms. We look at her, in the pride of her success and her power, and lo! another figure glides out of the gloom, and takes its place beside her. She does not lower her clear outward gaze before it—no, not she, for it is that of Diana of Poitiers, of Madame *la grande Sénéchale*, many years older than she—beautiful, to be sure, but *passée* in comparison with her vigorous buxom comeliness. She feared nothing, for she was flattered and courted by the world around her, though execrated by that beyond her, who held her responsible for the faults of the king, and suffered by her ambition and greed. There is another phantom coming forward now beside that of Diana—this is the young Duchess of Orleans, the unloved Florentine, wife of the gloomy, dull young man, of whom his father said: "Time fails to make a Frenchman of the Spaniard." The childless Queen Eleanora lived in patient retirement, pitied a little, it may have been, by her stepson, but courted by none. The childless Duchess of Orleans had but an uncertain following, though she strove hard for popularity, and had enriched the life of the court with transplanted Italian *fêtes*, and organized a system of frivolity so complete that much-dreaded leisure was entirely excluded. Looking at the pageant of the court in those days, it is hard to realize the after-story of the Florentine, as wife, mother, and sovereign, than whom not one more absolute ever openly swayed the sceptre of St. Louis.

When we tread the courts of Fontainebleau, we are apt to think of a scene enacted in the courtyard one day, memorable forever among days, when a greater than any Valois or Bourbon bade his soldiers adieu—of a scored, scratched table, in a room yonder, where surely the hardest words that ever mortal man was bidden to set down were written; of two empresses, a Creole and an

Archduchess of Hapsburg-Lorraine; of a golden-haired, blue-eyed child, whose ephemeral kingship was all the bitterer satire that it claimed the Eternal City for its seat; of a proud, noble, hapless woman, her faults forgotten in her fate; of a murder done by command of a queen, and before her eyes: of these and a thousand other thronging memories, as we remount the stream of time, from Napoleon and Pius VII., from Marie Antoinette and Christina of Sweden, to the days of Sully, and Gabrielle, and Henry the Great.

We may easily pass by, unnoticing, a gray old stone, beneath a low arch in one of the old corridors. Looking at it, we find it engraven with the device of the salamander, the badge of Francis I., and, like the crystal of the magician, it holds a world of fate and fortune. When the salamander curled grotesquely about the corridors, and over the doors and upon the ceilings, before the blazon of Diana of Poitiers and Henry took its place, before the huntress, with crescent moon above her brows, and flying sandalled feet, showed how art had pressed classic lore into the service of flattery, Catharine de' Medici had fought her silent fight for the power she coveted, and had won it. Her weapons had indeed been borrowed, and she had suffered sorely in the contest, for even such absorbing ambition as hers could not quite destroy the more womanly instincts; but she had come through the ordeal a victor, and hardly a woman any more. By the influence of Diana of Poitiers, her husband's character had been changed; an unlawful love had developed all his weaknesses, and placed him at the mercy of his wife, to whom weakness was unknown. And though the full triumph of her success was long in coming—did not come, indeed, until Montgomery's lance had slain Henry of Valois, and with his life, the long day of the perennially beautiful favorite had ended—hers was the nature which can wait, with never-failing patience, and feel to the fullest the keen delight of each instalment of success. When the day came, the Florentine proved herself equal to the occasion, in power and grasp of intellect, in inflexibility of will, and in dignity and reticence of speech. She must have felt her greatness in every

nerve and fibre of her being, when the pale, heavy-eyed boy—who made so faint a struggle against disease, combined with ignorant prejudice which precluded its relief—with his beautiful girl-wife, no longer Queen-Dauphiness, but queen of France and Scotland, knelt down beside her chair, and hiding his face in her purple robe of mourning (for the Florentine would not wear the white dress of royal widowhood), asked her for wisdom and guidance. Perhaps she felt that thrill more keenly still, when, the foes of her faith and the opponents of her power destroyed, her lying version of the massacre prepared, to silence foreign potentates, who had no strength as against France for more than murmuring, she inspected the mutilated remains of the murdered Admiral, and declared, with horrible enjoyment, that "the corpse of a dead enemy smells sweet." Soon, François was dead, and the "White Queen" had gone to her own inclement land, to wage the weary war with her destiny, which was to be ended by the axe in the great hall at Fotheringay. Charles she ruled easily; Henry, her well-beloved son, was sure of a crown; her daughters gave her no trouble. Marguerite, beautiful, sparkling, learned, fitfully generous, systematically vicious, with intellect equal to any demand that might be made upon it, but so satisfied with the sovereignty of her beauty and lawlessness, that she left scheming in every other direction to those who required occupation or recreation outside the world of love and literature—comes into the phantom group, around the dark central figure of Catharine, and in her train a sparkling company, so numerous we cannot count them, so brilliant that they dazzle, so brief that they do but flash upon our vision, and are gone. Statesmen, churchmen, poets, cavaliers, brave men, beautiful women, marvellous splendor, wonderful recklessness, disregard of life, and faction strife and hatred; the steady progress of the world outside that gorgeous, wicked court; and within it, the lowest tone of morals, the most perverted sense of honor, the most open depravity of conduct that the world had witnessed since the nominal close of the rule of heathenism in Europe. Bright and beautiful are the phantoms, and bloody withal, for treachery and

cruelty were busy there; and in the crowd, resembling one of Doré's magic pictures, turbulent and shifting, we catch sight of love-locks steeped in blood, and know them for those of La Mole and Cocounas. And when Charles—famous for cruelty, intrepid sportsmanship, his murderous aim on St. Bartholomew's eve, and the composition of one anagram—has faded away, and the transformed hero of Jarnac and Moncontour glides ghostly on the scene, in fantastic dress of black velvet, buttoned with death's heads, we discern behind his pitiful, mournful figure the phantoms of the Minions, and of the dastard brother of the king, the Duke of Anjou, and Bussy d'Amboise. Here, too, is the meek figure of Louise de Vaudemont, pious and resigned, as became the neglected wife of a Valois; and here is Du Guast, the enemy of Marguerite, and the Baron De Viteaux, hired, by the beautiful, dainty young princess, to murder him—hired, too, within the walls of a church of the Augustines.

Whether the ghostly crowd be greater or less, and however it shifts and changes, the central figure remains undisturbed. Supreme in intellect, in power, and in the consummate knowledge of human nature, which rendered the vices, passions, and abilities of others tools and weapons whereby she wrought out her own purposes, Catharine confronts us, from whatever point of view we look at the phantom pageant. Withdrawing, sometimes, with a feigned abdication of power, from the conduct of affairs, she brought the helpless sovereigns, who were less her sons than her puppets, to sue submissively for the reimposition of the yoke, never really removed. Unrelaxing in vigilance, subtle and fearless, no royalty was ever more real than that of this woman, who entered the proudest court in Europe almost on sufferance, and held every member of it, through a succession of reigns, under her feet. Hers is a splendid story, in its historic aspect, with all its guilt; in its domestic aspect, there can hardly be a more terrible. When the light is quenched, and the music dies away, and all the stir and circumstances of royalty are put aside, when the scene closes behind her solitary figure, and it stands quite alone, even as the soul in the judgment, what is her

history? A girl, trained in a school of tortuous policy, religious bigotry, and remorseless greed. A princess, denied the homage of a court, and witnessing that homage spontaneously paid to those to whom the laws of God and of man alike deny it. An unloved wife, winning in a long course of time observance and respect from a husband wholly, passionately, and until his violent death, devoted to another woman, with whom she could not compete in any charm of womanhood. A mother of kings, who saw her children die, the first of sheer pain, the second of a horrible disease—under a visible curse, said the voice of popular superstition, which she, however raised above other weaknesses, shared; of poison, said another rumor, and she knew it was believed. A mother of sons, whose fierce unnatural hatred was, perhaps, the most repulsive feature of their character; of daughters, of whom one was a by-word of infamy, even as she was a paragon of beauty and genius; while the others were miserable in their greatness. Eager questioner of the future, eager gazer into the abyss, as she was, had she ever seen in necromancer's mirror the face of the kinswoman who should push her daughter from the throne of France, and share it with Henry of Navarre, the only human being she had ever really feared, the one enemy she could never conquer? Had the haughty sovereign, doomed to see the dynastic extinction of the Valois, she, who never nursed a grandchild on her knee—she, whose youngest son died miserably in a corner of his brother's kingdom, in banishment and disgrace—ever beheld in any mystic vision the figure of the fanatic monk who should slay the last of the Valois; or learned from the prediction of any seer, that the sepulchre of the kings should gape for her in 1589, and the same year should see "the Bearnais" in the seat of St. Louis?

From Fraser's Magazine.

COLORED SUNS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

Author of "Saturn and its System," etc.

If a brilliant star be observed when near the horizon, it will be seen to present the beautiful phenomenon of "colored scintillation." The colors thus ex-

hibited exceed in purity even those seen in the solar spectrum or in the rainbow. By comparison with them the light which flashes from the ruby, the emerald, the sapphire, or the topaz, appears dull and almost earthy. There are four or five stars which present this phenomenon with charming distinctness. The brilliant Vega in the constellation Lyra, which rarely sets in our latitude, is one of these. At midnight in winter, and earlier with the approach of spring, this splendid steel-blue star may be seen as it skirts the southern horizon, scintillating with red, and blue, and emerald light. Arcturus twinkles yet more brilliantly low down toward the northeast in our spring evenings. Capella is another notable scintillator, seen low down toward the north during the summer nights. But these, though they are the most brilliant northern stars, yet shine with a splendor far inferior to that of Sirius, the famous dog-star. No one can mistake this noble orb as it rises above the southern horizon in our winter months. The vivid colors exhibited by Sirius as it scintillates, have afforded a favorite image to the poets. Homer compares the celestial light which gleamed from the shield and helmet of Diomed to the rays of "Sirius, the star of autumn," which "shines with a peculiar brilliancy when laved by ocean's waves;" and, to pass at once from the father of poetry to our greatest modern poet, we find in Tennyson's "Princess" the same image, where he says of Arac and his brothers, that—

As the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, washed with morning, as they
came.

It is difficult to persuade oneself that these ever-changing tints do not really belong to the stars. But there is now no doubt that they are caused by our own atmosphere. Unequally warm, unequally dense, and unequally moist in its various strata, the air transmits irregularly those colored rays which together produce the light of a star. Now one color prevails over the rest and now another, so that the star appears to change color. But it is only low down toward the horizon that these changes take place to their full extent.

In the tropics, where the air is more uniform in texture so to speak, the stars do not scintillate unless they are quite close to the horizon, "a circumstance," says Humboldt, "which gives a peculiarly calm and serene character to the celestial depths in those countries."

But the stars are not wanting in real colors, caused by peculiarities in the quality of the light which they emit toward us. In tropical countries the colors of the stars form a very obvious and a very beautiful phenomenon. The whole heaven seems set with variously colored gems. In our latitudes, none but the brightest stars exhibit distinctly marked colors to the naked eye. Sirius, Regulus, and Spica are white stars; Betelgeux, Aldebaran, Arcturus, and Ahtares are red; Procyon, Capella, and the Pole-star are yellow; Castor exhibits a slightly green tint; while Vega and Altair are bluish. Antares, which we have described as a red star, presents when carefully watched a greenish scintillation so peculiar as to have early attracted the notice of astronomers. The green tint of Castor had been found to arise from the fact that the star is double, and one of the components green. But, for a long while, powerful instruments failed to exhibit a companion to Antares. At length General Mitchell, with the great refractor of the Cincinnati Observatory, detected a minute green companion to this brilliant red star—the Sirius of red stars as it has been termed.

But as we have said, the stars which present distinctly marked colors to the naked eye in our latitudes, are few and far between. It is in the telescope that our observers have to seek for a full view of the delicate phenomenon of colored stars. When a survey is made of the heavens with a powerful telescope, peculiarities well worthy of careful attention are revealed to the observer. We have seen that there are no stars visible to the naked eye which are *decidedly* blue or green. The ancients, also, recognized only red and white stars. In the telescope, this peculiarity is still observable when single stars only are looked at. We meet with some telescopic stars the depth of whose red color is remarkable. There are stars of a fiery red, of a deep blood-red, and

of a full orange color. There is a well-known star entitled the "garnet star." And, in fact, every variety of color, from white through yellow and orange to a deep almost dusky red, is met with among the single fixed stars. But there is no instance throughout the whole heavens of a single green, blue, or violet star.

The case is altered when we come to examine those double, triple, and multiple stars, the observation of which is one of the most pleasing employments of the amateur telescopist. Amongst these systems we meet with all the tints of the rainbow, and with many colors which are not seen in the rainbow, such as fawn-color, lilac, gray, and so on. "The attentive observation of the double stars," writes the celebrated Struve (who detected 3,000 of these objects), "teaches us that besides those that are white, all the colors of the spectrum are to be met with." "Here we have a green star with a deep blood-red companion, there an orange primary accompanied by a purple or indigo-blue satellite. White is found mixed with light or dark red, purple, ruby, or vermilion." Sometimes a single system offers at one view many different colors. Such is the case with the remarkable group detected by Sir John Herschel within the Southern Cross. It is composed of no less than 110 stars, which, seen in a telescope of sufficient size, appear, Herschel tell us, like "a casket of variously colored precious stones."

It will be well to examine some of the collocations of color, that we may trace the presence of a law of distribution, if such exist.

We have said that blue stars are not met with singly in the heavens. Among double stars they are common enough. But they are generally small. When the larger star or primary is not white it is usually either red or yellow; then the smaller star—or satellite, as we may term it—is frequently blue or green. But this is so far from being a law without exception that the more common case is to find both stars similarly tinted. Amongst 596 bright "doubles," Struve found 375 whose components were similarly colored, 101 whose components presented colors

belonging to the same end of the spectrum, and only 120 in which the colors were totally different.

Amongst double stars whose components are similarly tinted, by far the greater number are white, yellow, or red. But there are some instances of double blue stars; and there is in the southern heavens a group containing a multitude of stars, *all blue*.

It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that the blue colors seen in multiple systems are due to the mere effect of contrast. In some cases this may happen, however; or at any rate the effect of contrast may intensify the colors of each component of a "complementary double." There is one very charming instance of complementary colors in a double star which may be separated with a telescope of very low power. We refer to the star Albeiro on the beak of the Swan. The components of this star are orange and blue, the tints being well pronounced. It has been found that when one of the components is hidden the other still preserves its color, though not quite so distinctly as when both are seen together. Another "complementary double" is the star γ Andromedæ. The primary is red, the smaller star green. In very powerful telescopes the smaller component is found to be itself double, and doubts exist among astronomers whether the two minute components of the lesser star are both green, or one blue and the other yellow. There is another double star very beautiful in a powerful telescope. This is the star ϵ Boötis, on the Herdsman's belt; it is called also Mirach, and on account of its extreme beauty Pulcherissima. The components are nearly equal—one orange, the other a delicate emerald green.

One of the most startling facts revealed by the careful observation of the fixed stars is that their color is not unchangeable.

We may begin at once with the brightest of the fixed stars—Sirius. This star was known to the ancients as a red star. To its fiery hue may doubtless be ascribed the peculiar influence assigned to it by ancient astronomers. At present Sirius is brilliantly and unmistakably white.

We have not such decisive evidence in the case of any other noted star. But

among telescopic stars, there have been some very remarkable changes. There are two double stars described by the elder Herschel as white, which now exhibit golden-yellow primaries and greenish satellites. That careful observer, Admiral Smyth, records also that one of the components of a double star in Hercules changed, in twelve years, "from yellow, through gray, cherry-red, and egregious red, to yellow again."

The questions may well be asked, whence do the stars derive their distinctions of color? and by what processes do their colors change? To these questions modern discoveries have supplied answers which, if not complete, are well worth listening to.

It had long been suspected that the stars are in reality suns. It had been shown that their distance from us must be so enormous as to enable us to assign to them an intrinsic brilliancy fully equal in some instances, and in others far superior, to that of our own sun. Nothing remained but that we should have some evidence that the kind of light they emit is similar to that which we receive from the sun. This evidence has been supplied, though only of late years.

We cannot here enter at length into an account of the important discoveries of Kirchhoff and Bunsen which have enabled astronomers to analyze the light emitted from the celestial bodies. It will be sufficient to remark that in the solar spectrum there are observed fine dark lines breaking the continuity of the streak of light, and that these lines have been proved to be due to the presence of the vapors of certain elements in the solar atmosphere. The proof depends on the exact correspondence of numbers of these lines, grouped in a complex manner (so as entirely to eliminate the possibility of a mere chance accordancy) with the bright lines seen in the spectra of light from the vapors of those elements. When once Kirchhoff and Bunsen had proved the possibility of exhibiting the same set of lines either as bright lines on a dark ground or as dark lines on a brilliant spectrum, all doubt as to their meaning in the solar spectrum disappeared at once.

It has been found that in the sun's atmosphere there are present the vapors

of iron, copper, zinc, and nickel, besides calcium, magnesium, sodium, and other metals. But the vapors of tin, lead, silver, and gold, do not appear to be present in the solar atmosphere. One of the most remarkable dark lines is due to the presence of hydrogen.

But it has been found possible to extend these researches to the fixed stars. Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have done this successfully, and their discoveries afford a means of assigning very sufficient reasons for the colors of the brighter stars. By analogy also we may extend a similar interpretation to the colors of stars not bright enough to give a spectrum which can be satisfactorily examined.

Let us take first the brilliant Sirius. This star belongs to the southern half of the celestial sphere, and although it becomes visible at certain seasons in our latitude, it never rises very high above the horizon. In fact, at its highest—that is, when due south—it is only twenty-two degrees above the horizon, or less than one-fourth of the way from the horizon to the point immediately over-head. This peculiarity somewhat interferes with the observation of the star by a method so delicate as that applied by the celebrated physicists we have named. On the other hand the exceeding brilliancy of Sirius makes some amends for the effects of atmospheric disturbances. By selecting very favorable opportunities, Huggins and Miller were able to analyze the star's spectrum, with the following result:

The atmosphere around Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and probably iron.

The whole spectrum is covered by a very large number of faint and fine lines, indicating a corresponding variety in the substances vaporized in the star's atmosphere.

The hydrogen lines are abnormally strong as compared with the solar spectrum, all the metallic lines being remarkably faint.

This last circumstance is well worthy of notice, since it is a *peculiarity characteristic of white stars*—so that we begin already to find a hint respecting the source of color or of the absence of color in stars.

Take next an orange-red star, the brilliant Betelgeux. The spectrum of this star was very carefully analyzed by

Messrs. Huggins and Miller. They marked down the places of two or three hundred lines, and measured the position of no less than eighty. They found that sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, and bismuth are present in the star's atmosphere, but the two strong lines which note the presence of hydrogen are wanting.

Take next the yellow star, Pollux. The observers were not able to obtain very satisfactory measures of this star; but they established the presence of sodium and magnesium in the star's atmosphere; and again the strong lines of hydrogen were found to be missing.

But we are not entitled to assume that red and yellow stars are characterized by the absence of hydrogen from their atmospheres. On the contrary, the noted red star Aldebaran, the spectrum of which was very carefully analyzed by Huggins and Miller, was found to exhibit the two lines of hydrogen with perfect distinctness. This star exhibited a richness in the construction of its atmosphere not presented by any other. The elements proved to be present are sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. It must not be supposed, in this or any other case, that other elements might not, by a sufficiently laborious scrutiny, be proved to exist in the star's atmosphere. The observations required, says Mr. Huggins, "are extremely fatiguing to the eye, and necessarily limited to the stronger lines of each spectrum."

It is clear, however, from the above short list of examples, that a considerable variety exists in the physical constitution of the fixed stars. This of itself affords a suggestive hint respecting the true explanation of the variety of color which we have described. And the peculiarity that in the white stars the hydrogen lines are singularly strong, while the metallic lines are as singularly weak, is yet more to the point. Sirius *was* a red star. Was it at that time unlike present red stars? Does it not seem more probable that, if there had existed in those days a Huggins or a Miller, and the instruments used so successfully by these observers had been invented, it would have been found that Sirius did not—when a red star—present peculiarities now observed only in white stars?

We recognize, then, the influence of time upon the spectrum of this celebrated star, as probably tending to render the lines of hydrogen more distinct than of yore, and the lines of the metallic elements less distinct. But what is the meaning of such a change? Suppose a chemist, for example, observing the spectrum of the flame produced by the combustion of a compound body, should notice that the lines of some elements slowly increased in distinctness, while the lines of others grew fainter, how would he interpret such a phenomenon? If we remembered only that the dark lines are due to the absorptive effect of the vapor they correspond to, on light which is trying, so to speak, to pass through the vapor, we might readily jump at a conclusion, and answer that the extent of absorptive vapor is increasing when the lines are growing more distinct, and vice versa. But we must also consider that these lines are partly the effect of contrast. The lime-light held before the sun's disc appears *black*, though so dazzling when seen alone. It may be, therefore—or rather we may say it certainly is the case—that those parts of the spectral streak which seem dark are in reality luminous; or—which is merely another way of saying the same thing—that the vapors which absorb light from the solar beams send us light of their own. And so with stars. Therefore, we have this difficulty to contend against—that there is no power of determining whether a change in the intensity of a line, or of a set of lines, is due to a variation in the light-giving power of the corresponding vapor, or to a variation in the quantity of vapor whose absorptive effects produce the lines.

But, inasmuch as it resulted from Mr. Huggins' examination of a temporary star which appeared last year, that the increase of light—for it was only the abnormal brilliancy of the star which was really temporary—was due to a sudden outburst of inflamed hydrogen, it seems on the whole more probable that the incandescent vapors of stars burn with variable brilliancy, than that they vary in quantitative distribution.

As regards the constant colors of different stars, we are enabled at any rate to deduce negative results.

For instance, we may dismiss at once the theory started some years ago by a distinguished astronomer. He supposed that the colors of a star are due to the proper motions of the star, acting so as—in effect—to lengthen or shorten the waves of light proceeding from the star to the earth, just as the apparent breadth of sea-waves would be greater or less to a swimmer according as he swam with or against their course. It is quite clear that the effects of a motion rapid enough to produce such a change would be to shift the position of the whole spectrum,—and this change, though accompanied by a change of color, would be readily detected by a reference to the spectral lines.

Another theory—that the orange and red tints indicate a lower degree of temperature, must also be dismissed. For we have seen that the spectra of red stars indicate the presence of the vapor of iron and other metals, and nothing but an exceedingly high temperature could vaporize these.

It seems clear that the difference of tint is due to the different arrangement of the dark lines—in other words, to an absolute difference of physical constitution. “There is a striking difference,” remarks Huggins, “between the effect on the color of a star of such closely grouped and very dark lines in the green and blue part of the spectrum of Betelgeux, and of the corresponding part of the spectrum of Sirius, in which the dark lines are faint, and wholly unequal to produce any noticeable subduing of the blue and green rays.”

But we have still to consider the peculiarities presented by the double stars. We have seen that amongst the components of these there are observed some which present a distinct blue color. It has been found possible to analyze some of these with the spectroscope. We have spoken of the charming double star Albireo, the components of which are orange and blue. Both have been analyzed—with this result, that the spectrum of the orange component was remarkable for the great strength of the lines in the green, blue, and violet, while the spectrum of the blue component is equally remarkable for the great number of groups of fine lines in the orange and yellow.

It would seem, then, that the complementary colors observed in certain double stars, indicate a sort of complementary distribution between the two stars of elements which in our own sun are associated equably and intimately.

And we must note here in passing that it is not absolutely necessary, as some have supposed, that, if there are systems of worlds circulating around such double suns, there should be any remarkable difference in the quality of light distributed to the planets, as compared with that which we receive from the sun. Sir John Herschel has spoken of “the charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red or a green day for instance, alternating with a white one or with darkness, according as one or other, or both of the stars should be above the horizon.” But if the dependent orbs swept in very wide circuits about their double sun, they would receive white light during nearly the whole of each of their days, since it would only be during a brief interval that either sun would be visible *alone* above the horizon.

Of the deeply colored stars which are visible with the telescope, none have been found sufficiently brilliant to admit of analysis.

A peculiarity has been remarked by a distinguished modern observer which is worthy of careful attention. Many of the regularly variable stars, when passing into their phase of minimum brightness, exhibit a ruddy tinge which is very conspicuous in instruments of adequate power. It does not seem easy to explain this as due to any change in the vaporous constitution of a variable star—since it seems difficult to show why such changes should occur at regular intervals. It would appear to be more probable that, in general, these changes are due, either to the rotation of the star itself, and the presentation, in a cyclic order, of the different parts of an unequally illuminated globe, or to the revolution round the star of an extensive vaporous mass, whose interposition cuts off from us at regular intervals a portion of the star's light.

It is remarkable that a large number of the known variable stars are red or orange. There is one notable exception, however, for Algol—the celebrated variable in Medusa's head—is a white star.

It is probable that a careful examination of the stars with any efficient "color-tester" would lead to the discovery of many cases of variation in color. Admiral Smyth adopted a chromatic scale of color—but a test of this sort is not very satisfactory. Opaque colors generally vary with time, so that it is impossible to say that two observers, even if they have used the same strip of colored disks, have really made observations fairly comparable *inter se*. And it is further to be noted that there are many persons who find a difficulty and uncertainty in the comparison of stars, or brilliants, with opaque color-scales. An ingenious astronomer has suggested the use of chemical solutions, which can always be reproduced with certainty; and he has described a method for forming an artificial star in the field of view of a telescope, and for gradually varying the color of the star until it should coincide with that of a fixed star whose color we may desire to determine. The great objection to the plan is its complexity. Colored glasses, through which a small white disk within the telescope might be illuminated (just as the wires are illuminated in the ordinary transit telescope), would serve the same purpose much more simply. The inquiry is an exceedingly interesting one, and Sir John Herschel has expressed the opinion that there is no field of labor open to the amateur telescopist which affords a better promise of original discoveries than the search for such variations as we have described.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

A MARVELLOUS STORY.

THERE are some books that are interesting in spite of their subjects; there are others that are interesting in spite of themselves—that is, although inartistically written, their matter sustains them. This latter is the case with *Carolina Sports*,* by the Hon. W. Elliott of that ilk, a Confederate gentleman, who, as a sea-fisherman, seems scarcely to have had an equal! His writing is verbose and newspaper-like, while, at the same time, it curiously imitates the jerky and spasmodic style of Christopher North, which,

* Bentley, London.

in an author who is *not* a man of genius, is simply intolerable; but, for all that, Mr. Elliott has so much to tell which is new and strange, at least to English ears, that his book is very welcome. The Carolina land-sports included in the volume are not worth reading about; neither as Nimrod nor as Ramrod does our author figure in any striking manner, but only as Fishing-rod—or, rather, standing in the bows of his boat, with one foot advanced, and holding a harpoon in his hand, should his portrait be taken for posterity, as the first man who dared to spear a Devil-fish.

This is by no means the same terrible creature which we read of under that name in Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*; it is not a *cephalopod* of portentous size, with fatal suckers and ravening mouth, at whose touch hope flies from the victim, no matter what his strength or weapons; but it is sufficiently weird and formidable too. "Imagine a monster, measuring from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth, having powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously through the water, or vaults high in air; his feelers, commonly called horns" [in compliment, doubtless, to his supposed likeness to his Satanic majesty], "projecting several feet beyond his mouth, and paddling all the small fry that constitute his food into that enormous receiver—and you have an idea of this curious fish, which annually during the summer months frequents the southern sea-coast of Carolina."

This extraordinary creature has been long known to science, although very rare; and scarcely less formidable than its popular title is its classical name, *Cephaloptera vampirus*. "Our species is so large," says the editor of the *Zoology of New York*, referring of course not to the size of American citizens, but of this Vampire of the Sea, "that it requires three pair of oxen, aided by a horse and twenty-two men, to drag it to the dry land. It is estimated to weigh between four and five tons. . . . It is known to seize the cables of small vessels at anchor, and draw them for several miles with great velocity. An instance of this kind was related to me, by a credible eye-witness, as having occurred in

the harbor of Charleston. A schooner, lying at anchor, was suddenly seen moving across the harbor with great rapidity, impelled by some unknown and mysterious power. Upon approaching the opposite shore, its course was changed so suddenly as nearly to capsize the vessel, when it again crossed the harbor with its former velocity, and the same scene was repeated when it approached the shore. These mysterious flights across the harbor were repeated several times, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and suddenly ceased." This last astonishing statement (although our fisherman differs from his scientific brother in minor details concerning the fish itself) is quite borne out by Mr. Elliott. "I have often listened, when a boy," says he, "to the story of an old family servant, a respectable negro, whose testimony I have no reason to discredit, and which would seem to corroborate the instances already cited. He was fishing near the Hilton Head beach for sharks; and, accompanied by another hand, was anchored about fifty yards from shore, in a four-oared boat, when a devil-fish seized hold of the shark-line. Whether he grasped the line between his feelers, or accidentally struck the hook into his body, cannot accurately be known; but he darted off with the line, dragging the boat from her anchorage, and moved seaward with such fearful velocity, that the fishermen threw themselves flat on their faces, and gave themselves up for lost. 'After lying a long time in this posture,' said the old man, 'in expectation of death, I gained a little heart, and stealing a look over the gunwale, *saw iron swim*—there was the anchor playing duck and drake on the top of the water, while the boat was going stern-foremost for the sea! At last,' said he, 'we cut loose when he had almost got us out to sea.' The earnestness of the old man, and the look of undissembled terror which he wore in telling the story, convince me that he spoke the truth."

But we will leave hearsay, and take the personal evidence concerning this wonder of the ocean from Mr. Elliott's own lips. This gentleman appears to be the first, at all events in his own part of the world, who ever ventured to go fishing for this very big fish, which was

looked on both by the nigger and his master as something "uncanny," as well as exceedingly dangerous. He had gone, in 1837, with his family, for the benefit of the sea-air, to Bay Point, a small summer settlement in Port Royal Sound, Carolina, just as you and I, reader, might go to Herne Bay; and as we might go out for whiting-pout, so he tried his luck with devil-fish. On his first day there, while crossing the bay in his own boat, he was so fortunate as to see eight of these monsters disporting themselves on the top of the water. "One was directly in my track, as I spanked away under a press of sail. He thrust up both wings a foot above the surface, and kept them steadily erect, as if to act as sails. I liked not the *cradle* thus offered me, and veered the boat so as just to miss him. He never budged, and I passed so near as easily to have harpooned him, if the implements had been at hand." But notwithstanding his discretion at that time, the presence of these heretofore indomitable creatures disturbed our hero's rest, and "made him feel quite uncomfortable," because they were unsubdued. He set himself to provide what he conceived to be the best apparatus to this end. "A harpoon two inches wide in the barb, between two and three feet in the shank (a regular *whaler*), was turned out from the workshop of Mr. Mickler. Forty fathoms of half-inch rope were purchased and stretched. To one end the harpoon was firmly attached; the other, passing through a hole cut in the bottom of a tub, in which the rope was carefully coiled, was to be fastened to the forecastle. A six-oared boat was inspected, new thwarted, and new thole-pinned; and a cleat nailed firmly on the forecastle to support the right foot of the harpooner." And a day was fixed, and friends and sportsmen were invited to repair to the field of action.

"Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, 'There!' cried our lookout-man. I followed the direction of his hand: it pointed to Skull Creek Channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it; it was a devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their posts—the red flag is raised to signal our consort—the oarsmen spring to their oars—and

we dashed furiously onward in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface. The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to any one; so I planted myself on the forecastle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the cleat, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly, and I scarcely breathed, while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and so brief. 'There he is behind us! Starn all!' and our oarsmen, as before instructed, backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot, he was gone; but soon reappeared on our right, whisking round us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow—his wing only is visible—on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. After the lapse of a few seconds, the staff came bounding up from below, to show me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and showed himself at the stern, *belly up*. Tom clapped his unarmed hands with disappointment as the fish swept by him where he stood on the platform, so near that he might have pierced him with a sword! And now the fish came wantoning about us, taking no note of our presence, circling round us with amazing rapidity, yet showing nothing but the tip of his wing. We dashed at him whenever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly that we were always too late. Suddenly, his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. 'Forward!' The oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up, and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist; I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleft the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our con-

sort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second before it disappeared beneath the surface of the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line, to prepare for a new throw, when lo! the line stopped short! 'Is it possible? I have him—the devil-fish is struck!' Out flies the line from the bow—a joyful shout bursts from our crew—our consort is lashed to our stern—E—and C—spring aboard—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

"Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff north-easter. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like—reminding one of the motion of a canal-boat drawn by a team of stout horses. On Middle Bank he approached the surface—the rifle is caught up, but soon laid aside as useless, for no vulnerable part appeared. We then drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him—I soon found *that* was no fun. 'Tom, don't you want to play a devik fish? I have enough to last me an hour, so here's my place if you desire it.' Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness, as we moved along under this novel, and *yet unpatented* impelling power! 'You will find this melon refreshing, friends! at twelve o'clock, let us take a glass of wine to our success. Tom, why don't you pull him up?' Tom held up his hands, from which the gloves had been stripped clean by the friction of the rope. 'We'll put three men to the line and bouse on him.' He comes! George seizes the lance, but the devil-fish stops ten feet below the surface, and can't be coaxed nearer. George sinks his long staff in the direction of the line, feels the fish, and plunges the lance into him. It is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up, the iron was found bent like a reaping-hook, and the staff

broken in the socket. The fish now quickened his speed, and made across Daws' Channel for Paris Bank.

"'Just where we would have you, my old boy—when we get you near Bay Point Beach, it will be so convenient to land you!' He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; points for Station Creek, taking the regular steamboat track. As soon as he gains the deep channel, he turns for Bay Point. 'Now, then, another trial—a bouse on him.' Three fellows are set to the rope—his wing appears—C—— aims his bayonet, and plunges it deep into his body—another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye—the blade remains buried in his body. 'Now for it, George!' *His* bayonet is driven in, and, at the second blow, *that* is snapped off in the blade. Here we are unweaponed! our rifle and hatchet useless, our other implements broken! 'Give him rope, boys, until we haul off and repair damages.' At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. 'Out oars, boys, and pull against him.' The tide was now flood—the wind still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean-water. George meanwhile was refitting the broken implements; the lance was fixed in a new staff, and secured by a tie of triple drum-line; the broken blade of the bayonet was fixed on another staff. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. 'Row him ashore, boys.' The devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. 'Force him, then, to the surface.' He popped up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform—quite *hors de combat*."

This much-striven for prize was lost through the harpoon at last tearing out;

and the crestfallen crew had to return home, oarless and weaponless, like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea—for the Thing was dead, without doubt, having, when last seen, "neither tail nor head, nor horns nor wings—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature." On the next occasion, the struck Creature not only is within a little of carrying them right out to sea, so that they seriously think of cutting the rope, but takes them far into the night. "The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness, except the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the devil-fish, as he now and then emerged to the surface on a bed of fire." Finally, he ran them aground upon a shoal, where they killed him. "There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and his other parts in proportion; and the waves, rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which stood eight feet in diameter above the water." But they could not bring this trophy to land any more than the other. At last, they accomplish their full object. The same incidents take place as in the former ventures; and, as so often happens in the writhings and plunges of the prey, the harpoon tears out. "We drew it into the boat twisted and strained, but still unbroken. What a disappointment!—to lose him thus in his very last struggle! A gleam of hope shoots across us! In this last struggle, he *might* rise to the surface. It is possible yet to recover him. Let us prepare for it. In a moment the harpoon is straightened, the staff is refitted, and scarcely is it done when, "There, by heavens! there he is! fifty yards ahead, floundering on the water! Now for it, boys!—reach him before he sinks!" Alas! he has already sunk!

The turbid waters of the river have now given place to the transparent green of the sea, through which objects are distinctly visible for several feet below; and look, he is rising again from his depths! every struggle and contortion of the agonized monster is clearly to be seen as he shoots upward to the light. He is upon his back—his white feelers thrown aloft above his head, like giant hands upraised in supplication.

There was something almost *human* in the attitude and the expression of his agony—and a feeling quite out of keeping with the scene stole over me while I meditated the fatal blow. It passed away in an instant; and as he emerges from the water, the harpoon cleaves the air, and is driven home into his head. A shout of exultation burst from the crew. To have *thus* recovered him was indeed a gratification. The gun is once more brought to bear—another shot, and he is still; all to the singular movements of his feelers, which, plying restlessly about his head, curl and unfold with all the flexibility of an elephant's snout. Through the tough cartilage of one of these feelers the rope is passed, and we have him safe."

Oars and sails, however, little avail to bring the mighty beast to shore, and another boat has to lend its aid. The devil-fish measured seventeen feet across the back, and was so heavy, that the force of fifteen men was insufficient to draw him to high-water mark, though sliders were placed beneath to assist his progress. Truly, this sort of fishing is sport for Titans, and a little self-congratulation on our author's part was quite excusable. "This monster, then," says he, "whose existence even was doubted, whose capture was matter of vague tradition, who had not been seen and touched by the *two* preceding generations of men at least, was here before us in his proper proportions, palpable to sight, and trodden beneath our feet!" There are endless variations in the incidents of this exciting pursuit; and, of course, divers risks (one very little one, that of the harpooner, pitching himself overboard). A thunder-storm sometimes takes place, which invests the "motive-power" with additional weirdness; and when harpooned, this frightful monster is often pursued by hammer-headed sharks, who cause him to plunge and swerve in a most erratic manner. On one occasion our author had the exquisite satisfaction of giving one of these intrusive gentry a spare harpoon, and landing him safely in company with the original quarry.

Only once was our intrepid sportsman really frightened. He had got so used to these sea-devils, that upon one

of them being dragged close to the bows of the boat, he ventured to strike it with a knife. "I passed my arm over the gunwale, and lunged at him as he lay a foot or so beneath the water. Suddenly, my hand was paralyzed, and the reader will understand my feelings when, looking into the water, I found that the devil-fish had seized my arm with one of his feelers, and pressed it powerless against his body! 'He stays my arm—pleads for mercy—appeals, like an intelligent creature, to my humanity,' was my first thought. 'He has bound me to his fate,' was the startling conviction that dispelled that first thought, and revealed to me the imminent peril in which I stood. A fate worse than Mazeppa's will be mine if he breaks loose again! 'For God's sake, boys, hold on! He has clutched my arm, and if he runs again for bottom, my life goes with him!' How long, then, seemed to me those few brief moments of uncertainty; but they are past, his force is exhausted, his hold on me relaxes, and in his very death-struggle, my arm again is free! I took my seat with sobered feelings, thinking by how narrow a chance the pursuer had escaped the fate of his victim!"

Beside the power, the ugliness, and the magnitude of this odd fish, there is something really weird about it which seems to justify its popular name. Once, after the rope which bound one of these creature to our author's boat had parted, the released Thing still kept company with his enemies, "swimming close to the vessel, and following us with his horns projected on each side of the stern." The feelings of the crew must have been more uncomfortable even than those of the Admiral in the ballad when "at last he saw the creature that was following in our lee," for the night was dark, the sea brilliantly luminous, and the breakers roaring, at a short distance. "Behind us, the devil-fish, mounted on the crest of an advancing wave, his wings outspread, his dark outline distinctly marked, and separated from the surrounding waters by a starry belt of phosphoric fire—he did indeed seem, to our excited imaginations, like some monster vampire." Mr. Elliott says he has been carried twenty-five miles, within a few hours, by this

sometimes fiery dragon, *with two boats in tow beside his own.*

But to what cannot custom inure folks! Devil-fishing has now become quite a fashionable sport with the planters of Port Royal Sound. They sally forth to the inlets of the bay, where shrimps and small fish most do congregate, which are the "feeding-grounds" of these Vampires, and where their presence is indicated by a slight projection above the water of one of their wings. The motion of this creature is so rapid and birdlike, that none who have seen it will ascribe it to any other fish. "Sometimes, though not often, you may approach him while feeding in shallow water, near enough to strike; but the best opportunity is offered by waiting quietly near the spot where he has disappeared, until, having ceased to feed he strikes out for the deep water, and having reached it, begins a series of somersets that give the sportsman an excellent chance to strike him. It is a very curious exhibition. You first see the feelers thrown out of the water; then the white stomach, marked with five gills, or branchial apertures, on each side (for the fish is on his back); then his tail emerges. After a disappearance for a few seconds, the revolution is repeated—sometimes as often as six times. It happens occasionally, that in making these somersets, the fish does not rise quite to the surface, but is several feet below; so that his revolutions are detected by the appearance and disappearance of the white or under part of his body, dimly seen through the turbid water in which he delights. Sometimes, indeed, he is unseen; but his presence is shown to the observant sportsman by the boiling of the water from below, as from a great caldron. With no better guide than this, the harpoon has been darted down, and reached him when twelve feet below the surface." On the other hand, these "gay and festive cusses" will sometimes throw somersets ten feet above the surface.

Finally, we may mention that the pursuit and slaughter of devil-fish is by no means mere wanton sport; for the liver yields an oil useful for many agricultural purposes, and the body, cut into portions, and carted out upon the fields, proves an excellent fertilizer of the soil.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

(Concluded from page 152.)

It is impossible within our narrow limits to attempt any compression of our author's already condensed though clear and interesting narrative. He is disposed, with the best Egyptologists, to regard the lists of Manetho as valuable guides, though their value is sorely diminished by the mutilated state in which they have come down to us, and, further, by the impossibility of harmonizing the different versions which survive. Few lost treasures are more to be regretted than the narrative portions of Manetho and Berosus. The miserable fragments which remain to us are almost the only literary helps which we have to the interpretation of the monuments, and the restoration of the history of the two oldest monarchies of the world. Mr. Philip Smith adopts, on the whole, the more moderate and the more probable calculation of the duration of the monarchy which Mr. Poole has put forth, instead of the longer period, longer by nearly 1,000 years, which Von Bunsen demands, on the authority of a passage which Syncellus attributes to Manetho, and which claims for thirty dynasties a period of 3,555 years. Mr. Poole, whose calculations our historian adopts, fixes the era of Menes some 2,700 years before Christ. But the question is still an open one how far Menes "is a mythical impersonation of the human race;" and "the sound astronomical reasons" which lend such appearance of solidity and dignity to imaginative restorations of history awaken an uneasy question whether in those rough stormy ages things ruled themselves so clearly by the stars. In truth, the reconstruction is little more than clever guess-work until the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, which appears to be capable of being fixed with fair certainty at about 1,525 B.C. Of the earlier dynasties, with the exception of the fourth and twelfth, there is hardly a record left on the monuments; and the reconstruction of their story in the present state of our knowledge is simply impossible. Into the vexed question of the Shepherd dynasties we must not enter. Mr. Poole connects the invasion with the movement of the eastern nations, of which a slight author-

iative record remains in the reference to Chedorlaomer and the confederate kings in the book of Genesis. This, if it is anything more than a brilliant guess, gives us a valuable point of contact between Egypt and that outside world from which it had isolated itself, and with which from that time forth it would have more and more to do.

On the subject of the Exodus, our author states fairly and fully the conflicting theories, and the evidence by which they are sustained. He seems rather to lean to Mr. Poole's conclusion, which would fix it at some generations earlier than the accession of the eighteenth dynasty, with which it has generally been connected. The date on this theory would be about 1,552 B.C., and the whole period of the captivity and the Exodus would be brought within the era of the Shepherd kings. The opening of the eighteenth dynasty marks the commencement of the period of Egypt's greatest power and splendor; and it has this additional interest, that the convulsion of oriental society, of which the expulsion of the Shepherd kings was one of the causes, seems to have driven a wave of migration to the European shores, and commenced that fruitful intercourse between Egypt, Phœnicia, and the "isles of the West," which played so important a part in the early civilization of the world. This dynasty commences the era of Egyptian conquest. Under Aah-mes (Amosis), the first king of the eighteenth dynasty, Egypt becomes a maritime power. Then, too, for the first time on the monuments we meet with the chariots and horses for which Egypt became so famous; and as the horse bears a semitic name, there is little doubt that it was introduced from Asia, and is probably connected with the mysterious Shepherd kings. The brilliant reigns of the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties seem to have transferred from Chaldea to Egypt the sceptre of the East; while they covered Egypt with public works, temples, and tombs, whose grandeur of proportion and splendor of execution have been in all ages, and still are, among the chief wonders of the world. The conquests of the great Rameses are contracted by our author within more credible limits than those which were formerly claimed for them; though, taking the most moderate meas-

ure, it is still a puzzle how he could pass and repass by Judea and leave no trace of his passage in Jewish history. It is hardly a satisfactory solution to remark that the highway of armies lay along the maritime Philistine plain, and that the Egyptian conquerors were content to leave the Jewish mountaineers in their fastnesses unharmed. The men who overran the wild region of Ethiopia, and pushed their conquests as far as the Caucasus, would find nothing in the mountains round about Jerusalem to offer an obstacle to their arms; and as the relations of the Jews with their forefathers had been hostile, it is difficult to understand how they could be content to let them alone. Is it possible that the Jews had established a reputation as an unsafe people to meddle with, and that the "terror of them" which fell on their Canaanitish enemies fell on the Egyptians too? Certain it is that it is quite late in Jewish and Egyptian history before any record of the contact of the two peoples is found. Considerable space is devoted to the description of the Egyptian monuments, which is justified by their intrinsic interest, and their large importance as containing, graven on tablets of stone, the most precious secular documents of the ancient world. We do not know any sketch of the Egyptian monuments, their history and significance, which is so clear, eloquent, and complete. About the year 1,000 B.C., we arrive at the most critical epoch in the old world history. Egypt, Assyria, and Judea are brought into contact, and that mixture of races and influences, that action and reaction of diverse forms of civilization, which is the mainspring of all true progress, begins. Tiglathpileser I. is said to have claimed the conquest of Egypt about 1,120 B.C.; and in a monument of Shishak I., in a list of his conquests, the name Yuda Melchi (kingdom of Judah) appears. (Compare II. Chron. xii. 8.) It is curious, as is observed, that as this is the first instance of the mention of an Egyptian monarch by name in Scripture, the same reign records the first mention of the Jews on the Egyptian monuments. From this time, 1,000 B.C., the history of Egypt is the history of a decline. The employment of Greek mercenaries by Psammetichus (664 B.C.) is a sign of growing

declension, and with the brilliant reign of Necho, under whom the periplus of Africa was accomplished—a tale, which we are glad to see that our historian believes—the glory of Egypt fades. The Assyrian monarchy passes to the front rank, and the movement commences which set civilization fairly on its western path. The reason of the decay of Egypt and the rise of Chaldea, it is interesting to trace; we will look at it for a moment as we pass on.

We cannot attempt to follow our author in his restoration of the early Assyrian history. In this, following Professor Rawlinson, he simply divines. Mr. Rawlinson's work on the "Ancient Monarchies" is the most remarkable and daring of those reconstructions of a lost history which, evolved mainly from the inner consciousness of the author, delude the world with a baseless promise of historic truth. Had we space at our command, we could demonstrate the pure, and often reckless, guess-work on which, in the earlier period, much of it rests; and how constantly the guesses at the facts of one era are treated as the solid groundwork of argument as to those of the era which succeeds. In truth, we know miserably little about it, and may be chiefly certain of one thing, that our reconstructions, except in their very largest outlines, are quite wide of the truth. Assyria emerges from obscurity when it crosses the track of the chosen people. Its contribution to the history of the world, as far as we can honestly trace it, begins with that movement—of which we observe indications as soon as it comes within the field of historic vision—which ended in the establishment of Babylon as the leading city of the East; or, rather, we should say its reestablishment, for there seems fair evidence that the wave of Mesopotamian civilization advanced northward from the coast toward Nineveh, and ebbcd toward Babylon again. We believe that the second rise of Babylon to be Queen of the East, is an event of the largest importance in oriental history. One would gladly attain to a full understanding of all that the "era of Nabonassar" means. In 747 B.C., or very near to that date, a new power arose at Babylon, important enough to mark an era, claiming a certain supremacy for Babylon once more.

From that time it is evident that Babylon advanced steadily in power and influence, while Nineveh declined. Babylon lay nearer to the Syrian, Tyrian, and Egyptian frontiers, and more directly in the highway of the commerce of the East. Babylon had close intercourse with Judea, Tyre, Egypt, and India. It lay near the very heart of all the vital movements of oriental society, and from the time of Nabopolassar till the Seleucid era it remained the leading city of the world. It was this lying in the highway of traffic and war which lent strength and importance to Mesopotamia and its capital; while the isolation of Egypt left her stranded for the time to decay. At length the time of closer intercourse and mixture of peoples had come. A civilization was born, in which widely distant and various nations and races were to share. Jew, Chaldean, Persian, Greek, Roman, were to be fused and blent in the mighty furnace-fires of the wars and commerce of the next six hundred years. That movement, the higher civilization, began from Babylon, the centre of the life and culture of the East; and we believe that the era of Nabonassar marks its genesis. Then Babylon assumed the sceptre, which no oriental city held with such undisputed supremacy, until it was grasped by the firm hand of Rome.

It is worth while to pause here to consider the place which these great oriental despotisms occupied in the drama of universal history, a consideration which our universal historian a little passes by. They existed for some great end we may be sure, and accomplished some great work, notwithstanding all the luxury, lust, and slavishness of spirit which marked them, and which place them in polar antagonism to all that was most characteristic in Jewish society. We cannot stay to trace the influence which their arts and industries exercised on the nascent European states, on which Dr. Brandis has recently thrown much new and important light, amply sustaining the conjectures of Boekh. We can but seize the broadest feature of their influence on the progress of civilization, which sets forth probably the main function which they fulfilled. These grand oriental despots, of whom Nebuchadnezzar is on the whole a noble instance,

swept through the civilized world of their day on missions of wrath and destruction. Very awful was the misery with which they wrung the heart of humanity, and the desolation which they left in their steps. Justly and eloquently does our historian sum up the estimate of their career from this point of view.

"In the frustration of the plans of the Babel builders, in the fall of Nineveh, in the desolation of Babylon, we may see more even than the fulfilment of prophecy. They are lasting witnesses to the great plans of Divine Providence in reference to the empires of the world. Raised up by the desires of men who aimed at god-like power upon earth, and permitted to tyrannize over the nations which have forsaken the King of Heaven—chastising, by self-will and brute force, the self-willed weakness of a race that had forgotten God—they fell successively under the sentence, which the handwriting on the wall passed upon Belshazzar, and which history repeats against every despotism to the end of time: 'Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting:' wanting in fulfilling the true ends of states and governments, the welfare of mankind, and their union in the bonds of social life. And this is the key to the symbolic use of the name of Babylon, revived in the last ages of the world's history to designate that 'mystery of iniquity,' in which spiritual is superadded to worldly despotism, till both shall share the fate of Babylon of old. Nor does the prophecy which sets past and future history in this light close till it has unfolded the bright vision of the only true universal empire, when 'the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, but shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and stand for ever and ever.' " Vol. i., p. 242.

But they were the ministers of the intercourse and the mixture of peoples; they fused diverse and distant elements into one organic or rather comprehensive whole. Their fundamental notion, that they were the lords of the world, recognized a unity, which in a gross and dull, but not altogether unfruitful form, they realized in their empires. It is difficult to understand how in those days, man being what he is, the mixture and interchange could have been otherwise accomplished. Like great waves of storm they bore fertile germs on their currents of conquest, and scattered them wide and far through the sphere of civilization, planting unconsciously for the future, while consciously and pur-

posely they wasted and destroyed. We can measure the worth of the culture which the Jews received at Babylon; we can only feebly guess at the culture which Babylon received from the Jews. But this is a sign and a sample of the work which was accomplished in a hard, gross way by these stormy, world-embracing despotisms, and a hint of the place which the Lord of the world allowed them to occupy—causing thereby the wrath of man to praise him—in leading onward all unconsciously the progress of the world. Meanwhile, in the very heart of these great despotisms, nearer to the living centre of human development than any of them, but isolated and lonely, stands the Jew, the most strongly individual and impressive figure in universal history. The Jews are the "prærogative" people, the people called out, and set first in the school of the Divine culture of humanity, to be, not witnesses against, but ensamples to mankind. It is impossible to deal with the Jew simply as Jew, with any kind of completeness. There are proleptic elements, organs, capacities, and experiences in his nature and history, the full meaning of which Christendom alone unfolds. Abraham on the wolds of Canaan, David on the throne of Jerusalem, Paul on Mars' Hill at Athens, belong to one sacred line; they stand as witnesses to men of the same truths, the same thoughts and purposes of God. The Jews, physically, were but a feeble and unimportant people. It was even needful that they should be so. God maintained them to be witnesses for that spiritual power which is the true strength and dignity of humanity, and which among the great herds of wanton and luxurious slaves of Egyptian and Assyrian despotism was constantly degraded, and at length, but for the fiery Persian baptism, would have been wholly lost. They were maintained as a people in their mountain strongholds, in the very core of the oriental world, to perpetuate the idea of Adam, the sacred human person—the being made in the Divine image, to know and commune with his Maker, and work out with intelligence and sympathy His designs. This was their one grand characteristic among the old world peoples; they knew the name and nature of the God of Heaven, and were known by

Him as the confessed subjects of His kingdom and servants of His will.

Nothing can be more drearily untrue to history than the depreciating view of the Jewish nation and dispensation, which is somewhat in fashion now, and which perpetuates among the modern rationalists the traditions of the old Gnostic schools. The Hebrews were an imperial race. Gladly would we, had we space at command, trace more fully the outlines of their political, social, and moral life as a people, of which an interesting sketch is presented in the history. We should find a strange likeness, altogether marvellous in an Asiatic people, to the elements which are most characteristic of the Romans and the Anglo-Saxons—the two imperial races of the world. They were the pure freemen of oriental society, freemen in the Roman or in the still nobler Teutonic sense: the unit of their society, too, was the freeman in his home; and it is herein that Jew, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon contrast with the Greek. Their law was large, liberal, and stimulating. Far from aiming at their isolation, it aimed at their culture, and their mission as propagandists of that culture to the world. God trained them there by a noble, manly, political life, while the nations around them were settling into herds of slaves, that they might maintain with strenuous grasp that hold on the invisible, without which the visible soon becomes the sepulchre of the human spirit, and that knowledge of the Divine without which man settles hopelessly to the level of the brute. The purpose, as far as man's understanding can measure, was but partially realized. The law which was ordained unto life was found to be unto death. The sense of the separate standing and of the high dignity of a people brought into living fellowship with God degenerated into a proud and jealous isolation, provoking chastisements and captivities which compelled them to be missionaries to surrounding peoples, whether they would or no. In truth, their Divine vocation somewhat overshadowed them. That dread of their pure and glorious Lord which uttered itself at Sinai brooded over them through their whole history. It maintained their spiritual dignity and nobility as a nation, but it limited, and in some

sort blighted, their free human development. As the ages rolled on, they shrank and withered, retaining life enough to give birth to their Messiah, and to scatter the seeds of their beliefs and traditions through a wider and more fertile world.

Precisely the converse of all this is presented to our view when, passing westward from the sea-boards of Asia, we survey the next stage of the march of civilization, which remains still the most brilliant and glorious of the whole. Paul surely had the Greek especially before his mind's eye when he uttered the remarkable words, "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him: though He be not far from every one of us." It was the ordained work of the Greek to feel after the truth, and by the quest to draw forth and discipline to the highest strain the whole range of man's natural faculties and powers. We have spoken of the Jew as in some sort overshadowed by his revelation. In truth there is but little speculation in the eyes with which the children of Shem look out on the problems of life and of the world. The Egyptian sphinx is the true symbol of the oriental intellect. It gazes sadly into the void, baffled and oppressed by the sense of the infinite mystery of life. The Jew was delivered from this serene despair by that revelation of the nature, the name, and the methods of God, which was his peculiar and priceless possession. He had "the form of knowledge and of truth in the law." To him the mystery of the universe was unveiled. He trod the earth, he gazed on the sky, he dwelt with his fellow-men, as one to whom the world was no dark, sad maze, but a well-ordered and beautiful home. He had a right in it, for he knew and was known of its king. Still, the very fulness of the revelation, and the awe which Jehovah inspired in all but the chosen few who feared him with the fear of love, limited and oppressed the speculative power. The faculty which feels after truth had but feeble range in the life of the Jewish people. They produced but one famous inquirer, in whom the skeptical faculty was grandly developed; and all that was speculative in his writings, all which might have enabled us to measure the depth and the

height of Jewish philosophy was suffered to perish. The genius of man, the thinker, the seer, the daring explorer of the utmost limit of the sphere of his power, was nursed under a brighter atmosphere, and its fruits were ripened by a gayer, gladder sun. The Persian conqueror who had carried to its culminating point of splendor that Asiatic civilization whose character we have briefly traced, might have looked upon the "Isles of Greece," as they flashed on the blue bosom of the *Ægean*; and some vision may have passed before him as he gazed on that great act in the drama of history on which the curtain was lifting, when the tide of Persian conquest was stayed upon its shores. The conquest of the western seaboard of Asia by the great oriental despotism, brought Greece definitely within the field of the movement and progress of civilization, and prepared the way for the transference of its theatre from the Asiatic to the European shores.

In Greece we find the most finely-organized, the most vivid, acute, subtle, and energetic of peoples, settled in a land fitted beyond all other lands to carry to the very highest point the culture of their varied and marvellous powers. There Heaven set them to the task of educating, of drawing out to its full strain, every faculty of man's nature, by trying, with rare energy and persistence, every possible experiment in political, social, and intellectual life. The contrast between the physical features of Greece and such a country as Mesopotamia, or the valley of the Nile, will furnish the key to the contrast between the Greek nature and the Asiatic, with which alone our survey of the field of universal history has hitherto brought us into contact. Greece is the Europe of Europe. All the conditions which constitute Europe the continent of civilization are developed with the greatest fulness in Greece. The climate, the varied coast-line, the myriad roadsteads and harbors, the gulfs, bays, peninsulas, and islands, mark Hellas as the chosen home of an intelligent, daring, and adventurous people.

Innumerable mountain chains cross it in every direction; they enclose plains of glorious beauty and fertility, while they are cleft by frequent passes, which

are easily practicable for the errands of friendship and commerce, but difficult for the errands of war. These furnish the sites of numerous cities; few are without an impregnable rocky citadel, and each commands a limited district of rich cultivable land, round which the mountain barriers close. It is emphatically the land of free cities. Its destiny is written in its physical features as plainly as in Switzerland. It was to be the theatre for the development of the free city life, by a people singularly adapted by their physical and mental constitution to unfold its possibilities to the utmost. The city life was almost forced on the inhabitants by the nature of their country, and it was the form of life which their native genius moved them to elect and to make almost exclusively their own. *Πόλις* is, on the whole, the greatest word in the Greek vocabulary. All that it means and involves—and they explored it thoroughly—is the most precious of the legacies which they have bequeathed to us. It is not insignificant from a higher point of view, that the vision of "a city with sure foundations," sustained and solaced the father of the faithful through his pilgrimage; while the "holy city, the new Jerusalem," is the chosen emblem of the perfect estate of the blessed on high. Our author opens his full and masterly survey of Greek history with these suggestive words:

"As we trace the history of the great empires of the East, we feel the painful sense of something wanting to the happiness, nay, to the very social life, of humanity. That something is the spirit of individual freedom, creating its own proper sphere of action in a free state. Just as a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he hath, so the true life of our race could not be satisfied by the material wealth and civilization which flourished on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates, much less by the splendor of their empires. . . . The spell of despotism, which so early mastered Asia, could only be broken by some hardier power, or dispelled by the infusion of a healthier moral tone. Both means were tried, and both were permitted to fail. The Hebrew commonwealth, which might have taught these nations the true liberty of a pure religion, fell into their slavery by forsaking its own privileges. The hardier and freer races, which poured down from the table-land of Iran, had already succumbed to despotic

power, and soon paid dear for their conquest by sinking into the state of the conquered nations."—Vol. i., p. 301.

He has treated the theme with the knowledge of a ripe scholar, the skill of a practised historical writer, and the enthusiasm of a free Englishman, in hearty sympathy with the liberal thought and movement of his times. He places himself *con amore* at Mr. Grote's point of view. He has the immense advantage of having before him two modern masterpieces of critical research and historical narrative—"Grote's History of Greece," and "Mommsen's History of Rome." He has drawn largely and avowedly from their treasures, but without the sacrifice of his own independent judgment; though instances occur from time to time, in which he appears to us to have been swayed by their great authority to conclusions of questionable truth. A brief but truly critical review of the mythical age of Greece is followed by a most valuable chapter on the Hellenic states and colonies, from the earliest historic records to B.C. 500. It would be difficult to discover a more comprehensive and judicious introduction to the history of that great struggle, in which Greece won the crown of heroic valor and endurance, and to that splendid development of the whole choir of human faculties and powers which, to borrow the language of her great philosophic historian, she has bequeathed "as a possession for ever" to the world. The tale of Marathon and Salamis is told with genuine enthusiasm; the historian seizes all the grand significance of the conflict, and writes, as one of the race who won the great Armada fight should write, of the still more marvellous and splendid victories which established on firm and lasting foundations the liberties of the progressive races of mankind. For Rome, for Germany, for us, those 9,000 Athenian freemen rolled back the tide of brutal Asiatic conquest on the plain of Marathon; nor does the author forget to chronicle that the Athenians fought in line like the British; and "the thin red line" of the British guards at Balaklava suggests to him some likeness between the chief freemen of the modern and of the ancient world. The life of the Athenian people in their city, the

swift and resistless growth of their empire, and the essential incoherence of its elements which doomed it to as swift a decay, receive full justice at our author's hands. The Greeks were too vivid for empire; they were incapable on a large scale of ruling or of being ruled. Theirs was distinctly the temperament of genius; mobile, excitable, imaginative, rapidly swayed to extremes, and most impatient of control. The number of states which during a period of 300 years rose to the headship of Greece, and as rapidly lost it, is quite startling. The splendid faculty which distinguished the race was fairly distributed among the states—smaller many of them than the smallest of our counties—of which the Hellenic community was composed. There was much the same stuff to be found in any of the leading cities, and the population of the largest was so small, and the area was so limited, that the appearance of a brilliant political or military genius in any chief city, and a clever combination of alliances, would, with one successful battle, easily raise it to the hegemony of Greece, which was sure, speedily, under kindred conditions, to be wrested out of its hand. This feature of their political life, which was rooted in the Greek nature, made empire in any large sense impossible; but then on the other hand, it fostered that intensity of individual life and activity which has never been matched, or hardly approached, by any other people, and which made the Greeks as poets, artists, historians, and philosophers, the world's intellectual priests and kings—kings of a grander and more universal empire than that which Chaldea aimed at, and Rome realized, the sceptre of which has never yet been wrested from their hands.

But Greek Empire had its destined place in that scheme of world development, the form of which the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream portrayed. And yet it was not in Athens, far less in Sparta or Thebes, to realize it. They had a higher and yet more difficult work. The reaction of Greece on Asia, whereby the germs of Hellenic civilization were sown broadcast through the oriental world, brought the half-Hellenic, half-barbarous people of Macedon and their king on the scene. Mr. Philip

Smith follows Mr. Grote in his appreciation of the semi-barbarous character of the Macedonian nature and culture; though he does fairer justice than the great historian to the genius and exploits of Alexander the Great. He writes as the world historian, Mr. Grote as the historian of Hellas. Mr. Grote sympathizes so intensely with the political life of the Athenian people, and estimates so highly the rich and varied culture which it afforded to its citizens (of which a remarkable and characteristic instance appears in the position which Xenophon, almost as a matter of course, assumed in the retreat of the 10,000—all the more remarkable, in that he little honored the state which made him the man he was), that we can enter into the jealous and bitter feeling with which he watches the growth of the Macedonian tyranny, and the almost passionate earnestness with which he ranges himself on the side of Demosthenes and the patriot party, in the struggles of the decline and fall. It is ungrateful work to criticise the deliberate judgments of such a master, but it has always appeared to us that the great historian was blinded somewhat by the very intensity of this sympathy, both to the inevitable necessity of the movement which gathered up, under one vigorous head, the forces which the Greeks of Philip's day were only capable of wasting in endless and fruitless discords; and to the great part which the Græco-oriental empires played, in carrying forward, during a most critical period, the development of the human race. Very wonderful is the history of that leavening of the oriental mind with the spirit of Hellenic culture, and some tinge even of Hellenic freedom; and that concurrent mixture of the Jews with the Hellenic and Hellenized peoples, which gave to the preachers of the gospel a prepared audience in every chief city of the Græco-Roman world. Our author measures fairly—indeed, as a world historian, he cannot shut his eyes to it—the character and influence of Alexander's conquests. But we find his reflections set somewhat too much in the key of Mr. Grote's; and, able as the narrative unquestionably is, it pleases us less than other parts of the work. But we must not linger over Alexander or the Diadochi; nor can we trace, even in the

briefest outline, the fortunes of the empires which they founded. The brief space which remains at our disposal we must devote to some condensed notice of the manner in which our author handles his greatest theme—the history of Rome.

The Roman history occupies the larger portion of the work. Nearly two out of three volumes are devoted to the twelve centuries of Rome. For six of those centuries, the history of Rome is the history of the world. This fact explains and justifies the fulness with which the earlier history of the Republic is treated. In a work like this, the historian is bound to trace with elaborate care the stages of the discipline by which an obscure Italian city of questionable genesis was trained to win and to hold the mastery of the world. This portion of his task Mr. Philip Smith has executed with exemplary fidelity. The history of the infancy and the youth of Rome seems to us the ablest portion of the book. He is evidently not only on well-studied, but on familiar ground. He has read Dr. Mommsen's masterly work with full appreciation of the new light which he has shed on many of the most important passages of Roman history, and he enriches his pages by frequent quotations from his writings, and those of two other great masters, Dr. Arnold and Mr. Long. The episodes in the narrative, such, for instance, as the chapter on Carthaginian history and civilization, are full of valuable matter, and are skilfully built into the structure; our author is happy in his method of working the parts into the harmony of the whole. Rome is to the whole Mediterranean region what Greece is to the Levant. The rise of Rome means, that the time had come when the whole of the Mediterranean basin was to become the area of civilization, when the far West and the far East were to mix, and by mixture grow. Rome is the true centre of the Mediterranean system, and until the discovery of America laid a grander Mediterranean open to the passage of the ministers of commerce and civilization, Rome remained the indisputable centre of the civilized world. It is acutely remarked by Dr. Mommsen, that whereas Greece looks eastward—Athens, and all the

important cities lying on the eastern sea-board, and toward the *Ægean* and *Asia*—Rome, and all the leading Italian cities, lie on the western slope of their Peninsula, looking out to Africa, Gaul, and Spain. The whole oriental world had been brought into the focus of Greece, so to speak, before Rome entered upon the stage. Rome was the destined minister of Providence, to bring the eastern and western races into fruitful contact; welding them into a unity which maintained its form unbroken for ages, and when the form broke up, maintained still the grander unity of life.

The vexed question of the origin of Rome is discussed with great fulness, and the student is put in possession of all the light which the most recent research and the most acute discrimination have thrown upon the subject. A passage from Dr. Mommsen is quoted, apparently with approbation, in which he rejects with scorn "the irrational opinion that the Roman nation was a mongrel people."—Vol. ii. p. 173. Our author might have pointed out that the word mongrel here hides some confusion of thought. A mongrel is the fruit, not of a cross simply, but of a bad cross. There was nothing weak or base, at any rate, in the mixture which gave birth to regal and republican Rome. That Rome was fashioned and grew by the agglutination—we use the word strictly as contrasting with organic unity—of diverse independent elements, with large casual, and even accidental additions, seems to be the one fact which looms with tolerable clearness through the mists of her mythical ages. And this fact—which Mr. Newman puts somewhat too strong'y, though we believe that he is nearer the truth than Dr. Mommsen—has to our minds a most significant bearing on the future history of the state. She had in her early youth, with sore travail and anguish, to weld these diverse and sternly antagonistic elements into a solid unity, in which at length she comprehended the nations; she bound her own proud youth with the bands with which at last she bound the world. The general question of mixture of tribes and races is full of interest and importance, and it is one on which a great deal of nonsense is spoken

and written in honor of what goes by the name of "purity." A pure race will mostly be distinguished by the predominance of some special quality, as in the pure breeds of horses and hounds. But the races most distinguished for power of various kinds, most complete all round, most qualified to play the chief parts in the drama of history, are always the fruit of noble and manifold mixtures. The English is the least mongrel, but the most richly mixed race at this time existing in the world. The same may be said of our language. It is the only speech in which the two great forms, the Teutonic and the Romance, combine; while the Celtic infusion is far from poor. We have no apprehension, then, that we shall be proving the Roman to be a "mongrel" race, if we hesitate to follow Dr. Mommsen in mitigating the contrast of the Latin and Sabellian stocks, whose sharp distinction seems to stand forth with singular clearness in the myths which half-veil, half-reveal, the facts of its earliest history. We rather see in the stern, the literally agonizing domestic struggles through which Rome fought her way to empire, the ordained discipline of that patient, clement, tolerant spirit by which she won and wielded the sceptre of the civilized world. Patience, in the noblest sense of the word, was the characteristic Roman virtue; and herein the Roman contrasts grandly with the Greek. Rome could suffer, toil, and wait centuries for empire; the Greek seized it at a spring. Very wonderful is the patience with which Rome restrained herself for centuries, welding, meanwhile, the unity of the state, within the narrow field of dominion which could be surveyed from the summit of the capitol; then, when she once went forth on her mission of conquest, she passed on with stern, resistless step to the empire of the civilized world. The internal process, the development of the Roman state, Mr. Philip Smith traces with great clearness; and then he throws himself, with but little interruption, into the stirring narrative of her imperial wars. He does full justice to the large, liberal, and catholic policy, as far as the word catholic could have any pagan meaning, by which Rome consolidated firmly the empire which she gained. A.

conspicuous instance of this is furnished by the conduct of Flamininus in the pacification of Greece. Dr. Mommsen contends that the Romans made a grand mistake in contenting themselves with clipping the wings of Philip's restless ambition, and proclaiming the freedom of Greece as the result of their victory at Cynocephalæ. He maintains that it led to the war with Antiochus the Great, and magnified its danger. "History," he says, "has a Nemesis for every sin—for an impotent craving after freedom, as well as for an injudicious generosity." On the contrary, we believe that the Romans were simply true to themselves, to their truest instincts, in this large-minded and generous policy; and nothing so little weakens or endangers a man or a people as missing a material advantage obedient to noble and generous ideas. The war with Antiochus was a doomed thing—nothing could have averted it; and how little the Romans were endangered by their Grecian policy may be gathered from the fact that six years after the pacification of Flamininus, the Roman army shattered the empire of Antiochus at the battle of Magnesia, with a loss of 300 men. The tale of the Punic wars and the doom of Carthage is told with great graphic power, but we must not dwell on it; we pass on to the beginning of the civil wars, and the fall of the Republic. Our author does generous justice to the motives and aims of the Gracchi, while he indicates very clearly the essentially revolutionary character of the policy which they pursued. His view of Cæsar's character and work owes much to the splendid delineation of "the foremost man of all the world," which Mr. Merivale has given us, but it is tinged with the same hesitating and regretful tone with which he marks the vanishing of Hellenic liberty under the rule of the Macedonian kings. We hold that the regret in either case is just as wise as tears for the dead leaves of autumn, which have already stored their juices in the sap that will stir the buds of the coming spring. In what is called the death of Roman liberty, there was really nothing to die. That which really died under the merciful sweep of Cæsar's sword was the harpy rapacity of a throng of shameless and reckless politicians, who had

long been making the pillaged provinces the pawns of their profligate game; and who would soon have converted the empire into a worse hell than even a Domitian could make it, if they had not been brought under the rule of a master's hand. Cæsarism, as a form of government, is one thing; an Englishman cannot reprobate it too sternly. Cæsar's work, in delivering the city from such scenes of horror as the last half-century of the Republic reveals, and the provinces from such tormentors as Verres, and even men of far nobler name, is another thing; and it is a step of supreme importance in the development of the higher destinies of the world. Dark were the scenes of the empire; dark enough, and sad enough; but darker, far darker and more desperate, had been the lot of the subject nations, had they been left a prey to the throng of hungry and profligate candidates for office, who would have prostituted to the basest of purposes the once sacred name of the republican liberties of Rome. But the foundation of the empire, and the character and work of its founder, form a great subject by themselves, which we hesitate to touch upon in this slight and passing way; and yet our space is exhausted, and we can attempt no more. Mr. Philip Smith, in the remainder of the volume, traces through its decline and fall, the history of the empire which Augustus consolidated. It is really the prologue of modern, rather than the epilogue of ancient history. The turning-point of the world's history is to be found in that hour, when "a decree went forth from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled;" and when, amid the first great hush of the clang and the storm of war, since the dawn of civilization, the voice of the angel streamed down on the midnight air: "Behold! I bring to you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The empire of the Cæsars lived on, filling the world with strife and anguish; the inevitable fruit of the desperate endeavor to make a human brain and will a "present providence" to mankind; while beneath the surface of pagan society, and through the death-throes of

the wretched empire, the reign of the King was spreading silently in human hearts and spirits, whose kingdom of righteousness, peace, and love, should one day outshine the prophet's most splendid predictions, and the poet's most daring dreams. This process of reconstruction, of vital regeneration, began in the days of "Cæsar Augustus." From that time influences were at work, and powers were on the stage of the theatre of history, which were silently but mightily commencing the restoration of the world. A spirit was breathed into the very heart of pagan society, which saved the society while the paganism perished; and those grand northern races were gathering in clouds around the borders of the empire, which, fertilized by the Gospel, were destined to bear fruit in the Christian civilization of the modern world. Of all the marriages made in heaven, this marriage of Christianity to the German races was surely the most fruitful, benign, and blessed. But this belongs to modern history. We may have something to say on it, if Mr. Philip Smith is able to complete his great enterprise, and continue with corresponding success his *History of the World* down to modern times. Meanwhile, we thank him most heartily for this first great instalment of a masterly and noble work.

Chambers's Journal.

CAMP-NOTES.

RAPIDS AND EARTHQUAKES.

"Go slow—go slow! Easy with that paddle, Yank, dan yer! Screw yer eyes on to the Kingman, boys; watch him for your lives' sake, an' when he skirls out like a red macaw on a guava-bush, dip yer tools, an' make her sing!"

The canoe glided along under the gentle stroke of our paddles. The Kingman squatted in the bows, with his eyes fixed on the dark water, and we watched his every movement with anxiety. Though all of us were used to canoeing and its dangers, and three at least had names of note on the water as in wood, yet the savage took command here as naturally as we on open shore; for who would venture to pit his work, spasmodic, unequal, and liable to error, against the infallible result of a machine which acts unconsciously, by laws it knows not of?

Let the civilized man study the wild ways of the forest as he will, let him cultivate his senses to the uttermost, yet will the result bear no nearer comparison with the unconscious knowledge of the Indian than mental calculation with the result of Mr. Babbage's machine. The savage reasons not; he can give no explanation; he knows no law, and profits by no experience; yet an error is impossible to him. Watch the Kingman now! See his shining prominent eyes peering into the water, while the paddle in his master-hand singly holds the canoe in its oblique course. He is noting signs we know nought of, and watching for tokens we cannot understand; under-currents invisible to our practised eyes are revealed to him; one turn of the waist avoids that deadly *snag*—we glide in safety past that black and deceitful shallow. The thunderous roar and bewildering shriek of the near rapid cannot daunt him; the water quickens and quickens under his rapt gaze; all our lives depend on his skill and sagacity; but he watches and knows and reasons not at all. Gently at first, but more and more swiftly with each instant, we float along, until even the danger-tried men behind begin to mutter anxiously to one another. Yet none among us dreams of displacing the Indian from his post of command; if *he* cannot save us, *our* efforts will certainly count for nought.

But the roar of the water grows deafening; another bend of the river, and the shrieking waste will be in sight. Already great smooth waves and seething eddies tell of wild currents and obstructions beneath the surface, and the stream hurries us eagerly among roots and tree-trunks rolling and flashing, sucked underneath, and suddenly shooting upward. "Where is the channel?" shouts Frazer at length. "There is none, señor," returns the Kingman over his shoulder; "we must dare the 'wild water.'" And with a flash of his paddle, he turns the head of the canoe down-stream.

One blank glance at each other, a hasty look at the precipitous banks, and the three Americans settle themselves on the seats with their usual cool resolution. We paddle gently to keep balance, and in an incredibly short time the canoe swings round the reach, and the long rapid lies before us. A falling avalanche

of water!—tossing and roaring, racing, whirling round, beaten back, madly leaping and screaming, overhung with a flying scud of foam, and stretching far as the eye can reach between tall shadowy cliffs, mantled in drooping foliage! Ah, to describe the rapids of a tropic river in the dry season, their voice that dizzies the bravest, their boiling agony of waves, would need a language of the tropics, the sombre, sonorous Nahuatl or the stately Toltec;* our cold tongues have no words or boldness to express the grandeur of such a scene. What faces, too, what expressions, one may note in the descent—faces idiotic with fear and dizziness—faces furious with passion, as against a human foe—faces set and savage—faces that come again in dreams from time to time as long as life endures. But the very madness of the scene strings a brave man's nerve! It needs no witness or experience to convince the strongest swimmer that his art is useless here—that death must be simultaneous with accident; for the under-currents, the snags, and rocks sharp from constant chipping, tear a body to shreds in an instant, burying the fragments in holes, or spitting them upon sharp stakes, whence the sheer force of water washes them piecemeal. In the dread feeling of helplessness, in the bewilderment, in all, in fact, but duration, the shooting of a rapid realizes the horror of a nightmare.

The Kingman paddled warily on, his fixed eyes so dilated with excitement that a white line encircled the pupils. Suddenly he uttered a yell that rang above the voice of the cataract, and tossed his paddle high into the air. We answered in a shrill whoop, and drove the paddles deep, until the boat seemed to fly. The Indian screamed again as he caught his paddle in its descent, and, striking the water flatly, dashed a flood of spray over us; and then I can recollect no more distinctly. My ears were deafened, my head turned round, my eyes were blinded with the spray and glitter of the eddies—a blurred dream of tossing water remains, of foaming cataracts driven back

upon us, of rocks and weedhung snags that towered above our flying course. But ever and anon rang out the Indian's scream, warning us of danger doubly imminent, and our hoarse yells answered the challenge. Now we pitched headlong down a smooth green cataract of water, and plunged through the foam below; now we brushed a dripping rock with barely an inch to spare; then dashed like a flash through a long pool, seamed and cut with furious surges. In and out among the boulders, our frail canoe whizzed along; waves beat over the side; the thin shell quivered and throbbed; but dangers to appal the stoutest were unseen and undreaded in our mad career. Still the inspiring yell of the Kingman cheered our dizzy courage, and his skilful blade safely steered our course. So at length—panting, drenched with foam and sweat—we reached clear water beyond, and fell helpless in the bottom of the canoe.

"Ugh!" murmured the Missourian after a while, stretching himself comfortably in the water that half filled our little craft; "I wouldn't insist on a high price for that luxury, not if it were in my claim, and any friend wanted to enjoy it. It's a sort of pleasure as lasts, that of finding one's life still inside of one. I feel much as if I'd a been paying undesired attentions to a powerful young female as had a broomstick handy. Guess we'd best take a strong drink as'll mix comfortable in the stomach, boys!"

Resuming our paddles, we floated down-stream until the late afternoon, and then camped. Rifle in hand, each sallied out separately in search of supper. Sunset brought us back with a bag as follows: one pisoté, a fat raccoon-like animal of interesting habits; the heads of two savalinos, a small boar; two big parrots; the skin of a "boba," or chicken-snake, nine feet long; and an "iguana," or lizard, seven feet in length, and full of eggs. And so there was great cheer in camp that night. The iguana, bereft of her eggs, and the parrots were made into soup; the pisoté and boars' heads were roasted; and the iguana eggs were cooked in the ashes.

Sitting beside the fire after supper, conversation turned upon rapids, and many were the stories of accident and danger related by these companions in

* The author does not wish to insinuate that he is intimately acquainted with those ancient tongues; but no man, in remarking the richness of their sound, and the extraordinary flexibility of their composition, can avoid a certain despair while comparing the rigidity of his own language.

their curt, picturesque manner. At length the subject was changed by Vansten. "Ay," said he, "shooting a rapid is skeary work sometimes, when the water is low as to-day; but I'd take them all as they come, from the St. Lawrence to the Chagres, rather than once hear the awful whisper an' rustle of an airthquake! That's a judgment o' these lovely lands more terrible than war, or beasts, or fever. I've heerd the sound so gentle as to seem a dying wind, an' I've heerd it roaring louder than heaven's thunder! I've known the heaving so soft as none but women could feel it, an' I've seen big bulls pitched headlong. A man may get used to other plagues, an' cease to fear them; but to that sick quiver no living thing can grow careless. The bravest will turn white at the first warning; old folks are more scared than the young."

"It's the scream of the people, so suddint an' magic-like, that frightens men most, I guess!" said Frazer. "Mind yer, there's no disease nor passion so contagious as fear, an' it ain't to judge a body fairly when real an' awful danger is around him, an' all folks in the diggings is shrieking in hysterics. I'd scorn no poor creetur who lost his senses in an airthquake—not in a bad one, anyhow. The wonder to me is how any man could live through such a burst as Cosequina's in San Salvador!"

"When was that? I've heerd a yarn or two about it years back. Was you there?"

"No; but an uncle of mine was invallided from a ship as put into Fonseca, an' he was fixed at Playa Grande at the time. 'Twas in '35, I think—ay, the 21st of January, 1835, as fine a morning—so the old man used to tell—as ever was seen on airth. The Bay of Fonseca was smooth as silk; never a cloud in the sky. The lazy folks of Playa Grande and Nagascolo was lying smoking an' dozing in the hammocks beside their doors, an' not a soul had notion of ill from any side on that sunny morning, which was to be the last for a half of 'em. They lay in hammocks, an' smoked an' dozed, like worthless cusses, as they are; an' most of 'em, no doubt, had full in sight the big mountain on t'other side the gulf. They'd nigh forgot to call it a volcano. Not for a thousand years, as

the Ind'ans told, had smoke or mischief come from that hill; an' they'd ha' laughed any one silly as had talked of danger from Cosequina.

"At ten o'clock, the 21st of January, 1835, that mountain burst out agin, an' in a fury such as never yet was known in the upper world, no, nor ever will agin, as I believe, until the last day. Suddintly it burst—not muttering beforehand, nor smoking, nor warning the people with tremors, but crash! all on the moment, as if to remind men what evil power was yet left in nature to destroy them. At ten o'clock that day, the voice of the mountain was heerd after a thousand years' silence: in such a thunderous roar it was heerd, that bird an' beast fell dead with the sound alone, an' great cliffs pitched into the sea! Ay, this is no gas, boys; there's thousands an' thousands still alive to witness. For a while, the streets of Playa Grande an' of Nagascolo must have seemed like streets of the dead, for every soul in them locations was stunned. When my uncle recovered sense, the folks was lying in their hammocks or on the floor, motionless an' senseless as corpses. The sky was still bright an' blue, but on the mountain-side was a cloud like ink, which rolled downwards as a cap unto the foot. Nought afterwards seemed so horrible to the old man, he said, as the sudden heaping of that jet-black mound in place of the sunny green hill.

"But it didn't long offend any man's sight—over heaven and sea the cloud opened an' spread. Lightning an' thunders burst from the heart of the ocean, an' sheets of flame glared luridly upon the sides of Cosequina. The darkness spread over the land so quick, that at Leon, two hundred miles away, they were lighting the church candles within an hour after the outbreak. But candles, nor torches, nor houses aflame could not disperse that darkness. For three days, no soul in Leon saw another's face, nor ventured out but to the howling churches, to grovel there. Night dragged after night, but nary day shone over the land. A lighted torch could not be seen at arm's-length! The ashes fell softly an' silently, till buildings crashed down headlong with their weight. None gave help. Tigers were in the churches, an'

... I shall be ... that ... But
... subject ... my best. You can't pay me with

cheeks. This rascal was bent on doing me an injury, and he soon found an opportunity.

As the time of the blockade drew nearer, people were more and more anxious to sell, and the day after I received the good news from America—it was Friday, a market-day—so many of the Alsatian and Lorraine people came with their great dossers and panniers of fruit, eggs, butter, cheese, poultry, etc., that the market-place was crowded with them.

Everybody wanted money, to hide it in his cellar, or under a tree in the neighboring wood. You know that large sums were lost at that time; treasures which are now discovered from year to year, at the foot of oaks and beeches, hidden because it was feared that the Germans and Russians would pillage and destroy everything, as we had done to them. The men died, or perhaps could not find the place where they had hidden their money, and so it remained buried in the ground.

On this day, the eleventh of December, it was very cold; the frost penetrated to the very marrow of your bones, but it had not yet begun to snow. Very early in the morning, I went down, shivering, with my woollen jacket buttoned up to my throat, and my seal-skin cap drawn down over my ears.

Both the little and the great market were already swarming with people, shouting and disputing about prices. I had only time to open my shop, and to hang up my large scales in the arch; a good many country people stood about the door, some asking for nails, others iron for forging; and some bringing their own old iron with the hope of selling it.

They knew that if the enemy came there would be no way of entering the city, and that was what brought this crowd, some to sell and others to buy.

I opened shop and began to weigh. We heard the patrols passing without; the guards were everywhere doubled, the drawbridges in good condition, and the outside barriers fortified anew. We were not yet declared to be in a state of siege, but we were like the bird on the branch; the last news from Mayence, Sarrebruck, and Strasburg announced the

arrival of the allies on the other side of the Rhine.

As for me, I thought of nothing but my spirits of wine, and all the time I was selling, weighing and handling money, the thought of it never left my mind. It had, as it were, taken root in my brain.

This had lasted about an hour, when suddenly Burguet appeared at my door, under the little arch, behind the crowd of country people, and said to me:

"Moses, come here a minute, I have something to say to you."

I went out.

"Let us go into your alley," said he.

I was much surprised, for he looked very grave. The peasants behind called out:

"We have no time to lose. Make haste, Moses!"

But I paid no attention. In the alley Burguet said to me:

"I have just come from the mayoralty, where they are busy in making out a report to the prefect in regard to the state of feeling among our population, and I accidentally heard that they are going to send Sergeant Trubert to lodge at your house."

This was indeed a blow for me. I exclaimed:

"I don't want him! I don't want him! I have lodged six men in the last fifteen days, and it isn't my turn."

He answered:

"Be quiet, and don't talk so loud. You will only make the matter worse."

I repeated:

"Never, never shall this sergeant enter my house! It is abominable! A quiet man like myself, who has never harmed any one, and who asks nothing but peace!"

While I was speaking, Sorlé, on her way to market, with her basket on her arm, came down, and asked what was the matter.

"Listen, Madame Sorlé," said Burguet to her: "be more reasonable than your husband is. I can understand his indignation, and yet, for all that, when a thing is inevitable we must submit to it. Frichard dislikes you; he is secretary of the mayoralty; he distributes the billets for quartering soldiers according to a list. Very well; he sends you Sergeant Trubert, a violent, bad man, I allow,

but he needs lodging as well as the others. To everything which I have said in your favor, Frichard has always replied: 'Moses is rich. He has sent away his boys to escape conscription. He ought to pay for them.' The mayor, the governor, everybody thinks he is right. So, you see, I tell you as a friend, the more resistance you make, so much the more the sergeant will affront you, and Frichard laugh at you, and there will be no help for it. Be reasonable!"

I was still more angry on finding that I owed these misfortunes to Frichard. I would have exclaimed, but my wife laid her hand on my arm, and said:

"Let me speak, Moses. Monsieur Burguet is right, and I am much obliged to him for telling us beforehand. Frichard has a spite against us. Very well; he must pay for it all, and we will settle with him by-and-bye. Now, when is the sergeant coming?"

"At noon," replied Burguet.

"Very well," said my wife; "he has a right to lodging, fire, and candles. We can't dispute that; but Frichard shall pay for it all."

She was pale, and I listened, for I saw that she was right.

"Be quiet, Moses," she said to me afterward, "and don't say a word; let me manage it."

"This is what I had to say to you," said Burguet, "it is an abominable trick of Frichard's. I will see, by-and-bye, if it is possible to rid you of the sergeant. Now I must go back to my post."

Sorlé had just started for the market. Burguet pressed my hand, and as the peasants grew more impatient in their cries, I had to go back to my scales.

I was full of rage. I sold that day more than two hundred francs worth of iron, but my indignation against Frichard, and my fear of the sergeant, took away all pleasure in anything. I might have sold ten times more without feeling any better.

"Ah! the rascal!" I said to myself; "he gives me no rest. I shall have no peace in this city."

As the clock struck twelve the market closed, and the people went away by the French gate. I shut up my shop and went home, thinking to myself:

"Now I shall be nothing in my own house; this Trubert is going to rule

everything. He will look down upon us as if we were Germans or Spaniards."

I was in despair. But in the midst of my despair, on the staircase, I suddenly perceived an odor of good things from the kitchen, and I went up in surprise, for I smelt fish and roast, as if it were a feast day.

I was going into the kitchen, when Sorlé appeared and said:

"Go into your chamber, shave yourself, and put on a clean shirt."

I saw, at the same time, that she was dressed in her Sabbath clothes, with her ear-rings, her green skirt, and her red silk neckerchief.

"But why must I shave, Sorlé?" I exclaimed.

"Go quick; you have no time to lose!" replied she.

This woman had so much good sense, she had so many times set things right by her ready wit, that I said nothing more, and went into my bedroom to shave myself and put on a clean shirt.

As I was putting on my shirt I heard little Sâfel cry out:

"Here he is, mama! here he is!"

Then steps were heard on the stairs, and a rough voice said:

"Holla! you folks. Ho!"

I thought to myself: "It is the sergeant," and I listened.

"Ah! here is our sergeant!" cried Sâfel, triumphantly.

"Oh! that is good," replied my wife, in a cheerful tone. "Come in, Mr. Sergeant, come in! We were expecting you. I knew that we were to have the honor of having a sergeant; we were glad to hear it, because we have had only common soldiers before. Be so good as to come in, Mr. Sergeant."

She spoke in this way as if she were really pleased, and I thought to myself:

"O Sorlé, Sorlé! You shrewd woman! You sensible woman! I see through it now. I see your cunning. You are going to mollify this rascal! Ah, Moses! what a wife you have! Congratulate yourself! Congratulate yourself!"

I hastened to dress myself, laughing all the while; and I heard this brute of a sergeant say:

"Yes, yes! It is all very well. But that isn't the point! Show me my room, my bed. You can't pay me with

fine speeches; Sergeant Trubert is too well known."

"Certainly, Mr. Sergeant, certainly," replied my wife, "here is your room and your bed. See, it is the best we have."

Then they went into the alley, and I heard Sorlé open the door of the handsome room which Baruch and Zeffen occupied when they came to Phalsburg.

I followed them softly. The sergeant thrust his fist into the bed to feel if it was soft. Sorlé and Sâfel looked on smilingly behind him. He examined every corner with a scowl. You never saw such a face, Fritz; a gray bristling moustache, a long thin nose, hooked over the mouth; a yellow skin, full of wrinkles: he dragged the butt-end of his gun on the floor, without seeming to notice anything, and muttered ill-naturedly:

"Hem! hem! What is that down there?"

"It is the wash-basin, Mr. Sergeant."

"And these chairs, are they strong? Will they bear anything?"

He knocked them rudely down. It was evident he wanted to find fault with something.

On turning round he saw me, and looking at me sideways, asked:

"Are you the citizen?"

"Yes, sergeant; I am."

"Ah!"

He put his gun in a corner, threw his knapsack on the table, and said:

"That will do! You may go."

Sâfel had opened the kitchen door, and the good smell of the roast came into the room.

"Mr. Sergeant," said Sorlé very pleasantly, "allow me to ask a favor of you."

"You!" said he looking at her over his shoulder, "ask a favor of me!"

"Yes. It is, that since you now lodge with us, and will be in some respects one of the family, you will give us the pleasure of dining with us, at least for once."

"Ah, ah!" said he, turning his nose toward the kitchen, "that is another thing!"

He seemed to be considering whether to grant us this favor or not. We waited for him to answer, when he gave another sniff and threw his cartridge-box on the bed, saying:

"Well, so be it! We will go and see!"

"Wretch!" thought I, "if I could only make you eat potatoes!"

But Sorlé seemed satisfied, and said:

"This way, Mr. Sergeant; this way, if you please."

When we went into the dining-room I saw that everything was prepared as if for a prince; the floor swept, the table carefully laid, a white table-cloth, and our silver.

Sorlé placed the sergeant in my arm-chair at the head of the table, which seemed to him the most natural thing in the world.

Our servant brought in the large tureen and took off the cover; the odor of a good cream soup filled the room, and we began our dinner.

Fritz, I could tell you everything we had for dinner; but believe me, neither you nor I ever had a better. We had a roasted goose, a magnificent pike, sour-kraut, everything, in fact, which could be desired for a grand dinner, and all served by Sorlé in the most perfect manner. We had, too, four bottles of Beaujolais warmed in napkins, as was the custom in winter, and an abundant dessert.

Well! do you believe that the rascal once had the grace to seem pleased with all this? Do you believe that all through this dinner, which lasted nearly two hours, he once thought of saying, "This pike is excellent!" or, "This fat goose is well cooked!" or, "You have very good wine!" or any of the other things which we know are pleasant for a host to hear, and which repay a good cook for his trouble? No, Fritz, not once! You would have supposed that he had such dinners every day. The more even that my wife flattered him, and the more kindly she spoke to him, the more he rebuffed her, the more he scowled, the more defiantly he looked at us, as if we wanted to poison him.

From time to time I looked indignantly at Sorlé, but she kept on smiling; she kept on giving the nicest bits to the sergeant; she kept on filling his glass.

Two or three times I wanted to say, "Ah, Sorlé, what a good cook you are! What a capital farce this is!" But suddenly the sergeant would look down upon me as if to say, "What does that signify? Perhaps you want to give me lessons? Don't I know better than

you do whether a thing is good or bad?"

So I kept silence. I could have wished him to all the devils; I grew more and more indignant at every morsel which he swallowed in silence. Nevertheless Sorlé's example encouraged me to put a good face on the matter, and toward the end I thought, "Now, since the dinner is eaten, since it is almost over, we will go on, with God's help. Sorlé was mistaken, but it is all the same; her idea was a good one, except for this rascal!"

And I myself ordered coffee; I went to the closet, too, to get some bottles of cherry-water and old rum.

"What is that?" asked the sergeant.

"Rum and cherry-water; old cherry-water from the 'Black Forest,'" I replied.

"Ah!" said he winking, "everybody says, 'I have got some cherry-water from the Black Forest!' It is very easy to say; but they can't cheat Sergeant Trubert; we will see about this!"

In taking his coffee he twice filled his glass with cherry-water, and both times said, "He! he! We will see whether it is genuine."

I could have thrown the bottle at his head.

As Sorlé went to him to pour out a third glassful, he rose and said, "That is enough; thank you! The guards are doubled. This evening I shall be on guard at the French gate. The dinner, to be sure, was not a bad one. If you give me such now and then, we can get along with each other."

He did not smile, and, indeed, seemed to be ridiculing us.

"We will do our best, Mr. Sergeant," replied Sorlé, while he went into his room and took his great coat to go out.

"We will see," said he as he went down-stairs, "We will see!"

Till now I had said nothing, but when he was down I exclaimed, "Sorlé, never, no never, was there such a rascal! We shall never get along with this man. He will drive us all from the house."

"Bah! bah! Moses," she replied, laughing, "I do not think as thou dost! I have quite the contrary idea; we shall be good friends, thou'lt see, thou'lt see!"

"God grant it!" I said; "but I have not much hope of it."

She smiled as she took off the table-

cloth, and gave me likewise a little confidence, for this woman had a good deal of shrewdness, and I acknowledged her sound judgment.

VII.

You see, Fritz, what the common people had to endure in those days. Ah, well! just as we were performing extra service, while Monborne was commanding me at the drilling, while Sergeant Trubert was down upon me, while we were hearing of domiciliary visits of inspection to ascertain what provisions the citizens had—in the midst of all this, my dozen pipes of spirits of wine arrived at last by the ordinary conveyance.

How I repented of having ordered them! How often I could have torn my hair as I thought that half my thirty years' gains were at the mercy of circumstances! How often I made vows to the Emperor! How I ran every morning to the coffee-houses and ale-houses to learn the news, and how I trembled as I read!

No one will ever know what I suffered, not even Sorlé, for I kept it all from her. She was too keen-sighted not to perceive my anxiety, and sometimes she would say, "Come, Moses, have courage! All will come right—patience a little longer!"

But the rumors which came from Alsatia, and German Lorraine and Hunsrueck, quite upset me: "They are coming! They will not dare to come! We are ready for them! They will take us by surprise! Peace is going to be made! They will pass by to-morrow! We shall have no fighting this winter! They can wait no longer! The Emperor is still in Paris! Marshal Victor is at Huningen! They are impressing the custom-house officers, the forest-keepers, and the gendarmery! Some Spanish dragoons went down by Saverne yesterday! The mountaineers will defend the Vosges! There will be fighting in Alsatia!" etc., etc. Your head would have been turned, Fritz. In the morning the wind would blow one way and put you in good spirits; at night it would blow another way and you would be miserable.

And my spirits of wine were coming nearer and nearer, and at last arrived, in

the midst of this conflict of news, which might any day turn into a conflict of bullets and shells. If it had not been for my other troubles I should have been beside myself. Fortunately, my indignation against Monborne and the other villains diverted my mind.

We heard nothing more of Sergeant Trubert after the great dinner for the remainder of that day, and the night following, as he was on guard; but the next morning, as I was rising, behold, he came up the stairs, with his musket on his shoulder; he opened the door, and began to laugh, with his moustaches all white with frost. I had just put on my pantaloons, and looked at him in astonishment. My wife was still in the room.

"He! he! Father Moses," said he, in a goodnatured voice, "It was a dreadful cold night." He did not look nor speak like the same person.

"Yes, sergeant," I replied, "it is December, and that is what we must expect."

"What we must expect," he repeated;—"a reason for taking a drop more! Let us see, is there any more of that old cherry-water?"

He looked, as he spoke, as if he could see through me. I got up at once from my arm-chair, and ran to fetch the bottle: "Yes, yes, sergeant," I exclaimed, "there is more, drink and enjoy it."

As I said this, his face, which had been still a little hard, seemed to smile all over. He placed his gun in a corner, and, standing up, handed me the glass, saying "Pour out, Father Moses, pour out!"

I filled it brimfull. As I did so, he laughed softly. His yellow face puckered up in hundreds of wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and around his cheeks and moustaches and chin. He did not laugh so as to be heard, but his eyes showed his good humor.

"Famous cherry-water this, in truth, Father Moses!" he said as he drank it. "A body knows who has drunk it in the Black Forest, where it costs nothing! Aren't you going to drink with me?"

"With pleasure," I answered. And we drank together. He looked at me all the time. Suddenly he said, maliciously, with a contemptuous look: "Hey, Father Moses, say, you were

afraid of me yesterday?" He smiled as he spoke.

"Oh—Sergeant"—

"Come, come," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder—"confess that I frightened you."

He smiled so pleasantly that I could not help saying: "Well, yes, a little!"

"He! he! he! I knew it very well," said he. "You had heard them say, 'Sergeant Trubert is a tough one!' You were afraid, and you gave me a dinner fit for a prince to coax me!"

He laughed aloud, and I ended by laughing too. Sorlé had heard all, in the next room, and now came to the door, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Sergeant."

He exclaimed, "Father Moses, here is what may be called a woman! You can boast of having a proud woman, a malignant woman, more malignant than you are, Father Moses; he, he, he! That is as it should be—that is as it should be!"

Sorlé was delighted.

"Oh! Mr. Sergeant," said she, "can you really think so?"

"Bah! bah!" he exclaimed. "You are a first-rate woman! I saw you when I first came, and said to myself, 'Take heed, Trubert! They make a fair pretense; it is a stratagem to send you to the hotel to sleep. We will let the enemy unmask his batteries!'"

"Ha! ha! ha! You gave me a dinner fit for a Marshal of the Empire. Now, Father Moses, I invite myself to take a small glass of cherry-water with you now and then. Put the bottle aside, by itself, it is excellent! And as for the rest, the room which you have given me is too handsome; I don't like such gewgaws; this fine furniture and these soft beds are good for women. What I want is a small room, like that at the side, two good chairs, a pine table, a plain bed with a mattress, pailasse, and coverings, and five or six nails in the wall for hanging my things. You just give me that!"

"Since you wish it, Mr. Sergeant."

"Yes, I wish it; the handsome room will be for state occasions."

"You will breakfast with us?" asked my wife, well pleased.

"I breakfast and dine at the cantine," replied the sergeant. "I do very well

there; and I don't want to have good people go to any expense for me. When people respect an old soldier as he ought to be respected, when they treat him kindly, when they are like you, Trubert, too, is what he ought to be."

"But, Mr. Sergeant!" said Sorlé.

"Call me Sergeant," said he, "I know you now. You are not like all the rabble of the city; rascals who have been growing rich while we have been off fighting; wretches who do nothing but heap up money and grow big at the expense of the army, who live on us, who are indebted to us for everything, and who send us to sleep in nests of vermin. Ah! a thousand million thunders!"

His face resumed its bad look; his moustaches shook with his anger, and I thought to myself, "What a good idea it was to treat him well! Sorlé's ideas are always good!"

But in a moment he relaxed, and laying his hand on my arm, he exclaimed:

"To think that you are Jews! a kind of abominable race; everything that is dirty and vile and niggardly! To think that you are Jews! It is true, is it not, that you are Jews?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sorlé.

"Well, upon my word, I am surprised to hear it," said he; "I have seen so many Jews, in Poland and Germany, that I thought to myself 'they are sending me to some Jews; I must take care, or it will be the end of me.'"

We kept silent in our mortification, and he added, "Come, we will say no more about that. You are good, honest people; I should be sorry to trouble you. Your hand, Father Moses!"

I gave him my hand.

"I like you," said he. "Now, Madame Moses, the side room!"

We showed him the small room that he asked for, and he went at once to fetch his knapsack from the other, saying as he went:

"Now I am among honest people! We shall have no difficulty in getting along together. You do not trouble me, I do not trouble you; I come in and go out, by day or night; it is Sergeant Trubert, that is enough. And now and then, in the morning, we will take our little glass; it is agreed, is it not, Father Moses?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"And here is the key of the house," said Sorlé.

"Very well; everything is arranged; now I am going to take a nap; good-bye, my friends."

"I hope you will sleep well, sergeant." We went out at once, and heard him lie down.

"You see, Moses, you see," whispered my wife, in the alley, "it has all come right."

"Yes," I replied, "all right, excellent; your plan was a good one; and now, if the spirits of wine only come, we shall be happy."

VIII.

From that time the sergeant lived with us without troubling anybody. Every morning, before he went to his duties, he came and sat a few minutes in my room, and talked with me while he took his glass. He liked to laugh with Sâfel, and we called him "our sergeant," as if he were one of the family. He seemed to like to be with us; he was a careful man; he would not allow our *schabisgoïé* to black his shoes; he cleaned his own buff-skins, and would not let any one touch his arms.

One morning, when I was going to answer to the call, he met me in the alley, and, seeing a little rust on my musket, he began to swear like the devil.

"Ah! Father Moses, if I had you in my company, it would go hard with you!"

"Yes," thought I; "but, thank God, I'm not."

Sorlé, leaning over the balustrades above, laughed heartily.

From that time the sergeant regularly inspected my equipments; I must clean my gun over and over, take it to pieces, clean the barrel and furbish the bayonet as if I expected to go and fight. And even when he knew that Monborne treated me brutally, he still wanted to teach me the exercises. All my remonstrances were of no avail, he would frown and say:

"Father Moses, I can't stand it, that an honest man like you should know less than the rabble. Go along!"

And then we would go to the barn.

It was very cold, but the sergeant was so provoked at my want of briskness in performing the movements, that he always put me in a great perspiration before we finished.

"Attention to the commander, and no laziness!" he would exclaim.

I used to hear Sorlé, Sâfel, and the servant laughing in the stairway, as they peeped through the laths, and I did not dare to turn my head, and thus it was entirely owing to the good Trubert that I learned to charge after a dozen lessons, and became one of the best vaulters in the company.

Ah! Fritz, it would all have been very well if the spirits of wine had come; but instead of my dozen pipes, there came half a company of marine artillery, and four hundred recruits for the sixth regiment.

Almost immediately the governor ordered the circuit of the city to be reduced to six hundred metres.

You should have seen the havoc that was made in the place; the fences, the palisades, the trees cut down, the houses demolished, from which every one carried away a beam or some timbers. You should have looked down from the ramparts and seen the little gardens, the lines of poplars, the old trees in the orchards felled to the ground and dragged away by swarms of workmen. You should have seen all this to know what war is!

Father Frise, the two Camus boys, the Sades, the Bosserts, and all the families of the gardeners and small farmers who lived at Phalsburg, suffered the most. I can almost hear old Fritz exclaim:

"Ah! my poor plum-trees! Ah! my poor pear-trees; I planted you myself, forty years ago. How beautiful you were, always covered with fine fruit! Oh, misery! misery!"

And the soldiers still chopped away. Toward the end, old Fritz went away, his cap drawn over his eyes, and weeping bitterly.

The rumor spread also that they were going to burn the Maisons Rouges at the foot of the Mittlebronn hill, the tile-kiln at Pernette, and the little inns of *l'Arbre-Vert* and *Panier Fleuri*, but it seemed that the governor found it was not necessary, as these houses were out of range; or rather, that they would re-

serve that till later; and, that the allies were coming sooner than they were expected.

Of what happened before the blockade, I remember, too, that on the twenty-second of December, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the call was beat. Everybody supposed that it was for the drill, and I set out quietly, with my musket on my shoulder, as usual; but, as I reached the corner of the mayoralty, I saw the troops of the garrison formed under the trees of the square.

They placed us with them in two ranks; and then Governor Moulin, commanders Thomas and Pettigenet, and the mayor, with a tri-colored sash about his waist, arrived.

They beat the march, and then the drum-major raised his baton, and the drums stopped. The governor began to speak, everybody listened, and the words heard from a distance were repeated from one to another.

"Officers, sub-officers, national guards, and soldiers!

"The enemy is concentrated upon the Rhine, only three days' march from us. The city is declared to be in a state of siege; the civil authorities give place to martial law. A permanent court-martial replaces ordinary tribunals.

"Inhabitants of Phalsburg! we expect from you courage, devotion, obedience! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

And a thousand cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the air.

I trembled to the ends of my hair; my spirits of wine were still on the road; I considered myself a ruined man.

The immediate distribution of cartridges, and the order which the battalion received to go and pillage provisions, and bring in cattle from the surrounding villages for the supply of the city, prevented me from thinking of my misfortune.

I had also to think of my own life, for, in receiving such an order, we supposed of course that the peasants would resist, and it is abominable to have to fight the people you are robbing.

I was very pale as I thought of all this.

But when Commander Thomas cried out, "Charge!" and I tore off my first cartridge, and put it in the barrel, and,

instead of hearing the ramrod I felt a ball at the bottom!—when they ordered us: "File to the left—left! left! forward! quick step! march!" and we set out for the barracks of the Bois-de-Chênes, while the first battalion went on to Quatre-Vents and Bichelberg, the second to Wechern and Metting; when I thought we were going to seize and carry away everything, and that the court-martial was at the mayoralty to pass sentence upon those who did not do their duty;—all these new and terrible things completely upset me. I was troubled as I saw the village in the distance, and pictured to myself beforehand the cries of the women and children.

You see, Fritz, to take from the poor peasant all his living at the beginning of winter; to take from him his cow, his goats, his pigs, everything in short, it is dreadful! and my own misfortune made me feel more for that of others.

And then, as we marched, I thought of my daughter Zeffen, and Baruch, and their children, and I exclaimed to myself:

"Mercy on us! if the enemy comes, what will they do in an exposed town like Saverne? They will lose everything. We shall be in misery from one day till the next."

These thoughts took away my breath, and in the midst of them I saw some peasants, who, from their little windows, watched our approach over the fields and along their street, without stirring. They did not know what we were coming for.

Six soldiers on horseback preceded us; Commander Thomas ordered them to pass to the right and left of the barracks, to prevent the peasants from driving their cattle into the woods, when they had found out that we had come to rob them.

They set off on a gallop.

We came to the first house, where there was a stone crucifix. We heard the order:

"Halt!"

Then thirty men were detached to act as sentinels in the little streets, and I was among the number, which I liked, for I preferred being on duty to going into their stables and barns.

As we filed through the principal street the peasants asked us:

"What is going on? Have they been cutting wood? Have they been making arrests?" and such like questions. But we did not answer them, and hastened on.

Monborne placed me in the third street to the right, near the large house of Father Franz, who raised bees on the slope of the valley behind his house. We heard the sheep bleating and the cattle lowing; that wretch of a Monborne said, winking his eye:

"It will be jolly! We will make the barracks-folks open their eyes."

He had no mercy in him. He said to me:

"Moses, thou must stay there. If any one tries to pass, cross the bayonet. If any one resists, prick him well and then fire. The law must be supported by force."

I don't know where the cobbler picked up that expression; but he left me in the street, between two fences white with frost, and went on his way with the rest of the pickets.

I waited there nearly twenty minutes, considering what I should do if the peasants tried to save their property, and thinking it would be much better to fire upon the cattle than upon their owners.

I was much perplexed and was very cold, when I heard a great shouting; at the same time the drum began to beat. Some men went into the stables and drove out the cattle. The barracks-people swore and wept; some tried to defend themselves. Commander Thomas cried out:

"To the square! Drive them to the square!"

Some cows escaped through the fences, and you can't imagine what a tumult there was. I congratulated myself that I was not in the midst of this pillage. But this did not last long, for suddenly a herd of goats, driven by two old women, filed down the street on their way to the valley.

Then I had to cross the bayonet and call out:

"Halt!"

One of the women, mother Migneron, knew me; she had a pitchfork, and was very pale.

"Let me pass, Moses," said she.

I saw that she was coming slowly

toward me, meaning to throw me down with her pitchfork. The other tried to drive the goats into a little garden at the side, but the slats were too near together, and the fence too high.

I should have liked to let them go down, and deny having seen anything; but, unfortunately, Lieutenant Rollet came up and called out:

"Attention!"

And two men of the company followed: Mâcry and Schweyer, the brewer.

Old Migneron, seeing me cross the bayonet, began to grind her teeth, saying:

"Ah! wretch of a Jew, thou'lt pay for this!"

She was so angry that she had no fear of my musket, and three times she tried to thrust her pitchfork into me; then I found the benefit of my drilling, for I parried all her attacks.

Two goats escaped between my legs; the rest were taken. The soldiers pushed back the old woman, broke her pitchfork, and finally regained the chief street, which was full of cattle, lowing and kicking.

Old Migneron sat down on the fence and tore her hair.

Just then two cows came along, their tails in the air, leaping over the fences and upsetting everything, the baskets of bees and their old keeper. Fortunately, as it was winter, the bees remained as if dead in their baskets, or else I believe they would have routed our whole battalion.

The horn of the *hardier** sounded in the village. He had been summoned in the name of the law. This old *hardier*, Nickel, passed along the street, and the animals became quiet, and could be put in some order. I saw the procession go along the street; the oxen and cows in front, then the goats, and the pigs behind.

The barracks-people followed, flinging stones and throwing sticks. I saw that, if I should be forgotten, these wretches would fall upon me, and I should be murdered; but Sergeant Monborne, with other comrades, came and relieved me. They all laughed, and said:

"We have shaved them well! There is not a goat left at the barracks; we have taken everything at one haul."

We hastened to rejoin the column, which marched in two lines at the right and left of the road, the cattle in the middle, our company behind, and Nickel, with Commander Thomas, in front. This formed a file of at least three hundred paces. On every animal a bundle of hay had been tied for fodder.

In this way we passed slowly into the street of the cemetery.

Upon the glacis we halted, and tied up the animals, and the order came to take them down into the fosses behind the arsenal.

We were the first that returned; we had seized thirty oxen, forty-five cows, a quantity of goats and pigs, and some sheep.

All day long the companies were coming back with their booty, so that the fosses were filled with cattle, which remained in the open air. Then the governor said that the garrison had provisions for six months, and every inhabitant must prove that he had enough to last as long as that, and that domiciliary visits were to begin.

We broke ranks before the city hall. I was going up the main street, my gun on my shoulder, when some one called me:

"Hey! Father Moses!"

I turned and saw our sergeant.

"Well," said he, laughing, "you have made your first attack; you have brought us back some provisions. Well and good!"

"Yes, Sergeant, but it is very sad!"

"What, sad? Thirty oxen, forty-five cows, some pigs and goats—it is magnificent!"

"To be sure, but if you had heard the cries of these poor people, if you had seen them!"

"Bah! bah!" said he. "*Primo*, Father Moses, soldiers must live; men must have their rations if they are going to fight. I have seen things done differently, to be sure, in Germany and Spain and Italy! Peasants are selfish; they want to keep their own; they do not regard the honor of the flag; that is trash! In some respects they would be worse than towns-people, if we were foolish enough to listen to them; we must be strict."

"We have been, sergeant," I replied; "but if I had been master, we

* Herdsman.

should not have robbed these poor wretches; they are in a pitiable condition enough already."

"You are too compassionate, Father Moses, and you think that others are like yourself. But we must remember that peasants, citizens, civilians, live only by the soldiers, and have all the profit without wanting to pay any of the cost. If we followed your advice we should die of hunger in this little town; our peasants would support the Russians, the Austrians, and Bavarians at our expense. This pack of scoundrels would be having a good time from morning to night, and the rest of us would be as poor as church-mice. That would not do—there is no sense in it!"

He laughed aloud. We had now come into our alley, and I went up stairs.

"Is it thou, Moses?" asked Sorlé in the darkness, for it was nightfall.

"Yes, the sergeant and I."

"Ah, good!" said she; "I was expecting you."

"Madame Moses," exclaimed the sergeant, "your husband can boast now of being a real soldier; he has not yet seen fire, but he has crossed bayonets."

"Ah!" said Sorlé, "I am very glad to see him back."

In the room, through the little white door-curtains, we saw the lamp burning, and smelt the soup. The sergeant went to his room, as usual, and we into ours. Sorlé looked at me with her great black eyes, she saw how pale I was, and knew what I was thinking about. She took from me my cartridge-box, and placed my musket in the closet.

"Where is Sâfel?" I asked.

"He must be in the square. I sent him to see if you had come back. Hark! There he is coming up!"

Then I heard the child come up the stairs; he opened the door at once and ran joyfully to embrace me.

We sat down to dinner, and, in spite of my trouble, I ate with a good appetite, having taken nothing since morning.

Suddenly Sorlé said: "If the invoice does not come before the city gates are closed we shall not have to pay anything, for goods are at the risk of the merchant until they are delivered. And we have not received the inventory."

"Yes," I replied, "you are right; M. Quataya, instead of sending us the spirits of wine at once, waited eight days to answer us. If he had sent the twelve pipes that day or the day after, they would be here by this time. The delay is not our fault."

You see, Fritz, how anxious we were; but, as the sergeant came to smoke his pipe at the corner of the stove, as usual, we said no more about it.

I spoke only of my fears in regard to Teffen, Baruch, and their children, in an exposed town like Saverne. The sergeant tried to put my mind at ease, and said that in such places they made, to be sure, all sorts of requisitions in wines, brandies, provisions, carriages, carts and horses, but, except in case of resistance, the people were let alone, and the soldiers even tried to keep on good terms with them.

We kept on talking till nearly ten o'clock; then the sergeant, who had to keep guard at the German gate, went away, and we went to bed.

This was the night of the twenty-second and twenty-third of December, a very cold night.

IX.

THE next morning, when I threw back the shutters of our room, everything was white with snow; the old elms of the square, the street, the roofs of the mayoralty and market and church. Some of our neighbors, Recco the tinman, Spick the baker, and old Durand the mattress-maker, opened their doors and looked as if dazzled, while they exclaimed:

"He! Winter has come!"

Although we see it every year yet it is like a new existence. We breathe better out of doors, and within it is a pleasure to sit in the corner of the fireplace and smoke our pipes, while we watch the crackling of the red fire. Yes, I have always felt so for seventy-five years, and I feel so still!

I had scarcely opened the shutters when Sâfel sprang from his bed like a squirrel, and came and flattened his nose against a pane of glass, his long hair dishevelled and his legs uncovered.

"Oh! snow! snow!" he exclaimed. "Now we can have some slides!"

Sorlé, in the next room, made haste to dress herself and run in. We all looked out for some minutes; then I went to make the fire, Sorlé went to the kitchen, Sâfel dressed himself hastily, and everything fell back into the ordinary channel.

Notwithstanding the falling snow, it was very cold. You need only see the fire kindle at once, and hear it roar in the stove, to know that it was freezing hard.

As we were eating our soup, I said to Sorlé, "The poor sergeant must have passed a dreadful night. His little glass of cherry-water will taste good."

"Yes," she said, "it was well for you to think of it."

She went to the closet, and filled my little pocket-flask from the bottle of cherry-water.

You know, Fritz, that we do not like to go into public houses when we are on our way to our own business. Each of us carries his own little bottle and crust of bread; it is the best way and most conformed to the law of the Lord.

Sorlé then filled my flask, and I put it in my pocket, under my great-coat, to go to the guard-house. Sâfel wanted to follow me, but his mother told him to stay, and I went down alone, well pleased at being able to do the sergeant a kindness.

It was about seven o'clock. The quantity of snow falling from the roofs at every gust of wind was enough to blind you. But going along the walls, with my nose in my great-coat, which was well drawn up on the shoulders, I reached the German gate, and was about going down the three steps of the guard-house, under the arch at the left, when the sergeant himself opened the heavy door and exclaimed:

"Is it you, Father Moses! What the devil has brought you here in this cold?"

"The guard-house was full of mist; we could hardly see some men stretched on camp-beds at the further end, and five or six veterans near the red-hot stove.

I stood and looked.

"Here," I said to the sergeant as I handed him my little bottle, "I have brought you your drop of cherry-water; it was such a cold night, you must need it."

"And you have thought of me, Father

Moses!" he exclaimed, taking me by the arm, and looking at me with emotion.

"Yes, sergeant."

"Well, I am glad of it."

He raised the flask to his mouth and took a good drink. At that moment there was a distant cry, "Who goes there?" and the guard of the outpost ran to open the gate.

"That is good!" said the sergeant, tapping on the cork, and giving me the bottle; "take it back, Father Moses, and thank you!"

Then he turned toward the half-moon and asked, "What's the news?"

We both looked and saw a hussar quarter-master, a withered, gray old man, with quantities of chevrons on his arm, arrive in great haste.

All my life I shall have that man before my eyes; his smoking horse, his flying sabretash, his sword clinking against his boots; his colbac and dolman covered with frost; his long, bony wrinkled face, his pointed nose, long chin, and yellow eyes. I shall always see him riding like the wind, then stopping his rearing horse under the arch in front of us, and calling out to us with a voice like a trumpet: "Where is the governor's house, sergeant?"

"The first house at the right, quarter-master. What is the news?"

"The enemy is in Alsatia!"

Those who have never seen such men—men accustomed to long warfare, and hard as iron—can never imagine them. And then to have heard the exclamation, "The enemy is in Alsatia!" would have made you tremble.

The veterans had gone away; the sergeant, as he saw the hussar fasten his horse at the governor's door, said to me: "Ah, well, Father Moses, now we shall see the whites of their eyes!"

He laughed, and the others seemed pleased.

As for myself, I set forth quickly, with my head bent, and in my terror repeating to myself the words of the prophet:

"One post shall run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the king that his passages are stopped, and the reeds they have burned with fire, and the men of war are affrighted.

"The mighty men have forborne to

fight, they have remained in their holds, their might hath failed, and the bars are broken.

"Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms, appoint a captain against her!

"And the land shall tremble and sorrow; for every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, to make the land a desolation without an inhabitant!"

I saw my ruin at hand—the destruction of my hope.

"Mercy, Moses!" exclaimed my wife, as she saw me come back, "What is the matter? Your face is all drawn up. Something dreadful has happened."

"Yes, Sorlé," I said, as I sat down; "the time of trouble has come of which the prophet spoke: 'The king of the south shall push at him, and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind: and he shall enter into the countries and shall overflow and pass over.'"

This I said with my hands raised toward heaven. Little Sâfel squeezed himself between my knees, while Sorlé looked on, not knowing what to say; and I told them that the Austrians were in Alsatia; that the Bavarians, Swedes, Prussians, and Russians were coming by hundreds of thousands; that a hussar had come to announce all these calamities; that our spirits of wine were lost, and ruin was threatening us.

I shed a few tears, and neither Sorlé nor Sâfel would comfort me.

It was the eighth hour of the day. There was a great commotion in the city. We heard the drum beat, and proclamations read; it seemed as if the enemy were already there.

One thing which I remember especially, for we had opened a window to hear, was that the governor ordered the inhabitants to empty immediately their barns and granaries; and that, while we were listening, a large wagon with two horses, from Alsatia, with Baruch sitting at the pole, and Zeffen behind on some straw—her infant in her arms, and her other child at her side—turned suddenly into the street.

They were coming to us for safety!

The sight of them upset me, and raising my hands, I exclaimed:

"Lord, take from me all weakness! Thou seest that I need to live for the sake of these little ones. Therefore be thou my strength, and let me not be cut down!"

And I went down at once to receive them, Sorlé and Sâfel following me. I took my daughter in my arms, and helped her to the ground, while Sorlé took the children, and Baruch exclaimed:

"We came at the last hour! The gate was closed as soon as we had come in. There were many others from Quatre-Vents and Saverne who had to stay outside."

"God be praised, Baruch!" I replied. "You are all welcome, my dear children! I have not much, I am not rich; but what I have, you have—it is all yours. Come in!"

And we went upstairs; Zeffen, Sorlé, and I carrying the children, while Baruch stayed to pay the man who brought them, and then he came up.

The street was now full of straw and hay, thrown out from the granaries; there was no wind, and the snow had stopped falling. In a little while the shouts and proclamations ceased.

Sorlé hastened to serve up the remains of our breakfast, with a bottle of wine; and Baruch, while he was eating, told us that there was a panic in Alsatia, that the Austrians had turned Basle, and were advancing by forced marches upon Schlestadt, Neuf-Brisach, and Strasbourg, after having surrounded Huninguen.

"Everybody is escaping," said he. "They are fleeing to the mountain, taking their valuables on their carts, and driving their cattle into the woods. There is a rumor already that bands of Cossacks have been seen at Mutzig, but that is hardly possible, as the army of Marshal Victor is on the Upper Rhine, and dragoons are passing every day to join him. How could they pass his lines without giving battle?"

We were listening very attentively to these things when the sergeant came in. He was just off duty, and stood outside of the door, looking at us with astonishment.

I took Zeffen by the hand, and said: "Sergeant, this is my daughter, this is my son-in-law, and these are my grandchildren, about whom I have told you.

They know you, for I have told them in my letters how much we think of you."

The sergeant looked at Zeffen.—"Father Moses," said he, "you have a handsome daughter, and your son-in-law seems to be a worthy man."

Then he took little Esdras from Zeffen's arms, and lifted him up, and made a face at him, at which the child laughed, and everybody was pleased. The other little one opened his eyes wide and looked on.

"My children have come to stay with me," I said to the sergeant; "you will excuse them if they make a little noise in the house?"

"How! Father Moses," he exclaimed. "I will excuse everything! Do not be concerned; are we not old friends?"

And at once, in spite of all we could say, he chose another room looking upon the court.

"All the nestful ought to be together," said he. "I am the friend of the family, the old sergeant, who will not trouble anybody, provided they are glad to see him."

I was so much moved that I gave him both my hands.

"It was a happy day when you entered my house," said I. "The Lord be thanked for it!"

He laughed, and said: "Come now, Father Moses; come! Have I done anything more than was natural? Why do you wonder at it?"

He went at once to get his things and carry them to his new room; and then went away, so as not to disturb us.

How we are mistaken! This sergeant, whom Frichard had sent to plague us, at the end of fifteen days was one of our family; he consulted our comfort in everything—and, notwithstanding all the years that have passed since then, I cannot think of that good man without emotion.

When we were alone, Baruch told us that he could not stay at Phalsburg; that he had come to bring his family, with everything that he could provide for them in the first anxious moments; but that, in the midst of such dangers, when the enemy could not long delay coming, his duty was to guard his house, and prevent, as much as possible, the pillage of his goods.

This seemed right, though it made us

none the less grieved to have him go. We thought of the pain of living apart from each other; of hearing no tidings; of being all the time uncertain about the fate of our beloved ones! Meanwhile we were all busy. Sorlé and Zeffen prepared the children's bed; Baruch took out the provisions which he had brought; Sâfel played with the two little ones, and I went and came, thinking about our troubles.

At last, when the best room was ready for Zeffen and the children, as the German gate was already shut, and the French gate would be open only a couple of hours longer for strangers to leave the city, Baruch exclaimed: "Zeffen, the moment has come!"

He had scarcely said the words when the great agony began—cries, embraces, and tears!

Ah! it is a great joy to be loved, the only true joy of life. But what sorrow to be separated! And how our family loved each other! How Zeffen and Baruch embraced one another! How they leaned over their little ones, how they looked at them, and began to sob again!

What can be said at such a moment? I sat by the window, with my hands before my face, without strength to raise my voice. I thought to myself: "My God, must it be that a single man shall hold in his hands the fate of us all! Must it be that, for his pleasure, for the gratification of his pride, everything shall be confounded, overturned, torn asunder! My God, shall these troubles never end? Hast thou no pity on thy poor creatures?"

I did not raise my eyes, but I heard the lamentations which rent my heart, and which lasted till the moment when Baruch, perceiving that Zeffen was quite exhausted, escaped, exclaiming: "It must be! It must be! Adieu, Zeffen! Adieu, my children! Adieu, all!"

No one followed him.

We heard the carriage roll away, and then was the great sorrow—that sorrow of which it is written:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows.

"For there they that carried us away

captive, required of us a song, saying: 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion!'

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ASCENTS OF MOUNT HOOD AND THE SIERRA SANDIA.

[CASCADE MOUNTAINS. — ACTIVE VOLCANOES. — OLD CRATERS. — IMMENSE CRATER THREE MILES IN DIAMETER. — HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA. — DIAMOND PEAK.]

THE passes of the Rocky Mountains and other chains of the Pacific regions of North America have been more or less explored both in the north, the central, and the southern districts—in the north by our own countrymen, in the centre by the American surveyors, and in the south by highway and railway "prospectors," as also by trappers and gold-hunters—pioneers of civilization, who have made permanent tracks between the two oceans. But few travellers have gone out of their way to ascend the peaks or culminating points of these far-off ranges. A remarkable exception presents itself in a recent ascent made by the Rev. H. K. Hines of Mount Hood, one of the so-called cascade range, a northward continuation of the Sierra Nevada, which traverses the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington from south to north, at a distance of a hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean. This range rises to an average altitude of eight thousand to ten thousand feet, while at intervals of many miles more aspiring summits spring up above the evergreen roofing of the lower mountains five thousand to eight thousand feet higher. The highest of these is Mount Hood. It stands about fifty miles south of where the Columbia has ploughed its way through the mountains, and in the centre of the range from east to west.

Mr. Hines set out on the morning of the 24th of July, 1866, in company with three gentlemen of the city of Portland, Oregon, full of determination, after a previous unsuccessful attempt made in September, 1864,* to use his own words, "to stand upon the summit, if

energy and endurance could accomplish the feat." The account of the ascent presents us with a lively picture of the scenery, and more especially of the vegetation, of this remote portion of the earth's surface. The rendezvous was at the house of a Canadian, who, fourteen years before, had erected a cabin at the place where the emigrant road leaves the mountains and enters the valley of Willamette. From this place the track enters the mountains along a gorge, through which flows a dashing river about three hundred feet in width, which rises beneath the glaciers of Mount Hood. The track follows this gorge for a distance of thirty miles, when it makes a detour to the south with a continuous ascent for three or four miles, in many places very steep, to the celebrated table-land known as Laurel Hill.

This table-land, which constitutes the general summit of the range, is comparatively level, of perhaps ten miles in width, the general character of which is that of a swamp or marsh; but it is clad with a dense and grand growth of fir, cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), pine, and kindred evergreens, with an almost impenetrable undergrowth of what is designated as laurel in the country, but is, according to Mr. Hines, a rhododendron. Straggling rays of sunlight only here and there find their way through this dense foliage to the damp ground.

Passing over this level, the party crossed several bold clear streams, coursing down from the direction of Mount Hood, and then, turning to the left, they took an old Indian trail leading in the direction of the mountain. After a ride of an hour and a half up a continuous and steep ascent, they came to an opening of scattered trees which sweeps around the south side of the mountain. It was about five o'clock when they emerged from the forest, and stood confronting the wonderful body of rock and snow which springs up from the elevation.

A place was selected whereon to bivouac, on a beautiful grassy ridge between one of the main affluents of the river Des Chutes and one of the Clackamas, and which nearly constitutes the dividing ridge of the mountain. Having erected here a hut of boughs, and gathered fuel for a large fire during the night,

* Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, Vol. xi. No. 11.

they spread their blankets on the ground and slept well until the morning. At seven o'clock on Thursday they were ready for the ascent. This, for the first mile and a half, was very gradual and easy, over a bed of volcanic rock, decayed and intermixed with ashes. The Cascade Mountains, it is to be observed, have all been more or less active volcanoes, and some of them, as more especially Mount Hood, are even active to this day. Some of the old craters are, however, filled up with water, and present deep lakes, like the Gemunder Määr in the Eifel, the Pulvermäär, Murfel der Määr, and others. Huge rocks stood here and there, and occasionally a stunted juniper found precarious foothold; some beautiful variegated mosses were also seen clinging to little knolls of sand. They soon reached the foot of a broad snow field, which sweeps around the south side of the mountain, several miles in length, and extending upward to the immediate summit. The first part of this portion of the ascent was comparatively easy, being smooth, and only in places so steep as to render the footsteps uncertain. Deep gorges, from which flow affluents of the stream Des Chutes on the right, and Sandy River on the left, approach each other, near the upper edge of this field of snow, and seem to cut down into the very foundation of the mountain. The waters were rushing from beneath the glaciers, which, at their upper extremity, were rent and broken into fissures and caverns of unknown depth.

The present summit of the mountain is evidently what was long since the northern rim of an immense crater, which could not have been less than three miles in diameter. The southern wall of the crater has fallen completely away, and the crater itself become filled with rock and ashes overlaid with the accumulated snows of ages, through the rents and chasms of which now escape smoke, steam, and gases from the pent-up fires below. The fires are yet so near, that many of the rocks which project upward are so hot that the naked hand could not be held upon them. The main opening to the crater is at the southwest foot of the circular wall, which now constitutes the summit, and at a distance of near two thousand feet from

its extreme height. A column of steam and smoke is continually issuing from this opening, at times rising and floating away on the wind, at other times rolling heavily down the mountain. The party descended into this crater as far as it was possible to go without ropes or a ladder. The descent was stopped by a perpendicular precipice of ice, sixty or seventy feet high, resting below on a bed of broken rock and ashes, so hot as immediately to convert the water, which dripped continually from the icy roof, a hundred feet above, into steam. The air was hot and stifling.

The real peril of the ascent began at this point. It led out and up the inner wall of what was once the crater, and near a thousand feet of it was extremely steep. The whole distance was an ice-field, the upper limit of a great glacier, which is crushing and grinding its slow journey down the mountain far to the right. About seven hundred feet from the summit a *crevasse* varying from five to fifty feet in width, and of unknown depth, cut clear across the glacier from wall to wall. There was no evading it. The summit could not be reached without crossing it. Steadily and deliberately poising himself on his staff, Mr. Hines sprang over the chasm at the most favorable place he could select, landing safely on the declivity two or three feet above it, and he was then able to assist the others to cross with his staff. The last movement of fifteen feet had considerably changed the prospect of the ascent. True, the chasm was passed, but they were thrown directly below a wall of ice and rocks five hundred feet high, down which masses, detached by the heat of the sun, were plunging with fearful velocity. It was necessary, in order to avoid them, to skirt the chasm on the upper side for a distance, and then turn diagonally up the remaining steep. It was only seven hundred feet high, but it took two hours' sinewy tug to climb it. The hot sun blazed against the wall of ice within two feet of their faces, whilst the perspiration streamed from their brows; but on nearing the summit the weariness seemed to vanish, and they bounded with a feeling of triumph upon the pinnacle which is supposed to be the highest mountain in North America, although Sir Edward

Belcher assigns that distinction to Mount St. Elias, in Russian America.

The summit was reached at about the centre of the circular wall which constitutes the extreme altitude, and it was so sharp that it was impossible to stand erect upon it. Its northern face presented an escarpment several thousand feet high. Mr. Hines could only lie down on the southern slope, and, holding firmly by the rocks, look down the awful depth. A few rods to the west was a point forty or fifty feet higher, to the summit of which they crawled, and then discovered that, forty or fifty rods to the east, there was a point still higher, the highest of the mountain. They crawled back along the sharp escarpment, and in a few minutes stood erect on the highest pinnacle. This was found to be seventeen thousand six hundred and forty feet high—an estimate which makes Mount Hood higher than any summit of Europe or North America.

The view from the summit is described as magnificent. From south to north the whole line of the Cascade range was at once brought within the field of vision, from Diamond Peak to Ranier, a distance of not less than four hundred miles. Within that distance are Mounts St. Helen's, Baker, Jefferson, and the Three Sisters, making, with Mount Hood, eight snowy peaks. Eastward the Blue Mountains were in view, and lying between them and Mount Hood were the broad plains watered by the river Des Chutes, John Day's and Umatilla rivers. On the west the piny crests of the coast range cut clear against the sky, with the Willamette Valley, sleeping in quiet beauty, lying at their feet. The broad silver belt of the Columbia wound through the evergreen valley toward the ocean. Within these limits was every variety of mountain and valley, lake and prairie, bold beetling precipices, and graceful rounded summits, blending and melting away into each other.

The State of Oregon proper contains about sixty thousand people (a portion very migratory), and an area of about eighty-two thousand two hundred and forty-eight square miles. This population is principally contained in the beautiful valleys of the Willamette, Umatilla, Rogue River, and Lower Columbia, to the west of the Cascades, and in the

little towns on the Upper Columbia to the east. Portland, on the Willamette, with eight thousand inhabitants, is the largest town. Magnificent steamers navigate the Columbia, with occasional breaks, into British possessions, and the Willamette at all seasons to Oregon "city," ten miles above Portland.

With the increasing population flowing into the rich valley of the Willamette, the territory of Washington was separated from Oregon, just as three years ago a portion of California, comprehending the region of the Sierra Nevada and the great silver mines of Washoe, was erected into the State of Nevada; and Idaho, "Star of the Mountains," was organized east of the Cascades out of portions of Washington, Nebraska, and Dakota. This is the way in which America progresses. It first creates a state or territory of a vast tract, often in part unexplored, and, as population advances, it divides this territory into minor States or counties. "We must not, however," says Mr. Robert Brown, "allow ourselves to be misled by the division of these wild countries into States or counties, some of the said States having no population, or so little as to be of no moment, and not a few of the "cities" consisting of a tent, two dogs, and a bobtailed horse—as a city which I discovered on the Columbia River last summer did!" The territory of Washington itself, what with Indian wars and other adverse circumstances, has decreased in population, and does not now number more than between eleven and twelve thousand. The region immediately west of the Cascades is, for the most part, very thickly wooded, and in some cases very wild and inaccessible. The country east of the Cascades is also thinly populated, save by Indians; and the territory of Idaho is, for the most part, a mere desert, and, with the exception of the rich bottoms of the different rivers, the wealth of the country consists in the gold and silver mines. It is terribly harassed by Indians, little explored, its civilized population very floating—estimated at about twenty-two thousand—and its area about three hundred and twenty-six thousand three hundred and thirty-three square miles. It is a rich mining region, and is likely eventually to become of importance.

The Cascade range is more important,

owing to its vicinity to the Pacific, than even the Rocky range in the particular region in question, because, while the climates on the immediate eastern and western sides of the Rocky Mountains are very similar, and the plants and animals almost identical, the plants, animals, and climate on the sides of the Cascade Mountains are very dissimilar. The soils are also totally different in character on the two sides of the range. The soil on the western side is rich and fertile, and a portion of it is thickly wooded. Many districts are cultivated, and, in fact, almost the whole population of Oregon, comprising fifty or sixty thousand people, are found in the valleys of the west; whereas on the eastern side the soil is poor and the country arid, and there is no cultivation, save in a few valleys, such as that of Des Chutes, which is well watered. The western side of the range is further rendered more fertile than the eastern by the circumstance that the mountains catch the warm breezes from the Pacific, and precipitate the moisture over that region.

We are indebted to Mr. Robert Brown, the naturalist and geographer before alluded to, for an account of a journey across the Cascade Mountains, in which he was escorted part of the way by a troop of dragoons. The party left Eugene "city," in the valley of the Willamette, on the 17th of July, and for two pleasant days their route lay among rounded knolls, with neat little primitive farms at the base of rocky bluffs. On the 19th they entered a region of thick woods with cañons and many small creeks. On entering the Cascade Mountains, they met with beautiful valleys shut in by mountains, but covered with grass, a rivulet in the centre, and shady woods on the border. On the 24th, the trail lay through woods of fine timber, white and red cedar, and they now noticed, for the first time, the stately sugar-pine, the sweet exudations of which are one of the hunter's cathartics. A rhododendron and honeysuckle added variety to the sombre woods, hitherto diversified only by an undergrowth of berry-bushes, the more modest thimble-berry, and the waxy sal-al (*Gualtheria*), forming an undergrowth like a carpet throughout the woods. The stately alder (*Alnus Oregonus*), with its dark-green leaves, af-

fected moist ground everywhere; and the hemlock, most graceful of all the north-western conifers, began to disappear from the woods, the silver fir supplying its place. Now and then they passed through thickets of the mountain laurel, which Mr. Brown identifies with *Ceanothus velutinus*, and which sent an almost overpowering fragrance from its glistening leaves as they trampled it under their horses' feet. In these woods and precipices they saw signs of bears, wolves, and panthers. Deer were seen, and trout abounded in the streams.

On the 28th, after every preparation being made, the passage of the Cascades was commenced into Eastern Oregon. The ascent was comparatively easy, crossing over many mountain-creeks and through woods, with a species of yew, until the elevation began to be perceptible in the flora. Thickets of rhododendrons, with their huge bunches of pink flowers, stood out in fine contrast to the drifts of snow, giving one a faint idea of the splendid rhododendron thickets in Sikkim Himalaya, so graphically portrayed by Dr. Joseph Hooker. Occasionally a magnificent species of mountain lily would bloom by the side of some beautiful saxifrage, and the shrubbery of the *Ceanothus* would add fragrance to the mountain air.

The scene from the summit of the pass (4441 feet) was grand in the extreme. The bold crags of the Diamond Peak, with its old crater, and the "Three Sisters" appeared to the north; on the left, the tops of Scott's Peak and Mount Williamson; while the wooded valleys and lesser heights of the Cascade range lay below, and off to the east the long slope of flat, wooded country, with the peaks of the "Three Brothers," the only break in the monotony of the view. Drifts of snow lay in shady places, and green grassy spots formed halting-places by the side of the mountain streams. Now and then a beautiful mountain lake, unsuspected before, lay glistening in all its quiet beauty in some unbroken valley.

As the descent began, a marked change became apparent in the country. Instead of moist woods, the route lay by an easy descent through groves of a pine, thickly scattered over that country (*P. contortus*), encumbered with no undergrowth, and the soil was a mere mass

are scarcely any forests in New Mexico that do not grow on the carboniferous series. Issuing at length from the forest, at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet, only a few stunted specimens of the *Pinus flexilis* grew in crevices, and a few hundred feet farther there was nothing but herbaceous plants and a few hardy shrubs. Marcon found many fossils at this elevation, and among them *Productus cora*, common in England and Belgium, and which has been found in the Andes of Bolivia, in Thibet, and Australia; also *Productus semireticulatus*, which must have lived almost from one pole to the other in the time when the vegetation of the coal deposits grew on the face of the earth. There were also gigantic Orthoceratites—the ancestors of the now celebrated *pieuvres*—the great cuttle-fish of the Channel Islands.

The summit of the chain was attained at one o'clock in the afternoon, and, as usual, a magnificent, and in this instance a unique, panorama presented itself to the spectators. "Accustomed," says Marcon, "from my childhood to the sight of the Alpine regions of Switzerland and Savoy, I was still more strongly impressed by the general aspect of the immense horizon which developed itself before me than I ever had been with the views from the summits of the Reculet, of the Dôle, the Weissenstein, or the Rigi." The atmosphere was, in fact, perfectly pure, and the country so inundated with light, that objects could be seen at the distance of a hundred miles. To the west lay the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, and immediately below the town of Albuquerque, in front of which the white tents of Lieutenant Whipple's expedition could be discerned with the aid of a telescope. Beyond was the valley of the Rio Puerco, separated from that of the Rio Grande by hills of sandstone, broken up by trap rocks. Right before them was the extinct volcano known as Mount Taylor, or Sierra de San Mateo, ten thousand feet high, and whose lavas have poured down into the neighboring valleys like long black snakes hanging from a Medusa head. The horizon was limited in that direction by an upland in advance of the Sierra Madre, which terminated to the north by an abrupt descent, with an isolated cone at its extremity.

To the south, the Sierra Manzana constituted the prolongation of the Sierra Sandia, but not so lofty, attaining only some ten thousand or eleven thousand feet of elevation. The six little salt lakes, known as the Salinas, were seen on a table-land at the foot of the Sierra Manzana. To the west were the plains and cañons (Blanco, Esteros, and Tucumcari) which the party had crossed on the way from Canadian River to the Rio Pecos. The vast Llano Estacado was lost in the horizon, like a plain tangent to the terrestrial globe.

To the north, they had at their feet, first, the Cerritos, a chain of extinct volcanoes, which stretch between Galisteo and San Domingo; and secondly, the Placeres, or Gold Mountains, which detach themselves from the sierra of Sandia, and whose name indicates the character of their rocks of crystalline and igneous origin. Lastly, the Rocky Mountains of the neighborhood of Santa Fé and the Sierra Jemez stretched out to the north-east into the State of Colorado. The mountains of Santa Fé appeared to be at least a thousand feet higher than those on which the party stood, and admitting thirteen thousand two hundred feet as the height of the culminating point of the Sierra Sandia, as determined by observation, the mountains of Santa Fé must be at least fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Vegetation ceases at least a thousand feet below their summits, and patches of snow are seen here and there.

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passage from the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean,* and whilst the other members of the expedition were reposing themselves at Albuquerque, he organized a small party to effect an ascent of the mountains, known at this point as the Sierra de Sandia, or mountains of Albuquerque. The said party was composed of Monsieur Marcon, Dr. Bigelow, and four servants.

The plain of Albuquerque, at an elevation of five thousand and twenty-six feet, is a sandy expanse of some twelve miles in width, and would be a desert but for the *acéquias*, or canals of irrigation. What plants grow upon it are spiny or sticky, with an odor as repulsive as that of creosote. Among these, the *Cereus giganteus*, *Echinocactus Wislizeni*, and *Larrea Mexicana* make themselves remarkable, as also the *Opuntia Bigelovii*, or "chug." These are all yuccas, with leaves so powerfully armed as to be called Spanish bayonets, and agaves, from which the Indians manufacture a spirit known as *mescal*.

The little party left Albuquerque on the 8th of October, 1853, and, after crossing this plain, they entered the hills by the cañon of Carruel, a granite ravine which affords a highway to San Antonio, just as the cañons Blanco, Galisteo, and San Domingo do to Santa Fé and other easterly regions. An examination and exploration of the chain was set on foot at the village of Tigras, whose houses of sun-dried bricks (adobes) are grouped in a valley beautifully enclosed among the hills, and it was soon ascertained that the central massive was a rose-colored syenite, with trap-rocks, and quartzites and limestones and shales of the carboniferous epoch. Above these, again, in the valley, were more recent deposits, with beds of rock-salt and selenite, or crystalline gypsum, which the inhabitants used for their windows. On the way from Tigras to San Antonio, the mournful memorials of all Mexican passes—crosses and cairns—indicated the almost innumerable murders committed in these mountain recesses. On approaching San Antonio, which is a village of outlaws, these lugubrious mementoes were as numerous as beads strung on a necklace, and

the party passed in consequence through the place without honoring it with a halt.

Beyond San Antonio (six thousand four hundred and eight feet), and leaving the road to Galisteo to the right, the party entered a splendid forest of firs and pines, which attained a height of from eighty to a hundred and twenty feet. They were the well-known Douglas pine, which extends hence without interruption to Oregon and British Columbia; the yellow pine, the *Abies balsamea*; the *Pinus edulis*, the seeds of which are eaten by the Mexicans under the name of pinones; and, lastly, the *Pinus flexilis*, or white pine of the Rocky Mountains. This forest, which is not above three miles in width, stretches like a band at about two-thirds of the elevation of the mountains, and as it is the first forest met with from the renowned Cross-timbers of Texas, with some three hundred leagues of intervening prairies, it is of rare value to the dwellers in these mountain solitudes. The party bivouacked at a settlement of American lumbermen, called Antonitto, and at an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet. Cerei, opunteas, and cactuses still grow at this elevation. There was also some cultivation and many interesting flowering plants growing around the log-houses. The lumbermen were almost all old soldiers and deserters from the American army, and hearing that the party were ultimately bound for California, they prayed hard to be allowed to accompany it, and the tears of one of them—a Swiss by birth—so far prevailed over Monsieur Marcon, that he was attached to his service as foreman of arrieros or muleteers. An old man of the name of Ellenwood, however, alone offered to act as guide in the ascent to the higher summits. The night was cool, the sky clear, and falling stars visible every few minutes. Aërolites are common in these regions, and the forgers of Arizona and Chihuahua use them as anvils, which, they say, have come to them from heaven. Coyotes, or prairie wolves, howled at night, as they do throughout almost the whole extent of the Rocky Mountains.

They started early the next day, the 10th of October. The ascent lay through the forest, reposing on carboniferous limestones. Marcon avers that there

* Bulletin de la Société de Géographie. Mai, 1867.

are scarcely any forests in New Mexico that do not grow on the carboniferous series. Issuing at length from the forest, at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet, only a few stunted specimens of the *Pinus flexilis* grew in crevices, and a few hundred feet farther there was nothing but herbaceous plants and a few hardy shrubs. Marcon found many fossils at this elevation, and among them *Productus cora*, common in England and Belgium, and which has been found in the Andes of Bolivia, in Thibet, and Australia; also *Productus semireticulatus*, which must have lived almost from one pole to the other in the time when the vegetation of the coal deposits grew on the face of the earth. There were also gigantic Orthoceratites—the ancestors of the now celebrated *pieuvres*—the great cuttle-fish of the Channel Islands.

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The ascent of the Sierra Sandia was rendered all the more easy on its eastern aspect, as the rocks on that side were regularly stratified, and, although much inclined, presented gentle ascents, whilst on the western side there were granitic precipices torn by impracticable ravines or barrancas. Old Ellenwood pointed out one of the latter in which he had nearly perished in pursuit of a grisly bear. There was still some vegetation on the highest summits of the sierra; not only was an occasional stunted pine to be met with, but also several kinds of cactuses. In other respects the vegetation resembled that of the Alps in the neighborhood of the glaciers. The common helix, rare in America, was also met with. Ellenwood, an old trapper, described the animals frequenting the sierra as the grisly

bear, the black bear, the coyote, or prairie wolf, the black-tailed deer, the antelope, and the American wild sheep, all of which animals are met with the whole length of the Rocky Mountains south of the Arctic regions.

Only a few weeks after this ascent of the Sierra Sandia, the poor trappers and lumbermen of Antonitto were all massacred by the Muscaleros, Apaches, and the Utas Indians, and a company of dragoons sent to scour the country was surprised in an ambush near Taos, and almost entirely cut up. The Emperor of Brazil rules, we learn, from Chandler's "Ascent of the Purus Branch of the Amazons," over countries never trod by white men, and over people who have never seen a European face, so the United States, ever interfering in Mexico and Canada, and buying up new territories in the frigid zone, has regions as extensive as all Germany, imperfectly explored, and overrun by wild Indians—Camanches, Apaches, and Navajos in the south, Sioux and a hundred other tribes in the north. It might be said that Great Britain in India, and France in Africa, hold countries on an equally uncertain tenure; but India is not England, nor is Algeria France.

Chambers's Journal.

SUICIDE EXTRAORDINARY.

"THEY are certain to be unhappy," said the lady of the house. "These unequal matches seldom produce anything but misery."

"And children," added the parson.

"Possibly," said the lady, a little sharply; "but children have nothing to do with peace in these cases."

"Olive branches are taken as types of peace, too," observed the parson.

"When one of the lower orders steps out of her sphere," continued the lady, without noticing the remark, "and unites herself with one of an order above her, it is a presumptuous thing, and may lead to the most terrible consequences."

"Quite so," assented the parson.

"You agree with me, then?" said the lady.

"I can bring a case in proof," said the parson—"one which had the most terrible results."

"Pray, let us hear it," said the lady.

"Did it come within your own knowledge?"

"One of my own parishioners," replied the clergyman.

"Ah, how sad!" said the lady, triumphantly. "A dairymaid?"

"No," said the parson, politely—"a dog."

The lady of the house, slightly piqued, and suspecting a snare, would have declined the illustration; but there appearing a pretty general desire on the part of the company to hear the story, the lady gave way; and the parson, after arranging an imaginary pair of bands, said:

No; I will tell it in my own way. As I cannot give effect to the account by the change of voice and play of feature which the parson had at his command, I shall take the facts, and arrange them after my own fashion.

Somewhere or other in the very heart of one of the loveliest districts of English woodland, there lived, not very long ago, a dog. This dog came, by the father's side, of the great family of the Newfoundlands; and by the mother's, claimed connection with the Setters—both well-known names, both families from which any dog might be proud to be descended, and both illustrious for all the virtues with which the canine race is gifted. No unworthy scion of these ancient and honorable stocks was our hero. With the more masculine characteristics of the Newfoundland, he combined the almost feminine tenderness of the Setter; so that it was difficult to say whether he were a Newfoundland, softened and refined to the extreme degree, or a Setter of a more than ordinary bold and masculine character. A dog so formed to inspire at the same time affection and respect, was, as you may suppose, a favorite with every one—was, indeed, the idol of the neighborhood. He was credited, and not without much show of reason, with possessing intelligence to a degree supercanine. He was pointed out to strangers as a curiosity, and was spoken of as a creature holding an intermediate rank between man and beast. Wonderful stories were told of him: how, when the clerk's little girl was lost, the dog roamed the country the whole night through, found her,

and restored her to her friends; how, when the thieves got into the church, the dog discovered them, and flew for assistance to the nearest house—not, mind, because it was the nearest house, but because it was the sexton's; how, when farmer Boodle found, on his return from market, that he had lost his pocket-book, containing the price of two cows in country notes, the dog made his appearance with the book in his mouth, just in time to make it unnecessary for the farmer, who, in his despair, had already torn out three handfuls of hair, to commit further devastation. The dog was the hero of a multitude of stories of this kind, and was valued accordingly. The brute—I use the term with no offensive meaning—had fairly established a claim upon the consideration of the Humans by displaying an intelligence almost as great as the intelligence of a man; and the Humans allowed this claim, and satisfied it by showing for the brute an affection almost as warm and constant as the affection of a dog.

A universal pet, the dog wandered happily about from this farm-house to that; here making a call upon the village clergyman, there accompanying on his visits the village doctor; now received with shrieks of welcome by the entire population of a hamlet, and now enjoying the hospitality of a Hall, wherever he went, as certain to be considered the most welcome of guests as ever was the barefooted friar in the ballad. Never was so happy a dog; but, mark you, his happiness sprang from the sympathy which attached him to a superior class of creatures to his own. He had, we may at once allow, a nobler and a larger mind than is common among his canine brethren. With them he had no fellow-feeling. No one ever saw him, with arched tail, and fun in every hair of him, assisting a fellow-dog to gallop strange circles on the grass, as if between them they were devising illustrations for an edition of Euclid for the use of dogs. But any day, he might be seen the centre of a group of delighted children; romping with them, or racing with them, allowing himself to be dressed in fantastic suits of flowers, or led a happy prisoner in a daisy-chain. No one ever saw him going on a friendly walk with another dog; but he would often accom-

pany the postman on his rounds; and he would go for miles with the doctor, waiting at the patient's doors till the man of medicine reappeared, and then, meeting him with a look of interest and a low, inquiring bark, which no one ever doubted meant: "Well, sir, how's the old lady to-day?" or, "The baby any better, sir?" or whatever the nature of the case might demand. Man-kind was his friend. What were dogs to him? What Aztecs are to Europeans; what the aboriginal Australian is to the English squatter.

Very beautiful, no doubt, was the friendly relation thus existing between dog and man—beautiful, but perilous withal; for, supposing that by some accident the relation should be broken, what would be the future position of the dog? Where could he turn for sympathy? Not to his own kind. Letting alone the dislike which all of his own kind naturally felt for one who invariably treated them as creatures immeasurably inferior to himself, could he, who had been the friend of man, condescend to be the mate of beasts again? Was he to wag his tail—that tail which the best-regarded maidens of the parish had often combed, and occasionally twisted into curl-papers—was he to wag it in friendly salutation at the approach of any scrub of a cur that chose to demand his notice? Was he to fall in the social scale in this way? He to herd with narrow foreheads?

So long as the friendly relation endured, however, our hero was the happiest of dogs, the admired of all admirers, the welcome guest at every table: turn which way he would, he could not go wrong, where every house was his home, and every man, woman, and child his loving friend.

But there came an awful change.

One day it was darkly whispered by some ignorant clown that the dog was going mad. (Say, Muse, was it an enemy who thus poisoned the happy atmosphere of the creature's life; or was it merely the babbling of bucolical folly, inflamed by home-brewed? Both the muse and the parson are silent upon this point.) The rumor spread: "going mad" became "gone mad," and "gone mad" "rabid," in very brief space. The superior order of creation was

seized with a panic in exactly the same way that panics operate upon the inferior orders. "Hydrophobia" was in every man's mouth, and the happiness of our hero was gone forever. Behold him trotting quietly along a lane on a fine spring evening, making leisurely for the house of an intimate friend with whom, and in the society of whose charming family, he thinks of remaining till the next day. See! he stops and pricks his ears; he recognizes the footsteps of a friend; with alacrity, but at the same time with dignity, he quickens his pace; the friend comes in sight, and the dog, springing toward him, says as plainly as dog-language will allow: "I knew it was Giles. How are you, Giles?" What is our hero's astonishment to see Giles leap hastily over a ditch on to a bank, and brandish a rake as no friend ever brandished a rake before; and to hear himself, in tones quite new to him, warned that if he comes a step nearer he will have his brains dashed out. Seeing that Giles is apparently meditating hurling the rake at him, and is, past a doubt, actually kicking at the bank, in order to loosen a stone, our hero leaves him, more in sorrow than in anger, and more in astonishment than either. At the next turning the dog looks back. Giles is standing in the middle of the lane, staring after him. Seeing the dog turn, Giles brandishes his rake once more, and goes through the pantomime of picking up a stone, with such a wild and exaggerated action, that the dog has but one conclusion to which he can come. "I'm very sorry for it," he says to himself, as he strolls on; "but there is no doubt about it: Giles is mad. Giles, through some cause or other—love or something else—is now a raving madman."

He shakes himself, pauses to consider what is to be done for Giles, sits down and thoughtfully scratches himself behind the right ear, and while so doing is startled by the sudden shrieking of children. He looks up, and perceives that two little children, who were coming in his direction down the lane, have turned, and are running back again as fast as they can, squealing with fear.

"Mr. Noakes's twins!" says the dog, starting up. "Who's frightening them, I should like to know? Let me catch

him at it; that's all," and dashes after them at full gallop. Before he reaches them, however, Mr. Noakes himself makes his appearance, terribly flustered and very pallid from some cause unknown. He flings himself recklessly over a five-barred gate, brandishes a pitchfork, as Giles lately brandished the rake, and between whiles—can it really be so?—throws stones at him, the dog, and shouts fearful threats. "This is a sickening state of things," says our hero. "Giles has evidently bitten Noakes. If something is not done we shall have the whole district in this condition. I'm off to the doctor's." And without a moment's delay, he turns into the field, and makes his way straight across country to the doctor's house.

With the familiarity which long acquaintance justified, arrived at the doctor's house, the dog jumped the garden-gate; and, seeing his friend engaged in watering flowers, bounded straight up to him, omitted, as the urgent nature of the case compelled, the customary salutations, and attempted at once to draw the doctor in the required direction by the simple process of taking one of his coat-tails in his mouth and pulling at it. The moment the doctor perceived the dog, he gave a shout of terror, flung away from him so abruptly that he left the greater part of the coat-tail between the dog's teeth, and fled precipitately into the house, banging the door violently after him. Appearing almost immediately at an upper window, he shook his fist ferociously at the astonished beast, loudly proclaimed his gratitude that his coat only had been bitten, yelled for his servants, who appeared one by one at different windows; and then himself and household, as if all were moved by a single impulse, commenced shaking weapons of various kinds at the poor innocent dog, and, with much abusive language, roared to him to quit the place. As soon as his astonishment would allow him to move, the dog turned round with a miserable whine, drooped his tail, and ran slowly toward the gate. In passing the watering-can which the doctor had been using, he paused a moment and smelled the water; but shrinking from the idea of partaking, even in so slight a way as that, of the

doctor's hospitality, after such treatment as he had received, he left it untasted. There was a unanimous shout from the house of "That proves it, he won't drink: it's too plain what's wrong with him;" and the dog jumped the gate once more, and disappeared.

They could not all be mad: the doctor, of course—the superstitious belief in the doctor, so characteristic of the lower orders, here coming out strongly—the doctor, of course, could not be mad; nor the doctor's servants who were constantly under his care. Then why Noakes, who had only treated him as they had done? And why Giles, who had only behaved like Noakes? No; it was too plain that they had all suddenly conceived a hatred for him, the dog; they had determined to have no more to do with him; they had made up their minds to throw him over, to cast him off. He would go to the friendly house to which he had been bound at first, for there he was certain of sympathy. He went. The children screamed, and ran into the house; the farm-servants shut themselves up in the cow-sheds; every one who saw him shouted at him, and threatened him with all sorts of dreadful deaths; and the master of the farm, his very good friend, his kindest and most intimate friend, displayed his much-loved figure at a window, pointed a gun at him, and swore that if he did not disappear instantly, he'd blow him to smithereens. Who shall say what dismal thoughts were in the wretched dog's mind as he skulked off to some lonely hovel, far away from any one? In all seriousness, from what an agony of surprise he must have suffered. There is no doubting that dogs think; they know friends from enemies; they associate kindness received with the persons who show that kindness, and cruelty with the persons who are cruel. Then, when those who had up to this time been kind friends, suddenly turned and acted like bitter enemies, what miserable confusion of all his ideas of right and wrong, what disbelief in goodness and sincerity, what dismal disappointment must have torn his dog's heart! Did the sterner nature of his father, the Newfoundland, come to his aid in those hours of darkness and desertion? or did the gentle blood of his

mother's family assert itself in him, and lead him to tell his sorrows to the moon until—should such a process be possible—he howled himself to sleep? Who can say what were the horrors of that night to him?

However, the next morning—apparently he had comforted himself with the thought that the previous day must have been the first of April, and all the people consequently foolish—he came out of his hovel comparatively cheerful, and still unwilling to believe that his intimate friend had seriously cast him off, made his appearance very delicately in the farm-yard about breakfast-time. A dairy-maid saw him first, screamed, and ran away; a cow-boy flung a fork at him; a man tried to throw a rope round his neck from the window of a loft (all friends of long standing, these); last came the master with his gun again; and then the poor dog, hopeless utterly, threw his head up, gave a long howl, that would have moved the pity of a mad-doctor, and fled away. All that day he wandered about, at intervals showing himself at different places—places where, a few hours before, welcome would have gone out to meet him—trying, seemingly, all his best friends one after another; and everywhere he was received in the same way. The people with one consent had all turned against him; not a soul gave him a kind word, or looked at him with any eyes but those of terror or threatening; the children, who formerly were never tired of petting and fondling him, and whom he used to treat with a tenderness and delicacy particularly beautiful, now, when they saw him, screamed, and ran to their mothers; the mothers screamed, and banged their doors in his face; the men threw at him the first thing that came to hand, and against him turned their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears; every one's hand was against him; the whole neighborhood shrunk from him; the world hated him. At 7.45 P.M., his heart broke. He turned away from a house where a friend of six years' standing had thrown a large flower-pot at him; while another friend, who had known his mother when quite a pup, climbed hastily into an apple-tree, and applauded the deed. He stumbled down a well-known

path which led to the river; the moon shone brightly; the water flashed white against the black shadow of the trees on the further bank; he stood a moment, the cast-off, heart-broken creature, on the brink of the river; once more lifted his face to the sky, and protested with a pitiful howl against the cruelty of the world; and then deliberately committed suicide. He walked into the river till the water reached half-way up his shoulder, then plunged his head below the surface, and held it there. The waves beat against him; his body swayed to and fro; the water caught his long hair, and pulled at him; his limbs lost their strength, his feet their hold; the current took him; and with his head still held obstinately down, the river swept him away, far away from his ungrateful parish.

Such was the story. The company generally discredited the suicide, declaring that the dog only went to the river to drink, that his nose caught in some weeds, and that his head was drawn under by the force of the current. The Parson, while declining to accept this as an explanation, returned that the story was sufficiently lamentable, and quite as extraordinary, even if the dog's unhappiness only drove him to drink. But, for his own part, he held by the suicide, believing that the creature's wonderful acuteness had pointed out to it that drowning was the only means which could possibly clear it of the charge of madness; for a voluntary death by water, though it would be instantly set down as madness in the case of a man, yet, in the case of a dog, would be universally accepted as the clearest proof of sanity.

Chambers's Journal.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Who wrote the words of our national air? who composed the music? Mr. Chappell and Dr. Fink now speak positively about the proper mode of cracking these nuts; but so did other critics and Dryasdusts in bygone years; and we humble lookers-on can only wonder that the learned have not yet settled the matter. There is not much of the melody, certainly, in quantity, seeing that it only touches six notes of the scale; but what notes they are! When five or ten

thousand voices sing this song together, the effect is such, that almost any composer might wish *he* were the producer of such a grand though simple composition; albeit, there is little to admire in the words.

About the close of the last century, Mr. Carey, grandfather of Edmund Kean, claimed the honor for *his* father, Mr. Henry Carey, of being the composer of the music, let the writer of the words have been who he may. This claim at once raised a storm of dissension, for the honor had been awarded to Handel, to Purcell, to various composers throughout a range of two centuries and a half; and it seemed a descent in dignity now to settle down upon plain Henry Carey as the composer. Let us, then, jot down, in chronological order, the chief facts and scraps on which later critics have based their conclusions.

There is an old manuscript music-book, said to have been found among some papers in the church-chest of Gayton, Northamptonshire, in which is a song beginning:

God save King Henrie, wheresoever he be;
And for Queene Elizabethe now pray we,
And all her noble progenye.

This is supposed to refer to Henry VII. and his consort, who were married in 1486. The tune is not much like our National Anthem; and the words would certainly not fit in with the number of bars contained in it. We may therefore dismiss it.

Next we come to a remark of Mr. Froude's, that when the fleet assembled at Portsmouth in 1545, the challenge or watch-word was "God save the King," to which the answer was, "Long to reign over us." This does not necessarily imply that there was a song in existence containing those words; but it may very well be that a popular sentiment was expressed in the two loyal wishes, and that it was afterward made use of by the writer of the song, whoever he may have been.

There is a broadside sheet, dated 1606, which has been brought into the discussion. It contains a patriotic song, one verse of which runs thus:

All countries join with us in love
To beat down Turk and pope apace:
The king and council's arts approve,
Let virtue now all vice efface.

Amidst all joys prepare to die,
That we may live eternally.
God save King James. and still pull down
All those that would annoy his crown !

As we know nothing of the music of this very poor affair, and as the words "God save King James" (James I. ascended the English throne in 1603) furnish the only claim of this song to any part whatever in the inquiry, it need occupy no further attention.

The next following year, 1607, has been made the basis of a very lofty claim—that Ben Jonson wrote the words, and Dr. John Bull composed the melody of *God save the King*. Mr. Clark, who published a pamphlet concerning the authorship of the National Anthem about half a century ago, states that he had seen a music-book containing *God save our noble King*; that on the title-page was written, "Deane Monteage, given to him by his father, 1676;" and that this date identified the tune as not being *later* than the time of Charles II. He then noticed that Ward, in his *Lives of the Gresham Professors*, includes *God save the King* as being among the musical compositions of Dr. John Bull (one would like to be able to accept this authorship, the name is so fitting), a music-teacher in the times of James I. Mr. Clark then went to the records of the Merchant Taylors' Company, wherein he found that, on July 16, 1607, King James and Prince Henry dined with the Company; that Ben Jonson, the poet-laureate, was consulted about a speech suitable to be read before his majesty ("by reason that the Company doubt the schoolmaster and scholars be not acquainted with such kind of entertainment"); and that songs were sung as well as speeches made on the occasion. On this slender thread, Mr. Clark hangs an hypothesis that *God save the King* was written by Ben Jonson, and composed by Dr. John Bull, to celebrate, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the escape of king and country from the Gunpowder Plot, which had occurred shortly before. He claims, in further support, the two lines,—

Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks,

as being specially applicable to such a time. Mr. Clark's view, however, is not now admitted to possess much va-

lidity. In the first place, the copy of the real *God save the King* may very reasonably have been written at a much later date, in a music-book as old as the time of Charles II., or earlier; those who keep manuscript music-books will easily understand this. Indeed, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Chappell, who have both examined the book, agree in opinion that this particular tune was inscribed in it at some time in the next century. In the second place, the only known manuscript copy of Dr. John Bull's *God save the King* is a melody wholly different from our familiar anthem. And in the third place, there is no evidence, either that *God save the King* was among the songs sung at Merchant Taylors' Hall, or that Ben Jonson wrote it, even if it was.

Nobody seems to have taken the reign of Charles I. into favor, in connection with the writing and composition of the National Anthem, until the publication of a manuscript, which was recently ferreted out in the State Paper Office by Mr. Hamilton; it is a song, supposed to be of the date 1645, beginning:

God save Charles the King,
Our Royal Roy;
Grant him long for to reign
In peace and joy.
The Lord that in the heav'ns dwells
Convert his grace
All such Achitophels
From him to chase.

In 1645, the unfortunate monarch was being driven about by Cromwell at Naseby and elsewhere; and such a song as the above was quite befitting the pen and tongue of a royalist; but the rhythm is obviously unsuited to our well-known tune.

The quarter of a century during which the easy-going Charles II. reigned has been made a source for some of the theories. Dr. Blow wrote a song in his honor, commencing:

God preserve his majesty,
And for ever send him victory,
And confound all his enemies—

words which lead some persons to think that the writer must have been familiar with the sentiments and turns of expression of *God save the King*, as a contemporary if not earlier composition. Beyond this, the case possesses but little

value. Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Recollections of Paris*, roundly gives Scotland the credit of producing our national tune, in the time of Charles II. He says: "The English have always borrowed from Scotland, insomuch that the national anthem of *God save the King* is a mere transcript of a Scottish anthem, preserved in a collection printed in 1682." Later critics have made mince-meat of the evidence on which this assertion rests. It appears that there is a book of part music, printed at Aberdeen in the above-named year, containing a tune bearing some resemblance to the national anthem, but having sixteen bars instead of fourteen, and being in the minor mode instead of the major; moreover, the words are these:

Remember, O thou man, thy time is spent;
Remember, O thou man, how thou wast dead and
gone;
And I did what I can; therefore repent.

The words are as unfitting as they are wanting in intelligibility, to *our* notion of *God save the King*, even if the tune would suit. Another theorizer has asserted that the original melody for which such an eager search has been made, or the basis for it, may be found in a Book of Harpsichord Lessons, published by Purcell's widow; and that in a set of sonatas published by Purcell himself, in 1683, there is a tune of somewhat similar character. But Mr. Chappell will not admit the claim; he says there is a *little* resemblance of the tunes to each other, and to the National Anthem, but too little to rely upon.

The unlucky James II. is put forward by many as the monarch whom God was prayed to save. One Dr. Campbell, a Jacobite of the last century, alleged that *God save the King* was sung at the coronation of this sovereign. Dr. Arne and Dr. Burney were both under the impression that it was written and composed in James's reign, for singing at his Catholic chapel. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* draws attention to a passage in the Life of the Duke of Berwick, son of James: "When James was seized on by the mob at Faversham, and returned to London, in passing through the City to go to Whitehall, the people hurried on in crowds to see him, crying out 'God save the King.'" Of

course, it was only a Jacobite crowd that could say this. At any rate, the cry is accepted as if it were known to the populace as one line of a song; and the two lines about "politics" and "knaveish tricks" are brought into requisition to support the opinion. Dr. Burney certainly believed in the Jacobite origin of the song; he says he thinks it was written for James II. at the time when William of Orange was hovering about the court, and that it fell into disfavor when William was settled on the throne. The Duchess of Perth, in her Memoirs, declared that the tune is of French origin; that it was first sung by the ladies of St. Cyr to James II. when he was in exile; and that Handel, procuring a copy of it, foisted it on the English public as his own. But in the first place, Handel never did claim it; and in the second place, the verses given by the duchess are utterly unsuitable to the national melody; there are ten French lines instead of seven, and the syllables are far too many for the notes.

There then comes another Jacobite period under review—that of 1715, when the son of the exiled James II. made a fruitless attempt to regain his royal patrimony. In the *Proceedings of the London Highland Society*, mention is made of an old crystal drinking-cup preserved at Fingask Castle, in the Carse o' Gowrie, on which is engraved:

God save the king, I pray;
God bless the king, I pray;
God save the king;
Send him victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Soon to reign over us;
God save the king.

There is also another verse, invoking divine blessings on the "true-born Prince of Wales." The cup had belonged to a Jacobite family; and it has been supposed that the inscription was written about 1720, when James's son (the first Pretender) was regarded as the real king of England by his adherents, James himself being dead; and when Prince Charles Edward (the young Pretender) was just born. The question left in doubt is, whether this inscription might not have been made to apply to the date of the second rebellion, 1745.

In truth, there are numerous songs, in rhythm resembling *God save the King*,

which are full of Jacobite allusions; and the advocates of different theories have wrangled much as to whether these songs are attributable to 1715 or to 1745, the days of the "Old" or of the "Young" Pretender. In the *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*, there is one called *The King's Anthem*, in which the third verse runs:

God bless the Prince, I pray;
God bless the Prince, I pray—
Charlie, I mean;
That Scotland we may see
Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,
Both George and his Teckie,
Even so. Amen.

This and another verse referring to "the royal pair, both king and queen," seem to fit better with the earlier than the later of the two dates, or perhaps about 1720. Another song, in the same collection and the same metre, suits exactly the state of matters when, after the death of Queen Anne in 1714, the House of Hanover commenced a new dynasty in England. It is almost certain that the *form* of words, if not the exact words themselves, were known somewhere between 1714 and 1720, whatever tune they were married to.

And now we come to Henry Carey, who is believed by the most recent investigators to have a better claim to the production of *our* God save the King (or Queen) than anybody else. Carey, born in 1663, produced many short poems and pieces of music, and died in 1743. He was a Jacobite, and is supposed to have written a God save the King in connection with the stirring events of 1714–20. This he might have done by adapting an old song, and then combining it with an adaptation of an old tune, for the germs both of song and tune were to be found earlier. He is said to have sung it himself in 1740, at a dinner to celebrate the victory of Admiral Vernon; transforming "James" to "George," "soon" to "long," and "hopes" to "hearts." There is nothing unbelievable in this; men know how to change their politics in twenty years. Dr. Pepusch altered two notes in the first bar, and put the bass which has since been so well known. Carey announced at the dinner that the song was his, and received much applause at the announcement. He might really have written and composed it at this time, from old materials, with-

out having previously written any *God save the King* partaking of a Jacobite flavor. A plea has been put in for him, that as he is not known for any *good* writing, he might easily have been equal to the task of producing such rhymes as "victorious" and "glorious," with "over us," or "voice" with "laws" and "cause."

The first printed copy known of *God save the King*, decidedly the song we now possess, was given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745; "a song for two voices, as sung at both playhouses." Dr. Arne arranged it for one theatre; Dr. Burney for the other. There does not appear to be evidence that the song was sung on any stage before that year. Arne and Burney were alike ignorant of any hand that Carey (who died two years before) might have had in it; they received it as a new adaptation of an old Jacobite song. It was not till later in the century that George S. Carey brought forward the facts which connected his father with the production of the song, and adduced testimony from Dr. Harrington and Dr. Smith to support his view. Thinking he might make something out of it, and hearing that Dibdin had been awarded a pension of two hundred pounds a year for writing patriotic sea-songs, he tried whether King George III. would do anything for the son of the Henry Carey who wrote the most loyal of all songs. He applied to a notable at court, but was dashed by the reply: "Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of *God save the King*, that the king is under any obligation to his son; and so poor Carey gave it up; and hearing a water-cress girl plying her trade in the streets as he plodded on, went home and wrote his song of *Spring Water-cresses*—for he had many mouths to fill, and could not afford to be idle.

What does it all come to, then? The truth seems to be, that the germ of the simple melody had been used over and over again, altered in those numerous ways with which we are so familiar in other cases; or rather, it had *grown*, and did not settle down into its present form till about 1740. In like manner the words have grown, or have adapted themselves to the peculiar seven-line verse which is so characteristic of this

song. Of all persons actually named, Henry Carey seems to be most identified with the modern form of words and tune; but everything tends to show that he used up old materials, and caused them to put on a new appearance. His other productions do not denote the sort of man who could originate such a song as this, either the peculiar rhythm of the seven-line stanza, or the very effective series of simply forty notes making up the melody. In looking over the music in Mr. Chappell's excellent antiquarian ballad-books, it may be traced that the first four bars of one of the old versions of *God save the King*, of our modern version, and of Mozart's lovely air, *Vedrai Carino*, have a certain build in common, though differing much in later portions of the melody. At any rate, the materials were already in existence out of which Henry Carey might have put his tune together, without any strong infusion of original genius. Mr. Chappell, Dr. Fink (of the *Leipsic Musical Gazette*), and several writers in *Notes and Queries*, pretty well agree in this view—that the tune grew up gradually. The words are still more easy to explain. "Confound their politics," and "frustrate their knavish tricks," were lines unquestionably in existence, and applicable to several political events between 1606 and 1745, either for or against the House of Stuart. A little change from "James" to "George" might easily be made—as easily as the change in 1830 from "God save great George our King" to "God save our noble King," rendered necessary by the puzzling difficulty what to do with the name of "William." Although "Victoria" is a good singable name, we have not adapted it in the present version; some one (who was it?) devised "gracious queen" instead. France, Prussia, Germany, all know the tune well. The late king of Prussia adopted it as the melody for a national song, *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*—yes, *Siegerkranz*, that same "crown of victory," the idea of which turns the heads of some kings of Prussia, and leads them to bless the sword as the grandest of all institutions.

Many curious attempts have been made to "improve" this famous song, under the influence of temporary

bursts of loyalty, in the form of an additional verse or two. When the *Gentleman's Magazine* printed the familiar version in 1745 (from which our present differs only in a few words and a few notes), the words were characterized as having "no merit but their loyalty;" and two other verses were suggested, which we suppose must possess some other quality than loyalty—even though we don't see it. One runs thus:—

Fame, let thy trumpet sound;
Tell all the world around,
Great George is king.
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
Britannia scorns their chain;
All their vile arts are vain:
Great George is king.

In the same year, Marshal Wade was dragged into the National Anthem, in the true thunder-and-lightning style:—

Lord, grant that Marshal Wade
May, by thy mighty aid,
Victory bring;
May he sedition crush,
And like a torrent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush!
God save the king.

When George III. was attacked with one of his fits of insanity, Mr. Children wrote an additional verse to the National Anthem, containing a prayer for the recovery of the afflicted monarch. In 1793, when Europe was bristling with war, the Rev. Mr. Tattersal wrote two additional verses, one of which is certainly patriotic, if not poetical:—

When insults rise to wars,
Oak-hearted British tars
Scorn to be slaves;
Ranged in our wooden walls,
Ready, when duty calls,
To send their cannon-balls
O'er ocean's waves!

More than once, at philanthropic and charitable dinners, verses have been tagged on to the National Anthem, applicable to the special occasion. George Colman wrote a version, suitable for times of peace, with a prayer for a continuance of its attendant blessings. When Hadfield shot at George III. in 1800, Sheridan (some say Kelly) promptly wrote an additional verse, to be appended to the National Anthem at the theatre that evening:—

From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the king.

O'er him thine arm extend;
 For Britain's sake defend
 Our father, prince, and friend:
 God save the king.

Lastly, an Oxford-man made a Latin *God save the King* about seventy years ago, of which the first verse runs thus:—

O vivas omnibus
 Salvus ab hostibus,
 Georgi, O Rex!
 Tibi victoriam
 Deus, et gloriam
 Det, et memoriam,
 Optime Rex!

HOW POETS STUDIED.

THE poet Southey, who is said to have been, perhaps, more continually employed than any other writer of his generation, was habitually an early riser, but he never encroached upon the hours of the night. He gives the following account of his day, as he employed it at the age of thirty-two:—"Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing), then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor, till dinner-time. From dinner till tea I write letters, read, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper." At the age of fifty-five, his life varied but little from this sketch. When it is said that his breakfast was at nine, after a little reading, his dinner at four, tea at six, and supper at half-past nine, and that the intervals, except the time regularly devoted to a walk, between two and four, and a short sleep before tea, were occupied with reading and writing, the outline of his day during those long seasons when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was ready to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. During the several years that

he was partially employed upon the life of Dr. Bell, he devoted two hours before breakfast to it in the summer, and as much time as there was daylight for during the winter months, that it might not interfere with the usual occupations of the day. Of himself, at the age of sixty, at a time when he was thus engaged every morning at work away from his home, he says: "I get out of bed as the clock strikes six, and shut the house door after me as it strikes seven. After two hours' work, home to breakfast; after which my son engages me till about half-past ten, and, when the post brings no letters that interest or trouble me, by eleven I have done with the newspaper, and can then set about what is properly the business of the day. But I am liable to frequent interruptions, so that there are not many mornings in which I can command from two to three unbroken hours at the desk. At two I take my daily walk, be the weather what it may, and when the weather permits, with a book in my hand. Dinner at four, read about half-an-hour, then take to the sofa with a different book, and after a few pages get my soundest sleep, till summoned to tea at six. My best time during the winter is by candlelight; twilight interferes with it a little, and in the season of company I can never count upon an evening's work. Supper at half-past nine, after which I read an hour and then to bed. The greatest part of my miscellaneous work is done in the odds and ends of time."

Shelley rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends (to whom his house was ever open), again walked out and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed. This was his daily existence. His book was generally Plato, or Homer, or one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible, in which last he took a great interest. Out of the twenty-four hours, he frequently read sixteen. "He wrote his Prometheus," says Willis, "in the baths of Caracalla, near the Coliseum." It was his favorite haunt in Rome.

The poet Campbell thus describes his

labors when in London, at the age of fifty-five: "I get up at seven, write letters for the Polish Association until half-past nine, breakfast, go to the club and read the newspaper till twelve. Then I sit down to my studies, and, with many interruptions, do what I can till four. I then walk round the Park, and generally dine out at six. Between nine and ten I return to chambers, read a book or write a letter, and go to bed always before twelve." "His correspondence," says his biographer, "occupied four hours every morning, in French, German, and Latin. He could seldom act with the moderation necessary for his health. Whatever object he once took in hand, he determined to carry out, and found no rest until it was accomplished." Whatever he wrote during his connection with the "New Monthly" and the "Metropolitan" was written hurriedly. If a subject was proposed for the end of a month, he seldom gave it a thought until it was no longer possible to delay the task. He would then sit down in the quietest corner of his chambers, or, if quiet was not to be found in town, he would start off to the country, and there, shut in among the green fields, complete his task. When sixty-two years old he says: "I am only six hours out of the twenty-four in bed. I study twelve and walk six. Oranges, exercise, and early rising, serve to keep me flourishing."

The biographer of Campbell has given us the following anecdote with respect to the oft-quoted lines—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The happy thought first presented itself to his mind during a visit to Minto. He had gone early to bed, and, still meditating on "Lochiel's Warning," fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating, "Events to come cast their shadows before!" This was the very thought for which he had been hunting the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increasing force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration. "Sir, are you ill?"

inquired the servant. "Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible." He then started to his feet, seized hold of his pen, and wrote down the happy thought, but as he wrote changed the words "events to come" into "coming events," as it now stands in the text. Looking at his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock, the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his cup of tea he completed his first sketch of "Lochiel."

Proctor (Barry Cornwall) usually wrote in a small closet adjoining his library, with just room enough in it for a desk and two chairs, and his favorite books, miniature likenesses of authors, manuscripts, etc., piled around in true poetical confusion. He confined his labors to the daytime, eschewing evening work. In a letter to a friend, some years ago, he wrote: "I hope you will not continue to give up your nights to literary undertakings. Believe me (who have suffered bitterly from this imprudence) that nothing in the world of letters is worth the sacrifice of health and strength and animal spirits, which will certainly follow this excess of labor."

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

IN the engraving, Rubens appears standing near the horse of Vandyke, still grasping the hand of his friend and pupil. The beautiful wife of Rubens stands just behind him, holding her little son. The scene is near the door of Rubens, whose house is still shown to all travellers who feel an interest in the great Flemish painter. Rubens was born at Siegen, Westphalia, June 29, 1577, and died in Antwerp, May 30, 1640. His birthday occurring on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, he was named after those apostles. His parents, who had been driven by the religious and political troubles of the Low Countries into a temporary exile, established themselves soon after his birth in Cologne, where Rubens resided until the age of 10. He then accompanied his mother to Antwerp, and in his 13th year was placed with Van Hæght, a landscape painter. Subsequently, after spending some time with Van Oort, he completed his art education in the studio of Otto van Veen,

by whose advice he repaired in 1600 to Italy, furnished with letters of recommendation from the Archduke Albert, then viceroy of the Netherlands, and his consort, the Infanta Isabella. Of unusual promise in his art, he was also well informed in many branches of polite learning, of handsome person, dignified bearing, and accomplished manners. Making Venice his first halting-place, "he compounded," says Fuseli, "from the splendor of Paul Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art and the principle of his school." At this time he became known to Vincenzo di Gonzaga, the Duke of Mantua, by whom he was appointed gentleman of the chamber and court painter, and who in 1605 sent him on a diplomatic mission to Philip III. of Spain. He was received with great favor at the Spanish court, where he painted portraits of the king and the principal grandees, beside many historical pieces, and after returning to Italy resided successively in Rome, Milan, and Genoa. In Genoa he made a collection of drawings of the chief edifices, which was subsequently engraved and published (2 vols. fol., 1622). The serious illness of his mother in 1608 hurried him back to Antwerp, where the Archduke Albert gave him a gracious reception, and, as an inducement to remain in Flanders, appointed him court painter, with the privilege of residing in Antwerp. Settling in that city, he married in 1609 his first wife, Elizabeth Brants, and for many years was prosperously engaged in his profession. His pictures painted at this period are considered, both in composition and finish, his most pleasing productions; and notwithstanding the rapidly increasing demand for them, it is probable that the greater part were executed wholly by himself. In his later works he was aided by a numerous band of pupils. He lived in an elegant mansion in Antwerp, built by himself and stored with a choice collection of works of art, and his prestige as courtier and artist drew around him pupils from all parts of northern Europe. In 1620 he was commissioned by Maria de' Medici to decorate the gallery of the palace of the Luxembourg with a series of allegorical compositions illustrating the principal events in her career. The pic-

tures, 21 in number, were in great part executed by his most eminent pupils from sketches prepared by him, which are now in the Pinakothek in Munich. While in Paris, superintending the details of this commission, Rubens made the acquaintance of the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he disposed of his entire collection of works of art for the sum of 100,000 florins. In 1626 he was for a time rendered inconsolable by the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whose portrait he frequently introduced into his works. In the following year he was sent by the Infanta Isabella to the Hague to negotiate with Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the agent of Charles I. of England; and in the autumn of 1628 he revisited Spain in a diplomatic capacity, remaining there until April, 1629. During this visit he was appointed by Philip IV. secretary to the privy council, an office subsequently granted in reversion to his eldest son Albert. Scarcely had he returned to Flanders, when he was despatched as envoy to the court of England. During his residence there, which terminated in February, 1630, he distinguished himself not less by diplomatic finesse than by assiduity in the practice of his art; and his allegory of "Peace and War," now in the British national gallery, with other works, was painted and presented by him to the king. The latter in return knighted him in Whitehall, presenting him at the same time with the royal sword and a massive gold chain. Returning to Antwerp loaded with distinctions, he was married, in Dec. 1630, to Helena Forman, a beautiful girl of sixteen. He now occupied, in point of fortune, rank, and public estimation, the most distinguished position probably ever attained by any artist; and so numerous were his commissions from crowned heads alone, that he had time for little more than designing and applying the finishing touches to the pictures which pass under his name, leaving the body of the work to be done by his pupils and assistants. In this manner were executed the series of pictures representing the apotheosis of James I. for the ceiling of the banqueting-house of Whitehall, which were completed in 1635, and for which he received £3,000. In 1633 he was sent on another embassy to Holland, which was interrupted by

the death of the Infanta. This was his last public service, and a few years later he became in a great measure incapacitated for work by severe attacks of the gout, which frequently assailed his hands, rendering him unable to hold a brush, and which finally caused his death. His posthumous collection of works of art, including 319 pictures, is said to have produced £25,000. The pictures ascribed in whole or in part to Rubens amount, according to Smith's *catalogue raisonné*, to the enormous number of 1,800, or, estimating the number of years he was actually engaged in the practice of his art, to nearly one a week. Of the number painted entirely by him no certain estimate can be made, although, judging from his well-known industry, his fertility of invention, and facility of execution, such pictures must be numerous. They comprise history, portraits, landscapes, animals, and fruit and flower pieces, and are widely dispersed over Europe, the collections at Antwerp, Munich, Vienna, Madrid, and the Louvre being particularly rich. The finest are still in Antwerp, in the cathedral of which city are his well known "Descent from the Cross" and "Elevation of the Cross," the former being generally considered his masterpiece. In the academy at Antwerp are many of the pictures executed by Rubens in his earliest and best period, but a number of those formerly in the churches have been removed to other collections. The Belvedere in Vienna contains a noble altarpiece, with wings, representing the "Virgin presenting a splendid Robe to St. Ildefonso;" "St. Ambrose refusing to admit the Emperor Theodosius into the Church;" and two altarpieces representing the miracles performed by St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier. In the Pinakothek at Munich, which contains 94 of his works, are two illustrating the surprising energy which he infused into his delineations of human action, the "Battle of the Amazons" and the small picture of the "Fall of the Damned." Scarcely less powerful, though in a different degree, is the "Village Fête" in the Louvre. The British national gallery possesses the "Rape of the Sabines," which has been called "a perfect nosegay of color," the "Judgment of Paris," and several other works. Animal vigor, in the represen-

tation of which Rubens excelled, is seen nowhere with more effect than in his bacchanal feasts and mythological subjects of the coarser kind, of which "Castor and Pollux carrying off the Daughters of Leucippus," wonderful for its flesh coloring, and "Sleeping Wood Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," in the Pinakothek, are excellent examples. In his representations of the human figure he seldom attempted to idealize, and his Madonnas, Magdalens, and female saints are literally imitated from Flemish types of womanhood. As an animal painter he showed great excellence, and Sir Joshua Reynolds particularly commends his lions and horses, which, he observes, "perhaps never were properly represented but by him." His portraits are by some considered superior in their combinations of vigorous life with careful handling to any other of his productions. The *Chapeau de paille*, in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, and his numerous portraits of himself and his two wives, illustrate his skill in this department. Lastly in his landscapes he exhibited, says Kugler, "the same juiciness and freshness, the same full luxuriant life, the same vigor and enthusiasm as in his historical pictures."

VANDYKE AND RUBENS.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING.

THE scene depicted in the engraving presents the portraits of two artists of renown—Vandyke and Rubens—whose works adorn and enrich many galleries in Europe. It would be almost difficult to find an extensive collection of paintings on the continent without more or less of the works of Rubens. In visiting many or most of these collections, it has seemed a marvel to us how one man could achieve so much artistic labor in a single lifetime. The same may be said in a good degree of Vandyke, who was a pupil of Rubens, and the scene in the engraving illustrates their parting from each other, Vandyke, mounted on his horse, departing on his way to Italy. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the engraving. We are indebted for the facts to Appleton's American Cyclopædia.

Sir Anthony Vandyke was born in Antwerp, March 22, 1599, and died in

London, Dec. 9, 1641. His parents, who were persons in comfortable circumstances, with some knowledge of art, gave him his first instructions, and at sixteen years of age he was placed under Rubens, with whom he made such rapid progress as, according to the common account, to excite the jealousy of his master. The often repeated story that Vandyke first revealed his talent to the latter by the manner in which he repainted a portion of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," which, while still wet, had been accidentally damaged by a fellow pupil, has no foundation in fact, as the picture was painted and put up in the cathedral at Antwerp several years before Vandyke entered the studio of Rubens. There is probably no reason to suppose that the relations between master and pupil were otherwise than friendly; and when Vandyke went to Italy in 1619, by the advice of Rubens, they parted with expressions of mutual esteem. Influenced by his training in the school of Rubens, he repaired first to Venice, whence, after a careful study of the great colorists, he went to Genoa and Rome. In both cities he received abundant commissions for portraits, and in the latter produced a fine head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, esteemed one of his masterpieces, besides many altarpieces. In 1626 he returned to Antwerp with a high reputation, and soon after executed for the church of the Augustines there a celebrated picture representing St. Augustine in ecstasy supported by angels. For the next five years he was busily employed by ecclesiastical establishments and private patrons in the Netherlands; and to this period may be ascribed numerous "Crucifixions" and "Pietas," impressed with that character of profound sorrow for which the artist has always been distinguished. Preëminent among them is the "Christ Crucified between the Two Thieves," in the church of the Recollects at Mechlin, which Reynolds pronounced not only the best of Vandyke's historical works, but "one of the finest pictures in the world." The close imitation of Rubens which at first characterized his works was now, under the influence of his studies in Italy, replaced by a peculiar style in which gracefulness of contour, softness of coloring, and an expression of a deeper and more

touching emotion are the distinguishing traits. "In the hands of Vandyke," says Kugler, "this rather sentimental manner has been brought to the highest perfection, and imbued with the deepest pathos; but he does not always observe the proper limits, and sometimes borders upon the artificial and theatrical." Accordingly in portraits he won his greatest reputation, and it was in consequence of his skill in this department of the art that Charles I. invited him in 1632 to England. Within a year or two after his arrival he was knighted and appointed painter to his majesty, with a pension of £200 for life. "He always," says a contemporary writer, "went magnificently dressed, had a numerous and gallant equipage, and kept so good a table in his apartment, that few princes were more visited or better served." Excessive application (it is said that he frequently painted a portrait in a day) and a too lavish indulgence in dissipation, together with the anxieties caused by a search for the philosopher's stone, to which in his latter years he surrendered much of his time, rapidly undermined his health; and with the desire of repairing his shattered fortunes, as also of doing something in England worthy of his fame, he proposed to the king to paint the walls of the banqueting room at Whitehall. The price demanded was beyond the capacity of the royal treasury; and while negotiations were in progress for the execution of the work at a less sum, the death of the painter took place. The number of works of all classes attributed to him is enormous, in view of his short life, and of the circumstances under which the last ten years of it were passed. The best of his portraits are in England, prominent specimens being his several portraits of Charles I., those of the earls of Strafford and Pembroke, and many others in the collections at Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Blenheim, Althorp, and other famous seats. There are also many in the galleries of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. A series of one hundred small portraits in chiaroscuro of the most eminent of his contemporaries, from which etchings have been made, was executed by him in Antwerp, and is very celebrated. As a portrait painter he ranks next to Titian, and by some is accounted equal to that master.

POETRY.

BY THE RIVER.

THE sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars,
That grow beside the stream;
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,
A gold and purple gleam;
And I know
That even in the March wind there was music,
And in the river's flow.

I love to hear the sighing of the water,
To mark its green depths shine;
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,
A dear hand clasped in mine;
For I know
I thought that love would last forever, changeless,
Though rivers ceased to flow.

Gone is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,
The glory from the land;
Gone, the brown eyes that made the sunshine
brighter,
And gone the clasping hand;
But I know
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!
That cannot cease to flow.

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

HERE, it is here—the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O, foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine;
I hear the roll of ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger,
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
I last but a moment longer.

O, faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
What room is here for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry?
And I shall live to see it.
Well if it be so, so it is, you know;
And if it be so—so be it!

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of hollies;
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen,
I hate the spites and the follies.

—Once a Week.

JACK FROST

JACK FROST is a wonderful artist indeed:
Builds castles with breath on the smooth-
surfaced glass;

Leaves flowers wherever his bright feet doth tread,
And spreads a white carpet all over the grass.
He climbs to the top of the tall forest tree,
And crowns it with gems when the green
leaves are gone.
Poor lovers of beauty and wonder are we,
If we prize not his work, so tastefully done.

He breathes on the wind-dimpled streamlet,
and lo!
A bright shield of silver gleams on its soft
breast!
Across the broad river his arms he doth throw,
And its fast-flowing waters are hushed into rest.

Fantastic and strange are the pictures he draws,
With a pencil of beauty, wherever he goes.
Who'd seek in his works to find out any flaws,
Would try to improve the warm tint of the rose.

The spots unadorned yet by Beauty divine,
His fingers so nimble, so skilful and free,
Move over, and quickly with jewels they shine,
And look fair, as we dream elfin bowers to be.

I love him, although from a bow that's unseen,
He lets loose his swift-winged arrows of sleet,
As I cross the wide heath—their stings, sharp
and keen,
But renders my cot, when I reach it, more
sweet.

He comes to my garden, where Robin sings sweet
On the fence that is covered with roses in
spring,
And makes it a palace of crystal complete,
Where fairies might dance in a jewel-wove ring.

His icicles fringing the bucket all worn,
That stands on the brink of the old woodland
well,
Look brighter than dew-drops upon a May morn,
That gleam in the roses that grow in the dell.

Then come, O Jack Frost! from thy bleak northern
home,
Thou beautiful jewel-robed wandering sprite;
Show thy skill on the windows of my little room,
And spread o'er the meadows thy carpet of white.

FORGETFULNESS.

Who can forget a loving word,
Tho' said in language plain?
It sinks within the inmost heart,
And is not sent in vain.

Who can forget a loving glance,
A smile for us alone?
Ah! these are what we love to get,
And prize them as our own.

Who can forget a parting kiss,
The last fond lingering look?
'Tis these that, after years have flown,
Are found in memory's book.

Yet there are some who can forget,
Whose memories never stray;
With whom the present is enough—
The past has died away.

'Tis thus with some, yet I am glad,
Of such I know but few,
And may it ne'er be said, dear friend,
Of either I or you.

THSITL.

JANUARY.

THE first stage of the growing year,
Though cold, so bitter, and so drear.
Thy whistling, wintry, chilly wind;
And yet we hail thy instant reign,
Thou old year's offspring: for in thy train,
Events unseen, unknown, we'll find.

Thou month in which all nature takes
Fresh spring, invigorated breaks,
Once more to battle on in life.
One year of toil and joy hath past,
And now another comes as fast,
With daily, hourly cares and strife.

The first step of a journey long,
Chequer'd o'er with right and wrong,
Friend wishes friend a prosperous year;
Yet if he should above him rise,
He spurns him then with envious eyes,
Ah! even those he owns most dear.

ANNIE M.

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

THIS is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago—
Quiet, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow.
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands,
and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room,
With the fragrance fled away!

Nelly, grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face—
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are
drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter
doom,
And Nelly is singing elsewhere—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she be quiet, and buried, and
dead,
I should not wonder much;

For she was so young, you know—
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me so,
Though I was gray and old;
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
And it still looked living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown drest,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men, with their prayers
untrue—
Nay! rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do!

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Wynkoop & Sherwood, of the new publishing house, No. 18 Beekman street, send us a beautiful book, *Short Studies for Sunday-school Teachers*. By Rev. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo, \$1.50. This is just the book to stir the heart and mind of the Sunday-school teacher. Sprightly, fresh, full of thought, condensed, suggestive, and all aglow with the sacred fire, it is a book that cannot fail to do good. Every Sunday-school superintendent and teacher should own a copy. Also *Pepys' Diary*. By ALLAN GRANT. A neat volume with memories of the olden time. With a fine portrait.

French Literature.—The name of Madame de Pompadour is identified with one of the most deplorable epochs in the whole range of French history. The indolent and effete prince whose *sobriquet* of *Le bien Aimé* seems like a cruel piece of irony, had no strength of purpose, no vigor of mind. Far from leaving his impress upon the age in which he lived, far from guiding the course of events, and making his power to be felt for the good of his subjects, Louis XV. was constantly the sport of unworthy intrigues; in the hands of his mistresses and his courtiers he allowed himself to be bent and moulded like the ductile piece of metal on the blacksmith's anvil. His reign comprises those of Madame de Mailly, Madame de Châteauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and La Dubarry: at a time when French society was undergoing a steady process of disorganization, and when a firm and enlightened Government was more than ever necessary, the sceptre had fallen into the mud, and absolutism served as a sanction for vices of every kind. M. Campardon explains very well the difference which existed between Madame de Pompadour's sway and that of the other ladies who preceded her in the high favor she enjoyed at Court. Her ruling passion was love of power,

and no means were neglected by her to secure that object. If she gave her patronage to literary men, philosophers, and artists, it was because she saw that the prestige of the pen was every day gaining ground, and that public opinion must be taken into serious account. In politics she adopted the quasi-liberal side, procured the expulsion of the Jesuits, and supported the administration of the Duke de Choiseul; and rather than lose her hold upon the monarch, she created the Parc-aux-cerfs, and thus gave herself rivals from whom she had nothing to dread. In preparing his volume, M. Campardon has taken care to consult the numerous documents, both published and unpublished, which are scattered throughout the various libraries and art-collections of Europe, and he has been able to print several *inédites* pieces of the most interesting kind.

Home Life in Africa; or, A New Glimpse into an Old Corner of the World. Written for the young people by one of their friends who went there, with an admirable Introduction. By Rev. D. Huntington, Boston. A. Williams & Co., 1868.

This is a very interesting and instructive book, price \$1.00, written by Miss Mary B. Merriam, for the noble purpose of educating a native African boy for the work of the ministry in Africa. Get this book and look into old Africa through Miss Merriam's eyes, and see the many interesting things which she saw there. For sale by O. S. Felt, New York.

SCIENCE.

The President of the Royal Society, in his anniversary address to the Fellows of that honorable corporation, discusses some important questions. Scientific students all over the world will rejoice to hear that the first volume of the great catalogue of scientific papers and researches collected from thousands of learned books published in the first sixty-three years of the present century, is now finished, and will shortly be distributed. Under a committee of the Royal Society, this work has been in progress during nearly ten years. When complete, it will contain about two hundred and fifty thousand titles: hence any student desirous to know what has been written on any scientific subject since the year 1800, will have only to look into the great Catalogue of Scientific Papers.

Telescopic.—The great four-feet reflecting telescope to be used at Melbourne will soon be ready for shipment; so that we may hope ere long to hear that a competent astronomer is at work at the antipodes on a survey of the grand phenomena of the southern sky. And, as there will be a total eclipse of the sun in 1868, of long duration, visible in India, the Royal Society have sent out instruments, which will be used by competent officers, for observation of the eclipse, from which it is hoped further knowledge will be acquired of the constitution of the sun. From these, which are but a few particulars from General Sabine's address, it will be seen that science has made good progress of late, and promises well for the year to come.

Astronomical Movements of Plants.—A somewhat peculiar paper has been published by M.

Ch. Musset, in which the author endeavors to show that certain characters of the trunks of trees are related to the movements of the earth. The trunks of trees, he says, are always flattened in the northerly and southerly directions, and expand in an east and west plane. He states that he could support his theory by several thousand examples, and that his views are thoroughly in accordance with astronomical laws!

A Valuable Herbarium for Sale.—On the authority of M. Henri de Saussure, the *American Naturalist* states that a valuable collection of plants is now offered for sale. The collection of the Swiss botanist, the late M. Gay, is to be sold, and is said to be on view at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The price is fixed at thirty thousand francs. The herbarium embraces the whole European flora. It contains ninety thousand specimens, each specimen bearing a description and analysis.

Petroleum.—An American journal states that the light of petroleum lamps is immensely improved by adding a quantity of common salt to the oil!

Human Skin.—Herr Biesiadecki has laid before the Vienna Academy a memoir on the structure of the human skin. In this he states his opinions as to the relation of the several layers of the integument, and we observe that his views are very like those some years since advanced by Professor Huxley. According to his observations, the cells of the mucous layer of the epidermis arise from a mass of *protoplasm* with nuclei which strictly belongs to the corium or true skin. This corresponds very closely to Professor Huxley's *protomorphie line or zone of indifferent tissue*. The author's pathological observations are of much professional interest.

Father Secchi has devised a simplified eye-piece spectroscope. Having found that the ordinary eye-pieces diminish the intensity of the red portion of the spectrum, he has constructed a cylindrical eye-piece of about 0.07 metre in focal length, which he has substituted for the ordinary eye-piece in his simplified spectroscope. The results obtained with the new contrivance have been, says Father Secchi, admirable.

Ruins of a Palace found at Lyons.—The excavations which have been made in the hill of Fouvrieres, at Lyons, has brought to light numerous vestiges of Roman construction which are of great interest. There is found columns and capitals of the pure Archaique style, with tablets of stone and sculptured marble, indicating beyond question the spot where was situated one of those sumptuous palaces inhabited by the Cæsars, who made the capitals of Gaul their homes during the first year of the Christian era.

Effect of Electricity on Plants.—In a memoir quite recently presented to the French Academy, M. Blondeau—whose researches on the sensitive plant were chronicled in our last number—described the peculiar influence which, according to his experiments, the induced electric current exerts on the seeds and fruits of plants. In the case of the fruit the effects of the current were not so remarkable as in that of the seeds. It caused the former to ripen with greater rapidity than usual, but it produced very singular results when passed through the seed. Peas and grains

of corn which had been electrified were placed in pots of earth, and beside them, and under like conditions, were placed seeds which had not been acted on by the current. It was found that the electrified plants germinated much sooner than the others, and produced better stems and more healthy-looking leaves than the others. A very curious effect was produced in some of the seeds—the stem and leaves grew down into the earth, and the roots came up and took their place.

Luminous Visibility of the Electric Spark.—Mr. Felix Lucas concludes, from very original theoretic considerations, that the luminous distance at which the electric spark is visible is greater than that of a permanent light, the apparent intensity of which would equal 250,000 times that of the spark. The light actually employed to illuminate our new lighthouses gives a brilliancy equal to 125 carcel lamps. An electric spark possessing the illuminating power of the 200th part only of a carcel burner, is superior as to its power of projecting light. Hence we can conceive the immense effect of a warning light composed of intermittent flashes of the electric spark proceeding from a strong Leyden jar battery. Mr. Lucas states that, in an experiment made in a laboratory, two apparatuses were established, one voltaic, equal to 125 carcel lamps, and another spark-battery, equivalent to only the 1-2000th part of a carcel wick. The photometer (such as is employed in the lighthouse administration) showed a marked superiority in favor of the spark.

Organisms in Respired Air.—The researches of M. Lemaire are being continued on this point, and a paper lately published reports their results. M. Lemaire states that not only in the air which passes from the lungs, but also in the perspiratory fluid, he finds abundant indications of animal and vegetable life. The organisms discovered by him include various species of Bacterium, Vibrio, and fungoid plants. Besides these he has noticed peculiar spherical or ovoid diaphanous bodies, which he is unable to assign to any particular group.

The Eruption of Vesuvius.—A letter has been received at Paris by M. St. Claire Deville, from Signor Palmieri, in which the latter gives an account of the last and still existing eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The eruption commenced on the 12th of November. About the end of October it was found that the temperature of the older craters was getting higher than usual, and that large quantities of vapor were from time to time evolved. Early in November the disengagements became continuous and the *sismograph* gave indications of a series of slight shocks. Then, at the date mentioned, the discharge of incandescent matter commenced; and the enormous masses of compact lava which had before filled the crater were lifted out, thus opening up four new and small craters, which afterwards became larger, and the discharge of lava then became regular. Disturbance of the magnetic needle and repeated registrations by the *sismograph* were then observed. At the date of closing the letter (Nov. 17th) the stream of lava was winding round the side of the great one, and in the direction of the crater of 1855.

A New Gunpowder.—The *Paris Presse* publishes the following curious piece of intelligence: "The Minister of War has been for some time past in

communication with M. Schultze, formerly a captain in the Prussian Artillery, and the inventor of a new gunpowder, which he terms 'white powder.' The object of these communications is to secure for France the secret of manufacturing the preparation, in which neither saltpetre, charcoal, nor sulphur is used, these being the ingredients of the gunpowder now employed. The white powder is superior to the ordinary kind, especially for rifled arms, as it leaves no deposit in the barrel, and its projectile force is greater."

The Duc de Luynes' Prize.—In the year 1856 the Duc de Luynes intrusted a Commission with 8,000 francs, to be awarded as a prize to the inventor who should produce photographs in printer's ink, within three years of that time. Before the expiration of these three years, Mr. Pouncy claimed the reward for a process of producing prints in carbon, and received from the Commission 400 francs and a silver medal, in recognition of his progress toward the desired end.

Safety of Dr. Livingstone.—Mr. Reid, of the Livingstone Search Expedition, reached England on the 19th of January. The members of the expedition are satisfied that Dr. Livingstone was not murdered, as the Johanna men reported. He did not take the route expected from the Ruyuma River, at about 11 degr. S. along the north coast of Lake Nyassa, in from 36 deg. to 34 deg. E.; but from the Ruyuma went south, round the south end of Lake Nyassa, going as far as 14.28 S. Thence he proceeded to the north-west, and was left pursuing that route, either with the view of exploring the west coast of Lake Nyassa, and thus ascertaining how far it extends north, and then to proceed on to Lake Tanganyika; or he had gone direct for Tanganyika, and thence, down the Nile, home. Mataka, Makata, Marenga, and Maksura, mentioned by the Johanna men, were found on the southern route instead of the northern. The expedition followed Dr. Livingstone up to within a few miles of where it was reported he was murdered, and there found that the Doctor and his "boys" were ferried over a marshy lake by Marenga; but the Johanna men under Moosa made a detour round the lake, and returned next day to Marenga, saying they had deserted Livingstone and should return to the coast, because he was leading them into a country where they would be murdered by the Mavita. The expedition also had interviews with the native porters who had carried Livingstone's luggage five days' journey further to Pasombe.

Sir Roderick Murchison published the following letter in *The Times* of the 20th January:

SIR,—With unspeakable delight I have just received the following telegram from Mr. Young, the commander of the boat expedition sent out to ascertain simply whether, as the Johanna men reported, he had been killed near the head of the Lake Nyassa, or had, as I have always contended, gone on into the interior:

"Plymouth.—I have returned from Lake Nyassa. Dr. Livingstone had gone on in safety. The Johanna men deserted him. I will be up the first train."

There is now, therefore, no longer the shadow of doubt that the white man seen on the west side of the Lake Tanganyika was Livingstone.

Your obedient servant,

RODERICK I. MURCHISON.

Niagara Falls.—*Signs of an early breaking down of the Horseshoe Ledge.*—The interesting question of geological and commercial importance as to what period of time is likely to be consumed by the Falls of Niagara in wearing their way up the bed of the Niagara River, past Tonawanda and Black Rock, until they become at Buffalo the Falls of Lake Erie, has been raised anew of late by some remarkable signs observed in the rapids above Horseshoe Fall, which are thought to forebode an early downfall of the rock forming that magnificent cataract. For more than a year past, some watchful residents of the vicinity have marked a peculiar motion of the rapids at a point something less than half a mile above the apex of the Horseshoe in the channel which the greatest body of water descends, and this motion has been of a character to give rise to the supposition that a breach had been made by the current through the soft shale strata underlying the limestone that forms the present ledge of the Falls. Recently the appearance of the rapids, at the point indicated, has undergone a marked change, and so exactly in confirmation of the theory stated, that those watching it do not doubt the speedy doom of the famous Horseshoe Cataract. If the limestone ledge, over which the river now falls, is, as supposed, in course of being undermined by a subterranean stream, breaking through as far back as nearly half a mile, of course the consequence, inevitable and liable to ensue at any moment, must be an immense breaking away of the face of the cataract, changing its whole form and appearance—perhaps converting the perpendicular fall into a shooting rapid, down a steep decline.

Some observers at the Falls anticipate this grand catastrophe at an early day. In confirmation of these opinions, we find it stated in *The Hamilton (Ontario) Times*, that, within a few weeks past, "Dr. J. N. Osborne, at Chippewa, has noted a marked and constant change in the motion of the rapids at the point indicated, and it is also reported that indications are discovered of the pouring of a subterranean stream in to the gulf below the Falls, which the absence of the mist, it is thought, would reveal beyond a doubt." The same paper remarks that a gentleman from the Falls, with whom it has conversed, fully believes that the days of the Great Horseshoe are numbered.

If it be the fact that this grand cataclysm is soon to occur, geologists will only be able to account for it by the supposition of a great fracture or fissure in the southward dipping bed of limestone over the outcropping edge of which the river falls. Professor Hall's elaborate survey of the geology of the Niagara river region, made in 1842, showed that, at the present site of the Falls, sheets of hard limestone rock, of the formation known as the Niagara limestone, cover the surface of the country and form the edge of the cataract to the depth of between 80 and 90 feet. Under this, extending to the foot of the fall, are the shaly layers of the same formation. All these strata slope downward, *against the current of the river*, at the rate of about 25 feet to the mile, and in the rapids above the fall the uppermost layers of the Niagara limestone succeed, one stratum above another, till about 50 feet more is added to the thickness of the formation, when all dis-

appear beneath the outer offing edges of the next series above, which is that of the shales and marls of the Onondaga salt group. We see, therefore, that both above and below the hard limestone, there are soft shale formations easily to be cut by a rapid current; but the lower of these shale beds can only be reached, and the limestone undermined by a fracture in the limestone itself. It is very possible that such a fissure exists at the point where the changed motion of the rapids has been observed, and that through it the river has found its way to the underlying shales and cut a subterranean passage.

Should the undermined ledge of the Horseshoe give way, the Falls will perhaps recede at one step a greater distance than they have been borne back by the wearing of two or three centuries. Sir Wm. Lyell estimates the average recession in recent periods to have been about a foot a year. Hennepin rudely sketched his view in 1678; for in that sketch we have exhibited a third fall, from the Canadian side toward the east, across the line of the main fall, and caused by a great rock that turned the divided current in this direction. In 1750 this feature had already disappeared when Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, visited the place.

It is probable that the rate of recession, since the waters of Niagara River first began to cut out the gorge above Lewiston, has varied greatly at different periods, as the formation of the river bed has varied. From the present site of the Falls, the strata above described gradually rise toward Lake Ontario to higher levels, till, along the great terrace, the capping is of the lower 20 feet of the Niagara limestone, below which the shaly strata form the next 80 feet of the steep slope, next appears a succession of calcareous layers, shales, and sandstones, belonging successively to the Clinton and Medina formations. Through these piles of strata the river has worked its way back, receding, probably, most rapidly where, as in the present position, the lower portion of the cutting was composed of soft beds, which, being hollowed out, let down the harder strata above, and less rapidly where the strata near the base were hard sandstones.

It was the opinion of Prof. Hall in his report, that the effect of continued recession must be to gradually diminish the height of the Falls, both by the rising of the bed of the river at their base and by the slope of the massive limestone to a lower level. The thin-bedded limestone above being swept off, the succeeding shales and marls of the Onondaga group must immediately follow, and the Falls, he thought, may become almost stationary, when their base is at the base of the massive sandstone and their upper line is as now over its upper edge. This, Prof. Hall thought likely to be the case after a further recession of about two miles, and the height of the fall must then be reduced to about 80 feet.

In 1818 and in 1828 great fragments of rock fell at the Falls with a concussion which shook the whole country around as by an earthquake. If our citizens are presently awakened some morning by a shock which starts them from their beds, they may know, if they have read *The Express*, that Horseshoe Fall has become a memory of the past.—*Buffalo Express*.

VARIETIES.

The Walrus at the Zoological Gardens.—The walrus of which the public have already heard so much, may now be seen at the Zoological Gardens. He is in the pond with the seals. His diet, on which he seems to thrive, is composed of fish and porridge. The addition of this interesting creature to the Zoological Society's collection is another instance of the admirable zeal which the present secretary displays in his management of the menagerie.

Novels.—Four hundred and ten novels are said to have been published in England during the past year, nearly one and a half novels a day; politics and religion rank higher than fiction among the books of the day, since of the works belonging to these two classes of literature there were published during the same time some eight hundred and fifty. Truly, the English are a reading people!

Alhambra.—The chapter on the Alhambra is like the art it describes, bright, and gay, and fanciful, and some of the ideas strike us as very happy. It is a good specimen of Miss Edwards's style:—

"The Alhambra is so ruined as a whole, and yet so perfect in its parts, so bare here, so rich in color there, so desolate, and yet so haunted by voices, that it reminds one most, I think, of beautiful antique jewelry. Some of the jewels have dropped out, the gold is tarnished, the clasp is broken, the crown is bent, but gaze a little time and all becomes as it once was. Pearl and amethyst, emerald and opal, blaze out on some lovely throat, a golden clasp is wound on some round white arm, and a crown shines on some golden head, perhaps of a goddess, perhaps of a woman. Nothing is lost or changed or dead.

Virginia.—In 1860 the tobacco crop of Virginia was 70,000 hhd.; the wheat crop 10,000,000 bushels; the corn crop 30,000,000; the oat crop quite 7,000,000 bushels. The products of West Virginia are not included in these figures. The tobacco crop of Virginia marketed in 1867 was only 43,778 hhd., while the cereal crop of 1867 will not reach a third of that either of 1859 or 1860. For example, the receipts of wheat in Richmond in 1859 were 2,500,000 bushels; in 1860, 1,500,000 bushels; and in 1867, 368,896 bushels. The cause of this falling off in the production of the State is found in the disorganization of the labor system, consequent upon the war, the impoverished condition of all classes of the people, and unfavorable seasons.

M. Rouher.—The Confederation of the North, said M. Rouher, has just concluded the constitution of its army, and in eight-and-forty hours could place on foot an effective of regulars amounting to about 1,300,000 men. With the addition to North Germany of the South German States, which is sure to occur sooner or later, and may not be very far distant, this immense sum-total will of course be largely increased. Then, the Russian effective on a warfooting may be raised to 1,440,000 men; that of Austria to 1,200,000; and that of Italy to 900,000. All these numbers are exclusive of National Guards and volunteers, where such exist. Of regular troops, France only requires 800,000; but to these must be added 400,000 National Guards, making a total of 1,200,000.

Champollion.—In the year 1827 the celebrated Champollion submitted to the King of France the plan of a scientific journey in Egypt. The monuments of that country were then beginning to be known, and through the discoveries made in the science of deciphering hieroglyphics, the annals of one of the greatest nations in the world were gradually unfolding themselves. It was obvious, however, that such studies must be prosecuted on the spot, and that the first requisite was a careful examination of the gigantic ruins which are still standing at Thebes and other places. M. Champollion's suggestions met with the encouragement they deserved, and consequently the accomplished *savant* was enabled to undertake, during the years 1828 and 1829, a journey throughout Egypt and Nubia. Forty years have, of course, added much to our stock of knowledge respecting the history of those countries, and having the works of Bunsen, Lepsius, and Sir H. Rawlinson before us, we can carry out our inquiries with an amount of certainty which we did not possess in Champollion's days; but still we should not forget the services rendered by the pioneers of science, and, notwithstanding the advance made by recent Egyptologists, the letters of Champollion are still valuable on account of their accuracy and their interesting character. They were originally published in the *Moniteur*; collected afterward and issued in the shape of a volume, they created a great sensation and were soon out of print. The present edition is due to the care of M. Cléronnet-Champollion, son of the French antiquary.

The History of a French Senator.—One of the new members of the French Senate, Dr. Conneau, has an interesting personal history. He became secretary of king Louis, father of the present Emperor of the French, and was appointed physician in ordinary to Queen Hortense. He attached himself from the outset to the fortunes of her son, Prince Louis Napoleon, and has shared alike his adversity and prosperity. He joined the expedition to Boulogne in 1840, headed by the Prince, with the avowed object of overthrowing the Orleans monarchy. He was arrested with his chief and the other associates of that enterprise, was tried with them by the Chamber of Peers, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. During his examination by the court, M. Conneau avowed frankly and boldly his participation in the plot, and the important services he rendered on that occasion. He admitted that he was from the beginning in the confidence of the Prince; that it was he who had printed in London, and in the Prince's house, all the proclamations, with types which belonged to him; and that it was he who, with his own hand, sewed on the buttons, marked with the number 40, to the uniforms of the invading force. It was arranged that he should serve at first as sergeant-major, and then as "head surgeon to the staff;" he was to march in the rear-guard, and it was the uniform of this rank he wore when arrested.

The Prince having been sentenced to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Ham, M. Conneau asked to be allowed to share his captivity, which was granted. It was principally through his aid that the Prince succeeded in escaping. It was given out that the Prince was ill and unable to

receive visits. M. Conneau personated him in bed while the Prince made his escape in the dress of a carpenter employed about the place, and marched past the sentries with a plank on his shoulders and a paper cap on his head. On the election to the Presidency, M. Conneau was appointed physician to the President, and on the establishment of the empire first physician to the Emperor.

Giving away an Empire.—Congress has given to the different Pacific Railroad companies one hundred and twenty-four million acres of land. It has given, to railroads and wagon-roads altogether, nearly one hundred and ninety-four million acres of land, of which less than twenty-one millions have been "certified" to the companies.

The Central Pacific Railroad.—The Central Pacific Railroad Company propose to push forward the line across the Plains energetically the present year, and have organized a force of ten thousand men to carry on the work through Humboldt County. The Central Company also have two corps of engineers, surveying the route between San Francisco and Sacramento, intending to complete the connection of the two cities as soon as possible.

The Suez Canal.—It was calculated by the engineers of the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company that at the close of November, 1867, 32,562,631 cubic metres of earth, &c., had been raised, out of a total of 74,112,130 cubic metres to be extracted, leaving 41,549,499 cubic metres still to be dealt with. The number of workmen employed at the end of November was 8,840, of whom 5,980 were engaged in the Suez division, which comprises the last twenty-eight miles of the canal.

Literary critics cannot determine whether men or women are the superior letter-writers, but they are unanimous in declaring women the greater story-tellers.

Siberia.—Discovery of Gold-Mines.—St. Petersburg, Jan. 7. Reports have been received here from Siberia of the discovery of rich and extensive gold deposits on the Amoor River. The natives were flocking to the gold region by thousands. So great was the excitement that troops had been sent by the Governor of the District to preserve order and guard the mines; and desperate and bloody conflicts had taken place between the natives and the soldiers.

[About thirty steamboats are employed in the Amoor River, nearly all of which belong to the Russian Government. Steamboat navigation extends up the Amoor two thousand miles, and then five hundred further on one of its branches.—[EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC].

The House of Peers.—The British House of Peers at present consists of one prince, two royal dukes, three archbishops, 26 dukes, 33 marquises, 160 earls, 33 viscounts, 27 bishops, and 164 barons—the total number of peers being 449. The Bishop of Bath and Wells sits also as Baron Auckland.

A Relic.—A curious medal is for sale in Paris. The lead of which it is composed was a part of that used to rivet the chains of the prisoners of the Bastille. On one side is a confused representation of the taking of the Bastille, and the date, 14th July, 1789. On the obverse, the following inscrip-

tion: "This lead sealed the chains which chained the victims of despotism, and recalls the period of liberty conquered in the year 1.

Social Condition of England.—The London Review devotes its leading article for the new year to a retrospect and a confession. The confession is certainly candid:

"At this time there is no country, no matter how embarrassed or how poor, in which there is so much pressing and painful poverty, so much vice, so much misery, as in England. We have failed with our lower classes to such an extent that in the country we find some of them working like cattle, fed and housed worse than cattle, while in the towns we do not know what to do with them until they are ripe for dropping into the seething pool of vice and crime. With all our wealth, and England is a wealthy country, we have not succeeded in distributing happiness or content in the proportion of which we could be proud. We find massed against us a gloomy and threatening spirit of insubordination, and a gathering of ominous elements, from which voices are heard, that having broken down in our task we should give it up to those who will change all things. Criticism is no longer a function limited to one class. Our future masters begin to take stock and value of us.

"In that social life in which most of us are concerned, which may be placed above the reach of sordid wants, can we congratulate ourselves upon a distinct advance? Around us on all sides we learn of families living upon fictitious incomes, we find a rate of increase in the taste for luxuries so incommensurate with the means for getting them honestly, that people satisfy the craving with a recklessness which brings ruin upon them. Comfort is a word the meaning of which is beginning to disappear. Every one desires to be rich, and those who are not rich keep up the pretence until the wolf is at the door."

The Last Act of the Mexican Tragedy was the bringing of the embalmed corpse of Maximilian from Vera Cruz, of which we learn from a letter dated November 25. The key of the coffin was handed to the mayor, who delivered it with all formality to Admiral Tegethoff. Maximilian was dressed in a full suit of black, his hands cased in black kid gloves. The features were distinguishable, although described as being of an "ashy brown color." The ship *Novara*, which brought the Emperor to rule over the country, was selected to carry off his remains, and sailed away with its dismal freight without military honors. The Mexican government paid the undertakers' and the embalmers' accounts, and defrayed the charges for conveying the corpse to the port of departure.

A King's Treasures.—The Vienna papers publish some details respecting the treasures which King George of Hanover has just taken to that city. The plate comprises a valuable service in gold, and another in silver. The cabinet of relics is composed of church utensils and of objects brought in 1172 by Duke Henry, the Lion, from the Holy Land, &c. The collection of coins numbers nearly twenty-two thousand. The pictures, library, &c., remain, at least for the present, in Hanover.

Locomotive Works.—In 1858 Mr. Thomas Rog-

ers began to make car-wheels and axles for the railway companies. Soon afterward he built the locomotive "Sandusky" for the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad. It was the first locomotive which ran west of the Alleghany mountains. It was finished after sixteen months of hard work in October, 1837. It had a truck, one pair of driving wheels, cylinders eleven inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen tons. During the war the Rogers Works turned out ten locomotives a month, and Paterson furnished thirty locomotives a month. Mr. J. S. Rogers is the president of the company, and Mr. Wm. S. Hudson has superintended the works since 1852.

The Grant Locomotive Works were built under another name in 1847. They cover nearly five acres, employ in busy times nearly eight hundred men, and can turn out from seventy-five to ninety locomotives in a year. This company built the "America," which took the first prize last summer at Paris, and which Dr. Prime pronounces "the most majestic single contribution to the exhibition."

The Turn-Stiles at the Paris Exhibition admitted eight million of paying visitors. The sum required to cover the guarantee fund was only six million of francs. The three days' grace given to the exhibitors to remain open longer than the stipulated time, benefited the poor to the extent of eleven thousand pounds.

Mr. Nobel, from whom the nitroglycerine was procured which caused the calamitous explosion at Newcastle-on-Tyne, states that by mixing nitroglycerine with methylic alcohol (a cheap spirit known as spirits of wood), the nitroglycerine is rendered unexplosive either by percussion or heat. When required for use, water is added, which absorbs the spirit, and the oil sinks to the bottom of the vessel, whence it is drawn by a syphon, and its explosive nature thereupon found to be restored.

Impure Water.—Set a pitcher of iced water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed from the room nearly all the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that the water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases.

At ordinary temperatures, a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water, kept in the room awhile, is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed, whether it has become warm or not.

Elephants.—Part of the outfit of the English expedition to Abyssinia was a herd of twenty elephants—unwieldy animals at best, but uncommonly troublesome as passengers on shipboard. A Bombay paper describes the shipment:

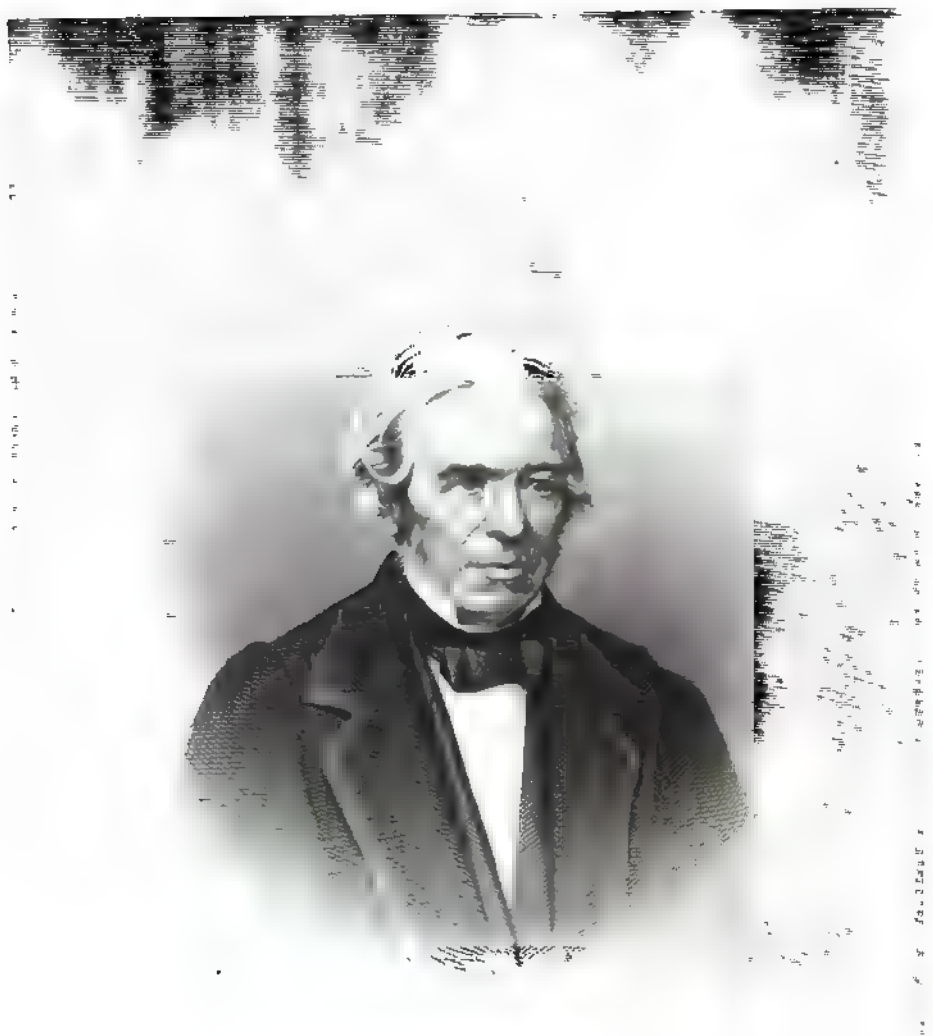
"The hoisting tackle required was of immense strength, and the hoist was formed in this way: The main yard was supported from the lower mast-head by stay tackles; from the top-mast-head there was a strengthening tackle, and from the lower mast-head to the yard there were preventers. From the foremast head there was a tackle for hauling the hoist forward. The ele-

phants were brought from the place where they were picketed, one by one, and on reaching the Compta's side were fettered and placed in slings, consisting of the stoutest canvas secured by thick lashings. The height to which the animals had to be hoisted before they were lowered away into the hold was some twenty to thirty feet, and a small regiment of kallas was employed in working the lifting tackle. The operation was really an extraordinary sight, well worth witnessing, and it was curious to observe the different moods in which the unwieldy beasts submitted to it. Some, when they found themselves suspended in mid air, shed tears copiously, and were affected in a remarkable manner; others became vicious, and roared and plunged about most alarmingly.

"In the days of Queen Elizabeth some rather remarkable ideas were entertained in England as to the anatomy of the elephant, and Shakespeare says: 'The elephant hath joints, but none for courting; his legs are for necessity, not for flexure.' Now nobody in these days, we suppose, holds such an opinion; but if he does, he would have had a convincing proof of his error had he witnessed the surprising agility of some of the elephants hoisted into the hold of the Compta; for they bent their legs about, and pawed, and kicked with tremendous violence, and one or two managed to throw their legs behind them so as to get a footing on the combing of the hatchway. Fortunately, no difficulty was experienced in dislodging their feet, and they were safely got down below. By about five o'clock P.M. nineteen had been embarked, but the twentieth one was so vicious and 'musty' that it was determined not to take him; for he would not submit to be slung, and he seemed very much inclined to do as he pleased. It was said that in an unamiable mood on Friday he killed one of his unfortunate attendants."

The Italian Minister of Finance exhibits a budget for the year 1868, which shows a surplus of about eight millions sterling in the expenditure over the revenue. A tax must be levied somewhere; but where, is the question. There is a rumor of a tax on flour, on wine, on oil, on silk, and from these imposts it is expected that about six millions would be obtained, leaving a deficit of two millions "to be provided for in the future." Italy has a great deal to provide for in the future.

A Royal Marriage in Persia.—A letter from Tauris, of the 12th November, gives details of the marriage of Mosaffer Eddin Mirza, heir to the throne of Persia. The prince is only sixteen years old, and the princess of the same age. The princess occupied thirty-three days in her journey from Teheran to Tauris, and was preceded by about a hundred beasts of burden, horses, mules, camels, carrying servants, carpets, tents, and the outfit of the bride; then followed a number of led horses covered with magnificent housings, and next the carriage containing the princess, who was invisible to all eyes behind the mahogany blinds. The procession was accompanied by violins, trumpets, and tambourines, mingling their sounds with the military band sent from Teheran. Then came mules carrying palanquins closed with curtains and containing the women of the princess's suite.



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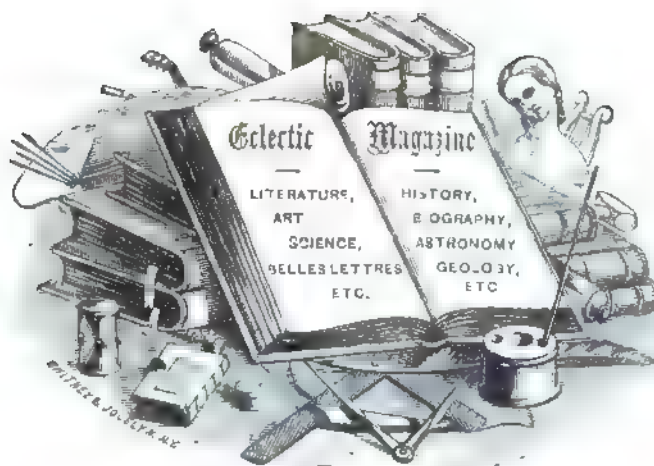
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ABYSSINIA.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE name "Habesh," corrupted by Europeans into "Abyssinia," is an Arabic word signifying *mixed*, and was long ago given, most appropriately, to a country unrivalled for the variety and the sudden transitions of its physical features and productions, and inhabited by peoples of many races, whose religious beliefs are an amalgamation of all doctrines capable of combination, and whose usurping ruler seems to-day to embody in his proper person all the con-

tradictory qualities that belong to an ideal despot. The name is rejected with indignation, however, by the people. They pique themselves on purity

1. *Abyssinia Described*. Edited by J. C. HORTON, Fellow of the Ethnological Society. London. 1868.

2. *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*. By Sir S. W. BAKER. London. 1867.

3. *The British Captives in Abyssinia*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. Second Edition. London. 1867.

4. *Letters from the Captives in Abyssinia*. By the Rev. H. A. STERN. London. 1866.

5. *Théodore II*. Par M. G. LÉJEAN. Paris. 1865.

6. *Lectures on the Sources of the Nile*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. London. 1864.

NEW SERIES—VOL. VII., No. 4.

7. *Wanderings among the Falashas*. By the Rev. H. A. STERN. London. 1862.

8. *The French and English in the Red Sea*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. London. 1862.

9. *Travels in Eastern Africa*. By the Rev. Dr. KRAFF. London. 1860.

10. *Life in Abyssinia*. By MANSFIELD PARKYN. London. 1853.

11. *Scenes in Ethiopia*. By J. M. BERNATZ. Munich and London. 1862.

12. *The Geographical Distribution of the Languages of Abyssinia and the Neighboring Countries*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. Edinburgh. 1849.

13. *Remarks on the Mala'ha's Tomar, or the Book of the Letter*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. London. 1848.

14. *Voyage en Abyssinie*. Par MM. FERRET and GALINIER. Paris. 1847.

15. *Voyage en Abyssinie . . . par une Commission Scientifique*. Publié par ordre du Roi, sous les auspices de M. le VICE-AMIRAL BARON DE MACCAN. Paris. 1846-8.

16. *Voyages and Travels of George Annesley, Viscount Valentia*. London. 1809.

17. *Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile*. By JAMES BRUCE, ESQ. Edinburgh. 1790.

18. *Abyssinische Kirchen-Geschichte*. By JOSEPH STOCKLEIN. Augsburg. 1728.

of descent, and on a succession of emperors, unbroken almost from the time of Solomon. They will have none of the history which would rudely disturb their faith in such fables. The national theory is that the Queen of Sheba was their sovereign, and that, married to Solomon, she transmitted the crown to her son Menilek, ordaining that it should descend only to his heirs male, and that all princes of the blood royal should be, from infancy, secluded in a palace on the top of a mountain, until a vacancy in the throne should require the nobles to elect the most worthy of her descendants to occupy her seat. Menilek is said to have come to the throne in 986 B.C., after being educated and crowned in Jerusalem, whence he brought to his native country a colony of Jews, a copy of the Law, and a son of Zadok the priest, to interpret it. What shadow of foundation this tradition has, it is difficult to say: but one thing is certain, that Judaism was long the religion of the land, and is now held in purity by a large body of Jews, or Falashas, who, until the seventeenth century, kept themselves distinct, under their own rulers, in the central provinces.

The history of the world in general goes to favor the theory that Abyssinia,—the representative, the relic of the ancient empire of Ethiopia,—was inhabited by a race, kindred to, if not identical with, the ancient Egyptians. Herodotus speaks of a King of Ethiopia, who seized and held Egypt for sixty years; and Nubia to the north, and undefined regions to the south, certainly belonged to the sovereigns, the ruins of whose capital of Axum bear distinct trace of intercourse with the Greek settlements at Alexandria, if they do not, indeed, date back beyond the time of the Ptolemies. Axum was the centre of a flourishing kingdom in the first and second centuries of our era, and was known as a considerable place up to the time of the first crusade. In the fifth century its kings even extended their conquests into Arabia Felix, and held the province of Yemen for sixty years.

But meanwhile the conquering state had undergone an important change. In the year A.D. 800, there or thereabouts, a Tyrene philosopher, of Greek birth and religion, set out for India to

establish in trade two youths, his companions. Their vessel was wrecked on the Abyssinian coast. Brigands attacked them, killed the old man, and sold the youths in the interior. The slaves soon rose to honor at Court, and Frumentius was appointed tutor to the future king, whom he imbued with faith in the doctrines of the Greek Church. On the accession of the young king, Christianity was declared the State religion, and Frumentius was sent to Alexandria to obtain episcopal ordination. Athanasius then occupied the patriarchal chair, and happened to be full of schemes for sending a mission to convert the Jewish kingdom in the South. So Frumentius easily got what he came for, and returned to Axum as Salama, Abuna, or Patriarch of Abyssinia. A century later the Scriptures were translated into the vernacular—a language closely allied to the Arabic, and called "Geez." The national conversion, however, was not complete. When Christianity became the State creed, a large body of the people,—possibly a colony of Jews who may have settled there after the destruction of Jerusalem,—refused to accept the change, and held to the Levitical law, under the rule of princes of their own. In A.D. 960, a princess of this race, Judith by name, availed herself of the facilities afforded by the collection of the royal princes in one place,—the happy valley of Rasselas,—to murder them all at one sweep,—all but one, who made good his escape. This second Athaliah seized the throne; but, unlike her prototype, held it for forty years, and was succeeded by five kings of her own race,—a dynasty distinguished by honest and wise government. But their toleration of the Greek Church brought them at last to a fall: for in 1260 the Abuna, who was a native of the name of Tekla Haimanout, acquired so much influence over the mind of the reigning king as to induce him to abdicate in favor of Aikum Amlak, the representative of the supposed legitimate line of Solomon, and a descendant of the child who had, three centuries before, been hidden from the fury of Judith in the mountains of Lasta.

The retiring sovereign accepted the government of the province of Lasta in exchange for his own, and Tekla Haim-

anout secured from the new emperor a grant of one-third of his dominions to the Church. He also procured a law that his successors in the Patriarchate should invariably be Copts, appointed by the Patriarch of Alexandria.

Dr. Beke throws great doubt on the genuineness of this part of the story, and is disposed to place Tekla Haimanout six centuries earlier. Tellez, a Portuguese Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who wrote a history of Ethiopia, says that about the end of the fifth century Monachism was preached in Abyssinia by some missionaries from the Greek Church of Constantinople, which held views directly opposed to those of the Church of Alexandria on the nature of Christ. These missionaries are all found in the Abyssinian Calendar. One of them claims to have converted the devil, and induced him—probably in some period of sickness—to turn monk for forty years. Through them, then, the Greek doctrines were introduced into Abyssinia. The same authority says that Tekla Haimanout was ordained deacon about A.D. 615 or 620, by Cyril, Abuna of Ethiopia, and held the faith as it was preached at Alexandria. This doctrinal controversy would account for Tekla Haimanout's regulation that his successor must be a Copt, and designated from Alexandria. So that probability points to the seventh, instead of the thirteenth century, as the time when he flourished.

Again, Dr. Beke, travelling in 1843, in the province of Lasta (the district of the Agows, who are generally supposed to represent the aboriginal stock of the country), heard traditions which altogether deny that Aikum Amlak was a descendant of the ancient dynasty, or that the governors of Lasta obtained their territories in the way popularly believed. He believes Amlak to have been a foreign conqueror, who, like Theodore and some of his predecessors, proclaimed himself of the old line in order to secure his power. It would be no difficult thing for loyal chroniclers to bring the date of the patron saint far enough forward to give the *prestige* of his name to the reigning house. This view, however, is not shared by other travellers.

In whatever century, however, he

plotted, Tekla Haimanout is a historical person, and the services which he rendered to the Church have given him a very high place in the Abyssinian Calendar. Nay, more, he is often spoken of as the Creator, or as one of the Persons in the Holy Trinity; while the church decorators, not content with the ordinary glories of a saint's nimbus, represent him as covered with gorgeous plumage. Endless are the miracles ascribed to him. He is supposed to be still living, but perched on a rock so inaccessible that he could not have reached its summit had not a serpent offered to take him up in its mouth. This required more than human faith, so the devout reptile offered a less alarming alternative, and crept up the precipice with the saint holding on to his tail.

About the same time with these civil and religious changes, whenever it may have been, the kingdom began to suffer from the assaults of tribes of Gallas from the South, a strong and soldierly race. The invaders did not long confine themselves to mere forays. A large body, by and by, entered the country, and, settling chiefly in Ambara, gave their name to that district. They endeavored to adopt the language, the manners, and the religion of the people among whom they had come. But, though the less polished, they were the stronger people, and in the result imposed their own language upon the natives. Still they remained for some considerable time altogether distinct, and are even now looked upon by genuine Abyssinians as an inferior race. The attacks of the Turks in the early part of the fourteenth century forced the natives and their invaders into closer relations; but, while the efforts of the united peoples were directed to the defence of the northern frontier, it was easy for fresh hordes of Gallas to overrun and occupy several of the provinces in the South. In the course of the struggles which ensued, Abyssinia first came into the region of European history. In the last decade of the fifteenth century, Prince Henry of Portugal, eager to find that other continent which his mathematical studies had led him to conjecture, induced his father to send an expedition to seek the Christian African kingdom of Prester John. Vague rumors of this potentate

had from time to time been brought from Jerusalem by monks who had there met with Abyssinian pilgrims. His kingdom would surely be a good point of departure for further discovery. The Portuguese visited the country, and, for a few years, until the passage of the Cape of Good Hope rendered it less advantageous, kept up a friendship with the Abyssinian kings, and acquired great influence in their dominions. In 1542 a Portuguese, one John Bermudez, was Abuna. The Turks attacked Abyssinia, and he led an embassy to Portugal to implore assistance. Five hundred Portuguese troops landed at Massowah, and were joined by twelve thousand Abyssinians. In true African fashion, the allied army halted for several months within sight and hearing of the enemy, busied with a war of taunts and personal insults. At last they joined battle; the Abyssinians fled, the Portuguese were routed, and their general was taken prisoner and killed. But shortly afterward the Abyssinians rallied and gained a victory over the Turks so decisive as to secure the kingdom from any further attacks. It is worth remarking, at this juncture, that the Portuguese force suffered in no degree from the climate, but succeeded in bringing off all of its number who escaped the chances of war. The period of this war is also marked by another change; for Bermudez seized the opportunity of the mission to Europe to ask for the Pope's confirmation of his dignity, and the allegiance of the Abyssinian Church was transferred from Alexandria to Rome.

These inroads of Turks and Gallas had, in the sixteenth century, reduced Abyssinia to her present dimensions, and a survey of the provinces in those days suffices for modern description. Unable to withstand the overwhelming masses of the Turkish armies in the plains, the Abyssinians entrenched themselves in the triangular plateau, the mountain ramparts of which abut on Nubia and Sennaar to the north and west, on comparatively unknown sandy wastes, inhabited by Gallas, to the south, and, to the east, on a desert strip of land bordering on the Red Sea. This seaboard is roamed over by tribes of Pagan or Mahomedan Gallas, nominally under the control of the Governor of Massowah,

but practically independent. It is only habitable during the rainy season, from January to March, when the air is cool and brisk, and the brilliancy and sweet scent of the tropical flowers give no warning of the pestiferous odors which bring death alike to man and beast so soon as the cessation of the rains leaves the rank vegetation to wither and rot in the sun. Then the wandering tribes follow the rains into the lower of the three terraces of valleys which penetrate the mountain frontier of Abyssinia. They are safe here till the end of April; and move up farther and farther till the end of June brings them to the edge of the plateau, which they do not pass. In the interior the showers are slight and intermittent in April and May, and the wet season sets in from July to October.

The coast-lands show evident traces of a gradual elevation. Half-buried ruins are scattered up and down. Rivers completely disappear in the sand, and their original course to the sea can only be found by digging for the fresh water which wells up abundantly through every available opening. There is a strange basin close to Tajourah Bay, sunk five hundred and seventy feet below the sea-level, and nearly filled with glittering salt. Only in the centre is a little dark blue lake, supplied so scantily from its spring that it is gradually drying up by evaporation. There are also two volcanoes in this region, both of which have been active in this century. The desert is about twenty miles wide at Massowah, which is at the northern end; but it widens southward, and stretches inland at its southern extremity two hundred miles, from the port of Zeila to the mountains of Sho, which bound Abyssinia on the south.

The table-land which contains the kingdom of Abyssinia presents features of peculiar interest to scientific explorers, and of the greatest attractiveness to the traveller in search of picturesque scenery. The broad, fertile plains, well irrigated by artificial as well as natural streams, are crossed by rivers running in precipitous ravines some three thousand feet deep, clothed in luxuriant tropical foliage; and they end abruptly at the feet of snow-covered ranges from ten to fifteen thousand feet high, or are diversified by solitary peaks, which rise in

every variety of fantastic shape, and defy all attempts to scale them. The geologist finds all possible formations exhibited in almost exaggerated distinctness; the botanist passes in the course of a single day's march from the flora of northern latitudes to that of the equator; and the sportsman may be bewildered by the abundance and variety of beasts and birds, which thrive unchecked by anything but the natural preying of the stronger on the weaker species. The natives eat very little flesh meat.

The slope of the northern province of Tigré is toward the north-west, sending the Mareb, the Tacazze, and other streams to swell the Nile. The Tacazze is the principal bearer of the slime which is washed from the highlands and fertilizes Egypt. This river might be easily diverted into the Red Sea, and Theodore and his predecessors have frequently threatened to ruin Egypt in that way. It is for a practical reason that the Egyptians lay claim to Abyssinia. The plains of Tigré are inhabited by a race whose language is nearly allied to the ancient Geez, now the sacred tongue, which needs an interpreter at court, where Amharic is spoken. Mr. Mansfield Parkins, who travelled in Abyssinia in 1843, speaks of the Tigréan peasantry as singularly free from vice, but very poor and ignorant. They are certainly very turbulent.

South of Tigré rise the mountains of Lasta toward the eastern boundary of the plateau, and of Simyen in the centre. Lasta is inhabited by the representatives of the original race, and includes the province of Waag, whose governors claim equal sovereign rights with the emperors of Abyssinia. In Simyen, a wild mountainous region, which contains the highest peaks in the country, the Jews held their semi-independence until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when a severe persecution diminished their numbers, deprived them of their native rulers, and compelled them to live in scattered communities throughout the neighboring provinces.

To the south of Lasta lies what is properly called Amhara, the region where the first settlements of Gallas were made. But the name is now loosely used to include as well this province as also Dembea, with its Lake Bellesa,

Woggera, Begemder, and others occupying the centre of the kingdom, and comprises within its limits the towns of Gondar, Debra-Tabor, Magdala, and Gaffat.

Toward the west and south-west of Lake Dembea are Kuara, Theodore's native province, a knot of mountains inhabited by Pagans of a strongly-marked negro type, and by Jews, and Agamider, also a great Jewish centre. Farther to the south of the lake lies Godjam, surrounded by the Blue River, strong by its wealth, and because the adjacent Galla tribes of the South are always ready to aid any insurrection. This province, now in arms against Theodore, is governed by Tedla Gualu, a representative of the ancient race of emperors, who has upheld his standard against the usurper since 1859.

Shoa, to the south of Amhara proper, is also wealthy, and is also in a state of insurrection. Lying near to the convenient port of Tajourah, it has been more frequently visited and described by Europeans than any other province except Tigré.

The climate of all these districts is found by travellers to be exceedingly healthy, except where malaria rises in the river beds, and proves fatal to natives and foreigners alike. Dr. Beke thinks it more salubrious than that of any country he knows; and appeals to the fact that the European captives have so long endured hardships which in any less invigorating air must have destroyed them. It is a singular fact, that the common punishment by amputation of hand and foot is seldom fatal, however rudely executed, if the sufferer is allowed water to drink and shelter from the sun; while in European hospitals such an operation is regarded as very perilous. This is attributed partly to the regular moisture and great lightness of the atmosphere, and partly to the spare vegetarian diet of the people. Some Abyssinians who came to France were quite perplexed to find themselves exhausted and perspiring under cover of umbrellas. They were accustomed at home to walk and climb mountains without distress under a far fiercer sun, and with no protection but the pat of butter on the head which Mr. Mansfield Parkins, following the native fashion, wore

as his only head-dress during a three years' stay in the highlands.

The land is parcelled out by the old constitution of the country—a system partly of natural growth and partly recast in the time of Tekla Haimanout—among a large class of yeomen, who held from the feudal lords on conditions of military service proportionate to the size of the farms. These domains were distributed into parishes, under the direction of mayors. The mayor was held responsible for all disorders in his parish; but was, in compensation, the heir of all intestate persons. To prevent abuse of his power, the feudal lord was associated with him, and as his superior, in the local court of justice. The principal nobles, who were also generally governors of provinces, large or small, together with the Abuna or Patriarch, and the Etche-gué or chief of the monks, who, as a celibate native priest, enjoyed great influence, composed the great council, where votes on all matters concerning the general affairs of the realm were given in order from the youngest upward to the Emperor, whose decision was final. Besides this council there was a court of twelve judges who took cognizance of the more important legal questions, leaving a right of final appeal to the Emperor. He alone exercised the power of life and death, except where it was claimed by a father over his child. Professional advocates practised in all the courts.

The nation was classed into the nobles; the priests, who might marry and who lived among the people; the monks, who might not marry, and lived chiefly in the groups of houses round the churches; the debteras, or learned men; the soldiery; and, lastly, the peasant proprietors, who held much of the power in their hands. The debteras were the only educated class. They had charge of what national literature there was—chiefly of a theological character—and of public instruction. As for the priests, it was enough if a deacon knew his alphabet, and could repeat or read a liturgy: a priest ought to read a chapter in the Gospel. Deacon's orders were commonly taken: after a short service the Abuna conferred them by blowing toward the candidates. There is a story of a whole army, amazons and all, having been thus consecrated *en masse*.

At the period to which we have brought down the history—the final repulse of the Turks in 1543—all this machinery was out of gear, and Clandues, the Emperor, wisely resolved upon ecclesiastical and administrative reforms. Bermudez had presumed upon his nationality and his success to introduce great abuses, and was not inclined tamely to submit when he saw himself superseded by a Coptic Abuna from Alexandria. He endeavored to maintain his ground; and the two rituals being thus brought into conflict, the toleration, or rather the unity, which had hitherto subsisted between them, was at an end for ever. Many of the Gallas had embraced Mahomedanism; Judaism flourished among the Falashas; Bermudez and his coreligionists had set up the worship of the Virgin and of many Roman saints; while the Abyssinian Church, distinguished from the Latin by its use of liturgies in the vernacular, and by a variance of doctrine on the divine and human natures of our Lord, had added the Roman to the Greek fasts, and had joined the Mahomedan rules about unclean animals to those of the Levitical law, which it had never shaken off. These differences could not be healed by any ruler: but the Alexandrian doctrine could be proclaimed as the creed of the State, and was so maintained, in spite of Bermudez, and in spite of mission after mission sent out by Loyola and his successors, until the year 1604. Then a Portuguese Jesuit, named Paez, who had established a school in Tigré fourteen years before, was summoned to court to receive a reward for the good work he was doing, and so cleverly confuted the arguments of the native clergy as to convert the king. The first result of this triumph of Romanism was a persecution of the Jews; and the second, a proposal of alliance with Philip the Third of Spain. The consequent agitation in the country was not confined to argument. The king was killed in battle. His son, who reigned only for a very short time, was succeeded by one Socinins, who took Paez into high favor and granted him a peninsula which runs at a considerable elevation into Lake Dembea, and is famous for its beauty, fertility, and salubrity. Paez built a convent here, and soon afterward, at Gondar, a stone

palace with cedar-lined rooms for the king, which has only ceased within the last half-dozen years to be the pride of the capital. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns gives a view of it, which makes the story of its having been chiefly constructed by Paez himself, difficult of credence, not to say impossible. Since the time of Paez the country has been distracted by quarrels, for which the intrigues of Romanist emissaries are in a great measure responsible. Constant attempts to displace the established religion, and introduce Popery, embroiled the provinces till all order was destroyed.

The great points of controversy between the Orthodox Abyssinians and the Jesuits, were the language of the liturgies and the questions already alluded to about the nature of Christ. The Abyssinian Church early adopted the heresy, upheld by Eutyches, and condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, as to the change of the two natures into one. It contrived to divide itself into three parties on the subject, all intensely inimical to Rome and to each other, but the shades of whose opinions are not easy for foreigners to distinguish, though they were marked enough to give pretexts, if not causes, for endless intestine wars. In fact, the intellectual energies of the Abyssinians seem to have been wholly concentrated upon metaphysical theology. Not only the studies of the learned, but the homes of the peasantry, are to this day excited by subtleties long obsolete in Europe. "*Filioque*" is a dangerous word in the mouth of a foreigner. The mysteries of the incarnation, the "confusion of substance" or "unity of person," are pressed upon any traveller with a Bible as abruptly as once the simple question at Jacob's Well. Shoa is accused of inclining to Arianism; and its heresy furnished Theodore with a plausible excuse for invasion. Tigré opines that the Son of God was incapable of receiving the Holy Ghost; Godjam and Lasta interpret His anointing as equivalent to the uniting of His natures. Ten principal sects find standing room on this vanishing point, and split again into speculations of hair's-breadth distinction.

In the time of Socinius, however, the question of liturgies was uppermost; and he positively abdicated because he

could neither get his people to submit to, nor his Roman Catholic Abuna to dispense with, the use of Latin in the churches. His son, Facilidas, who came to the throne in 1632, warned the foreign priests from the country. They fled to the rebel governor of the seaboard provinces, who refused to give them up, but offered to sell them to the Turks. They did not command a high price; for the Turks resold them to Rome for 4,300 crowns—doubtless at a profit. Fresh missionaries met with misfortunes by sea and land; and the few who reached Abyssinia were put to death by order of the Emperor, who was determined, if possible, to restore tranquillity.

The end of the century found an emperor on the throne who was less jealous of an influence the evil of which he had never felt. In 1698 the Jesuits again got a footing, greatly to our advantage, for they wrote glowing letters home, describing the condition and magnificence of Abyssinia, its capital and court. These are to be found in a volume of letters from missionaries in all parts of the world, collected and published for the Jesuit Society in 1726, by Joseph Stoecklein. The Romanist influence was not more happy than before.

No striking features mark the succeeding reigns, most of which were as short as they were illegitimate. But religious disputes fill the chronicler's tedious pages, varied only by the tale of one great massacre of clergy. Then a king of some real originality of character comes on the stage, Bacuffa by name. He had heard a prophecy that he should have a son, but should be succeeded by a man called Naletta Georgis. The simple expedient of christening his child accordingly did not occur to him; but he set himself to kill all who bore the fatal names. By such tyrannical acts, he earned the hatred of his people, and in disgust retired, soon after the birth of a son, leaving his wife regent. General rejoicings were celebrated throughout the land; when suddenly Bacuffa reappeared. But he had learned the lesson, and reigned with singular wisdom and moderation for ten years more.

The next reign, that of Yasous II., who came to his dignity in 1729, was distinguished by the prominence of

Sabul Michael, a governor of Tigré, and by the visit to Abyssinia of Mr. Bruce, the famous traveller, whose book was long the limit of most people's acquaintance with the history, features, and manners of Abyssinia. Educated for the Scotch bar, Mr. Bruce early determined to abandon his profession, and travel in search of adventure. His friends had some influence with Government, and sent him to London to ask for an appointment abroad. But in London he made acquaintance with the widow of a brewer, married her daughter, and devoted himself to business, till the early death of his wife renewed and increased his restlessness. He was sent out in some semi-official capacity, and spent five years in Abyssinia. His stories were scouted at first, and never fully accepted till recent years. But they receive fresh confirmation from every succeeding traveller, and many generations of school-boys have been reading facts in earnest which their parents meant for fables.

At the time of Bruce's arrival in Abyssinia, this Governor of Tigré, Michael, was in revolt. He had been accused of some crime or other to the Emperor, and when called upon to appear at Gondar and defend himself refused to attend, and took up arms instead. He was defeated, but pardoned; and had to wait a while longer for his day of power. Yasous had violated the traditions of the empire by marrying a Galla woman named Wobit. This princess became regent on her husband's death, and used her power, as other queens have done, to raise her kinsfolk to high places. Her son pursued the same course. Great jealousy was created in the country, and at a critical moment Michael came forward and pacified the nation. A second step he gained by a successful expedition against a recalcitrant provincial governor, whom he subdued and killed, seized his office and married his widow. Grown too powerful for a subject, Michael became practically supreme, and transmitted to his house with the hereditary title of Ras, or Vizier, the tutelage of a long race of sham emperors. Nor was the vexed kingdom left to the mere substituted authority of a line of *Maires de Palais*. From this

time every local chief who rose a little above his neighbors assumed the title of Ras, and set up his mock sovereign. The central authority dwindled; and Abyssinian politics have consisted in the rivalry of this and the other provincial despot, their favorite missionaries and consuls. At the end of the last century Mr. Salt found four pseudo-emperors in hiding in different parts of the land, besides the legitimate puppet.

The attempt of Napoleon to gain a footing in Egypt directed the attention of England to the Red Sea; and an expedition was sent out under Lord Valentia to reconnoitre all those coasts. It resulted in the establishment of a settlement at Aden, and in friendly communications with Abyssinia through Mr. Salt, who had been Lord Valentia's secretary, and who was sent, in 1810, with presents and an autograph letter from George the Third to the Emperor. The Ras in possession of the real Emperor just then was Guksa, the Governor of Amhara, whose claim derived some shadow of legitimacy from the fact of its having descended to him from his father. Mr. Salt should, in strict propriety, have taken his gifts to Guksa; but he thought it better to ingratiate himself with the Governor of Tigré, whose friendship it was essential to gain if English commerce was to penetrate into the interior. The policy was successful; and under the patronage of the next Governor, Sabagadis, M. Gobat* and other Protestant missionaries were allowed to establish themselves in the country. But diplomatic intercourse between the two nations became less desirable in the eyes of English statesmen when the loss of the Isle de Bourbon, of the Mauritius, and of settlements on the coast of Madagascar, destroyed all fear of French influence in Eastern Africa; and no communication was kept up, except casually, through Messrs. Pearce and Coffin. This latter gentleman deserted from a British ship, settled in Abyssinia, and rose to a position of authority under Sabagadis. In 1831 he was sent to India for arms, to enable his patron to defend himself against Marie, the son of Guksa, and so

* Now the well-known Anglican Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

the legitimate Ras, and Ubié, the Dejatch, or Governor of Samien. Before Mr. Coffin's return, Sabagadis was killed in battle, and his family lost all chance of making good its claims to the Rasdom; though Mr. Coffin and the English missionaries in Tigré threw all their material and moral weight into their scale. Marie also fell on the same field. Ubié was left master of Tigré and Samien till 1855; while Marie's son, Dori, and then his nephew, Ras Ali, succeeded to the Rasdom of Amhara—the *cordons bleu* of Abyssinian politics.

The French did not long put up with their exclusion from these regions. In 1835 they bought from Ubié two small villages on the coast. It was nothing to them that the soil belonged to the Turks, and that, had it belonged to Abyssinia, no governor of a province had any right to sell it. However, under Ubié's favor, French expeditions and settlements became numerous. A Catholic mission soon followed, and was posted at Adowa, a town in the centre of Tigré. By the year 1838 Ubié had been so far brought under French and Romanist influence as to dismiss the Protestant missionaries, Isenberg and Krapf, who took refuge in Shoa, and were replaced by M. Jacobis. This Jesuit is admitted on all hands to have been a man of great political acumen, fond of intrigue, and unrestrained in his practice of it, but not distinguished by the qualities which Protestant Churches hold desirable for a missionary life. His career was not a successful one. He acquired a great deal of power, but his aims were not missionary in our sense of the word, and his secular occupations scandalized even a Church which does not nicely weigh its modes of propagating the faith. His own consul calls him the prince of political intriguers. He took the sword and perished by it.

But in the department of exploration the French influence has done nothing but good. In 1839 a commission of scientific gentlemen, under the presidency of M. Lefebvre, was sent to view the country; and MM. Ferret and Galinier were sent after them twelve months later. It would be tiresome to enumerate all the painstaking and valuable books of French travellers, official or

private, written since that time. Two, however, stand out from the crowd: first, the seven volumes, published by Government authority, containing an exhaustive analysis of the structure, productions, and capabilities of the land, its divisions, political and natural, and accompanied by maps and plates, which form the report of M. Lefebvre's commission; and secondly, a light, comprehensive and amusing hand-book, which was printed in 1865 by M. Lejean, French Consul at Massowah, and which may be found useful to any one who wishes to get easily a broad view of the subject, and who is prepared to pass by a host of venomous attacks upon the Protestant missionaries. He respects, indeed, their private character; but spite colors his whole view of the modern political history of Abyssinia. We may, perhaps, as well say here that the English compilation to which many would turn, rather than to M. Lejean, is edited by Mr. Hotten, but is a curious instance of a well-planned manual badly executed. Mr. Dufton's is very much the sort of work to be expected from a young banker's clerk of enterprise and vivacity enough to start for Abyssinia from Khartoum alone, driving before him a donkey, which carried his luggage. It is quick-sighted and sensible.

Encouraged by the reports of their agents, the French Government at last succeeded, in 1840, in purchasing a plot of land from the Governor of Massowah, where they built a consulate to form a base for political and missionary effort. While M. Jacobis pushed his way in Tigré, another Jesuit—M. Rochet d'Héricourt—was sent to Shoa. He found there the refugee Protestant missions under Messrs. Blumhardt and Krapf. At first his coming did not seem to affect the current of the king's inclinations toward England; for overtures were made to the Indian Government, which resulted in an embassy being sent to Shoa under Major—now Sir William—Harris, to make a treaty of trade and general friendship. But by the time Major Harris had arrived, in 1841, Dr. Krapf was finding his movements impeded; and the French influence had so far increased that the treaty was obviously mere waste paper. Two years later the Protestants were compelled to

retire. But they left behind them eight thousand copies of the Scriptures.

If, however, the Jesuits had outwitted their rival missionaries, they did not find it so easy to deal with the native religion. In 1849 the settlement in Tigré was much disturbed by the determination of Ubié to send to Alexandria for an Abuna to fill the long vacant see. M. Jacobis had already acquired the title by popular use, and was vexed to see his shadowy dignity endangered. So he offered to accompany the envoy, in hope of persuading the authorities to choose a candidate favorable to Romanism. His anger was great at the appointment of a young man trained in Mr. Lieder's* school at Cairo, who, consecrated by the name of Salama, in memory of the first bishop, is now Abuna, but is in prison at Magdala. His career has done no credit to his early education; but his consecration was received with the greatest joy, and the national faith again lifted up its head.

(To be concluded.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

Author of "Saturn and its System," etc., etc.

DURING the first four months of the year, the constellation Orion is very favorably situated for observation in the evening. This magnificent asterism is more easily recognised than the Great Bear, Cassiopeia's Chair, or the fine festoon of stars which adorns the constellation Perseus. There is, indeed, a peculiarity about Orion which tends considerably to facilitate recognition. The other constellations named above, gyrate round the pole in a manner which presents them to us in continually varying positions. It is not so with Orion. Divided centrally by the equator, the mighty hunter continues twelve hours above and twelve hours below the horizon. His shoulders are visible somewhat more, his feet somewhat less, than twelve hours. When he is in the south, he is seen as a giant with upraised arms, erect, and having one knee bent,

as if he were ascending a height. Before him, as if raised on his left arm, is a curve of small stars, forming the shield, or target of lion's skin, which he is represented as uprearing in the face of Taurus. When Orion is in the east, his figure is inclined backward; when he is setting, he seems to be bent forward, as if rushing down a height: but he is never seen in an inverted position, like the northern constellations.

And we may note in passing, that the figure of Orion, as he sets, does not exactly correspond with the image presented in that fine passage in *Maud*:

I arose, and all by myself, in my own dark garden ground,
Listening now to the tide, in its broadflung ship-wrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave,
Walked in a wintry wind, by a ghastly glimmer, and found
The shining Daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave;

and again, toward the end of the poem:

It fell on a time of year
When the face of night is fair in the dewy downs,
And the shining Daffodil dies, and the charioteer
And starry Gemini haug like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the West.

I would not, however, for one moment be understood as finding fault with these passages of Tennyson's noble poem: Detached from the context, the image is undoubtedly faulty; but there is a correctness in the very incorrectness of the image, placed as it is in the mouth of one

Raging alone as his father raged in his mood;
brooding evermore on his father's self-murder,—

On a horror of shattered limbs....
Mangled and flattened and crushed.

Let us pass on, however, to the subject of our paper.

Beneath the three bright stars which form the belt of Orion, are several small stars, ranged, when Orion is in the south, in a vertical direction. These form the sword of the giant. On a clear night it is easy to see that the middle star of the sword presents a peculiarity of appearance: it shines as through a diffused haze. In an opera-glass this phenomenon is yet more easily recognisable. A very small telescope exhibits the cause of the peculiarity, for

* We scarcely need remind our readers that Mr. Lieder was the English Chaplain at Cairo, a man of great learning, and a kind friend to all travellers.

it is at once seen, that what seemed a star is in reality a mass of small stars intermixed with a diffused nebulosity.

It is a very remarkable circumstance that Galileo, whose small telescopes, directed to the clear skies of Italy, revealed so many interesting phenomena, failed to detect

That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion.

It would not, indeed, have been very remarkable if he had simply failed to notice this object. But he would seem to have directed his attention for some time especially to the region in the midst of which Orion's nebula is found. He says :

At first I meant to delineate the whole of this constellation ; but on account of the immense multitude of stars—being also hampered through want of leisure—I left the completion of this design till I should have another opportunity.

He therefore directed his attention wholly to a space of about ten square degrees, between the belt and sword, in which space he counted no less than four hundred stars. What is yet more remarkable, he mentions the fact that there are many small spots on the heavens shining with a light resembling that of the milky way (*complures similis coloris areolæ sparsim per cœthera subfulgeant*) ; and he even speaks of nebulae of this sort in the head and belt and sword of Orion. He asserts, however, that by means of his telescope, these nebulae were distinctly resolved into stars—a circumstance which, as we shall see presently, renders his description wholly inapplicable to the great nebula. Yet the very star around which (in the naked eye view) this nebula appears to cling, is figured in Galileo's drawing of the belt and sword of Orion !

It seems almost inconceivable that Galileo should have overlooked the nebula, assuming its appearance in his day to have resembled that which it has at present. And as it appears to have been established, that if the nebula has changed at all during the past century it has changed very slowly indeed, one can scarcely believe that in Galileo's time it should have presented a very different aspect. Is it possible that the

view suggested by Humboldt is correct—that Galileo did not see the nebula because he did not wish to see it ? “Galileo,” says Humboldt, “was disinclined to admit or assume the existence of starless nebulae.” Long after the discovery of the great nebula in Andromeda—known as “the transcendently beautiful queen of the nebulae”—Galileo omitted all mention in his works of any but starry nebulae. The last-named nebula was discovered in 1614, by Simon Marius, whose claims to the discovery of Jupiter's satellites had greatly angered Galileo, and had called forth a torrent of invective, in which the Protestant German was abused as a heretic by Galileo, little aware that he would himself before long incur the displeasure of the Church. If we could suppose that an unwillingness, either to confirm his rival's discovery of a starless nebula, or to acknowledge that he had himself fallen into an error on the subject of nebulae, prevented Galileo from speaking about the great nebula in Orion, we should be compelled to form but a low opinion of his honesty. It happens too frequently that

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and
vain—
An eye well practised in nature, a spirit bounded
and poor.

That Hevelius, “the star-cataloguer,” should have failed to detect the Orion nebula, is far less remarkable ; for Hevelius objected to the use of telescopes in the work of cataloguing stars. He determined the position of each star by looking at the star through minute holes or pinnules, at the ends of a long rod attached to an instrument resembling the quadrant.

The actual discoverer of the great nebula was Huyghens, in 1656. The description he gives of the discovery is so animated and interesting, that we shall translate it at length. He says :

While I was observing the variable belts of Jupiter, a dark band across the centre of Mars, and some indistinct phenomena on his disc, I detected among the fixed stars an appearance resembling nothing which had ever been seen before, so far as I am aware. This phenomenon can only be seen with large telescopes such as I myself make use of. Astronomers reckon that there are three

stars in the sword of Orion, which lie very close to each other. But as I was looking, in the year 1656, through my 23-foot telescope, at the middle of the sword, I saw, in place of one star, no less than twelve stars—which, indeed, is no unusual occurrence with powerful telescopes. Three of these stars seem to be almost in contact, and with these were four others which shone as through a haze, so that the space around shone much more brightly than the rest of the sky. And as the heavens were serene and appeared very dark, there seemed to be a gap in this part, through which a view was disclosed of brighter heavens beyond. All this I have continued to see up to the present time [the work in which these remarks appear—the *Systema Saturnium*—was published in 1659], so that this singular object, whatever it is, may be inferred to remain constantly in that part of the sky. I certainly have never seen anything resembling it in any other of the fixed stars. For other objects once thought to be nebulous, and the milky way itself, show no mistiness when looked at through telescopes, nor are they anything but congeries of stars thickly clustered together.

Huyghens does not seem to have noticed that the space between the three stars he described as close together is perfectly free from nebulous light—insomuch that if the nebula itself is rightly compared to a gap in the darker heavens, this spot resembles a gap within the nebula. And indeed, it is not uninteresting to notice how comparatively inefficient was Huyghens' telescope, though it was nearly eight yards in focal length. A good achromatic telescope two feet long would reveal more than Huyghens was able to detect with his unwieldy instrument.

Dominic Cassini soon after discovered a fourth star near the three seen by Huyghens. The four form the celebrated *trapezium*, an object interesting to the possessors of moderately good telescopes, and which has also been a subject of close investigation by professed astronomers. Besides the four stars seen by Cassini, there have been found five minute stars within and around the trapezium. These tiny objects seem to shine with variable brilliancy; for sometimes one will surpass the rest, while at others it will be almost invisible.

After Cassini's discovery, pictures were made of the great nebula by Picard, Le Gentil, and Messier. These present no features of special interest.

It is as we approach the present time, and find the great nebula the centre of quite a little warfare among astronomers—now claimed as an ally by one party, now by their opponents—that we begin to attach an almost romantic interest to the investigation of this remarkable object.

In the year 1811, Sir W. Herschel announced that he had (as he supposed) detected changes in the Orion nebula. The announcement appeared in connection with a very remarkable theory respecting nebulae generally—Herschel's celebrated hypothesis of the conversion of some nebulae into stars. The astronomical world now heard for the first time of that self-luminous nebulous matter, distributed in a highly attenuated form throughout the celestial regions, which Herschel looked upon as the material from which the stars have been originally formed. There is an allusion to this theory in those words of the Princess Ida:

There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.

And in the teaching of "comely Psyche":

This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets.

Few theories have met with a stranger fate. Received respectfully at first on the authority of the great astronomer who propounded it—then in the zenith of his fame—the theory gradually found a place in nearly all astronomical works. But, in the words of a distinguished living astronomer, "The bold hypothesis did not receive that confirmation from the labors of subsequent inquirers which is so remarkable in the case of many of Herschel's other speculations." It came to pass at length that the theory was looked upon by nearly all English astronomers as wholly untenable. In Germany it was never abandoned, however, and a great modern discovery has suddenly brought it into general favor, and has in this, as in so many other instances, vindicated Herschel's claim to be looked upon as the most clear-sighted, as well as the boldest and most original of astronomical theorizers. But we are anticipating.

Herschel had pointed out various cir-

cumstances which, in his opinion, justified a belief in the existence of a nebulous substance—fire-mist or star-mist, as it has been termed—throughout interstellar space. He had discovered and observed several thousand nebulae, and he considered that amongst these he could detect traces of progressive development. Some nebulae were, he supposed, comparatively *young*; they showed no signs of systematic aggregation or of central condensation. In some nebulae he traced the approach toward the formation of subordinate centres of attraction; while in others, again, a single centre began to be noticeable. He showed the various steps by which aggregation of the former kind might be supposed to result in the formation of star-clusters, and condensation of the latter kind into the formation of conspicuous single stars.

But it was felt that the strongest part of Herschel's case lay in his reference to the great nebula of Orion. He pointed out that amongst all the nebulae which might be reasonably assumed to be star-systems, a certain proportionality had always been found to exist between the telescope which first detected a nebula and that which effected its resolution into stars. And this was what might be expected to happen with star-systems lying beyond our galactic system. But how different is this from what was seen in the case of the Orion nebula. Here is an object so brilliant as to be visible to the naked eye, and which is found on examination to cover a large region of the heavens. And yet the most powerful telescopes had failed to show the slightest symptom of resolution. Were we to believe that we saw here a system of suns so far off that no telescope could exhibit the separate existence of the component luminaries, and therefore (considering merely the observed extent of the nebula, which is undoubtedly but a faint indication of its real dimensions) so inconceivably enormous in extent that the star-system of which our sun is a member shrinks into nothingness in comparison? Surely it seemed far more reasonable to recognize in the Orion nebula but a portion of our galaxy,—a portion very vast in extent, but far inferior to that "limitless ocean of universes" presented to us by the other view.

And when Sir W. Herschel was able, as he thought, to point to changes taking place within the Orion nebula, it seemed yet more improbable that the object was a star system.

But now telescopes more powerful than those with which the elder Herschel had scanned the great nebula were directed to its examination. Sir John Herschel, following in his father's footsteps, applied himself to the diligent survey of the marvellous nebula with a reflecting telescope eighteen inches in aperture. He presented the nebula to us as an object of which "the revelation of the ten-foot telescope was but the mere rudiment." Strange outlying wisps and streamers of light were seen, extending far out into space. Yet more strange seemed the internal constitution of the object. So strange, indeed, did the nebula appear, "so unlike what had hitherto been known of collections of stars," that Sir John Herschel considered the evidence afforded by its appearance as sufficient to warrant the conclusion of a non-stellar substance.

But this eminent astronomer obtained a yet better view of the great nebula when he transported to the Cape of Good Hope an instrument equal in power to that which he had applied to the northern heavens. In the clear skies of the southern hemisphere the nebula shines with a splendor far surpassing that which it has in northern climes. It is also seen far higher above the horizon. Thus the drawing which Sir J. Herschel was able to execute during his three years' residence at the Cape, is among the best views of the great nebula that have ever been taken. But even under these favorable circumstances, Sir John records, "that the nebula, through his great reflector, showed not a symptom of resolution."

Then Lassell turned his powerful mirror, two feet in diameter, upon the unintelligible nebula. But though he was able to execute a remarkable drawing of the object, he could discern no trace of stellar constitution.

In 1845 Lord Rosse interrogated the great nebula with his three-feet mirror. Marvellous was the complexity and splendor of the object revealed to him, but not the trace of a star could be seen.

The end was not yet, however. En-

couraged by the success of the three-foot telescope, Lord Rosse commenced the construction of one four times as powerful. After long and persistent labors, and at a cost, it is said, of thirty thousand pounds, the great Parsonstown reflector, with its wonderful six-foot speculum, was directed to the survey of the heavens. At Christmas, 1845, while the instrument was yet incomplete, and in unfavorable weather, the giant tube was turned toward the Orion nebula. Professor Nichol was the first who saw the mysterious object as pictured by the great mirror. Although the observation was not successful, so far as the resolution of the nebula was concerned, yet Nichol's graphic account of the telescope's performance is well worth reading:

Strongly attracted in youth by the lofty conceptions of Herschel [he writes], I may be apt to surround the incident I have to narrate with feelings in so far of a personal origin and interest; but, unless I greatly deceive myself, there are few who would view it otherwise than I. With an anxiety natural and profound, the scientific world watched the examination of Orion by the six-foot mirror; for the result had either to confirm Herschel's hypothesis, in so far as human insight ever could confirm it; or unfold among the stellar groups a variety of constitution not indicated by those in the neighborhood of our galaxy. Although Lord Rosse warned me that the circumstances of the moment would not permit me to regard the decision then given as absolutely final, I went in breathless interest to the inspection. Not yet the veriest trace of a star! Unintelligible as ever, *there* the nebula lay; but how gorgeous its brighter parts! How countless those streamers branching from it on every side! How strange, especially that large horn on the north, rising in relief from the black skies like a vast cumulous cloud! It was thus still possible that the nebula was irresolvable by human art; and so doubt remained. *Why* the concurrence of every favorable condition is requisite for success in such inquiries may be readily comprehended. The object in view is to discern, *singly*, sparkling points, small as the point of a needle, and close as the particles of a handful of sand; so that it needs but the smallest unsteadiness in the air, or imperfection in the shape of the reflecting surface, to scatter the light of each point, to merge them into each other and present them as one mass.

Before long Lord Rosse, after re-grinding the great mirror, obtained better views of the mysterious nebula. Even now, however, he could use but

half the power of the telescope, yet at length the doubts of astronomers as to the resolvability of the nebula were removed. "We could plainly see," he wrote to Prof. Nichol, "that all about the trapezium was a mass of stars, the rest of the nebula also abounding with stars, and exhibiting the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked." These views were abundantly confirmed by subsequent observations with the great mirror.

It will surprise many to learn that even Lord Rosse's great reflector is surpassed in certain respects by some of the exquisite refractors now constructed by opticians. As a light-gatherer the mirror is, of course, unapproachable by refractors. If it were possible to construct an achromatic lens six feet in diameter, yet, to prevent flexure, a thickness would have to be given to the glass which would render it almost impervious to light, and therefore utterly useless. But refractors have a power of definition not possessed by large reflectors. With a refractor eight inches only in aperture, for instance, Mr. Dawes has obtained better views of the planets (and specially of Mars), than Lord Rosse's six feet speculum would give under the most favorable circumstances. And, in like manner, the performance of Lord Rosse's telescope on the Orion nebula has been surpassed—so far as resolution into discrete stars is concerned—by the exquisite defining power of the noble refractor of Harvard College (U.S.). By means of this instrument hundreds of stars have been counted within the confines of the once intractable nebula.

It seemed, therefore, that all doubt had vanished from the subject which had so long perplexed astronomers. "That was proved to be *real*," Nichol wrote, "which, with conceptions of space, enlarged even as Herschel's, we deemed *incomprehensible*."

Yet even at this stage of the inquiry there were found minds bold enough to question whether a perfectly satisfactory solution of the great problem had really been attained. Nor is it difficult, I think, to point out strong reasons for such doubts. I shall content myself by naming one which has always appeared to me irresistible.

The Orion nebula, as seen in powerful telescopes, covers a large extent of the celestial sphere. According to the Padre Secchi, who observed it with the great Merz refractor of the observatory at Rome, the nebulous region covers a triangular space, the width of whose base is some eight times, while its height is more than ten times as great as the moon's apparent diameter,—a space more than fifty times greater than that covered by the moon. Now, I do not say that it is inconceivable that an outlying star-system, so far off as to be irresolvable by any but the most powerful telescopes, should cover so large a space on the heavens. On the contrary, I do not believe that a galaxy resembling our own would be resolvable at all, unless it were so near as to appear much larger than the Orion nebula. I believe astronomers have been wholly mistaken in considering any of the nebulae to be such systems as our own. There may be millions of such systems in space, but I am very certain no telescope we could make would suffice to resolve any of them. But what I do consider inconceivable, is that a nebula extending so widely, and placed (as supposed) beyond our system, should yet appear to cling (as the Orion nebula undoubtedly does) around the fixed stars seen in the same field with it. So strongly marked is this characteristic, that Sir John Herschel (who fails, apparently, to see its meaning) mentions amongst others no less than four stars,—one of which is the bright middle star of the belt, as “involved in *strong* nebulosity,” while the intermediate nebulosity is only just traceable. The probability that this arrangement is accidental is so small as to be almost evanescent.

However, as I have said, English astronomers, almost without a dissentient voice, accepted the resolution of the nebula as a proof that it represents a distant star-system resembling our own galactic system, but far surpassing it in magnitude.

The time came, however, when a new instrument, more telling even than the telescope, was to be directed upon the Orion nebula, and with very startling results. The spectroscope had revealed much respecting the constitution of the fixed stars. We had learned that they

are suns resembling our own. It remained only to show that the Orion nebula consists of similar suns, in order to establish beyond all possibility of doubt the theories which had been so complacently accepted. A very different result rewarded the attempt, however. When Mr. Huggins turned his spectroscope towards the great nebula, he saw, in place of a spectrum resembling the sun's, *three bright lines only!* A spectrum of this sort indicates that the source of light is a *luminous gas*, so that whatever the Orion nebula may be, it is most certainly *not* a congeries of suns resembling our own.

It would be unwise to theorize at present on a result so remarkable. Nor can we assert that Herschel's *speculations* have been confirmed, though his general reasoning has been abundantly justified. Astronomers have yet to do much before they can interpret the mysterious entity which adorns Orion's sword. On every side, however, observations are being made which give promise of the solution of this and kindred difficulties. We have seen the light of comets analyzed by the same powerful instrument; and we learn that the light from the tail and coma is similar in quality (so far as observation has yet extended) to that emitted from the Orion nebula. We see, therefore, that in our own solar system we have analogues of what has been revealed in external space. I would not, indeed, go so far as to assert that the Orion nebula is a nest of cometic systems; but I may safely allege that there is now not a particle of evidence that the nebula lies beyond our galaxy.

Nor need we doubt the accuracy of Lord Rosse's observations. More than a year before his death, indeed, he mentioned to Mr. Huggins “that the *matter* of the great nebula in Orion had not been resolved by his telescope. In some parts of the nebula he observed a large number of exceedingly minute *red* stars. These red stars, however, though apparently *connected* with the irresolvable blue material of the nebula, yet seemed to be distinct from it.”

The whole subject seems to be as perplexing as any that has ever been submitted to astronomers. Time, however, will doubtless unravel the thread of the

mystery. We may safely leave the inquiry in the hands of the able observers and physicists whose attention has been for a long time directed toward it. And we need only note, in conclusion, that in the southern hemisphere there exists an object equally mysterious—the great nebula round η Argus—which has never been tested with the spectroscope. The examination of this mysterious nebula, associated with the most remarkable variable in the heavens—a star which at one time shines but as a fifth magnitude star, and at another exceeds even the brilliant Canopus in splendor—may, for aught that is known, throw a new light on the constitution of the great Orion nebula.

Dublin University Magazine.

A GREAT MAN'S RELAXATIONS.

SCOTT AND DUMAS, A PARALLEL A LA PLUTARQUE.

BEFORE Alexander Dumas became a mighty hunter and trapper of literary game and literary helpers to run it down, he was a devoted lover of field and forest sports, such as the French poachers (*braconniers*) affect. In the early volumes of his *mémoires*, he has left delightful sketches of his country life at Villers Cotterets, intermingled with chase of beast and fowl. Now, in his advanced years he returns to his early loves, and gives to the world memoirs of his domestic pets,* but in a leisurely style, and with the same attachment to half lines and quarter lines, as in the golden days of the untaxed *feuilletons*. Has not Alexander the Great new journals of his own, and what advantage can it be to him to inflict weariness inexpressible on his subscribers, by making them traverse a page for the information that might be conveyed in five lines?

Dumas entertains his readers in the commencement of his volume by the different plans adopted by Sir Walter Scott and by himself, to inspire his readers with an interest in the story. He somewhat exaggerates the process adopted by the author of *Waverley*, but it has a basis of truth.

"This plan was to be tiresome, mortally

tiresome, sometimes during a half volume, sometimes during an entire volume. But during this volume he posed his personages; he gave such a minute description of their appearances, their characters, and their habits; and the reader was so well acquainted with their dress, their gait, their speech, that when one of them got into some danger, at the end of the second volume, you cried out, 'Eh! this poor gentleman, who wore an apple-green coat, who limped in walking, who stammered a little in his speech—how will he get out of this strait?' And so you became astonished after your weariness for half a volume, for a volume, sometimes for a volume and a half, to find yourself so enormously interested about the man who stammered, the lame man, or the man in the green coat."

With all his shrewdness, Alexander does not touch the precise spot with his needle-point. It was not by an appraiser's description that Sir Walter interested his readers in the fortunes of his dramatic personæ.

The French man of letters explains his own process, which is to plunge into an interesting situation at once, and by putting forth his powers seize strongly on the reader's attention, the consequence frequently being a relaxation on both sides, and an unsatisfactory sequel. His ideas have the mastery of him, instead of he having the mastery of his ideas, and hence the result is left to the mercy of chance.

He characteristically commences his history with these words, implying an interesting narrative with a tragical conclusion:—"I *had* fowl, and I *have* a dog," and then proceeds to recite the adventures of the various domestic animals which he kept while leading a lonely life at his folly of "*Monte Cristo*," while tossing off hundreds of pages of his romances in the day. No one can be sure of the strict accuracy of many of the little *historiettes*, except such processes as the one about to be described, with which he was familiar when a stripling, roving through field and forest, in the neighborhood of Villers Cotterets, and which naturally connects his early experience with that of his mature age. Though the Gauls are gifted with animal spirits in a more ample measure than their neighbors the Britons, they exhibit a higher degree of quietude and patience in some things, such as the endurance of a dull tragedy, and of a long and inactive watch in their securing of game. In this

* *Histoire des mes Bêtes*. Par Alexandre Dumas. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères.

way the fowler of small birds spreads his snare for his victims.

LA CHASSE A LA PIPEE.

Selecting the least valuable tree in the locality of his *Chasse a la Pipee*, he strips it of its leaves, and makes sundry nicks in the twigs and boughs, which he plentifully garnishes with bird-lime. He has a little hut fashioned under the tree, covered with broom, or heath, or fern, or all three, and sitting concealed in this, he imitates the cries of various little birds with a bit of silk, or a leaf of dog grass applied to his mouth. All within hearing flock to the tree, and their poor little claws entering the notches, are there held till a considerable number being taken, the *pipeur* comes out of his bower and releases them.

But if he has had the good fortune to secure a jay, more abundant game is taken in less time. The morning and afternoon custom of this bird in spring and early summer, is to find out the nests of goldfinches, bulfinches, tom-tits, linnets, thrushes, redbreasts, etc., and gobble up their eggs, and the poor unfledged young. Hence he is held in general detestation. The fowler so lucky as to get possession of an individual of this hated species, draws it from his pocket, after ensconcing himself comfortably in his broom, and heath, and fern-covered hut, and pulls out a feather of his wing.

"The jay utters his cry, *coing*."

"The cry resounds through the forest."

"At the same time, all the populace of linnets, finches, redbreasts, thrushes, and tom-tits within hearing, tremble, and cock their ears."

"The fowler pulls out a second quill of the jay's wing."

"The jay utters a second *coing*."

"Then universal joy is spread through the feathered tribes. It is evident that some misfortune has happened to the common foe."

"What can have occurred?"

"They must see. 'Where is he?' 'He is on this side.' 'No, he is on that.' 'No, he is on the other.'"

"The fowler plucks away a third quill from the wing of the jay."

"The jay shrieks a third *coing*."

"'He is there, he is there,' cry all the birds in chorus."

"And they descend in troops and in com-

panies on the tree from the bottom of which issued the three *coings*."

"But as the tree is so plentifully garnished with bird-lime, every bird which lights on it is a hopeless captive."

A TERRIBLE BRITISH POINTER.

We have made this quotation as it presents a favorable, but not an extreme specimen of Dumas' arrangement of paragraphs and mode of telling a story. He becomes possessor of the English pointer, Pritchard, and feelingly relates the trouble his favorite woodman Vatin and he himself took to break the obstinate British dog off the habits wrapped round him by education. Vatin's short cutty deserves, and obtains a circumstantial description.

Vatin's pipe is never out of his mouth but when he sleeps. His patron has never seen it with a shank. It has formed a round orifice between his upper and lower teeth. These teeth their master never opens to any extent when speaking, so his talk is conducted in a species of whistle. Vatin despises every improvement in the supply of wants, so he still uses the flint, the steel, and the tinder. Once the pipe is lighted, the smoke issues from his mouth with the regularity of that from a steam-engine. This suggested to Dumas the following notable joke.

"Vatin," said I to him one day, "when you are no longer able to walk, you have only to provide two wheels, and your head will make a capital locomotive for your body." "I shall always be able to walk," said Vatin. He had been commissioned to make a change in Pritchard's habits, *i. e.*, instead of hunting some hundred yards from his master, and setting the game, he should keep himself under the very barrel of the fowling-piece, and only spring forward when the game was struck. Skilful and determined was Vatin, but he was no match for the obstinate Briton. An hour after he had been intrusted to the woodman, he was snuffing and snorting about his master at the Hotel de Medicis. Being treated to a whipping, he was sent back and badly received. It seems he had jumped over a paling several feet high, and so made his escape. Now he was secured by a good leather strap, but he gnawed it asunder, and Dumas, hard engaged at his feuilleton, heard a

terrible uproar in the yard. *Mouton*, a dog of the Pyrenees, tearing Pritchard with his fangs, and Pritchard making the best return in his power. Being rescued from the wrath of *Mouton* (sheep), he got whipping No. 2, and was sent back. This time he was made prisoner in a closed room, but after trying his teeth and claws on the wall, he next essayed the softer door, ate, and scratched through it. At dinner hour he was with Dumas in his parlor, tail cocked, and his mustard-colored eyes shedding tears of delight.

The reëducation of Pritchard seemed hopeless. Dumas, Michel his gardener, and Vatin went to take a walk with the intractable dog in leash. Coming near the bridge of Pecq, said one, "Is not that dog on the bridge very like Pritchard?" "Very like," said Michel, "but I have Pritchard here in the leash." All looked behind, but no Pritchard was there; he had cut the leather asunder, and by a round had got to the bridge before them. While they were looking at the leash and wondering, their ears were startled by an outcry, and turning round they saw the delinquent sweeping toward them with a half broiled mutton chop in his mouth, and the deluded cook clattering after him with brush in hand. Vain were the efforts to stop the brigand; and in the shelter of a thicket he enjoyed his half-fried chop.

That was only the first achievement of Pritchard on that eventful day. While dinner was preparing for Dumas and his humble friends by Mme. Vatin, a shout was heard from the kitchen window. "Ah, robber! ah, brigand! ah, wretch!" was heard in the horrified tones of their hostess. "Fire!" cried Michel, and the goblet in Alexander's hand was launched with all the force of "his biceps and his deltoid" (textual). The sequel furnishes so happy a specimen of our author's peculiar narrative style that we cannot resist quotation. The goblet was not broken, and Michel cried out—

"Ah, monsieur, that was a famous cast."

"In effect the goblet had struck Pritchard at the edge of the shoulder, and had fallen on the soft grass without injury.

"Merely the blow had been so strong that it had extracted a cry from Pritchard.

"To utter this cry, Pritchard had been obliged to open his mouth.

"In opening his mouth he had been obliged to drop his piece of veal.

"The piece of veal had fallen on the fresh grass.

"I had picked it up, and brought it back.

"'Courage, Madame Vatin,' said I. 'Be consoled: we shall dine.'

"I was going like Ajax to add, 'In spite of the Gods,'—

"But I considered the phrase a little too arrogant.

"I contented myself with saying, 'In spite of Pritchard.'"

Some objected to the viand after being in the dog's mouth, but Michel proved that as licking by a healthy dog's tongue was sovereign in case of a cut, meat that had touched his tongue or jaws was not a bit the worse. Solely he cut away the tooth-marks.

But Pritchard's iniquities were not at the full. Mme. Vatin had prepared an omelette, and such an omelette! It furnished occasion to the author to say that an omelette is beyond the skill of the most learned Parisian cook. It can only be dressed in perfection by a country-woman—wife of peasant or farmer—the same truth being applicable to the cooking of a fricassee of fowl. While the company were complimenting her on her success, she listened with a preoccupied air, for she was missing her sugar-pot. After some surmises, not much to the purpose, Michel quitted the room, and soon reappeared, driving Pritchard before him with the missing article on his muzzle. He thus explained to the admiring company how it was so effectively secured.

"He got his nose into the sugar-pot, which is wider at bottom than at mouth; then he opened his jaws; then he filled them with sugar. At the same moment I came on him; he attempted to close his jaws; the sugar lumps were in the way. He then attempted to withdraw his muzzle; he could not, his jaws were open. So Monsieur Pritchard has been taken like a crow in a paper cone,* and must have patience till the sugar melts."

However, when the confounded British animal was left to his own devices,

* *Cornets* (grocers' conical paper-measures) are lined with a sticky substance, and left in the way of crows and ravens. They trust in their bills, and find themselves hampered, and become so confused that they are easily taken.

he established his character by setting three rabbits one after another, and remaining rigidly in the same position till Vatrín had time to cut a stick and take a throw at the game.

DUMAS' WORKING DRESS AND HIS DOG MOUTON.

We next make acquaintance with the celebrated dog, *Mouton*, whom the reader finds at the famous Monte Cristo building, moving his head this way and that like a white bear, which he resembled in his skin, and his eyes "casting a phosphorescent flame like the reflection from carbuncles." But *Mouton* when not annoyed was perfectly inoffensive.

Maquet (the great collaborateur), Alexander the younger, some actresses, and other literary acquaintance, come to visit him in his retreat. He gives them possession of the house from garret to cellar; some amuse themselves with his monkeys, some with the aviary, some with the flower-beds, and the host retires to write his feuilleton in his kiosk, and here the great man (great or not he is certainly a good-natured and forgiving man) gives his readers information on a curious trait of his daily life and labor.

"You shall know, as the matter probably interests you, that summer and winter I write (*travaille* is the verb in the text) without waistcoat, without body-coat, in strapped trousers, in slippers, and in my shirt sleeves.

"The sole change that the succession of seasons makes in my costume, is in the stuff of my trousers and my shirt.

"In winter my strapped trousers are of cloth, in summer of dimity. In summer my shirt is of lawn, in winter of strong linen."

Dumas had come in attired as a hunter. Going up to his room he soon reappeared before his guests in his lawn shirt and his dimity strapped trousers.

"'Who is this, who is this?' said Atala Beauchène (actress).

"'It is a father,' said Alexander (the younger), 'whom I have vowed to the white veil.'

"I passed between two hedges of acclamations, and regained my work-a-day pavilion."

At that period he was *laboring* at "Le Bâtard de Mauléon" (one of his or Maquet's best works), and his friend

Challamel* happened at the same time to present him with *Mouton*. He introduced him into the romance under the name *Alan*, in this spirited style.

"Behind them came a dog bounding through mere exuberance of spirits.

"He was one of those vigorous but meagre dogs of the Sierra, with head pointed like that of a bear, eyes sparkling like a lynx's, and legs slender and sinewy as those of a hind.

"His body was covered with fine and long silky hair, among which played and danced the mellow reflections of the sun's rays.

"He had round his neck a large collar of gold, inlaid with rubies, and provided with a bell of the same metal.

"His joy exhibited itself by his bounds, which had both a visible and invisible object. The visible one was a steed white as snow, covered with a large housing of purple and brocade, which received his caresses with responsive neighings. The concealed object was doubtless some noble lord within the building into which the dog would plunge impatiently and reappear, bounding and joyous, some instants after."†

Mouton was, however, very unlike *Alan* in his temperament. He was phlegmatic, cross with strangers, and ready to tear any one of his own race that came near him. Dumas had asked Challamel about his past career, but the only answer he got was, "Attach him to you, and you shall see what he can do." When he took *Mouton* out for an evening walk, instead of gambading and snuffing round him, he would walk behind him with head and tail drooping like one following the funeral of his master. If Dumas stopped to speak to any acquaintance, *Mouton* would begin to growl, nor cease till the interview was over. The third evening of these promenades Alexander got official notice from the mayor (of St. Germain) to provide his dog with a collar and chain.

Those readers who are anxious not to lose a word of the original will learn how, while our author was composing the grand combat of *Alan* with the *Moore* in *Le Bâtard*, he saw *Mouton*

* There are two brothers bearing this name—one a political and historical writer, the other an artist.

† Any one curious to see more of Dumas at his *travaille*, may read in the "Woman in White" how fat Count Bosco wrote out his vindication.

rooting up his dahlias; how he ran out and administered a kick to Alan's prototype, and how the savage sprang incontinently at his throat. Dumas (*see teste*) being a perfect practitioner in all manly exercises, secured Mouton by the throat with one hand while the other was between the jaws of the infuriated beast. Terrible injury was inflicted on this member, but with the other he compressed the enemy's windpipe till he was obliged to let go. Sinews and muscles were lacerated, finger bones (the Latin names are carefully given in the original) dislocated, and altogether *carpus* and *metacarpus* were in a bad way, and the "Bâtard" was finished under nearly as distressing circumstances as was the "Bride of Lammermoor" (*see* Scott's biography). We have known habitual tellers of wonders who really believed *some* of their own inventions. The coloring of this picture is here much toned down, but there is nothing more sensational in "Miss Forrester" than may be found in the original account.

MYSOUFF I.

On returning from one of his journeys our hero found a cat provided for him by his housekeeper. She asked him for a name, and he answered Mysouff II. She thought the name an odd one, having no conception of the train of sorrowful thoughts connected with the memory of his mother which at the moment was passing through his mind. Alexander tells us in his memoirs, that since his first communion, he has never been at confession, nor kept the Sabbath day holy in the manner of Roman Catholics, but that in passing an open church he sometimes enters, sits down in an obscure corner, and holds himself in communication with his Creator for a longer or shorter time. As for sins against his God, his neighbor, or himself, he is conscious of none, and is not disturbed by the **HEREAFTER**. Happy Alexander! at least while in the valley of the shadow. Taking this state of things into account, we are certainly much interested in the following extract so expressive of the effect of an early religious training.

"You have entered sometimes into an old curiosity shop, and having admired a Dutch interior, a family chest of the renaissance, or

a Japan vase, having raised to your eye a Venice glass or old German goblet, after having laughed in the face of a Chinese mandarin shaking his head and putting out his tongue, you have at last stopped in a corner, your feet rooted to the floor, and your eye fixed on a little picture in a nook. Within the obscurity appears the aureole round the head of a Madonna with the Infant Jesus on her knees. The subject at once summons up some tender recollection of infancy, and you find your heart inundated with a tender melancholy.

"You go back step by step into yourself. You forget the place you are in, the business which brought you there. You are borne away on the wings of memory, you clear immense space, as if wrapped in the mantle of Mephistopheles, and you are again a child full of hope and of expectation, in presence of this dream of the past which the sight of the sainted Madonna has aroused in your memory.

"It was so with me; the name *Misouff* had taken me back fifteen years.

"My mother was living. I had the happiness at that time to have a mother to scold me.

"I had a situation with the Duke of Orleans, which produced 1,500 francs each year, and which occupied me from ten to five.

"We lived in West street, and had a cat called Mysouff, who certainly missed his vocation. He was intended for a house dog.

"I set out for my office every morning at half-past nine, and was back again at half-past five. Every morning Mysouff came with me to Rue Vaugirard, every evening he was waiting for me in Rue Vaugirard.

"And what was curious, any evening on which I played truant and did not return to dinner, they opened the door in vain for Mysouff. There he lay on his cushion, nose touching tail, and would not budge. But on my dutiful days, if they did not open the door to Mysouff he would miaou and scratch till he got his liberty. So my poor mother adored Mysouff; she called him her barometer. 'Mysouff marks my good and bad days,' said she. 'The day you come not is my rainy day, the day you return is my fair weather.'

"Poor mother! Alas! we feel that it is only when we lose such treasures of love, that we did not appreciate them when we possessed them. It is only when we can no more behold these loved beings, that we recollect how much more of them we might have seen, and bitterly repent the losing of those opportunities.

"I always found Mysouff at the junction of West street with the Rue Vaugirard, sitting on his haunches, and watching. As soon as I came in sight he began to brush the flags with his tail, but when I came up he

jumped at my knees like a dog, then he began to gambade and wheel back every ten or twelve paces.* At twenty paces from the house he made a charge, and entered at full speed. Two seconds after my mother was at the door. Blessed vision lost to me on this earth! but which I hope one day to enjoy again!"

MYSOUFF II. AND THE THREE FAMOUS MONKEYS.

The adventures and final condition of Mysouff II. cannot be made interesting without saying something of Dumas' three monkeys,—Mlle. Desgarcins, Monsieur le Dernier des Laidmanoir, and Mons. Potich. Dumas was about returning from Havre, when standing in front of an animal fancier's booth, a little green monkey passed her hand out through the bars of her cage, and took hold of the skirt of his coat. He took the poor little animal's paw in his hand, and so gratified her that she drew it to the bars and licked the fingers. A blue parrot showed equal signs of satisfaction, and the result was that the proprietor, who recognised Mr. Dumas, easily disposed of the two *petites bêtes* to him. M. Dumas' popularity, as he acknowledges, has its inconveniences.

"‘One day,’ he says, ‘some sorcerer may perhaps explain to me how it happens that my face, however little made known to the world by the brush, the burin, or the lithographic pencil, is well known even at the antipodes. So that wherever I arrive, the first porter that comes up, cries, ‘Where shall I take your valise, Monsieur Dumas?’”

"Besides this inconvenience of never enjoying my incognito, I suffer another. Every dealer having heard that I am in the habit of throwing my money out of the windows, no sooner sees me than he forms the virtuous resolution to sell me his wares at three times the price which he would charge the ‘Common of Martyrs,’ a resolve which he puts at once into execution."

A defect in the parrot's education—viz., inability to speak, doubled his value in M. Dumas' eyes, for, as he says, he

* We have certainty of the dogs of country farmers meeting them on their return at night, though the road by which they came back was not always the same. One of these animals was known before he would set out, to lie down, hold up his head in the air, and howl mournfully for a time. On a sudden he would stop his caoiné, jump up and set out. We have known cats to follow master or mistress out into the fields, and share their promenade, but the reader must use his or her own judgment on Mysouff's case.

never could endure the eternal refrain of such a morsel of eloquence as, "Have you got your breakfast, Jacquot?" A companion is got for Mlle. Desgarcins, and a third, the Last of the Laid (*ugly*) manoirs is soon added. The poor Auvergnant who disposed of this last ugly wretch, opened his arms to give him a final embrace when parting with him, but Laidmanoir uttered cries of disgust and terror, and clung to the beard of Giraud, one of Dumas' guests. While the Auvergnat was quitting the room, the monkey exhibited evident signs of satisfaction, but when he had disappeared altogether, he began to practise a dance, which Dumas supposes to be the *Cancan* of the Simian tribe.

The day of purchase happened to see a reunion at Monte Cristo of Maquet, Dumas Fils, and other literati and literatæ. The young gentleman wished to entertain the company at the expense of the poor four-handed animals. The three were together in a large cage, so he placed a bottle of seltzer water with the neck toward the animals on the table. They examined it carefully, but Mlle. Desgarcins was the first to attempt the solution. She attacked one of the four wire bands that secured the cork, first with her fingers, then with her teeth, till she had it cut, then the others in succession, her companions turning the flask round for her.

"The nearer the operation approached the denouement, the greater grew the attention.

"It must be owned that the spectators were as interested as the actors.

"Monkeys and men held their breath.

"All at once a terrible explosion was heard. Mlle. Desgarcins was flung backward on the floor by the cork, and inundated with the liquid, while Potich and the Last of the Laidmanoirs sprung to the ceiling, and held there by their hands and tails, uttering piercing cries.

"‘Oh,’ said Alexander the Younger, ‘I would give my share of the seltzer to see Mlle. Desgarcins uncork another bottle.’

"Mlle. D. by this time had shook herself, sprung to the ceiling, and joined her comrades, who, suspending themselves by their tails, continued to gaze on the field of defeat, and utter inhuman cries."

The experiment was made a second and a third time with the same results, and Dumas Fils would have tried the

fourth, but the senior pitied the condition of poor Desgarcins, whose nose was now swelled, gums all bleeding, and eyes half out of her head, and would not let the joke be carried further. It is a standing jest with Alex. Fils to expatiate on the stinginess of his parent—he did not let that occasion pass without bringing forward the allegation.

Just retribution waited on this unnecessary punishment of the poor quadrumani. A morning or two later the master was waked up by Michel, who came to report the escape of the three monkeys from their cage, their present possession of the aviary, and their villainous seizure of ever so many of the poor little birds. "They can't eat them," said the sleeper, awakened. "Ah!" said Michel, "it comes to the same thing. They are laying their spoils at the feet of Mysouff II., who is enjoying the feast."

The ravages were secured, and put in their cage; poor Potich, who had taken refuge in a tree, coming down voluntarily, and with joined hands, begging to be put in with his comrades. Michel looked on the act as a piece of hypocrisy, his master as an act of devotedness, to be put on a par with that of Regulus. Meantime Mysouff II. had finished his dejeuner of 500 francs, and a jury was impanelled to try him for this act of rapine and gluttony. Next Sunday's guests accordingly tried the delinquent, Michel, who had kept him meanwhile on bread and water, being constituted State Prosecutor, and Nogent Saint-Laurent, defender of the criminal. The jury, already much prejudiced against Mysouff, were still further embittered by Michel's oration, but the counsel for the defence did not lose courage. He flung the chief blame on the mischievous monkeys, and merely established Mysouff II. as a comparatively innocent accessory after the fact.

"He demonstrated Mysouff, of himself, as incapable even of dreaming of such a crime. He depicted him sleeping the sleep of the just, till roused from his inoffensive slumber by these abominable beasts, who in front of the aviary were meditating their felonious attack. There he was, half awake, beginning to stretch out his claws, complacently purring, and opening his rosy mouth, and exhibiting his tongue curved in the style of heraldic lions, then shaking his ears while listening as if repulsing their infamous propositions. The

counsellor dwelt on his first refusal of the request, then on the unsteady and volatile character of youth, and his corrupt education by the cook, who instead of feeding him on milk porridge or broth, as she had been strictly ordered, had excited his carnivorous propensities by administering lights, beef-hearts, parings of chops, etc. Then, as is the mode with unsteady characters, he painted him following the tempters to the scene of carnage; and taking Mysouff in his arms, and extending his paws, he dwelt on their mechanism, and appealing to all who were not ignorant of anatomy, he triumphantly asked, 'Was it with organs of such a conformation an aviary under lock and key could be opened?' Then borrowing from Michel his favorite volume of the 'Dictionary of Natural History,' he opened it at the article 'Domestic Cat, Tiger Cat,' and struck his palm heavily on the book. 'Cat!' he cried, 'Cat!' you shall hear what the illustrious Buffon, the man with the wristbands of point lace, wrote on the knees of Nature herself on the subject of the cat.

"'The cat,' says M. Buffon, 'is only a faithless domestic, whom we keep through necessity, to extirpate other domestic enemies not in our power otherwise to get rid of. For though the cat when young is gentlemanly, he possesses an inborn malice, a false character, a perverse disposition, which age augments, and which education merely masks.'

"Now, Mysouff, second of the name, did not bring a forged character for gentleness, signed Lacépède or Geoffroy Saint Hilaire.* He is no intruder. The cook sought him out, and even pursued him into his retreat behind bundles of fagots. Did she ever hold forth to him on the enormity of bird-killing? No; on the contrary she excited his flesh-eating propensities. The lot of the poor birds I grant is deserving of our grief and indignation, but are not all of them, especially the quails, doomed to perish by the cook's knife some day? And Mysouff by one sharp but short process, has freed them from all the terrors, one after the other, which the cook's visits are so well calculated to inflict.

"Now, gentlemen, as you have learned to acquit that two-footed and featherless animal called man, of crimes like these for sake of that word invented for the purpose, *monomania*, take into account that the unfortunate and interesting Mysouff has yielded, not merely to natural instincts, but to strong exterior influences. I have done, gentlemen. I claim for my client the benefit of extenuating circumstances."

Cries of enthusiasm hailed this improvised speech, and under its influence the

* Eminent naturalists.

votes were taken, and Mysouff declared culpable of complicity with the assassination of sundry quails, doves, pigeons, and other varieties of the genus *Columba*, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the cage of the monkeys.

But we must reluctantly omit the further surprising adventures of the monkeys and Pritchard; how he nearly gnawed off his paw when secured in a trap, and how he was able to do more with three legs than other dogs with four; how he used to drop down into a fowl-yard, eat up the eggs newly-laid, and let himself out by raising a latch, and many other rare and curious incidents in the history of domestic animals.*

Meanwhile, this article has been written in order to place a literary curiosity before our readers, and to mark the differences in taste between the French and English reading public. Imagine the reception such a volume issued by any popular English writer would receive from his public. Yet we have not presented the most egotistical or self-complacent of the many such passages existing in the "*Histoire de Mes Bêtes*." But Dumas' readers are still glad to get any gossiping book from him, however self-laudatory it may be. He tells a story as pleasantly as ever, though covering an unnecessarily large space of paper with it. He furnishes interesting and agreeable *causerie* for which neither our "conversation" nor our "chat" furnishes a thorough equivalent; and he has always something personally to tell about the people of letters and the actors and actresses of Paris. Then there is nothing cynical or ill-natured in his lucubrations. He says little that is ill of his lettered brethren, and he possesses the

* One of these anecdotes is very curious and probably true. Pritchard and Portugo sitting on their haunches among their comrades, and putting their heads together, seemed holding a council. Portugo then went out of the kennel, and Pritchard followed him leisurely at some distance, Dumas and Michel watching the manœuvre. After some time Pritchard couched down at a certain spot, and waited till he heard Portugo give tongue. Then his mustard-colored eye began to sparkle, and his limbs to move nervously. However, he was quiet for some time, till on a sudden he gave a high bound, and a fine fat rabbit was in his jaws in a moment. By concert with Portugo he had lain in wait at that favorable spot, while his comrade started and chased the game.

power of investing the most improbable things with an air of truth. It is not so many years since the "Three Musketeers," "Monte Cristo," and the "Mysteries of Paris" were at the summit of literary fame, and the taste for reading such narratives is as strong as it was then. Yet, the works of the dead Sue and the living Dumas are now comparatively neglected. And why? Many old and young pupils went to their school, and they and their pupils again have since thrown such a mass of literary monstrosities on the world as completely to hide and eclipse the productions of their teachers. Meantime, the golden visions which blessed the eyes of our hero when engaged at "Monte Cristo" have faded. He is no time-server nor flatterer of the powers that be. He is singularly negligent and prodigal, notwithstanding his son's efforts to keep him within compass, and he must continue to *travailler*, as he would say himself, to keep the engine on the line. Some years ago he boasted that out of the 800 volumes then written, no more than four were unfit for the perusal of youth. We fear Mrs. Ellis would not endorse the assertion; but this we will venture to say in his defence:—He never wrote a book with an immoral purpose. In his never-ceasing search for interesting and exciting narratives, things come in his way unfit to be read in the family circle, and he cannot find in his heart to reject them. Perhaps on him they have no more evil effect than anatomical pictures on aged physicians, and he cannot appreciate the injury they do to the young. Still he is as harmless as the author of "Waverley" himself in comparison with some of his contemporaries, and we would not be sorry to hear that it has seemed good to Napoleon III. to confer a pension on him in consideration of the mountain of literary matter he has piled.

From the Contemporary Review.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

I.

ENGLAND is not a musical country—England is not an artistic country. But the English are more artistic than musical; that is to say, they have produced better artists than musicians. A country

is not musical or artistic when you can get its people to look at pictures or listen to music, but when its people are themselves musicians and artists. It cannot be affirmed that Englishmen are, or ever were, either one or the other.

Painting is older, and has had a longer time to develop, than music. There have been great English painters, who have painted in the Dutch, Italian, and Spanish styles—there has even been a really original school of English landscape painters—and these later years have witnessed some very remarkable and original developments of the art in England; but the spirit of it is not in the people for all that. The art of our common workmen is stereotyped, not spontaneous. When our architects cease to copy, they become dull. Our houses are all under an Act of Uniformity.

Music in England has always been an exotic, and whenever the exotic seed has escaped and grown wild on English soil, the result has been weeds, not flowers. The Elizabethan music (1550) was all Italian; the Restoration music (1650), half French and half German. No one will deny that Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, "in the service high and anthem clear,"—Morley, Ward, Wilbye, in the madrigal, made a most original use of their materials; but the materials were foreign, for all that. At the Restoration, Pelham Humphreys, called by Pepys, "an absolute monsieur," is as really French as Dr. Sterndale Bennett is really German. Purcell, a very Mozart of his time, was largely French, although he seemed to strike great tap-roots into the older Elizabethan period, just as Mendelssohn struck them deep into S. Bach. But all these men have one thing in common,—they were composers in England, they were not English composers. They did not write for the people, the people did not care for their music. The music of the people was low ballads—the music of the people is still low ballads. Our highest national music vibrates between "When other lips" and "Champagne Charley."

These ballads of all kinds are not exotic: they represent the national music of the English people. The people understand music to be a pleasant noise and a jingling rhythm; hence their passion for loudness and for the most vulgar

and pronounced melody. That music should be to language what language is to thought, a kind of subtle expression and counterpart of it; that it should range over the wordless region of the emotions, and become in turn the lord and minister of feeling—sometimes calling up images of beauty and power, at others giving an inexpressible relief to the heart, by closing its aspirations with a certain harmonious form;—of all this the English people know nothing. And as English music is jingle and noise, so the musician is the noisemaker for the people, and nothing more. Even amongst the upper classes, except in some few cases, it has been too much the fashion to regard the musician as a kind of servile appendage to polite society; and no doubt this treatment has reacted disastrously upon musicians in England, so that many of them are or become what society assumes them to be—uncultivated men, in any true sense of the word. And this will be so until music is felt here, as it is felt in Germany, to be a kind of necessity—to be a thing without which the heart pines and the emotions wither—a need, as of light, and air, and fire.

Things are improving, no doubt. When genius, both creative and executive, has been recognized over and over again as devoted to music, even a British public has had thoughts of patting the gods on the back. There is a growing tendency to give illustrious musicians the same position which has been granted in almost every age and country to illustrious poets and painters. Let us hope that refined musicians, even though not of the highest genius, may ere long meet with a like honorable reception. Why has this not been the case hitherto? We reply, because England is not a musical country. The first step is to awaken in her, or force upon her, the appreciation of music as an art. That is the stage we are now at. The second stage is to create a national school of composers—this is what we hope to arrive at.

The contrast between indigenous art and exotic art is always marked. When the people love spontaneously, there is enthusiasm and reverence for the artist and his work. Where or when in this country will ever be seen a multitude

like the crowd which followed Cimabue's picture of the Madonna through the streets of Florence, or the mournful procession that accompanied Mendelssohn to his grave?

When art has to be grafted on to a nation, it is received fastidiously at first—the old tree likes not the taste of the new sap. When the graft succeeds, and the tree brings forth good fruit, the people pluck it and eat it admiringly, but ages sometimes elapse before it becomes a staff of life to them. But let art be indigenous, as in Greece of old, in modern Italy, in Germany, even in France, and every mechanic will carve and sculpt, every boor will sing and listen to real music, every shopman will have an intuitive taste and arrange his wares to the best possible advantage. In India the commonest workman will set colours for the loom in such a manner as to ravish the eye of the most cultivated European artist. In the German refreshment rooms of the recent Paris Exhibition, there were rough bands working steadily through the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, whilst the public were never found so intent on sauer-kraut and sausages as not to applaud vociferously at the end, and sometimes even encore an adagio. Fancy the frequenters of Cremorne encoring Mozart's Symphony, No. Op. !

However, the people have their music, and it is of no use to deny it; and the marks of patronage bestowed upon ballad-mongers, one-eyed harpers, asthmatic flutes, grinders and bands from "Vaterland," are sufficient to inspire the sanguine observer with hopes for the future.

When a man cannot feed himself, the next best thing is to get a friend to do it for him. It cannot be denied that the English of all classes have shown great liberality in importing and paying for all kinds of foreign music as well as in cherishing such scanty germs as there happen to be around them. A musician of any kind is less likely to starve in England than in any other country, from the organ-grinder who lounges with his lazy imperturbable smile before the area railings, as who should say, "If I don't get a copper here I shall round the corner, and no matter," to the sublime maestro (Beethoven) who,

abandoned in the hour of sickness and poverty by his own countrymen, received upon his death-bed an honorarium of £100 from the London Philharmonic Society.

English managers were the first who introduced the scale of exorbitant salaries now paid to opera singers, and a few of the best instrumentalists. We believe the system began with Malibran, but Paganini was so well aware of our extravagant foible, that he doubled the prices of admission whenever he played at the Opera House. It is the old story—humming-birds at the North Pole and ice in the tropics will be found equally expensive.

We have now said the worst that can be said about music in England; all the rest shall be in mitigation of the above criticism. "May it please your highness," says Griffith, in *Henry VIII.*, "to hear me speak his good now."

II.

It is certainly true that if we do not sow the seed we provide an admirable soil. Let the English people once receive an impression, and it will be held with a surprising tenacity. When Madame Grisi, at the age of one hundred—beautiful forever but perfectly inaudible—shall advance to the footlights to take her farewell benefit, those of us who are still alive will flock to see her, and strew her path with flowers as fadeless as herself. But let a musical seed of any kind but once take root, and it will spread with an amazing rapidity.

Fifty-five years ago the old Philharmonic was without a rival. Every year some new *chef-d'œuvre* was produced, and at each concert the English public was taught to expect two long symphonies, besides classical concertos, relieved only by a song or two as a kind of musical salts to prevent downright collapse. This discipline was thought by some to be too severe; but a little knot of connoisseurs maintained that in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart were to be found the most precious treasures of music, and people hitherto only accustomed to instrumental music as an accompaniment to vocal, began to listen with a growing interest to purely orchestral performances. Haydn and Mozart soon became popular, but Beethoven was long a stumbling-block, and

although held in great veneration, and at all times most liberally treated by the Philharmonic Society, yet even that advanced body took some time to unravel the mysteries of the great C minor, and for years after Beethoven's death his greatest orchestral works were, to a large majority of English ears, as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

It is impossible to overrate the influence of the old Philharmonic upon musical taste in England, but it did not long stand alone. A gold mine may be opened by a solitary band of diggers, but the road leading to it soon becomes crowded; a thousand other breaches are speedily made. We have seen during the last few years the swarms of daily papers which have sprung up round the *Times*; the same remark applies to the crop of quarterlies around the *Edinburgh*; the cheap magazines round the *Cornhill*; exhibitions round that of 1851; and, we may add, orchestral societies round the old Philharmonic.

We may fairly date the present wave of musical progress in this country from the advent of Mendelssohn. It is now more than thirty years ago since he appeared at the Philharmonic, and, both as conductor and pianist, literally carried all before him. He brought with him that reverence for art, and that high sense of the artist's calling, without which art is likely to degenerate into a mere pastime, and the artist himself into a charlatan. The young composer read our native bands some useful lessons. Himself the chevalier of music,—*sans peur et sans reproche*,—sensitive indeed to criticism, but still more alive to the honor of his art, he could not brook the slightest insult or slur put upon music. Gifted with a rare breadth and sweetness of disposition, his ire began to be dreaded as much as he himself was admired and beloved.

At a time when Schubert was known here only by a few songs, Mendelssohn brought over the magnificent symphony in C (lately performed at the Crystal Palace), together with his own *Ruy Blas* overture in MS. The parts of Schubert's symphony were distributed to the band. Mendelssohn was ready at his desk,—the bâton rose,—the romantic opening was taken,—but after the first few lines, signs of levity caught the

master's eye. He closed the score;—the gentlemen of the band evidently considered the music rubbish, and, amidst some tittering, collected the parts, which were again deposited in the portfolio.

"Now for your overture, Herr Mendelssohn!" was the cry.

"Pardon me!" replied the indignant composer, with all calm; and taking up his hat, he walked out of the room.

Ruy Blas went back to Germany, but the lesson was not soon forgotten.

After living amongst us just long enough to complete and produce his masterpiece, the *Elijah*, at Birmingham, he died (1847), leaving behind him an illustrious school of disciples, of whom Dr. Sterndale Bennett may be named chief, and to that new school, as well as to the old-established Philharmonic Society, may be traced the rapid increase of orchestral societies and orchestral concerts in England. In looking back through the last fifteen years, the difficulty is to choose one's examples.

The growing popularity of the orchestra is a sure sign of the popular progress in music. Ballad-singing and solo-playing, in dealing with distinct ideas and accented melodies, and by infusing into the subject a kind of personal interest in the performance, depend upon many quite unmusical adjuncts for their success; but orchestral playing, in dealing chiefly with harmony, brings us directly into the abstract region of musical ideas. The applause which follows "Comin' through the Rye," is just as often given to a pretty face or a graceful figure as to the music itself; and when people encore Bottesini or Wieniawski, it is often only to have another stare at the big fiddle, the romantic locks, or the dramatic sang-froid of these incomparable artists; but the man who applauds a symphony, applauds no words or individuals,—he is come into the region of abstract emotion, and if he does not understand its sovereign language, he will hear about as much as a color-blind man will see by looking into a prism. It is a hopeful sign when the people listen to German bands in the streets. A taste for penny ices proves that the common people have a glimmering of the strawberry creams which Mr. Gunter prepares for

sixpence; and the frequent consumption of ginger-pop and calves' head broth, indicate a confirmed, though it may be hopeless, passion for champagne and turtle-soup. No one will say that the old Philharmonic in any sense supplied music for the people, but the people heard of it and clamored for it, and in obedience to the spirit of the age the man arose who was able to give them as near an approach to the loftier departments of music as the masses could appreciate.

The immortal Mons. Jullien, who certainly wielded a most magical white bâton, and was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, attracted immense, enthusiastic, and truly popular crowds to his truly popular concerts. Knowing little about the science of music, and glad, says rumor, to avail himself of more learned scribes in arranging his own matchless polkas and quadrilles, he had the singular merit of finding himself on all occasions inspired with the most appropriate emotions. From the instant he appeared before a grateful public to the moment when, exhausted by more than human efforts, he sank into his golden fauteuil, Mons. Jullien was a sight! The very drops upon his Parian brow were so many tributary gems of enthusiasm to the cause of art. Not that Mons. Jullien ever lost his personality, or forgot himself in that great cause. The wave of his silken pocket-handkerchief, with the glittering diamond rings, seemed to say, "There, there, my public! the fire of genius consumes me—but I am yours!"

But without further pleasantries, it must be acknowledged that the irresistible Jullien took the English public by storm, and having won, he made an admirable use of his victory. Besides his band in London, detachments travelled all over the country, and spread far and wide currents of the great central fire that blazed in the metropolis.

Those grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, overlooking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and sent its echoes reverberating through the mimic fortress of Gibraltar, or the magic caves presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps! Hap-

py hours! we remember them in the days of our early youth? No summer evenings in the open air seem now so full of ecstasy; no fireworks explode with such regal and unprecedented splendor; must it be confessed? no music can come again with such a weird charm as that which filled the child's ear and ravished the child's heart with a new and ineffable tremor of delight. But it was the music, not the scenery, not the fireworks alone. It was hardly a display of fireworks assisted by Mons. Jullien's band,—it was Mons. Jullien's band accompanied by fireworks! It would be wrong, however, to imply that these concerts were supported merely by big drums and skyrockets.

We do not think Mons. Jullien ever got due credit for the large mass of good classical music he was in the habit of introducing. Besides the finest German overtures, we have heard movements from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's symphonies admirably executed by him; of course without the repose and intellect of a classical conductor, but without offensive sensationalism, and with perfect accuracy.

Upon the shoulders of the late lamented Mr. Mellon descended the mantle of Mons. Jullien. If Mellon's concerts lacked the romance and unapproachable fire that went out with the brilliant Frenchman, they retained all that could be retained of his system, and gave it additions which his perseverance had made possible, but which he had probably never contemplated. We notice the same care in providing the first soloists.

Bottesini, whose melodies floated in the open air over the Surrey Gardens, and filled the world with a new wonder and delight, was again heard under the dome of Covent Garden.

M. Sivori—the favorite pupil of Paganini, who seems to have inherited all the flowing sweetness of the great magician without a spark of his demoniac fury—appeared, and filled those who remembered the master with a strange feeling, as though at length,

"Above all pain, yet pitying all distress,"

the master's soul still flung to earth faint fragments from the choirs that chime

"After the chiming of the eternal spheres."

Mons. Levy, on the cornet, and Mons. Wieniawski, on the violin, are the only other real instrumental sensations that have been produced at these concerts.

At any time instrumental genius is rare, and of the numbers who are first-rate, only a few feel equal to stilling the noisy, half-trained audiences usually found at promenade concerts. When we have mentioned Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann, Madame Goddard, Rubinstein, and Hallé, on the piano; De Beriot, Paganini, Ernst Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and Joachim, on the violin; Linley and Piatti on the violincello; Dragonetti and Bottesini on the contrabasso; König and Levy on the cornet, the roll of solo-instrumentalists during the last fifty years may very nearly be closed. And of the above men, some, like Chopin, Hallé, and Joachim, never cared to face, strictly speaking, popular audiences; but those who did were usually secured by the popular orchestras of Jullien and Mellon, and by the givers of those intolerable bores called monster concerts,—we need only specify the annual concerts of Messrs. Benedict and Glover.

III.

The immense advance of the popular mind is remarkably illustrated by the change in the ordinary orchestral programme. We have now Mozart nights, and Beethoven nights, and Mendelssohn nights. Not bits of symphonies, but entire works are now listened to, and movements of them are encored by audiences at Covent Garden. We have heard the Scotch symphony and the "Power of Sound" received with discrimination and applause. A certain critical spirit is creeping into these audiences, owing to the large infusion of really musical people who are on the look-out for good programmes and invariably support them.

The old and new Philharmonics, the London Musical Society, Jullien, Mellon, Arditi, and last—and greatest of all—the Crystal Palace band, have no doubt supplied a want, but they have also created one. They have taught thousands to care about good music. They have taught those who did care to be more critical. The time is gone by when the Philharmonic had it all its own way, or when only the wealthy could

hear fine music, or when the public generally was thankful for small mercies. The ears of the public have grown sharp. When musical amateurs now go to hear a symphony, they know what they go for, and they know, too, whether they get it. They hear the Italian Symphony by the Crystal Palace band on Saturday afternoon, and on the following Monday evening at Mellon's, and by-and-by at the Philharmonic, and there is no possibility of evading a damaging comparison. The members of the Crystal Palace band, from playing every day all the year round together under the same admirable conductor, have achieved an excellence hitherto unknown in England.

The office of conductor is no sinecure. The position of the four or five conductors before the public in England is accurately gauged, and the merits of each new aspirant to fame are eagerly discussed.

Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace band, is the finest classical conductor in England. The refinements gone into by the band in playing Beethoven's symphonies are only to be compared to the rendering of Beethoven's sonatas by M. Charles Hallé. The wind is simply matchless, and blows as one man; the wind accompaniment in the Italian symphony to the slow movement commonly called "The March of the Pilgrims," has all the evenness and dead accuracy of the key-board. But it is more than a key-board—it is a key-board with a soul—it sounds like an inspired organ. If we might venture on a criticism, we would suggest a certain breadth of style and repose of manner as appropriate to the great, slow movements of Beethoven. Where Mr. Manns appears to us to be absolutely impeccable, is in his rendering of Schubert, and the great orchestral overtures of Weber and Mendelssohn. Not that any one in England could produce Schumann's works as he does, but the name of Robert Schumann opens up a field of absorbing inquiry which we must not allow ourselves to enter upon.

The late Mr. Mellon, without the fire of genius, brought great vigor of talent, perseverance, and ingenuity to bear upon his band. The French brilliancy of Jullien was replaced in Mellon by a careful calculation of effect. In comparing his band with that of the Crystal

Palace, we must always remember that he was less favorably situated in three particulars. His band was larger and less choicely selected, it rehearsed less frequently, and was bound to cater for rough, mixed audiences. His work was thus less noble, but more popular. To adapt the words of the late Dr. Whewell, in speaking of the poets Longfellow and Tennyson, "He was appreciated by thousands whose tastes rendered them inaccessible to the harmonies of the greater masters."

The attempted imitations of Mellon's concerts by Signor Arditì and M. Jullien (*fls*) were felt by all to be failures. The theatre was never half full, and the performances indifferent. In all probability they will not be revived.

The recent continuation of Mellon's concerts under Signor Bottesini must be spoken of in very different terms. The classical music is not so well done, but the *ensemble* is admirable; and the presence of a master, though a somewhat careless one, is felt throughout. Signor Bottesini's opera-conducting delighted even a Paris audience. His classical taste is also very fine; the simplest accompaniment played by him, and the simplest selection arranged by him, display the same tact and genius; nor is it wonderful to find him pass from the skilled soloist to the conductor's desk, and wield the *bâton* with a grace and power worthy of the first contra-basso in the world, and the third best billiard player in Europe.

A strange new figure has startled the public out of all composure and gravity this season. Every night in the middle of the concert, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and moustache, would step jauntily on to the platform vacated by Signor Bottesini. His appearance was the signal for frantic applause, to which, fiddle and bow in hand, he bowed good-humoredly; then, turning sharp round, he would seem to catch the eye of every one in the band, and raising his violin bow, would plunge into one of those rapturous dance tunes which once heard could never be forgotten. Now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments; then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his

bow down on his own fiddle-strings, the clear twanging of the Strauss violin would be heard for some moments above all the rest. Presently the orchestra sways as one man into the measure, which flows capriciously—now tearing along, then suddenly languishing, at the will of the magical and electric violin. Johann Strauss danced, pit and boxes danced, the very lights winked in time; everybody and everything seemed turned into a waltz or a galop, by yonder inexorable "Pied piper," until some abrupt clang brought all to a close, and the little man was left bowing and smiling, and capering backwards, to an audience beside themselves with delight. Nothing of the kind has been seen in England before, and all that can be said is, that of its kind it is simply inimitable.

It is a transition as sudden as any to be found in the Strauss dances to pass from Herr Johann Strauss to Dr. Sterndale Bennett.

Dr. Bennett's conducting is without the *vis viva* of Mendelssohn, or the imposing personality of Costa. It nevertheless possesses great charm for his numerous admirers, and is full of refinement and quiet power. This illustrious musician is better understood in Germany than in England.

Two rising conductors are now before the public. Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. G. Cusins. The first presides over the Civil Service orchestra, the second is the esteemed conductor of the old Philharmonic.

Mr. Sullivan is endowed with splendid original gifts. The temptation, first, not to select from the storehouse of his ideas those fit to be retained and elaborated, and, secondly, to publish all that he writes, is no doubt common to Mr. Sullivan and all other men of fluent and abundant thought. A speaker who can always go on when he gets upon his legs is sometimes tempted to rise without due preparation. It is not much speaking or writing, but much publishing, which should be guarded against. Mendelssohn used to say, "I make a point of writing every day, whether I have any ideas or not," but his care to write often was surpassed by his care to withhold what he had written. A clever composer can always turn out gilt ginger-bread to order, and some will take the glitter for

gold and the cake for wholesome food ; but, after all, it is better to be than to seem. As a composer, Mr. Sullivan can be almost whatever he chooses to be ; as a conductor he ought to become the first in England.

Mr. W. G. Cusins at the Philharmonic won great favor last season with that critical audience. The care which he bestowed on rehearsals, the careful though quaint selection of his programmes, the noble soloists (*e.g.*, Herren Joachim and Rubinstein, and Madame Schumann), and the new *chefs-d'œuvre* which he produced, made last season altogether one of the most brilliant of many brilliant predecessors.

We have reserved the name of M. Costa until now, that we might speak of him in connection with the opera and oratorio. About the progress or decadence of the opera we shall say but little. We regard it, musically, philosophically, and ethically, as an almost unmixed evil. Its very constitution seems to us false, and in Germany, either tacitly or avowedly, it has always been felt to be so.

Mozart no doubt wrote operas, but the influence of Italy was then dominant in music, and determined its form even in Germany. The *Climenza di Tito* in its feebleness is a better illustration of this than *Don Juan* in its great might. Schubert in *Alfonso and Estrella* broke down, hopelessly hampered by stage requirements. Spohr's *Jessonda* was never successful, and he abandoned opera writing. Weber singularly combined the lyric and dramatic elements, and succeeded in making his operas of *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* almost philosophical without being dull. Mendelssohn avoided opera with a keen instinct, and selected the truer forms of oratorio, cantata, and occasional music, of which take as supreme examples, the *Elijah*, *Walpurgis Nacht*, *Antigone*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Wagner in despair has been driven, in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, into wild theories of opera, devoid, as it seems to us, both of Italian *naïveté* and sound German philosophy. Schumann, avoiding all scenic effect, found in *Paradise and the Peri* a form as charming and appropriate as it is true to the first principles of art.

Beethoven wrote the best opera in the world simply to prove that he could do

everything, but the form was even then a concession to what was least commendable in German taste ; and the overture was written four times over, with the colossal irony of one who, although he would not stoop to win, yet knew how to compel the admiration of the world.

The truth is simple. The opera is a mixture of two things which ought always to be kept distinct—the sphere of musical emotion and the sphere of dramatic action. It is not true, under any circumstances, that people sing songs with a knife through them. The war between the stage and music is interminable. We have only to glance at a first-rate libretto, *e.g.* that of Gounod's *Faust*, to see that the play is miserably spoiled for the music. We have only to think of any stock opera to see that the music is hampered and impeded in its development by the play. Controversy upon this subject will, of course, rage fiercely. Meanwhile irreversible principles of art must be noted.

Music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves ; and the two schools of opera have arisen out of this distinction. The Italian school wrongly assumes that music can express situations, and thus gives prominence to the situations. The German school, when opera has been forced upon it, has striven with the fallacy involved in its constitution by maintaining that the situation must be reduced and made subordinate to the emotion which accompanies it, and which it is the business of music to express. Thus the tendency of the German opera is to make the scene as ideal as possible. The more unreal the scene, the more philosophical, because the contradiction to common-sense is less shocking in what is professedly unreal than in what professes to represent real things, but does so in an unnatural manner. Weber was impelled by a true instinct to select an unreal *mise-en-scène*, in connection with which he was not able to express real emotions. *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* are examples of this.

In every drama there is a progressive history of emotion. This, and not the outward event, is what music is fitted to express, and this truth has been seized by Germany, although in a spirit of com-

promise. In the Italian school the music is nothing but a series of situations strung together by flimsy orchestration and conventional recitatives, as in the *Sonnambula*.

In the German and Franco-German schools of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Gounod the orchestra is busy throughout developing the history of the emotions. The recitatives are as important as the arias, and the orchestral interludes as important as the recitatives. Wagner, in his anxiety to reduce the importance of situations and exalt that of emotions, bereaves us of almost all rounded melody in the *Lohengrin*. Weber in *Oberon* works out his choruses like classical movements, almost independently of situations. Meyerbeer greatly reduces the importance of his arias in the *Prophète*; and Gounod in *Faust* runs such a power of orchestration through the whole opera, that not even the passionate scene in the garden can reduce the instruments which explain its emotional elements to a secondary importance.

In spite of all drawbacks, it is not difficult to see why the opera does, and probably will for some time, retain its popularity. The public in all ages are children, and are led like children. Let one person clap, and others are sure to follow. Let but a clown laugh, and the whole house will giggle. A long drama is a little dull without music; much music is a little dull without scenery. Mix the two, in however unreasoning a manner, and the dull or intellectual element in each is kept out of sight, and will be swallowed unsuspectingly. It is the old story of the powder in the jam.

We say nothing against music being associated with situations, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or as in an oratorio. It is only when music is made part of the situation that it is misapplied. Let the event be in all cases left to the imagination; but if it be expressed, then the more imaginative and suggestive the expression, the less the violence done to common-sense. The cantata and oratorio are the forms which with some modification will probably prevail over the opera. When Mr. Santley appears in Exeter Hall as *Elijah*, in a tail coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed, because he does not pretend to reproduce the situation,

but merely to paint in words and music its appropriate emotion, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of the audience. But let Mr. Santley put on a camel's-hair shirt, and appear otherwise in the wild and scanty raiment of the Hebrew prophet—let him sing inside a pasteboard cave, or declaim from the summit of a wooden Carmel, and our reverence is gone—our very emotions at the sublime music are checked by the farcical unreality of the whole thing.

The other night we were discussing with Herr Rubinstein a favorite plan of his to put the whole of Genesis on the stage with sacred music, when the poet, Mr. Browning, who was present, observed that Englishmen's traditional sense of reverence for the Bible stories would not suffer them to witness its scenes brought before the footlights. This is perfectly true. But why is it so? Because the more strongly we feel the importance of a story, the less can we bear to see it presented in a perfectly irrational manner, such as opera presentation must always be.

Mr. Costa is the most popular conductor in England. Without putting forward, as far as we know, any definite theories on the subject of romantic and classical music, he has accepted facts and done the best that could be done for the opera and the concert-room. To Signor Arditi's knowledge of stage effect, he unites a breadth of conception, a wide sympathy, and a powerful physique, which enables him to undertake, and to carry through, oratorios on a scale hitherto unknown.

The dramatic gifts and sensational effects which are almost out of place in Exeter Hall, are all needed in coping with the extended space and the multitudinous band and chorus of the Handel orchestra. Mr. Costa is felt to be the only man equal to such a task. On these occasions the fewer solos the better, and the summer opera concerts are altogether a mistake. The *Israel in Egypt* is the only thing which is of the slightest use under the central transept. Even Mendelssohn's choruses are thrown away. No one heeds the intricate arabesque work of the violins and subtle counterpoint of the wind. The crowded scores of modern composers were never intended for, and should never be produced before, giant audiences. But still less

should great singers tear themselves to pieces simply in contending with space. Mr. Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is no better than a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey.

We might be expected here to notice the various societies of sacred music, but the subject is too wide, embracing ecclesiastical music generally, and we cannot now enter upon it. We may, however, observe in passing, the popular progress made in this department. The people during the past year, for the first time in England, have listened to shilling oratorios, at the Agricultural Hall in the East, and at St. George's Hall in the West End of London. And who cannot bear joyful witness to the change that has passed over the choirs of churches and chapels during the last twenty years?

Music is thus approaching in England to what it has ever been in Germany—a running commentary upon all life, the solace of a nation's cares, the companion of its revelry, the minister of its pleasure, and the inspired aid to its devotion.

IV.

If we now enter for a moment the music-halls of the metropolis, we shall notice that the happy change is extending downwards. The members of our cathedral choirs do not disdain to produce before these once despised, and it must be confessed, sometime equivocal audiences, the part-songs of Mendelssohn and the ballads of Schubert.

In the better class establishments whole evenings pass without anything occurring on the stage to offend the delicacy of a lady; whilst, if we go lower, we shall find the penny gaffs, and public-house concerts, coarse, it may be, but on the whole moral, and contrasting most favorably with anything of the kind in France.*

There is one other branch of strictly popular music which seems to be considered beneath the attention of serious critics; but nothing popular should be held beneath the attention of thoughtful people—we allude to the Negro Melodists now represented by the Christy Minstrels. About twenty years ago a band of enthusiasts, some black by na-

ture, others by art, invaded our shores, bringing with them what certainly were nigger bones and banjos, and what professed to be negro melodies. The sensation which they produced was legitimate, and their success was well deserved. The first melodies were no doubt curious and original; they were the offspring of the naturally musical organization of the negro as it came in contact with the forms of Americo-European melody. The negro mind, at work upon civilized music, produces the same kind of thing as the negro mind at work upon Christian theology. The product is not to be despised. The negro's religion is singularly childlike, plaintive, and emotional. It is also singularly distinct and characteristic. Both his religion and his music arise partly from his impulsive nature, and partly from his servile condition. The negro is more really musical than the Englishman. If he has a nation emerging into civilization, his music is national. Until very lately, as his people are one in color, so were they one in calamity, and singing often merrily with the tears wet upon his ebony cheek, no record of his joy or sorrow is unaccompanied by a cry of melody or a wail of plaintive and harmonious melancholy. If we could divest ourselves of prejudice, the songs that float down the Ohio River are one in feeling and character with the songs of the Hebrew captives by the waters of Babylon. We find in them the same tale of bereavement and separation, the same irreparable sorrow, the same simple faith and childlike adoration, the same passionate sweetness, like music in the night. As might have been supposed, the parody of all this, gone through at St. James's Hall, does not convey much of the spirit of genuine negro melody, and the manufacture of national music carried on briskly by sham niggers in England is as much like the original article as a penny woodcut is like a line engraving. Still, such as it is, the entertainment is popular, and yet bears some impress of its peculiar and romantic origin. The scent of the roses may be said to hang round it still. We cherish no malignant feeling towards those amiable gentlemen at St. James's Hall, whose ingenious fancy has painted them so much blacker than they really are, and who not unfrequently betray their lily-white na-

* See two admirable essays on "Art and Popular Amusement," in "Views and Opinions," by that ingenious writer, Matthew Browne.

tionality through a thin though sudorific disguise; we admit both their popularity and their skill; but we are bound to say that we miss even in such pretty tunes as "Beautiful Star," and such tremendous successes as "Sally come up," the distinctive charm and original pathos which characterized "Mary Blane" and "Lucy Neal."

V.

We cannot close without alluding to one other class of music.

As opera is the most irrational and unintellectual form of music, so that class of cabinet music called stringed quartetts is the most intellectual. The true musician enters as it were the domestic sanctuary of music when he sits down to listen to, or to take part in, a stringed quartett. The time has gone by when men like Lord Chesterfield could speak of a fiddler with contempt. Few people would now inquire with the languid fop, "what fun there is in four fellows sitting opposite each other for hours and scraping catgut;" most people understand that in this same process the cultivated musician finds the most precious opportunities for quiet mental analysis and subtle contemplation.

The greatest masters wrote their choicest thoughts in this form—it is one so easily commanded and so satisfying. The three varieties of the same instrument—violin, viola, and violoncello—all possessing common properties of sound, but each with its own peculiar quality, embrace an almost unlimited compass, and an equally wide sphere of musical expression.

The quartett is a musical microcosm, and is to the symphony what a vignette in water-colors is to a large oil-painting. The great quartett writers are certainly Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Haydn is the true model. He attempts nothing which four violins cannot do; the parts are exquisitely distributed, scrupulous justice is done to each instrument, and the form is perfect. Mozart's quartett is equally perfect, as such, but much bolder and more spontaneous. Beethoven carried quartett writing, as he did every other branch of music, into hitherto untrodden regions, but, with the sure instinct of the most balanced of all geniuses, never into inappropriate ones.

NEW SERIES.—Vol. VII., No. 4.

Fascinating as are the quartetts of Spohr and Mendelssohn, as quartetts we are bound to place them below the above great models. Spohr seldom distributed his parts fairly; it is usually first violin with stringed accompaniment. Mendelssohn constantly forgets the limits of the legitimate quartett; orchestral effects are constantly being attempted, and we pine at intervals for a note on the horn, whilst the kettledrum is not unfrequently suggested. Schubert can wander on forever with four instruments, or with anything else—mellifluous, light-hearted, melancholy, fanciful by turns. When he gets half-way through, there is no reason why he should not leave off, and when he gets to the end there is no reason why he should not go on. But in this process form and unity are often both lost.

The characteristics of Schumann require separate attention. Under the general heading of quartett music would be comprised the addition of the pianoforte in trios, quartetts, and quintetts; as also the addition of a horn, a flute, or clarinet, in sestetts and octetts. Variety is always pleasant, but none of these combinations equal the stringed quartett in beauty of form or real power and balance of expression. The piano in a trio will eke out a good deal, but it usually results in the strings accompanying the piano, or the piano accompanying the strings. Mendelssohn's two trios are small orchestral whirlwinds, and quite unique, but the form might be seriously questioned.

On the other hand, one feels the pianoforte in a quartett, or even a quintett, as a kind of interloper—a sort of wasp in a beehive—a sort of cuckoo in a hedge-sparrow's nest. One would rather see the natural bird there; one would rather have the second violin in its place. Again, in octetts and sestetts, splendid as are some of these compositions, we feel the orchestral form is the one aimed at, and consequently the poverty of the adopted one is constantly making itself felt. Space compels us to speak most generally and without even necessary qualification on these points, and we pass on to the quartett playing that has of late years come before the public.

Mysterious quartetts in back rooms and retired country-houses becoming more

and more frequent, the experiment of public quartetts was at last made; but they were to be for the few. The Musical Union under Mr. Ella was the first society which provided this luxury every season. It soon met with a formidable rival in the quartett concerts at Willis's Rooms, under Messrs. Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Cooper. But the man and the hour were still to come. The concerts were too select and too expensive. Mr. Chappell flew to the rescue with a chosen band of heroes, foremost amongst whom must always stand M. Joachim.

M. Joachim is the greatest living violinist; no man is so nearly to the execution of music what Beethoven was to its composition. There is something massive, complete, and unerring about M. Joachim that lifts him out of the list of great living players, and places him on a pedestal apart. Other men have their specialties; he has none. Others rise above or fall below themselves; he is always himself, neither less nor more. He wields the sceptre of his bow with the easy royalty of one born to reign; he plays Beethoven's concerto with the rapt infallible power of a seer delivering his oracle, and he takes his seat at a quartett very much like Apollo entering his chariot to drive the horses of the sun.

The second violin of the usual Monday popular quartett is Herr Ries, masterly and unobtrusive. The tenor, Mr. Blagrove, who, though an admirable first violin and a great orchestral leader, knows how to shine anywhere, adorns the post of *primo tenore* occupied by the late lamented Mr. Hill. Signor Piatti, the only violoncello the public can bear to listen to as long as he lives, completes the best cast ever heard in England.

Other players constantly appear of various merits. Lotto, Wilhelm, and Strauss are the best substitutes which have been provided for the great Wieniawski. Why Mr. Carrodus has never been selected we are at a loss to conjecture. His late performances have been quite remarkable enough to justify a trial.

Mr. Charles Hallé is usually seated at the piano, and as long as he is there the presence of a master is felt and acknowledged by all.

For one shilling any one can get a seat at these concerts, where he can hear

perfectly, and enjoy the finest classical music played in the finest style.

The crowded and attentive audience which assembles every Monday night throughout the season at St. James's Hall is the latest and most decisive proof of the progress of music in England. When an audience numbering some thousands is so easily and frequently found, it matters little where it comes from. No doubt many connoisseurs are there, but many others also attend who have cultivated, and are cultivating, a general taste for certain higher forms of music, hitherto almost unknown in England.

We hail the omen. We believe that every branch of art has a high mission of its own in the constant regeneration of society. We believe that so great a power as music cannot remain for any length of time inactive—must either become the minister of degraded taste and feeling, or a lamp of life and the pure recreator of the human heart.

H. R. HAWKES.

Belgravia.

COMMUNICATIVE PERSONS.

A THOROUGHLY practical belief in the theory that every virtue is an exact mean, supposing it to be possible or desirable, would at least necessitate the most unflinching self-discipline, and a mathematical impartiality to one's own weaknesses and those of other persons. Estimates of character would be formed upon wonderfully different principles than those which at present guide us, and a complete change in conceptions of social merit would be the result. Such expressions as "faults on the right side," "amiable failings," and the like, would vanish from our vocabulary. All faults would be equally wrong, and all failings equally unlovely. Virtue would be reduced to a fixed arithmetical figure: all other numbers, whether higher or lower, would be alike incorrect; one only could be right. Every deflection from the mean, on whatever side, would appear equally reprehensible; faults would differ in kind, but not in degree. People would no longer think that it was better to lean toward rashness than cowardice, toward prodigality than avarice, or

toward unrestrained garrulity than impenetrable reserve. But this passionless Utopia is not likely to be realized. Until human nature is recast in some new mould, it will ever be disposed to view errors in one direction more favorably than those in another. Opinions as to the eligibility of one weakness over its opposite will differ with different minds; natural disposition and a disguised selfishness will decide the preference. Thus, some will consider the spendthrift to be less distant from perfection than the miser, and will regard the gushing prattle of the school-girl as better than the taciturnity of the misanthrope. *Quot homines tot sententiæ.* On these points each will have his own convictions, which no amount of argument will remove. Without the least wish to rob any one of this privilege, it is still possible to make an attempt at striking the balance in favor of one of the latter pair of contradictory opinions, which have been mentioned in their most aggravated form. The reserved character is far from being socially attractive. It lacks, to a great extent, the charm of individuality and expression. Moody heroes of romance are exceptions. Though their voice is silent, yet there is always a strange expression upon their countenance, and a fire in their eyes far surpassing any mere eloquence of words. These, however, are not easily met with in real life; and it is usual to find that those who are characterized by extreme reserve of manner are voted dull, or damned with the faint praise of being "estimable persons." On the other hand, if excessive and inane talkers are generally considered bores, there are many who, while looking upon reserve as sinister and unsafe, recognize in the unrestrained talk of communicative companions nothing but the overflowings of an open heart, and a generous, trustful spirit.

Is this view altogether the best that can be taken? The fact that the communicative character is, as a rule, confined to children, women, and very young men, might perhaps seem to imply a certain amount of weakness. And this opinion might be thought to receive additional support from the increase of communicativeness which generally ac-

companies indulgence in the cup. The man of maturity and experience does not care to rush into unguarded expressions of opinion or indiscriminate confidences; his dealings with the world have taught him reticence and caution. The youth, inexperienced and overflowing with self, has not yet learned to bridle his tongue; there are, indeed, some who never seem to learn to do so. Whatever they think they say, and the toads and diamonds fall promiscuously from their mouth.

There is, doubtless, a great deal that is fresh and delightful in all this. It may be very charming, but it is at times very awkward. Those open-hearted, impulsive, communicative creatures who never keep their own opinion back, who pour forth unreservedly all their cherished fancies and pet beliefs, may sometimes be amusing, but are often uncommonly dangerous. When in society, they not unfrequently resemble the bull in the china-shop. Whatever may be the subject of conversation or controversy, they speak out roundly and openly. They tilt *cap-d-piè* at statements which they are inclined to doubt, and often hurt by their gushing enthusiasm the feelings of their over-sensitive auditors. Abstractedly this may be beautifully natural, but socially it is annoying. It is in this class that persons who are so apt to make "unfortunate remarks" must be placed. Their friends, who may have more regard for their reputation than they have themselves, are in perpetual dread of what they may say next, for with them the wrong thing is ever uttered at the wrong time.

To turn to the other side of the picture. If the merits of the reserved character are of a negative rather than a positive kind, so too are his faults. He at least will not wound the prejudices of society by unguarded expressions, or expose himself to ridicule or odium. Persons cannot well be communicative without being confidential. Like the Athenian reformer, who "took the people into partnership," they do not hesitate to admit whoever will be admitted into the secrets of their bosom.

Every one will have met persons who, if they have not received a positive rebuff, are ready, after the first ten minutes' acquaintance, to lay bare all the

inmost recesses of their heart. Give them but the opportunity, and there is no subject in heaven or earth on which they will not utter their opinion. Their position in life, their past, present, and future, their hopes for time and for eternity, will all be poured forth in rapid succession. Their sentiments seem to be like money in the schoolboy's pocket—if they keep them to themselves they have no peace. The history of their family, of their fortunes, of their loves, will all be narrated with exuberant frankness and simplicity. It may be that the hearer who is intrusted with these confidences should consider himself highly favored among men. But just as the attentions of flirtation are the less valued because they are so liberally dispensed, so, too, these confidential communications, being withheld from none, are gradually regarded as no special indications of favor or sincerity. What is the real motive of this enthusiastic unreserve? Do people really believe that what is interesting to themselves must interest all whom they meet; and that, in proclaiming what they think and do, they are but discharging their bounden duty to contribute to the edification and amusement of society in general? But the over-communicative are, as a rule, impatient of each other. They are never fully satisfied or pleased unless they are conscious of the presence of a certain passive and receptive element which they do not themselves possess. Nor can the passion to confide be taken as a mark of extreme sincerity; experience teaches that excessive protestation is more generally accompanied by the reverse. It is hardly fair to say that it is altogether the result of selfishness or conceit. At the same time, certain cases of communicativeness, in which persons of ability have thought it necessary to lay before the world printed statements relating purely to their domestic concerns, cannot well be referred to anything but conceit, or, what is much the same thing, excessive self-consciousness—the idea that what affects them must in some way or other affect all mankind besides. Communicativeness, however, seems principally to proceed from want of tact, or thoughtlessness and absence of self-control. The same spirit which prompts people to be

communicative might prompt them to strong words or stronger actions. But the form which it assumes in extreme cases is generally ridiculous rather than anything else. The case of a certain Mr. Riley, who, a year or two ago, thought fit to publish in the columns of the newspaper of his native town a list of the reasons which impelled him to marry his factory-girl Mary Jane, may not have been yet forgotten. Mr. Riley was only a *reductio ad absurdum* of the ordinary communicative character. He could not be happy without giving to his fellow-men an account of the workings and impulses of his own mind. If the result was more absurd than usual, it was perhaps his misfortune rather than his fault.

But the communicative character is seldom seen in its most perfect development in men. Whether it be owing to the fact that it is difficult to hint with sufficient delicacy to a lady that she is a bore, or that ladies have not an equal number of conversational topics at their disposal, and so are obliged to speak with greater fulness on those which they have, this trait seems peculiarly to belong to the feminine mind. Yet even here, experience of the world and contact with society render it far less prominent than it appears in a state of primeval simplicity. The matured young lady, who is enjoying her eighth or ninth season, is far less gushing than the debutante who has but just emerged from her school-girl chrysalis; and the discretion and reserve of the well-practised London wife and mother far surpass that of the country parson's lady, who spends her lifetime immured in the solitudes of Mudbury-cum-Littleton. If the confidences of the wife are possessed of a charm which those of the husband lack, they are not without their peculiar drawbacks. When a lady insists upon pouring into our ears a long tale of domestic grievances, of the weakness of human nature as displayed in the race of servants, and of the vanity of all things, a tax is laid upon our politeness which is not felt in the case of masculine communications. We must assume a virtue, if we have it not; and though we may be secretly longing for a check upon the torrent of trustfulness which the fair speaker pours forth, a semblance of

attention and interest must be preserved. This wish may not be always confined to the immediately intended receptacle of these confidences. The husband who is aware of the prattling propensities of his better-half, if he happens to be looking on at the time, can hardly be altogether at his ease. A sensitive man who is blessed with a partner so open-hearted and unreserved will not relish having the secrets of his domestic life intrusted to each casual confidant. He will sit uneasily in his chair, will frown, will endeavor to turn the conversation to some more general topic. But in vain; he must patiently endure to the end. Meanwhile the position of the victim of feminine confidences is far from comfortable. On the one hand he must not offend the wife by inattention; on the other, he knows that the unfortunate husband wishes him anywhere but near his wife. He is compelled to hear of the golden past—"before I was married," "when I lived with papa," "when I was at home;" all of which phrases and reminiscences, it is to be believed, cannot be otherwise than unsavory to the present lord and master of her who utters them. The victim listens on, and feels uncommonly foolish, inwardly resolving that there shall never occur an opportunity for the repetition of his sufferings.

What is gained by all this? The listener has been bored; the husband possibly pained; and has the wife derived any solid gratification from either of these results? Nothing is more common than to find the mistress of a house, who may have seen wealthier days, overflowing with apologies for defects, real or imaginary, in her household arrangements; while each apology will be supplemented by an allusion to the departed glories of bygone times. Now this is the result of an effort—involuntary it may be, and unconscious—to create an impression that is really false. She would have persons view both herself and her house, not as they now are, but as they have been, trusting that the mention of her former higher estate will shed a lustre of unreal splendor over her present comparative humility. She would wish her acquaintance, who have no pretensions to being fine people, to believe that, in spite of

what may seem to be the case, she is really not as one of themselves, but superior in every way as Hyperion to a satyr. Such persons are peculiarly objectionable; there is an intolerable air of patronage about them. None can care for associating with those who seem to wish it to be thought that their presence confers a benefit upon the society in which they may condescend to move. This tendency is in reality only one of the manifestations of a communicative spirit. What, then, is to become of the warm impulsive nature which yearns for sympathy, and pants for some kindred spirit to whom it may reveal its hidden thoughts? Must it never be confidential? is it never to break through the cold crust of conventional reserve, or to pour into the human ear its tale of hopes and fears, of hates and loves? It would be hard to deprive those who are thus constituted of what is to them an inexpressible satisfaction. Only let them use discretion; let them admit, by all means, the friend of their choice, who will doubtless duly appreciate the privilege, into the sanctum of their hearts; but let them be content with this. The sympathy which they love is not to be found everywhere. Society is selfish, and it is better that only the tried and true should be the objects of their confidences, lest they should find that they have, after all, cast their pearls before swine. It is dangerous to seek to have too many confidential friends; the essence of intimate friendship is its limitation. To confide in everybody, means to be confided in and trusted by nobody. A person who is always ready to impart his own secrets to each stray acquaintance, will be equally ready to impart those of others. And even with the chosen few there are certain limits which it is dangerous to transgress. Excess of communicativeness has destroyed many friendships; it has led persons to open their hearts upon certain subjects which, when the fit of enthusiasm has passed, they think it would have been better to have kept back even from the friend of their bosom. The next time they meet their confidant, they exhibit a caution which in them amounts to a suspicion. *Hinc iræ*. There are some points concerning oneself which it is best never to mention

to others. To do so implies a want of delicacy and self-respect, and cannot but render a man more or less contemptible in the sight of others. Judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the great lessons of life. There is a difference between babbling and frankness, between mystery and reserve. On this point there can be no better advice than that contained in the words of a certain philosopher who lived some two thousand years ago: "Let each one find out his own natural bent, and go rather in the opposite direction, for so he will reach the mean." And the theory of the mean, notwithstanding its many drawbacks and difficulties, might with advantage be kept constantly in view by those who are destitute of fine perceptions and of habitual self-control.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE MUMMY OF THEBES.

A TRAVELLER'S REVERIE.

THE Hebrews buried their dead in caves, "out of their sight;" the Greeks burned them; the ancient Persians exposed their deceased friends on mountains, and in desert places, to be devoured piecemeal by birds of prey; and the Hindoos felt a religious pleasure, as they feel this hour, in launching all they once loved coffinless into the Ganges, to float down, if they escape the jaws of the crocodile, to the mighty deep.

But the extraordinary practice of the ancient Egyptians, as regards the disposal of their dead, has no counterpart in the history of nations. I confess that, of all the races passed away, no people ever trod this globe half so interesting to me as the old mummy-makers and pyramid-builders of the land of Ham. I love them, because their enduring tombs—great granite books that do not lie—declare to endless ages they tenderly loved each other. I admire them, because, a few periods excepted, when kings like Rameses the Great unsheathed the sword of conquest, they never sought to aggrandize themselves by foreign wars, nor seized unjustly the lands and property of others, keeping to themselves, their whole world centred in that beautiful valley of waters, born there and dying there, framing

no brighter Amenti or elysium than the lovely scenes their favored land displayed. I bow to them—I revere their genius—genius subtile yet comprehensive—quaint in small things, sublime in great. What a language, if it could disclose all its wondrous meanings, breathes in the mysterious hieroglyphics! Yon sarcophagus, alive with ten thousand symbols, is a mighty poem—an Iliad in stone! the pyramids and the Parthenon—the latter is comparatively a thing of yesterday, yet, however beautiful, it is already stricken with years, and commingling fast "with parent dust;" but the former seem Titanic forms, imbued with the spirit of immortality; they have no fellowship with decay or change, and when no longer a classic temple shall rear its head in Greece, and every famous edifice in Europe shall have resolved itself into a memory, the monster tombs or star-oratories by the Nile will attract the gaze, and fill the traveller's bosom with awe.

But my discourse is on a Mummy. Come, poor relic of mortality, from your dark recess in the rocks behind Thebes, where you have been cradled during three thousand years. My boat lies at anchor off the great temples, and I can see the avenues of sphinxes, the Memnonium, and all the glories left to astonish our later days. Now as no breath waves the long banana leaves and tufted palms on the bank, and the moon climbs slowly over the ruins, still as death, and pacing, snowy robed, on and on along the sapphire floor of heaven, I will place you reverently, tenderly before me.

I am with the dead, yet I feel not the accustomed creeping fear, for a chasm of ages seems to intervene between thee and me. Poor submissive Mummy! why did they swathe thee thus, binding thee round and round with such delicacy and care? I sympathize with them—they loved thee, and some one perhaps adored thee, for thou mayst have been a maiden beautiful and virtuous, who perished young. I see thee, a fairy creature, leading the dance beneath the shady palms. How thy black hair streams, and thy full gazelle-

like eyes sparkle! how thy embroidered scarf floats out during thy rapid motions, and thy silver anklets tinkle—sweeter music than the sistrum's to the ears of one who watches thee. I see thee seated near him, as sunset burns on the Nile, with the lotus-flower in thy hand, and half turning away thy sweet face, all blushes, as he presses his suit.

Dark Mummy! where is thy maiden beauty now? where thy love-dimples, thine ivory neck, and little playful hand? Yet it is something to see thee even as thou art, the veritable child of thirty centuries, and fancy will invest thee with all thou hast lost.

Thou mayst have been a priestess in one of yonder gorgeous shrines. In white robes thou mayst have bowed before the image of the mysterious one—the veiled Isis. Shining in those now sightless sockets, thy mild eyes were once raised to heaven, filled with the tears of speechless adoration, and from those shrivelled lips may have issued the prayer of a contrite spirit—pure, gentle, holy, to listen to which the good genii stooped from their bowers in Amenti.—Or, cold thing, whose heart the ages have shrivelled up, and whose bosom is dry, thou mayst have been a fruitful vine, the pride of thy loving lord; thou mayst have been a mother—yes, a happy mother, full of all the sweet cares, and engrossed with the gentle littlenesses of domestic life. I see thee now amidst thy joyous circle, thy little ones sporting around thee, or climbing thy knee, while thy stooping face is radiant with the light of affection. They are laughing, and those poor lips are wreathing too with smiles, and those now withered arms are tossing aloft the youngest born. Oh, reckless, gleesome, hopeful, joyous being! exultant in the mere sense of existence, throbbing with love, and warm with rapture, with no chilling thought of a future, or what thou wouldst come to.

Silent Mummy! thy children are mummies now, but where they rest we cannot tell. Honored Mummy! that hand may have clasped the hand of a Pharaoh; or thou mayst have been thyself a queen; but death has placed thee now on a level with thy subjects. Whatever thou wert, I cannot but behold

thee with feelings of interest; thy gilding, thy bandages, thy fleshless fingers and shrunk, lean face, are not to me repulsive, for every mummy speaks more than a roundelay or song of love of the deep affection swaying generations gone.

The ancient children of the Nilotic valley may have converted their dead into mummies, partly from the religious belief that, after thousands of years, the wandering spirit would return to its tenement of clay; but chiefly were they influenced, we repeat, by mutual attachment and love. Friend was unwilling to part with friend; the lover would not be separated from his mistress; and the child would make periodical visits to the tomb of his parents, where again he might actually behold the features of those he had revered. Oh, then, regarding it in this light, we must feel it was a beautiful custom, that of embalming and preserving the dead.

Mummy! thou shalt henceforth be to me as a companion. I will bear thee about with me in my wanderings, and learn lessons from the sad spectacle thou dost present. I will picture thee good and beautiful as thou once wert, and dream of the time when, bursting these cerements, and casting off the blackness of ages, thou wilt spring again into life, fresh and glorious as a star, and with ancient memories, thoughts, and affections revived, walk in paradise, a thing of beauty, blessing the God who created thee.

But the reis of my boat has fallen asleep, the Arab sailors have wrapped themselves in their scanty mantles, and are also in the land of forgetfulness. The moon is shining whiter and clearer over the city of desolation and magnificence; every ruin, from the Obelisk to the Sphinx, having put on a robe of tremulous sheet-silver. So I, too, must close mine eyes awhile on the royal home of the Pharaohs, and the river that heard the sighs of the oppressed Israelites, to dream perhaps of the northern barbarous land which I call my home, or to carry on further the thread of my "discourse" on an Egyptian Mummy.

(Continued from page 368.)

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE
END OF THE EMPIRE.

From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian.

X.

But that day I was to have the greatest fright of all. You remember, Fritz, that Sorlé had told me at supper the night before, that if we did not receive the invoice, our spirits of wine would be at the risk of M. Quataya of Pézenas, and that we need feel no anxiety about it.

I thought so, too, for it seemed to me right; and as the French and German gates were closed at three o'clock, and nothing more could enter the city, I supposed that that was the end of the matter, and felt quite relieved.

"It is a pity, Moses!" I said to myself, as I walked up and down the room; "yes, for if these spirits had been sent eight days sooner, we should have made a great profit; but now, at least, thou art relieved of great anxiety. Be content with thine old trade. Let alone for the future such harassing undertakings. Don't stake thine all again on one throw, and let this be a lesson to thee!"

Such thoughts were in my mind, when, about four o'clock, I heard some one coming up our stairs. It was a heavy step, as of a man trying to find his way in the dark.

Zeffen and Sorlé were in the kitchen, preparing supper. Women always have something to talk about by themselves, for nobody else to hear. So I listened, and then opened the door.

"Who is there?" I asked.

"Does not M. Moses, the wine-merchant, live here?" asked a man in a blouse and broad-rimmed felt hat, with his whip on his shoulder—a wagoner's figure, in short. I turned pale as I heard him, and replied: "Yes, my name is Moses. What do you want?"

He came in, and took out a large leather portfolio from under his blouse. I trembled as I looked on.

"There!" said he, giving me two papers, "my invoice and my bill of lading, see! Are not the twelve pipes of three-six from Pézenas for you?"

"Yes, where are they?"

"On the Mittelbronn hill, twenty minutes from here," he quietly answer-

ed. "Some Cossacks stopped my wagons, and I had to take off the horses. I hurried into the city by a postern under the bridge."

My limbs failed me as he spoke. I sank into my arm-chair, unable to speak a word.

"You will pay me the portage," said the man, "and acknowledge the delivery."

"Sorlé! Sorlé!" I cried in a despairing voice. And she and Zeffen ran to me. The wagoner explained it all to them. As for me, I heard nothing. I had strength only to exclaim: "Now all is lost! Now I must pay without receiving the goods."

"We are willing to pay, sir," said my wife, "but the letter states that the twelve pipes shall be delivered in the city."

The wagoner said: "I have just come from the justice of the peace, as I wanted to find out before coming to you what I had a right to claim; he told me that you ought to pay for everything, even my horses and carriages, do you understand? I unharnessed my horses, and escaped, myself, which is so much the less on your account. Will you settle? Yes or no?"

We were almost dead with fright when the sergeant came in. He had heard loud words, and asked: "What is it, Father Moses? What is it about? What does this man want?"

Sorlé, who never lost her presence of mind, told him the whole story, shortly and clearly; he comprehended it at once.

"Twelve pipes of three-six, that makes twenty-four pipes of cognac. What luck for the garrison! what luck!"

"Yes," said I, "but it cannot come in; the city gates are shut, and the wagons are surrounded by Cossacks."

"Cannot come in!" cried the sergeant, raising his shoulders. "Go along! Do you take the governor for a brute? Is he going to refuse twenty-four pipes of good brandy, when the garrison needs it? Is he going to leave this windfall to the Cossacks? Madame Sorlé, pay the portage at once; and you, Father Moses, put on your cap and follow me to the governor's, with the letter in your pocket. Come along! Don't

lose a minute! If the Cossacks have time to put their noses in your casks, you will find a famous deficit, I warrant you!"

When I heard that I exclaimed: "Sergeant, you have saved my life!" And I hastened to get my cap.

"Shall I pay the portage?" asked Sorlé.

"Yes! pay!" I answered as I went down, for it was plain that the wagoner could compel us. I went down with an anxious heart.

All that I remember after this is that the sergeant walked before me in the snow, that he said a few words to the sapper at the governor's house, and that we went up the grand stairway with the marble balustrade.

Upstairs, in the gallery with the balustrade around it, he said to me: "Be easy, Father Moses! Take out your letter, and let me do the talking."

He knocked softly at a door as he spoke.

Somebody said: "Come in!"

We went in.

Colonel Moulin, a fat man in a dressing-gown and little silk cap, was smoking his pipe in front of a good fire. He was very red, and had a caraffe of rum and a glass at its side on the marble mantel-piece, where were also a clock and vases of flowers.

"What is it?" he asked, turning round.

"My colonel, this is what is the matter," replied the sergeant: "twelve pipes of spirits of wine have been stopped on the Mittelbronn hill, and are surrounded by Cossacks."

"Cossacks!" exclaimed the governor. "Have they broken through our lines already?"

"Yes," said the sergeant, "a *hurra* of Cossacks. They have possession of the twelve pipes of three-six which this patriot brought from Pézenas to sustain the garrison."

"Some bandits," said the governor—"thieves!"

"Here is the letter," said the sergeant, taking it from my hand.

The colonel cast his eyes over it, and said hastily:

"Sergeant, go and take twenty-five men of your company. You will go on the run to free the wagons, and you will

put in requisition horses from the village to bring them into the city."

And, as we were going: "Wait!" said he; and he went to his bureau and wrote four words; "here is the order."

When we were once on the stairway, the sergeant said: "Father Moses, run to the cooper's; we may perhaps need him and his boys. I know the Cossacks; their first thought would be to unload the casks so as to be more sure of keeping them. Have them bring ropes and ladders; and I will go to the barracks and get my men together."

Then I ran home like a hart, for I was enraged at the Cossacks. I went in to get my musket and cartridge-box. I could have fought an army: I could not see straight.

"What is it? Where are you going?" asked Sorlé and Zeffen.

"You will know by and by," I replied.

I went to Schweyer's. He had two large saddle-pistols, which he put quickly into his apron-belt with the axe; his two boys, Nickel and Frantz, took the ladder and ropes, and we ran to the French gate.

The sergeant was not yet there; but two minutes after he came running down the street by the rampart with thirty veterans in file, their muskets on their shoulders.

The officer guarding the postern had only to see the order to let us go out, and a few minutes after we were in the fosses behind the hospital, where the sergeant ranged his men.

"It is cognac!" he told them; "twenty-four pipes of cognac! So, comrades, attention! The garrison is without brandy; those who do not like brandy have only to put themselves in the rear."

But they all wanted to fight in front, and laughed in anticipation.

We went up the stairway, and were ranged in order in the covered ways. It might have been five o'clock. Looking from the top of the glacis we could see the broad meadows of Eichmatt, and above them the hills of Mittelbronn covered with snow. The sky was full of clouds, and night was coming on. It was very cold.

"March!" said the sergeant.

And we gained the highway. The veterans, in two files, ran, at the right

and left, their backs rounded, and their muskets in their shoulder-belts; the snow was up to their knees.

Schweyer, his two boys, and I walked behind.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, the veterans, who ran all the way, had left us far behind; we heard for some time their cartridge-boxes rattling, but soon this sound was lost in the distance and then we heard the dog of the *Trois-Maisons* barking at his chain.

The deep silence of the night gave me a chance to think. If it had not been for the thought of my spirits of wine, I would have gone straight back to Phalsburg, but fortunately that thought prevailed, and I said:

"Make haste, Schweyer, make haste!"

"Make haste!" he exclaimed angrily, "you can make haste to get back your spirits of wine, but what do we care for it? Is the highway the place for us? Are we bandits that we should risk our lives?"

I understood at once that he wanted to escape, and was enraged.

"Take care, Schweyer," said I, "take care! If you and your boys go back, people will say that you have been a traitor to the brandy of the city, and that is worse than being a traitor to the flag, especially in a cooper."

"The devil take thee!" said he, "we ought never to have come."

However, he kept on ascending the hill with me. Nickel and Frantz followed us without hurrying.

When we reached the plateau we saw lights in the village. All was still and seemed quiet, although there was a great crowd around the two first houses.

The door of the *Bunch of Grapes* was wide open, and its kitchen fire shone from the end of the alley to the street where my two carriages stood.

This crowd came from the Cossacks who were carousing at Heitz's house, after tying their horses under the shed. They had made Mother Heitz cook them a pepper soup, and we saw them plainly, two or three hundred paces distant, go up and down the outside steps, with jugs and bottles which they passed from one to another. The thought came to me that they were drinking my spirits of wine, for a lantern hung behind the first carriage, and the rascals were all going from it with their elbows raised. I

was so furious that, regardless of danger, I began to run to put a stop to the pillage.

Fortunately the veterans were in advance of me, or I should have been murdered by the Cossacks; I had not gone half way when our whole troop sprang from the fences of the highway, and ran like a pack of wolves, crying out, "To the bayonet!"

You never saw such confusion, Fritz. In a second the Cossacks were on their horses, and the veterans in the midst of them; the front of the inn with its trellis, its pigeon-house, and its little fenced garden, was lighted up by the firing of muskets and pistols. Heitz's two daughters stood at the windows, with their arms lifted, and screamed so that they could be heard all over *Mittelbronn*.

Every minute, in the midst of the confusion, something fell upon the road, and then the horses started and ran through the fields like deer, with their heads run out, and their manes and tails flying. The villagers ran; Father Heitz slid into the barn, and climbed up the ladder, and I came up breathless, as if out of my senses.

I had not gone more than fifteen steps when a Cossack, who was running away at full speed, turned about furiously close to me, with his lance in the air, and called out, "Hurra!"

I had only time to stoop, and I felt the wind of the lance as it passed along my body.

I never felt so badly in my life, Fritz; I felt the chill of death, that trembling of the flesh of which the prophet spoke: "Fear came upon me and trembling; the hair of my flesh stood up."

But what shows the spirit of wisdom and prudence which the Lord puts into his creatures, when he reserves them for a great age, is that immediately afterward, in spite of my trembling knees, I went and sat under the first wagon, where the blows of the lances could not reach me; and there I saw the veterans finish the extermination of the rascals, who had retreated into the court, and not one of whom escaped.

Five or six were in a heap before the door, and three others were stretched upon the highway.

This did not take more than ten min-

utes; then all was dark again, and I heard the sergeant call: "Stop firing!"

Heitz, who had come down from his hay-loft, had just lighted a lantern; the sergeant, seeing me under the wagon, called out: "Are you wounded, Father Moses?"

"No," I replied, "but a Cossack tried to thrust his lance into me, and I got into a safe place."

He laughed aloud, and gave me his hand to help me to rise.

"Father Moses," said he, "I was frightened about you. Wipe your back; people might think that you were not brave."

I laughed too, and thought: "People may think what they please! The great thing is to live in good health as long as possible."

We had only one wounded, Corporal Duhem, an old man, who bandaged his own leg, and tried to walk. He had had a blow from a lance in the right calf. He was placed on the first wagon, and Lehnél, Heitz's granddaughter, came and gave him a drop of cherry-water, which at once restored his strength and even his good spirits.

"It is the fifteenth!" he exclaimed. "I am in for a week at the hospital; but leave me the bottle for the compresses."

I was delighted to see my twelve pipes on the wagons, for Schweyer and his two boys had escaped, and without their help we could hardly have reloaded.

I tapped at once at the bung-hole of the hindmost cask to find out how much was missing. Those scamps of Cossacks had already drunk nearly half a measure of spirits; Father Heitz told me that some of them scarcely added a drop of water. Such creatures must have throats of tin; the oldest toppers among us could not bear a glass of three-six without being upset.

At last all was ready and we had only to return to the city. When I think of it, it all seems before me now: Heitz's large dapple-gray horses going out of the stable one by one; the sergeant standing by the dark door with his lantern in his hand, and calling out, "March, —quick! The rabble may come back!" On the road, in front of the inn, the veterans surrounded the wagons; further on at the right some peasants, who had hastened to the scene with pitchforks and mattocks, were looking at the dead

Cossacks, and myself, standing on the stairs above, singing praises to God in my heart as I thought how glad Sorlé and Zeffen and little Sâfel would be to see me come back with our goods.

And then, when all is ready, when the little bells jingle, when the whip snaps, and we start on the way—what delight!

Ah, Fritz! everything looks bright after thirty years; we forget fears, anxieties, and fatigues; but the memory of good men and happy hours remains with us forever!

The veterans, on both sides of the wagons, with their muskets under their arms, escorted my twelve pipes as if they were the tabernacle; Heitz led the horses, and the sergeant and I walked behind.

"Well, Father Moses!" said he laughing, "it has all gone off well; are you satisfied?"

"More than I can possibly tell, sergeant! What would have been my ruin will make the fortune of my family, and we owe it all to you."

"Go along," said he, "you are joking."

He laughed, but I felt deeply; to have been in danger of losing everything, and then to regain it all and make profit out of it—it makes one feel deeply.

I exclaimed inwardly: "I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people; and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations."

"For thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds."

XI.

Now I must tell you about our return to Phalsburg.

You may suppose that my wife and children, after seeing me take my gun and go away, were in a state of great anxiety. About five o'clock Sorló went out with Zeffen to try to learn what was going on, and only then they heard that I had started for Mittelbronn with a detachment of veterans.

Imagine their terror!

The rumor of these extraordinary proceedings had spread through the city, and quantities of people were on the bastion of the artillery barracks, looking on from the distance. Burguet

was there, with the mayor, and other persons of distinction, and a number of women and children, all trying to see through the darkness. Some insisted that Moses marched with the detachment, but nobody would believe it, and Burguet exclaimed: "It is not possible that a sensible man like Moses would go and risk his life in fighting Cossacks—no, it is not possible!"

If I had been in his place, I should have said the same of him. But what can you do, Fritz? The most prudent of men become blind when their property is at stake; blind, I say, and terrible, for they lose sight of danger.

This crowd was waiting, as I said, and soon Zeffen and Sorlé came, as pale as death, with their large shawls over their heads. They went up the rampart and stood there, with their feet in the snow, too much frightened to speak.

I learned these things afterward.

When Zeffen and her mother went up on the bastion, it was, perhaps, half-past five; there was not a star to be seen. Just at that time, Schweyer and his boys escaped, and five minutes later the skirmish began.

Burguet told me afterward that, notwithstanding the darkness and the distance, they saw the flash of the muskets around the inn as plainly as if they were a hundred paces off, and everybody was still and listened to hear the shots, which were repeated by the echoes of the Oak-Forest and of Lutzelburg.

When they ceased Sorlé descended from the slope, leaning on Zeffen's arm, for she could not support herself. Burguet helped them to reach the street, and took them into old Frise's house on the corner, where they found him warming himself by his hearth.

"My last day has come!" said Sorlé. Zeffen wept bitterly.

I have often reproached myself for having caused this sorrow, but who can answer for his own wisdom? Has not the wise man himself said: "I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly; and I saw that wisdom excelleth folly; and I myself perceived that one event happeneth to the wise man and the fool. Wherefore, I said in my heart, that wisdom also is vanity."

Burguet was going out from father Frise's, when Schweyer and his sons

came up the postern stairs, crying out that we were surrounded by Cossacks and lost. Fortunately my wife and daughter could not hear them, and the mayor soon came along and ordered them to stop talking and go home quickly, if they did not want to be sent to prison.

They obeyed, but that did not prevent people from believing what they said, especially as it was all dark again in the direction of Mittelbronn.

The crowd came down from the ramparts and filled the street; many of them went to their homes; and it was hoped that they would be seen no more, when, just as the clock struck seven, the sentinel of the outworks called out, "Who goes there?"

We had reached the gate.

The crowd was soon on the ramparts again. We heard the murmur, without knowing what it was. So, when, after a reconnoissance, the gates were slowly opened to us, and the two bridges lowered for us to pass, what was our surprise at hearing the shouts: "Hurrah for Father Moses! Hurrah for the spirits of wine!"

The tears came to my eyes. And my wagons rolling heavily under the gates, the soldiers carrying arms, the great crowd surrounding us, shouting: "Moses! Hey, Moses! are you well? you have not been killed?" the shouts of laughter, the people seizing my arm to hear me tell about the fight,—all these things were very pleasant.

Everybody wanted to talk with me, even the mayor, and I had not time to answer them.

But all this was nothing compared with the joy I felt at seeing Sorlé, Zeffen, and little Sâfel run from Father Frise's and throw themselves at once into my arms, exclaiming: "He is safe! he is safe!"

Ah, Fritz! what are honors by the side of such love? What is all the glory of the world compared with the joy of seeing our beloved ones? The others might have cried out, "Hurrah for Moses!" a hundred years, and I would not even have turned my head; but I was terribly moved by the sight of my family.

I gave Sâfel my gun, and while the wagons, escorted by the veterans, went on toward the little market, I led Zef-

fen and Sorlé through the crowd to old Frise's, and there, when we were alone, we began our embraces.

Without, the shouts of joy were redoubled; you would have thought that the spirits of wine belonged to the whole city. But within the room, my wife and daughter burst into tears, and I confessed my imprudence.

So, instead of telling them of the dangers I had experienced, I told them that the Cossacks ran away as soon as they saw us, and that we had only to put horses to the wagons before starting.

A quarter of an hour afterward, when the cries and tumult had ceased, I went out, with Zeffen and Sorlé on my arms, and little Sâfel in front, with my gun on his shoulder, and in this way we went home, to see to the unlading of the brandy.

I wanted to put everything in order before morning, so as to begin to sell at double price as soon as possible.

When a man runs such risks he ought to make something by it; for if I had sold at the market price, as some persons wished, nobody would be willing to run any risk for the sake of others; and if it should come to pass that a man should sacrifice himself for other people, he would be thought a blockhead; we have seen it a hundred times, and it will always be so.

Thank God! such ideas never entered into my head! I have always thought that the true idea of trade was to make as much profit as we can, honestly and lawfully.

That is according to justice and good sense.

As we turned at the corner of the market, our two wagons were already unharnessed before our house. Heitz was running back with his horses, so as to take advantage of the open gates, and the veterans, with their arms at will, were going up the street toward the infantry quarters.

It might have been eight o'clock. Zeffen and Sorlé went to bed, and I sent Sâfel for Gros the cooper, to come and unload the casks. Quantities of people came and offered to help us. Gros came soon with his boys, and the work began.

It is very pleasant, Fritz, to see great tuns going into your cellar, and to say

to yourself, "These splendid tuns are mine; it is spirit which cost me twenty sous the quart, and which I am going to sell for three francs!" This shows the beauty of trade; but everybody can imagine the pleasure for himself—there is no use in speaking of it.

About midnight my twelve pipes were down on the stands, and there was nothing left to do but to broach them.

While the crowd was dispersing, I engaged Gros to come in the morning to help me mix the spirits with water, and we went up, well pleased with our day's work. We closed the double oak door, and I fastened the padlock and went to bed.

What a pleasure it is to own something and feel that it is all safe!

This is how my twelve pipes were saved.

You see now, Fritz, what anxieties and fears we had at that time. Nobody was sure of anything; for you must not suppose that I was the only one living like a bird on the branch; there were hundreds of others who were not able to close their eyes. You should have seen how the citizens looked every morning, when they heard that the Austrians and Russians occupied Alsatia, that the Prussians were marching upon Sarrebruck, or when an order was published for domiciliary visits, or for days' labor to block up the posterns and orillons of the place, or an order to form companies of firemen to remove at once all inflammable matter, or to report to the governor the situation of the city treasury, and the list of the principal persons subject to contribution for the supply of shoes, caps, bed-linen, and so forth.

You should have seen how people looked!

In war times civil life is nothing, and they will take from you your last shirt, giving you the governor's receipt for it. The first men of the land are zeros when the governor has spoken. This is why I have often thought that everybody who wishes for war, or at least wants to be a soldier, is either demented or half ruined, and hopes to reestablish himself by the ruin of everybody else. It must be so.

But notwithstanding all these troubles, I must not lose time, and I spent all the next day in mixing my spirits. I

took off my cap, and drew out with extraordinary zeal. Gros and his boys brought jugs, and emptied them in the casks which I had bought beforehand, so that by evening these casks were brimful of good brandy, blanched to eighteen degrees.

I had caramel prepared, also, to give the brandy a good color of old cognac, and when I turned the fancet, and raised the glass before the candle, and saw that it was exactly the right tint, I was in ecstasies, and exclaimed: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and remember his misery no more."

Father Gros, standing at my side on his great flat feet, smiled quietly, and his boys looked well pleased.

I filled the glass for them; they passed it to each other and were delighted with it.

About five o'clock we went upstairs.

Sorlé, on the same day, had brought three workmen, and had them remove our old iron into the court under the shed. The old rickety storehouse was cleaned. Desmarets, the joiner, put some shelves behind the door in the arch, for holding bottles, and glasses, and tin measures, when the time for selling should come, and his son put together the planks of the counter. This was all done at once, as at a time of great pressure, when people like to make a good sum of money quickly.

I looked at it all with a good deal of satisfaction. Zeffen, with her baby in her arms, and Sorlé, had also come down. I showed my wife the place behind the counter, and said, "That is the place where you are to sit, with your feet in big slippers, and a good warm tippet on your shoulders, and sell our brandy."

She smiled as she thought of it.

Our neighbors, Bailly the armorer, Koffel the little weaver, and several others, came and looked on without speaking; they were astonished to see what quick work we were making.

At six o'clock, just as Desmarets laid aside his hammer, the sergeant arrived in great glee, on his return from the canteen.

"Well, Father Moses!" he exclaimed, "the work goes on! But there is still something wanting."

"What is that, sergeant?"

"Hi! It is all right, only you must put a screen up above, or look out for the shells!"

I saw that he was right, and we were all well frightened, except the neighbors, who laughed to see our surprise.

"Yes," said the sergeant, "we must have it."

This took away all my pleasure; I saw that our troubles were not yet at an end.

Sorlé, Zeffen, and I went up, while Desmarets closed the door. Supper was ready; we sat down thoughtfully, and little Sâfel brought the keys.

The noise had ceased without; now and then a citizen on patrol passed by.

The sergeant came to smoke his pipe as usual. He explained how the screens were made, by crossing beams in the form of a sentry-box, the two sides supported against the gables, but while he maintained that it would hold like an arch, I did not think it strong enough, and I saw by Sorlé's face that she thought as I did.

We sat there talking till ten o'clock, and then all went to bed.

XII

About one o'clock in the morning of the sixth of January, the day of the feast of the Kings, the enemy arrived on the hill of Saverne.

It was terribly cold, our windows under the persiennes were white with frost. I woke as the clock struck one; they were beating the call at the infantry barracks.

You can have no idea how it sounded in the silence of the night.

"Dost thou hear, Moses?" whispered Sorlé.

"Yes, I hear," said I, almost without breathing.

After a minute some windows were opened in our street, and we knew that others too were listening; then we heard running, and suddenly the cry, "To arms! to arms!"

It made one's hair stand on end.

I had just risen, and was lighting a lamp, when we heard two knocks at our door.

"Come in!" said Sorlé, trembling.

The sergeant opened the door. He was in marching equipments, with his

spatterdashers on his legs, his large gray cap turned up at the sides, his musket on his shoulder, and his sabre and cartridge-box on his back.

"Father Moses," said he, "go back to bed and be quiet: it is the battalion call at the barracks, and has nothing to do with you."

And we saw at once that he was right, for the drums did not come up the street, two by two, as when the national guard was collected.

"Thank you, sergeant," I said.

"Sleep well!" said he, and he went down the stairs.

He shut the door of the alley below. Then the children, who had waked up, began to cry. Zeffen came in, very pale, with her baby in her arms, exclaiming, "Mercy! What is the matter?"

"It is nothing, Zeffen," said Sorlé. "It is nothing, my child: they are beating the call for the soldiers."

At the same moment the battalion came down the main street. We heard them march as far as to the Place d'Armes, and beyond it, toward the German gate.

We shut the windows, Zeffen went back to her room, and I lay down again.

But how could I sleep after such a start? My head was full of a thousand thoughts: I fancied the arrival of the Russians on the hill this cold night, and our soldiers marching to meet them, or manning the ramparts. I thought of all the blindages and block-houses, and batteries inside the bastions, and that all these great works had been made to guard against bombs and shells, and I exclaimed inwardly: "Before the enemy has demolished all these works, our houses will be crushed, and we shall be exterminated to the last man."

I took on in this way for about half an hour, thinking of all the calamities which threatened us, when I heard, outside the city, toward Quatre-Vents, a kind of heavy rolling, rising and falling like the murmur of running water. This was repeated every second. I raised myself on my elbow to listen, and I knew that it was a fight far more terrible than that at Mittelbronn, for the rolling did not stop, but seemed rather to increase.

"How they are fighting, Sorlé, how

they are fighting!" I exclaimed, as I pictured to myself the fury of those men murdering each other at the dead of night, not knowing what they were doing. "Listen! Sorlé, listen! If that does not make one shudder!"

"Yes," said she. "I hope our sergeant will not be wounded; I hope he will come back safe!"

"May the Lord watch over him!" I replied, jumping from my bed, and lighting a candle.

I could not control myself. I dressed myself as quickly as if I were going to run away; and afterward I listened to that terrible rolling, which came nearer or died away with every gust of wind.

When once dressed, I opened a window, to try to see something. The street was still black; but toward the ramparts, above the dark line of the arsenal bastions, was stretched a line of red.

The smoke of powder is red on account of the musket shots which light it up as they pass through it. It looked like a great fire. All the windows in the street were open: nothing could be seen, but I heard our neighbor the armorer say to his wife, "It is growing warm down there! It is the beginning of the dance, Annette; but they have not got the big drum yet; that will come, by and by!"

The woman did not answer, and I thought, "Is it possible to jest about such things! It is against nature."

The cold was so severe that after five or six minutes I shut the window. Sorlé got up and made a fire in the stove.

The whole city was in commotion; men were shouting and dogs barking. Sâfel, who had been wakened by all these noises, went to dress himself in the warm room. I looked very tenderly on this poor little one, his eyes still heavy with sleep; and as I thought that we were to be fired upon, that we must hide ourselves in cellars, and all of us be in danger of being killed for matters which did not concern us, and about which nobody had asked our opinion, I was full of indignation. But what distressed me most was to hear Zeffen sob and say that it would have been better for her and her children to stay with Baruch at Saverne and all die together.

Then the words of the prophet came to me: "Is not this thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways?"

"Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished being innocent, or where were the righteous cut off."

"No, they that plow iniquity and sow wickedness, reap the same."

"By the blast of God they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed."

"But thee, his servant, he shall redeem from death."

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

In this way I strengthened my heart, while I heard the great tumult of the panic-stricken crowd, running and trying to save their property.

About seven o'clock it was announced that the casemates were open, and that everybody might take their mattresses there, and that there must be tubs full of water in every house, and the wells left open in case of fire.

Think, Fritz, what ideas these announcements suggested!

Some of our neighbors, Lisbeth Dubourg, Bével Ruppert, Camus' daughters, and some others, came up to us exclaiming, "We are all lost!"

Their husbands had gone out, right and left, to see what they could see, and these women hung on Zeffen and Sorlé's necks, repeating again and again, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what misery!"

I would gladly have sent them all to the devil, for instead of comforting us they only increased our fears; but at such times women will get together and cry out all at once; you can't talk reason to them; they like these loud cryings and groanings.

Just as the clock struck eight, Bailly the armorer came to find his wife; he had come from the ramparts. "The Russians," he said, "have come down in a mass from Quatre-Vents to the very gate, filling the whole plain—Cossacks, Baskirs, and rabble! Why don't they fire down upon them from the ramparts? The governor is betraying us."

"Where are our soldiers?" I asked.

"Retreating!" exclaimed he. "The wounded came back two hours ago, and our men stay yonder, with folded arms."

His bony face shook with rage. He led away his wife; then others came, crying out, "The enemy has advanced to the lower part of the gardens, over the glaces." I was astonished at these things.

The women had gone away to cry somewhere else, and just then a great noise of wheels was heard from the direction of the rampart. I looked out of the window, and saw a wagon from the arsenal, with citizens for gunners; old Goulden, Holender, Jacob Cloutier, and Barrier galloped at its sides; Captain Jovis ran in front. They stopped at our door.

"Call the iron-merchant!" cried the captain. "Tell him to come down."

Baker Chanoine, the brigadier of the second battery, came up. I opened the door.

"What do you want of me?" I asked in the stairway.

"Come down, Moses," said Chanoine. And I went down.

Captain Jovis, a tall old man, with his face covered with sweat, in spite of the cold, said to me, "You are Moses, the iron-merchant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Open your storehouse. Your iron is in requisition for the service of the place."

So I had to lead all these people into my court, under the shed. The captain, on looking round, saw some cast-iron bars, which were used at that time for closing up the bottoms of fire-places. They weighed from thirty to forty pounds each, and I sold a good many in the vicinity of the city. Old nails, rusty bolts, old iron of all sorts, were no longer in demand.

"This is what we want," said he. "Break up these bars, and take away the old iron, quick!"

The others, with the help of our two wizards, began at once to break up everything. Some of them filled a basket with the pieces of cast-iron, and ran with it to the wagon.

The captain looked at his watch, and said, "Make haste! We have just ten minutes!"

I thought to myself, "They have no need of credit; they take what they please; it is more convenient."

All my bars and old iron were broken

in pieces—more than fifteen hundred pounds of iron.

As they were starting to run to the ramparts, Chanoine laughed, and said to me, "Famous old iron, Moses! Thou canst get ready thy big pennies. We'll come and take them to-morrow."

The wagon started through the crowd which ran behind it, and I followed too.

As we came nearer the ramparts the firing became more and more frequent. As we turned from the curate's house two sentinels stopped everybody, but they let me pass on account of my iron, which they were going to fire.

You can never imagine that mass of people, the noise around the bastion, the smoke which covered it, the orders of the infantry officers whom we heard going up the glacis, the gunners, the lighted match, the wagons full of cartridges, and the piles of bullets behind! No, in all these thirty years I have not forgotten those men with their levers, running back the cannon to load them to their mouths; those firings in file, at the bottom of the ramparts; those volleys of balls hissing in the air; the orders of the gun-captains, "Load! Ram! Prime!"

What crowds upon those gun-carriages, seven feet high, where the gunners were obliged to stand and stretch out their arms to fire the cannon! And what a frightful smoke!

Men invent such machines for their own destruction, and think that they do a great deal if they sacrifice a fourth part to assist their fellow-men, to instruct them in infancy, and to give them a little bread in their old age.

Ah! those who make an outcry against war, and demand a different state of things, are not in the wrong.

I was in the corner, at the left of the bastion, where the stairs go down to the postern behind the college, among three or four willow baskets as high as chimneys, and filled with clay. I ought to have stayed there quietly, and made use of the right moment to get away, but the thought seized me that I would go and see what was going on below the ramparts, and, while they were loading the cannon, I climbed to the level of the glacis, and lay down flat between two enormous baskets, where there was

scarcely a chance that balls could reach me.

If hundreds of others who were killed in the bastions had done as I did, how many of them might be still living, respectable fathers of families in their villages!

Lying in this place, and raising my nose, I could see over the whole plain. I saw the cordon of the rampart below, and the line of our shooters behind the palankas, on the other side of the moat; they did nothing but tear off their cartridges, prime, charge, and fire. There one could appreciate the beauty of drilling; there were only two companies of them, and their firing in file kept up an incessant roll.

Further on, directly to the right, stretched the road to Quatre-Vents. The Ozillo farm, the cemetery, the horse-station, and George Mouton's farm at the right; the inn of La Roulette and the great poplar-walk at the left, all were full of Cossacks, and such-like rascals, who were rapidly advancing into the very gardens, to reconnoitre the environs of the place. This is what I think, for it is against nature to run without an object, and to risk being struck by a ball.

These people, mounted on small horses, with large gray cloaks, soft boots, fox-skin caps, like those of the Baden peasants, long beards, lances on their thighs, great pistols in their belts, came whirling on like birds.

They had not been fired upon as yet, because they kept themselves scattered, so that bullets would have no effect; but their trumpets sounded the rally from La Roulette, and they began to collect behind the buildings of the inn.

About thirty of our veterans, who had been kept back in the cemetery lane, were making a slow retreat; they made a few paces, at the same time hastily reloading, then turned, shouldered, fired, and began marching again among the hedges and bushes, which there had not been time to cut down in this locality.

Our sergeant was one of these; I recognized him at once, and trembled for him.

Every time these veterans gave fire, five or six Cossacks came on like the wind, with their lances lowered; but it did not frighten them: they leaned

against a tree and crossed bayonets. Other veterans came up, and then some loaded, while others parried the blows. Scarcely had they torn open the cartridge when the Cossacks fled right and left, their lances in the air. Some of them turned for a moment and fired their large pistols behind like regular bandits. At length our men began to march toward the city.

Those old soldiers, with their great shakos set square on their heads, their large capes hanging to the back of their calves, their sabres and cartridge-boxes on their backs, calm in the midst of these savages, reloading, trimming, and parrying as quietly as if they were smoking their pipes in the guard-house, were something to be admired. At last, after seeing them come out of the whirlwind two or three times, it even seemed an easy thing to do.

Our sergeant commanded them. I understood then why he was such a favorite with the officers, and why they always took his part against the citizens; there were not many such. I wanted to call out, "Make haste, sergeant; let us make haste!" but neither he nor his men hurried in the least.

As they reached the foot of the glacis, suddenly a large mass of Cossacks, seeing that they were escaping, galloped up in two files, to cut off their retreat. It was the dangerous moment, and they formed in a square instantly.

I felt my back turn cold, as if I had been one of them.

Our men behind the lashings did not fire, doubtless for fear of hitting their comrades; our gunners on the bastion leaned down to see, and the file of Cossacks stretched to the turning of the swing-gate.

There were seven or eight hundred of them. We heard them cry, "Hurra! hurra! hurra!" like crows. Several officers in green cloaks and small caps galloped at the sides of their lines, with raised sabres. I thought our poor sergeant and his thirty men were lost; I thought already, "How sorry little Sâfel and Sorlé will be!"

But then, as the Cossacks formed in a half circle at the left of the outworks, I heard our gun-captain call out, "Fire!"

I turned my head; old Goulden struck the match, the fusee glittered, and at

the same instant the bastion with its great baskets of clay shook to the very rocks of the rampart.

I looked toward the road; nothing was to be seen but men and horses on the ground.

Just then came a second shot, and I can truly say that I saw the bits of iron pass like the stroke of a scythe into that mass of cavalry; it all tumbled and fell; those who a second before were living beings were now nothing. We saw some try to raise themselves, the rest made their escape.

The file-firing began again, and our gunners, without waiting for the smoke to clear away, reloaded so quickly that the two discharges seemed to come at once.

This mass of old nails, bolts, broken bits of cast-iron, flying three hundred metres, almost to the little bridge, made such slaughter that, some days after, the Russians asked for an armistice in order to bury their dead.

Four hundred were found scattered in the ditches of the road.

This I saw myself.

And if you want to see the place where those savages were buried, you have only to go up the cemetery lane.

On the other side, at the right, in M. Adam Ottendorf's orchard, you will see a stone cross in the middle of the fence; they were all buried there, with their horses, in one great trench.

You can imagine the delight of our gunners at seeing this massacre. They lifted up their sponges and shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!"

The soldiers shouted back from the covered ways, and the air was filled with their cries.

Our sergeant, with his thirty men, their guns on their shoulders, quietly reached the glacis. The barrier was quickly opened for them, but the two companies descended together to the moat and came up again by the postern.

I was waiting for them above.

When our sergeant came up I took him by the arm. "Ah, sergeant!" said I, "how glad I am to see you out of danger!"

I wanted to embrace him. He laughed and squeezed my hand.

"Then you saw the engagement,

Father Moses?" said he, with a mischievous wink. "We have shown them what stuff the Fifth is made of!"

"Oh, yes! yes! you have made me tremble."

"Bah!" said he, "you will see a good deal more of it; it is a small affair."

The two companies reformed against the wall of the race-course, and the whole city shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!"

They went down the rampart street in the midst of the crowd. I kept near our sergeant.

As the detachment was turning our corner, Sorlé, Zeffen, and Sâfel called out from the windows: "Hurrah for the veterans! Hurrah for the Fifth!"

The sergeant saw them and made a little sign to them with his head. As I was going in I said to him, "Sergeant, don't forget your glass of cherry-water."

"Don't worry, Father Moses," said he.

The detachment went on to break ranks at the Place d'Armes as usual, and I went up home at a quarter to four. I was scarcely in the room before Zeffen, Sorlé, and Sâfel threw their arms round me as if I had come back from the war; little David clung to my knee, and they all wanted to know the news.

I had to tell them about the attack, the grape-shot, the routing of the Cossacks. But the table was ready. I had not had my breakfast, and I said, "Let us sit down. You shall hear the rest by and by. Let me take breath."

Just then the sergeant entered in fine spirits, and set the butt-end of his musket on the floor. We were going to meet him when we saw a tuft of red hair on the end of his bayonet, that made us tremble.

"Mercy, what is that?" said Zeffen, covering her face.

He knew nothing about it, and looked to see, much surprised.

"That?" said he, "Oh! it is the beard of a Cossack that I touched as I passed him—it is not much of anything."

He took the musket at once to his own room; but we were all horror-struck, and Zeffen could not recover herself. When the sergeant came back she was still sitting in the arm-chair, with both hands before her face.

"Ah, Madame Zeffen," said he sadly, "now you are going to detest me!"

I thought, too, that Zeffen would be

afraid of him, but women always like these men who risk their lives at random. I have seen it a hundred times. And Zeffen smiled as she answered: "No, Sergeant, no; these Cossacks ought to stay at home and not come and trouble us! You protect us—we love you very much!"

I persuaded him to breakfast with us, and it ended by his opening a window, and calling out to some soldiers passing by to give notice at the canteen that Sergeant Trubert was not coming to breakfast.

So we were all calmed down, and seated ourselves at the table. Sorlé went down to get a bottle of good wine, and we began to eat our breakfast.

We had coffee, too, and Zeffen wanted to pour it out herself for the sergeant. He was delighted. "Madame Zeffen," said he, "you load me with kindness?"

She laughed. We had never been happier.

While he was taking his cherry-water, the sergeant told us all about the attack in the night; the way in which the Wurtemberg troops had stationed themselves at La Roulette, how it had been necessary to dislodge them as they were forcing open the two large gates, the arrival of the Cossacks at daybreak, and the sending out two companies to fire at them.

He told all this so well that we could almost think we saw it. But about eleven o'clock, as I took up the bottle to pour out another glassful, he wiped his mustache, and said, as he rose: "No, Father Moses, we have something to do besides taking our ease and enjoying ourselves; to-morrow, or next day, the shells will be coming; it is time to go and screen the garret."

We all became sober at these words.

"Let us see!" said he; "I have seen in your court some long logs of wood which have not been sawed, and there are three or four large beams against the wall. Are we two strong enough to carry them up? Let us try!"

He was going to take off his cape at once; but, as the beams were very heavy, I told him to wait and I would run for the two Carabins, Nicolas, who was called the *Greyhound*, and Mathis, the wood-sawyer. They came at once, and, being used to heavy work, they carried up the timber. They had

brought their saws and axes with them; the sergeant made them saw the beams, so as to cross them above in the form of a sentry-box. He worked himself like a regular carpenter, and Sorlé, Zeffen, and I looked on. As it took some time, my wife and daughter went down to prepare supper, and I went down with them, to get a lantern for the workmen.

I was going up again very quietly, never thinking of danger, when, suddenly, a frightful noise, a kind of terrible rumbling, passed along the roof, and almost made me fall with the lantern in my hand.

The two Carabins turned pale and looked at each other.

"It is a ball!" said the sergeant.

At the same instant a loud sound of cannon in the distance was heard in the darkness.

I had a terrible feeling in my stomach, and I thought to myself, "Since one ball has passed, there may two, three, four!"

My strength was all gone. The two Carabins doubtless thought the same, for they took down at once their waist-coats, which were hanging on the gable, to go away.

"Wait!" said the sergeant. "It is nothing! Let us keep at our work—it is going on well. It will be done in an hour more."

But the elder Carabin called out, "You may do as you please! I am not going to stay here—I have a family!"

And while he was speaking, a second ball, more frightful than the first, began to rumble upon the roof, and five or six seconds after we heard the explosion.

It was astonishing! The Russians were firing from the edge of the Oak Forest, more than a half-hour distant, and yet we saw the red flash pass before our two windows, and even under the tiles.

The sergeant tried to keep us still at work.

"Two bullets never pass in the same place," said he. "We are in a safe spot, since that has grazed the roof. Come, let us go to work!"

He was stronger than we! I placed the lantern on the floor and went down, feeling as if my thighs were broken. I wanted to sit down at every step.

Out of doors they were shouting as if it were morning, and in a more frightful way. Chimneys were falling, and women

running to the windows, but I paid no attention to it, I was so frightened myself.

The two Carabins had gone away paler than death.

All that night I was ill. Sorlé and Zeffen were no more at ease than myself. The sergeant kept on alone, placing the logs and making them fast. About midnight he came down.

"Father Moses," said he, "the roof is screened, but your two men are cowards; they left me alone."

I thanked him, and told him that we were all sick, and as for myself I had never felt anything like it. He laughed.

"I know what that is," said he. "Conscripts always feel so when they hear the first ball; but that is soon over—they only need to get a little used to it."

Then he went to bed, and everybody in the house, except myself, went to sleep.

The Russians did not fire after ten o'clock that night; they had only tried one or two flying pieces, to warn us of what they had in store.

All this, Fritz, was but the beginning of the blockade; you are going to hear now of the miseries we endured for three months.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Saturday Review.

TALK AND TALKERS.

AN ingenious writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* has lately been treating us to a philosophical disquisition upon talk. He has classified with great acuteness the different species of talkers, pointed out the various times at which their different talents may be most effectually displayed, and noted some of the many errors by which the talk of ordinary mortals is so frequently made a weariness to the flesh. The subject is almost infinite, and innumerable applications might be made of a sound theory. The chief practical application would be to lay down rules for securing pleasant conversation at social meetings. The difficulty of applying it may be simplified by two or three obvious considerations. In the first place, there is only one period of the day at which it is possible or desirable to secure good conversation. It is a

sufficiently accurate aphorism to assert that no one can converse, in the proper sense of the term, except at dinner. There may be an indefinite amount of discussion between a couple of friends upon business or politics, and generally of that kind of communication vulgarly known as shop, at an earlier period; and flirtations may be carried on at any time, but these are not properly conversation. No man is really entitled to the enjoyment of a good conscience before his evening meal, and it is therefore impossible to sit down with a mind at ease, and devote oneself with due abandonment to the task of amusing one's neighbors. It is true that at a later hour it is possible to enjoy pleasant conversation by the help of a cigar, and in the absence of depressing ceremony. But this, in the normal state of things, is the result of a good dinner; it is the after-glow which succeeds a brilliant day, the pleasant warmth which lingers in the embers after the fire has been extinguished. One who has missed the critical period of the day, in whom the wine has gone the wrong way, and turned to ill-temper instead of conviviality, will find it hard to rouse his spirits afterward. Once stimulate the organs of talk into a vigorous activity, and they may contrive to secrete the desired product for an indefinite time; but if the happy moment is missed, a man had generally better go straight to bed for any pleasure he is likely to confer upon his friends. If he does not catch the infection when he is in the susceptible state determined by a good dinner, he becomes for the remainder of the evening a non-conducting body.

Hence it follows that, as a preliminary step to determining the conditions of good conversation, it would be necessary to lay down a satisfactory theory of dinners. Without attempting so ambitious a task, we may say generally that dinners may be of three kinds. In the first place, to dine perfectly, as to do anything else perfectly, a man ought to give his whole mind to it. Hence it follows that he should rigorously exclude every distraction which can possibly divert his mind from the dishes and bottles before him—amongst other distractions, that of company. In other words, a man who would enjoy an ideal dinner ought to dine

alone; or if, according to the common phrase, we are yielding too much to the demands of an "inexorable logic," perhaps we might permit the presence of one friend whose talk should run exclusively upon questions of eating and drinking. Two men, we believe, can be found to submit to such conditions; if a third is admitted, he cannot fail to become more or less ashamed of his companions, and to introduce some discordant subject. It follows from this that dining, in its ideal perfection, is fitter for a hog than a human being. The opposite extreme, however, is often equally remote from satisfying the spiritual nature, while certainly less agreeable to the lower faculties. A multitudinous gathering of diners may be merely an aggregate of a number of small parties, pleasant or otherwise according to circumstances, and comes under a different head; if it has any unity, it consists in the common endurance of a certain number of public speeches. As Providence has planted in the human heart a mysterious yearning for this kind of gratification, we must presume that such meetings discharge some useful function in the order of the universe. It is as erroneous in theory as it is generally disastrous in practice to assume that the persons suffering from this temporary mania have capacity for anything but the one purpose which calls them together. A man about to be hanged cannot generally keep up a conversation with his executioner, or really enjoy the taste of a glass of wine. The persons about to be recipients of after-dinner eloquence can seldom get up more than a little "bald disjointed chat," and can scarcely ever attend to the food before them; which, perhaps, explains the curious fact that the dishes on such occasions, from the soup to the ice-pudding, are invariably at the same medium temperature, and that the wine is of that kind which leaves a deeper mark in the memory than the speeches. Between these opposite poles we have the genuine dinner, which according to the best authorities should not exceed eight persons; at least a larger number is certain to break into separate parties. It is from the consideration of the theoretically perfect dinner of some six or eight people that the safest rules for stimulating conversation may be derived.

At such a dinner the merely sensual enjoyment of eating and drinking is neither the predominant part, as in the dinner of one, nor altogether neglected as in the meeting for oratorical display. As a man is said to be perfectly dressed when no one notices any particular article of costume, so a dinner is perfect which does not attract notice to any particular dish. It should act by diffusing the general state of thorough physical comfort which is most favorable to social expansion. If it is ever good enough to attract independent notice, it is a proof that the end has been sacrificed to the means. Every guest should have felt a kind of agreeable titillation, an indescribable impulse conveyed through the palate to the brain, of which he could afterward give no definite account. On the great principle of the correlation of forces, the food and wine should be entirely transmuted into friendly feeling and pleasant conversation. If any distraction is caused, it is of course better that it should be due to an excess of luxury than to any shortcomings or positively disagreeable sensations; but a distraction of any kind shows that the fuel of society has not been properly consumed, and that the art is deficient in the art of concealing itself. The physical conditions are of course the least difficult to supply; but no one will doubt that they are essential who considers how completely the effect of the most brilliant conversation is nullified by the smallest disorder in his digestive organs. A man with a twinge of the gout or even with a sense that his boots are too tight, must be of a heroic mould if he really enjoyed the conversation of Burke and Johnson, or the celebrated talkers of a later age. The old test of courage, that of snuffing a candle with your fingers, would be a trifle to talking pleasantly with a touch of the toothache. In a smaller degree, the sense that your wine is disagreeing with you may throw the most conversational of mankind off his balance.

Assuming, then, that the physical conditions have received due attention, we should rise to the more complex problems of the moral and intellectual atmosphere. The test of a really agreeable conversation is, that the whole party should be thoroughly combined

for the time into one organic whole. It should be a concert, in which every performer takes exactly his proper part without intruding upon his neighbors. The great difficulty is to produce this state of things in the beginning—to secure a thorough fusion of all the component elements. If the fusion is incomplete, there remain little lumps, as it were, in a state of partial sociability which often act as impassable barriers between two ends of a table. Thus the spurious variety of conversation known as a flirtation, however pleasant it may be to the persons concerned, is an annoyance to the larger circle. It is desirable, in the general interest, to place two persons known to be inclined to such a performance at such a distance that their efforts to communicate may react upon the common stock of hilarity; they may be trusted to secure compensation for the compulsory separation at a later period. The true theory of intoxication, regarded as a question of good taste, follows from the same fact. Our grandfathers used voraciously to consume large masses of solid food, and afterward to consume bottles of fiery port. The solecism is obvious. Such a plan tended to sulky silence at dinner, and to a subsequent period of ill-regulated noise. A man does not become convivial by eating large masses of beef and mutton; he must be possessed of unusual vivacity if his spirits are not rather smothered under the burden imposed upon his digestion. When a party had been sitting together in this state of smouldering ill-humor, they were suddenly stimulated into noisy excitement. Of course the conversation had then a tendency to fall into the power of the guest with the strongest lungs and digestion, who could simply roar his companions down. The strange old barbarism of drinking healths after dinner was evidently an expedient suggested by this state of things. People who had been for an hour in each other's society, and had not succeeded in kindling one lively spark of conversation, were in want of some factitious means of simulating sociability. The wine alone could only produce the desired state as men became drunk, and the clumsy expedient was devised of proposing toasts, which forced people to come out of their sulky silence by a kind

of mechanical compulsion. The true theory is to produce a slight stage of intoxication, if we may use the word without offence, at the earliest possible period. Every one has remarked what a difference is produced by the first glass of champagne. In a happily arranged dinner it just gives the slight impulse required to surmount the little stiffness which obstructs the launching of a conversation. On the other hand, any real approach to drunkenness is an utter barbarism, because the first symptom of such disaster is that the victim loses his social, as he afterward loses his bodily, balance; and, in short, a man who habitually drinks too much is in danger of becoming a bore—a consequence which is seldom mentioned in sermons on teetotalism, but is sufficiently terrible to be worth notice. Indeed, that enemy of the human race appears in the most appalling form at a dinner-party. Nowhere is escape so hopeless, and the consequence of yielding to him so destructive of all pleasure. The essential characteristic of a bore is that he is a pachydermatous animal, and therefore insensible to the anguish which he inflicts upon his more thin-skinned neighbors. Even such a being may be occasionally turned to account; he may act as a pioneer in breaking through some of the heavy obstacles which have to be surmounted at starting. He shows the way over a few conversational fences, as a heavy horse and rider may break some useful gaps for his followers. He is not afraid to talk about the weather, or to remark that the Clerkenwell explosion was an atrocious crime. He may be used as the victim to be sacrificed to the God of Dulness—if there is such a divinity—at the commencement of the journey. But to use such tools requires great courage and skill. The fate of his rash employer is too often that of the wizard's assistant, who called up the devil to do his work, and then did not know how to dismiss him. If he once takes the bit between his teeth, and makes the running without summary extinction, all hopes of genuine pleasure may depart. The misfortune is that, as no man knows himself to be a bore, such a monster frequently takes himself to be a brilliant and agreeable member of society; and as society generally

takes a man at his own valuation, we have the most fearful of social nuisances—the man who makes brilliant conversation of malice prepense. It is true that, according to an aphorism already noticed, no man can do a thing perfectly without giving his mind to it. A hasty interpretation of this truth would seem to countenance even the detestable heresy—which, if never avowed, is perhaps sometimes carried into practice—that a man should cram himself with anecdotes or witticisms beforehand. Such a doctrine is really true of after-dinner speaking. In the few cases where that anomalous practice survives, the speaker ought to produce upon every one the impression that he is giving an extempore performance, and should really be prepared, to a certain extent, beforehand. But to introduce this into general conversation is as erroneous as though a man should resolve to play a certain series of notes at a concert, whatever the rest of the performers might do. The mere attempt to work up to a particular story very frequently dislocates a conversation, and throws the whole party out of gear for the time. In short, the evil always makes itself felt when a man is talking with any set purpose, especially for the purpose of distinguishing himself instead of yielding to the spontaneous impulses of the moment. The only allowable art is that of the host, who should mix his company as carefully as his cook compounds his salads, and then, after placing them in the most favorable circumstances, trust to the natural consequences, as a farmer trusts that seed sown in fertile ground will spring up with an average share of sunshine and rain.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Continued from page 288.

From the year 1845 to 1861 the Greek revenue increased sixty-eight per cent. During thirteen years, from 1844 to 1857, the exports increased from ten millions of drachms to twenty-two millions. During twenty-three years, from 1832 to 1861, the tonnage of the trading vessels increased from 85,000 to 300,000, that is at the rate of more than 350 per cent. There are 27,000 seamen, a number more than half as great again as our

own in proportion to population. One interesting feature of this growing mercantile navy is, that common sailors often unite their humble gains to build and work a small vessel on their own account, as a co-operative society, and in such cases they are never known to disagree about their respective shares of the expense and profits. Surely, a small nation starting in the race of life with such energy, after long and intolerable oppression, should meet with the sympathy of all her sisters.

British good-sense has at least hindered us from believing with Fallmerayer and some other Germans that the Greeks are not even descended from the heroes of Marathon and Platæa. The almost unerring evidence of language shows them to be the purer representatives of old Greece than the modern Italians are of old Rome. A race is never replaced by another without extermination or wholesale emigration. Of course they are not unmixed; there are Albanians at Salamis, Hydra, and in the mountains of Thessaly and Epirus; there are Wallachians in Thessaly; but the very fact that the intruders retain their languages and national characteristics proves that there has been no fusion upon a large scale. One or two forms of the verb constitute the only linguistic element borrowed by modern Greek from the Slavonian. There are some Venetian lineages both on the mainland and in the Ionian Isles, but not in number sufficient to have affected the language. The Greek is indestructible; he alone in the Old World resisted the ostrich-like power of assimilation possessed by Rome.

While the less taught nations upon the Danube regard the English as by temperament the enemies of human freedom, the Greeks understand our motives better. Hence the attempt to propitiate us by their nomination of Prince Alfred. The universal approbation with which the cession of the Ionian Isles was received by the British public shows that the keen Hellenes did not altogether miscalculate. There is growing up amongst us a respect for the political significance of race, and a preference for the natural division of states as distinguished from the artificial unions produced by conquest and maintained by

force. We perceive that it is a corollary from the doctrine of respect for individual men, that nations like men should be their own masters. We no longer hold the interests of England paramount over the rights of native populations, and are not finally decided against the idea that the recognition of the rights of all men may prove the best policy for our own and for general interests. Nay, grave doubts are occasionally suggested as to whether we should maintain the unity of the Ottoman Empire at the cost of all growth in Greece, Servia, and Moldo-Wallachia. The unquestionable rights of the Turks are somewhat akin to those of the Pope—right divine to govern wrong. In civilized society we are accustomed to forcible expropriation of individuals for the sake of general interests. Again, we feel that the right of the Red Indian to the soil he cannot or will not cultivate, is overridden by the common human right to take the most out of the surface of the earth. All these considerations tell against our traditional policy.

While feelings of this order are getting more and more prevalent among intelligent Englishmen, our rulers remain decidedly behind them; a debate on the affairs of Italy, in April, 1859, shows the method according to which English statesmen judge of foreign affairs, and we are afraid they have not yet got much beyond it during the eight or nine intervening years. We quote the discussion on the state of Europe, April 18th, of that year, as it was summed up in the *Times*, with an indispensable running commentary of our own.

Lord Malmesbury began by explaining that English sympathy for Austria arose from our being of the same Teutonic origin. A most philosophical utterance this; it is only to be regretted that of the thirty-seven millions of inhabitants then belonging to Austria, only eight were German, and that these eight millions are now not very certain of remaining Austrian.

His lordship continued: "No minister of this country, and I believe no subject of her Majesty, will deny the undoubted right of Austria to her Italian dominions. She possesses them by inheritance, by conquest, and by treaty; and I know no other titles by which her Gracious Maj-

esty holds, etc." We are afraid that a great many subjects of Queen Victoria were anything but orthodox about the right of Austria to her Italian dominions. There is even room to suspect that Lord Malmesbury himself became open to conviction on this matter a little later. We will also go so far as to say that Queen Victoria's principal title to the homage of her subjects is something higher and surer than conquest, treaty, or inheritance.

Lord Malmesbury proceeded to speak of the treaties of Vienna as of the greatest consequence to the security of the whole of Europe. Yes, that is our crime and our punishment; we sacrificed the repose of Europe to the interests of Austria.

His lordship went on to regret that Austria did not restrict herself to the management of her own affairs. But she could not. A government in a false position is obliged to add usurpation to usurpation, or else to break down altogether. There is a power, apparently unknown to our statesmen, called national spirit, and if Austria had not transgressed all bounds in order to anticipate and crush this spirit, it would have driven her out of Italy years earlier than she was driven. There are circumstances in which a resolute robber is obliged for his own security to murder his victim, and it is to no purpose that timorous accomplices regret his proceeding to such an extreme of violence.

Lord Malmesbury concluded by saying Sardinia "seems to have forgotten that military glory may be an appendage of constitutional government, but that it is not its object." Sardinia did not care for military glory; but Italy wanted existence and unity, and it has won them in defiance of all this pedantry, and none are more happy in the result than the noble lords and honorable members who said so many fine things to the contrary.

Lord Clarendon saw no "affinity between the Lombards and Piedmontese—not even that of language" (!). He held that if we sanction the violation of treaties in one instance, the process will not stop there. "If Europe is to be scrambled for," there will be nothing but endless confusion and strife.

Lord Derby: England has at heart

the cause of freedom; but the king of Sardinia should not have spoken at the opening of the Legislature, of the cry of anguish which burst from Italy. Wishes the Austrian treaties with the minor Italian States were abandoned.

This conversation took place in the House under the influence of an uneasy feeling, which soon after passed away. Our statesmen at that time wished to act as a drag upon the freedom of Italy. Their views have since so completely changed, as far as the Italian Peninsula is concerned, that they can hardly be expected to remember their speeches sufficiently to repudiate them. In fact, the principles then put forth have not been repudiated; a liberal instinct in behalf of Italy made itself felt as soon the prejudices roused by French intervention were lulled; but this is made an exceptional case, and our rulers continue to pursue in the East the policy that they were glad to abandon, and of which they applauded the discomfiture in Italy. There is the same tendency to see in the struggles of a people for existence, nothing but the ambition of princes; the same fear of touching anything in a system of forced and artificial order, lest the whole edifice should go to pieces; the same well-meaning but short-sighted efforts to obtain a reasonably good government, and some respect for elementary human rights, from Powers that only exist by usurpation and can only continue by tyranny; there is, in short, the same repugnance or else incapacity to go to the bottom of things.

Mr. Grant Duff went a little too far when he said in Parliament, June, 1863, that the Christians of Turkey had no enemy in England except Lord Palmerston. Would it were so; but assuredly the greatest enemy of these populations, and of our own character for liberality, justice, and mercy, is that ignorance of Eastern affairs which prevails among English constituencies, and even among their representatives. Englishmen leave the direction of the part to be played by their country in foreign affairs to statesmen who have to do with the rulers, not the people of other countries, who breathe only the conventional air of courts, living in constant contact and diplomatic intercourse, and discuss-

ing details of dynastic policy with men whose function it is to blind and cajole each other, and to stifle the popular voice. Our diplomatists abroad manifest conventional sympathies with liberty and progress, but have not the art of making British influence tell effectually in their favor. Doing a little at one time to fall in with our national sympathies for freedom and justice; trying a few months later to soothe the disquietude of despots; dreading the breaking up of an order of things supposed to be necessary; sick and uneasy at the follies and cruelties they cannot prevent,—the statesmen of the diplomatic school have managed to perpetuate a wavering, ill-defined, contradictory international policy, which, on the whole, lets despotism carry the day, inspiring the Liberals of Europe with angry distrust and the oppressed with bitter despair.

Some years ago in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, Mr. Mill made a vigorous protest against the inconsecutive, happy-go-lucky nature of our foreign policy, considered as a whole. Neither the powers and the peoples with whom we are brought into contact, nor the English people itself, nor those that act for that people in its relations with the outer world, appear to know on any particular occasion what the real gist of the policy of England will be. The letter of this statement is less justified by our attitude in the East than it is elsewhere, for we may always be reckoned upon to do whatever may strengthen the hands of the Turks. But in doing so our representatives cannot altogether lay aside the instincts and traditions of Englishmen; there is the same practical vacillation as in other spheres; our policy is ineffectual to protect the Turks, and it is almost habitually the reverse of what it would be if we loved our neighbors enough to feel our responsibility and to take the trouble of becoming well informed. English statesmen are hardly ever found to discuss upon its own merits any topic connected with the East; their policy is one of expedients, and in every kind of human affairs mere expediency generally goes wrong.

Joseph le Maistre once wrote: "Observe the nations that are wisest and

best governed at home; you will see them lose their wisdom altogether, and be no longer like themselves, when they have to do with governing others." This saying hardly applies to the England of the present day, for when foreign races are brought under her direct and recognized administration, a sense of responsibility is really brought home to the public mind. But we do become unlike ourselves when we have indirectly to do with the fate of alien races, and our judgment is warped by prejudice. Our contemptuous indifference to being misunderstood by foreigners is culpable as well as impolitic, and it has contributed perhaps more than anything else to that character for selfish and narrow unscrupulousness so unjustly attributed to us by the continental masses.

To become just in their foreign relations, nations must learn to understand each other; and in this respect, from our character and our insular position, we are sadly backward, understanding others too little, and being ourselves understood still less. Now it was said with truth some years ago, by a writer in the *National Review*:—

"The diffused multitude of moderate men, whose opinions taken in the aggregate form public opinion, are just as likely to be tyrannical toward what they do not realize, inapprehensive of what is not argued out, thoughtless of what is not brought before them, as any other class can be. They will judge well of what they are made to understand; they will not be harsh to feelings that are brought home to their imagination; but the materials of a judgment must be given them, the necessary elements of imagination must be provided, otherwise the result is certain. A free government is the most stubbornly stupid of all governments to whatever is *unheard* by its deciding classes."

The writer was thinking of a different subject; but he unconsciously gives us the philosophy of our omissions and commissions in the East.

It is only to a part of the press that we can look to enlighten the public on these matters. That part which possesses so much undue power because its course is supposed to indicate what is likely to be the common opinion, makes itself the organ of popular prejudices instead of attempting to dissipate them. The *Times* is for this reason ever ready to repeat in new circumstances the same

series of errors and misstatements which have been already stultified by events in analogous circumstances; it refuses to credit disagreeable facts until their evidence is irresistible, and it becomes the advocate of truth and right only when the contrary prejudice has been overcome, and they no longer need its support. How blindly it swallowed the Austrian bulletins in 1859; the Austrian army had retreated behind the Adda, before the *Times* could bring itself to look upon the battle of Magenta as a French victory. It scoffed when the common councilmen of Milan carried the allegiance of their city to Victor Emanuel, as if Italy had any other way of giving herself to the monarch of her choice than by fragments. The *Times'* correspondent of Turin, in the number of March 17, 1859, was indignant at the fuss the Piedmontese made about resisting Austria, and treated as scamps, and as ordinary deserters, and men unfaithful to their salt, the Lombard nobles, who came at all risks to serve as common soldiers in the Piedmontese army. Of course it began to take the side of the Italians when they were winning; but even then bargained that there should be as little emancipation as possible.

If the events of Europe since 1815 teach us anything, it is the vitality of nationalities. Poland alone has been crushed under irresistible odds, but everywhere else the principle triumphs. We helped to put Austria in a position to illustrate this truth at her expense. "Enemy of the human race, and especially of her own allies," as De Maistre proclaimed her, she has been obliged to ruin her finances and trouble the world in the vain effort to keep down the peoples we had helped to give over to her iron arms. We thereby shared her iniquity, and if we pursue the same sort of policy too long and too consistently, we shall expiate our blindness by some national humiliation, for England can be wounded in the East.

It is well to observe that we live in an age in which national feeling grows in intensity from year to year, and, for aught we know, it may be on the eve of accomplishing greater miracles than we have seen. The great mistakes of Napoleon III. have consisted in under-

rating this feeling in Italy, in the United States, and in Germany. We equally underrate it in the East. This instinct is not an invariable force; the patriotic feeling in old Greece and Rome was that of civism rather than nationality. In the middle ages the feelings of caste and of common Christianity were much stronger than patriotism. In Spain, love of country and hatred of the infidel became confounded from circumstances. The resistance of the Scotch to English conquest, and the enthusiasm of the French under Joan of Arc, exhibit the dawning of modern patriotism; though in both cases there was evidence enough that the feeling was not universal. At the French Revolution this spirit was abroad as it had never been before; and when Napoleon had contrived to transform the first revolutionary energy into the mere spirit of military glory, the nations that rose up against him were filled in their turn with the patriotic inspiration. "I am going to set Germany free from demagogy," said Napoleon, when he set out for Leipzig.

Patriotism is a feeling that will probably diminish in a future age, when every country will offer its natives the same free institutions, and when the prejudices and antagonisms now fostered by ignorance will have disappeared. He who said, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother," gives us a glimpse of ties stronger than those of nature and neighborhood, and which are to be one day universal. However that may be, it is certain that the desire to assert national rights is at the present moment one of the strongest of human impulses, and that it is increasing from year to year. A little liberty gives appetite for more; partial emancipation, or the spectacle of the emancipation of neighboring nations, makes patriotic aspiration all the more ardent and the more hopeful; it is only irritated, not discouraged, by obstacles, and kindles at defeat. The ambitious purposes of a monarch die out when they are resisted, or may be turned aside into new combinations; but the aspirations of a nation for political existence act with the untiring perseverance of natural agents.

If the strength of this feeling gives promise of the future emancipation of

the remainder of the Greeks, it weighs against their pretension to supremacy over the other Christian subjects of Turkey. You insult a Bulgarian to-day if you call him a Greek. He will indignantly reply that he is a Bulgarian of the orthodox faith; he hates the Hellenes. They can never more become an imperial race. Their vanity, venality, rapacity, and selfishness in every shape, have thoroughly alienated all the other Christians from them. The Greek bishops made themselves from the first the allies and instruments of the Turks, and their tyranny drove more converts into Islamism throughout the empire, than any other cause. Even at this moment the Greek clergy in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, coöperate with the Turks in frustrating the ends of the *Huttihumayoon*.

We read in a letter of November 4, 1865, from a clear-sighted and impartial observer at Constantinople:

"The different Christian communities would prefer to be governed by the Turks rather than by a rival Christian sect. The Armenians, for example, dislike the Turks, but they hate the Greeks; and the Greeks would much rather be governed by Turks than Armenians; they hate the Turks, but they despise the Armenians. Those who favor the restoration of a Greek empire, as an improvement upon a Mussulman government, know but little of the modern Greeks, and give but little heed to the events which are transpiring in the present kingdom of Greece. I can safely say that there are not two millions of people in this empire who would not rebel against a Greek government at Constantinople at once. The Greek people are hated, not by Armenians alone, but by at least three-fourths of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey. The overthrow of the present Government would, undoubtedly, be followed by long years of terrible anarchy."

The Albanians, whom M. Hahn has shown to be the descendants of the old Pelasgi, have more affinity with the Greeks than any of the Slavonian tribes. Albania Proper has about a million of inhabitants, nearly equally divided between Christianity and Islamism. The Albanians of Epirus are 400,000 in number, of whom four-fifths are Christians. There are 210,000 Albanians and 40,000 Wallachians within the limits of modern Greece, and this ethnological diversity

is not found to be a practical inconvenience.

We now come to the struggle in Crete, the immediate cause of there being at this moment an Eastern Question, and of our observations upon it. The population of this island were so disgusted with the rule of the Venetians, that the conquest by the Turks in 1699, became at first a matter of rejoicing. They were, however, soon undeceived, for their treatment by the conquerors was harsh and barbarous in the extreme, so that, choosing to become themselves oppressors rather than to be oppressed, a considerable part of the people embraced Islamism. These Cretan Mussulmans have always had a worse reputation in the Levant than any other converts; they were distinguished by the most horrible brutality and cruelty. The configuration of the island, combined with the innate Greek tendency to political isolation, had from the earliest times led to the establishment of a multitude of small independent States, ever at war with each other. This state of society contributed to make the Cretans from extreme antiquity a people of warriors, who hired themselves out as mercenaries to all the neighboring nations. Even in Judæa, a thousand years before Christ, King David had his body-guard of Cherethites. The traditions of mercenary military service demoralized the population, as has been the case in all countries where it was practised, and St. Paul himself endorsed this sentence, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." It would really seem as if these national characteristics had been transmitted through all the intervening generations, and of course it was the least worthy and generous elements of the people that apostatized.

The atrocities perpetrated by the Cretan Mussulmans early in this century, were on such a scale, that the Porte determined to put an end to them after its own fashion. Hadji Osman, who was sent as governor in 1813, invited the chiefs of the Janissaries and leading Mahometans to a conference, at which he had them all seized and summarily executed, without the form of a trial. Encouraged by this weakening of their adversaries, and by the revolt of the Greeks on the mainland, the Christians

rose up in arms in 1821. There was a fierce and bloody struggle; but a large body of Egyptian troops, better armed and disciplined than the islanders, succeeded in crushing the rebellion in the central and eastern districts. The inhabitants of the White Mountains alone held out. This is the western extremity of the island; it contains lofty mountains, including one summit of ten thousand feet, and elevated plains, Askyphe and Kallikrati, only accessible through defiles of such a nature that a few determined men can defend them against any odds. It is, in short, a grand natural fortress, at once impregnable and capable of providing food for some thousand men. Its inhabitants, who were unmixed with Mussulmans, and had never yielded much more than a nominal allegiance to the Porte, continued the war in a more or less desultory way until 1830. The Great Powers then interfered; Candia was given back to the Ottoman Empire, but remained until 1840 in the hands of Mahomet Ali, as an indemnity for the services and expenses of the Egyptian army.

In 1841 there was a new insurrection, and the Cretans were persuaded that England coveted the sovereignty of this island, and would have sustained them if they had cast themselves upon her protection.

The European Powers guaranteed the promises of the Porte, that no tax should be imposed upon the Cretans except tithe, and the taxation for exemption from military service. Instead of this they were soon subjected to the most exorbitant and crushing taxation, which was made to fall upon some of the necessities of life; and the Powers who had induced the Cretans to lay down their arms, did not make so much as a feeble protest in order to save appearances. These facts should be noted, because part of the British press pretend that the Cretans prove the insincerity of their complaints by refusing to put up with assurances of municipal liberties, and improved administration, and so forth, with the guarantee of the protecting Powers. The Cretans know too well what our promises are worth. They are made to keep them quiet, and they are doubtless intended to be fulfilled by the statesmen who make them, but no promises of good

government to which Turks are a party can be kept.

It is also frequently asserted, the insurrection was merely the result of Russian and Greek intrigues. Now it is notorious all through the Levant, that a succession of bad crops made the previously existing grievances intolerable, and that the Cretans did not appeal to arms until they had exhausted all the resources of peaceable agitation. Early in 1866, a vast unarmed meeting adopted a petition for presentation to the Sultan, and formed a permanent committee of thirty persons to represent them and treat for them. The immediate occasion of the insurrection was the refusal of Ismail Pasha to guarantee the immunity of the members of this committee, and in this he was sustained by the English and French Consuls, who treated the demand as an insult to a civilized government.

We shall have recourse once more to the Oriental authority, in whose information and disinterestedness we have most confidence. One of the American missionaries at Constantinople writes on the 7th of November, 1866, three months after the breaking out of hostilities:

"When the story of this rebellion is published by the impartial witnesses who are now carefully recording what they see and know, the civilized world will be startled by the story. Such witnesses, then, are in Crete, and in due time such a history of this insurrection will be published as cannot be gainsaid. It will be a story of horrors which will not be an honor to the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. The Cretans did not intend to appeal to arms when they sought, all through the first months of this year, to obtain redress from the Porte for the wrongs from which they were suffering. The Pasha, who ruled the island, was a brute, and he drove them to desperation. I do not know that the Porte desired to drive the Cretans to insurrection, nor do I know that the French Consul sympathized with such an idea; but I do know that, if this had been their wish, they could not have adopted surer means to secure it. Even up to the very last, the removal of Ismail Pasha and a respectful consideration of the claims of the people would have prevented an outbreak. The Porte was informed of this fact on authority which they ought to have received; but they persevered in their course, and the French approved. A little earlier than this Ismail Pasha himself might have quieted the people,

if he had been willing to conciliate them by treating them as men, but he refused to do so. In this he was encouraged by the French Consul, and, if I am not misinformed, by the English Consul also, in some measure.

"It seems to be true that the Cretans are getting discouraged. They had confidently hoped for at least moral aid from Christian Europe. They have not had even this. But even more than this disappointment, the horrible barbarities perpetrated by the Turks have discouraged the people, at the same time that they have rendered them almost desperate.

"The scenes of the Greek Revolution have been re-enacted in Crete. The Pasha in command is the same man who drowned the Revolution of 1841 in blood. He is more brutal now than he was then. No one who does not know the East can realize what it is to give full license to Turkish and Egyptian soldiers. He has done more than this. He has urged on his men; he has carefully destroyed the deserted villages; he has cut down the olive-groves upon which the people depend for their living; he has burned to death old men and women in caves and upon slow fires. Parties of soldiers, especially of the Moslem volunteers of Crete and the irregular troops from Albania, scour the country, murdering men and children, inflicting outrages of the worst kind upon women, and committing atrocities worthy of demons.

"In the midst of all these horrors, suffered by their own families, and with starvation staring them in the face, it is not strange that the hearts of these poor wretches sink within them, nor that some are inclined to give up everything in despair. They can hardly hold out much longer. Might not England have intervened to prevent these horrors, at least so far as to secure to the Cretans the rights which she had guaranteed to them herself not many years ago?"

Of course, no sooner had the insurrection begun than the Greeks of the mainland seized the opportunity with enthusiasm, and volunteers flocked in. The Turks on their side made the greatest efforts to crush the insurgents by overwhelming numbers, lest the success of the Cretans should encourage other malcontents and prove the beginning of the end, so that the war has been a most exhausting one for their resources, and even at an early period they were so dismayed by the energetic resistance they met with, that the project of making the island over to Egypt was seriously entertained, and it is understood to have been favored by French diplomatists.

It must have been disagreeable long

ago when one had been dining in company with a courteous and gentleman-like Jamaica planter, to learn next morning that while the company had been sitting over their walnuts and their wine, an unfortunate negress had been whipped to death by the overseer of the plantation. We can quite understand Lord Stanley's slowness to avow the information he had received about the atrocities committed in Crete, though, coming as it did from a gentleman who was himself partially to blame, and who was so placed as to see nothing and hear little of these outrages, it could not be supposed an adequate statement. Lord Stanley said both parties were equally cruel. Doubtless there has been the most implacable retaliation; that is in human nature, as our own remembrances of India in 1857 and 1858 might help us to understand; but, it should be remembered, the English Consul is so placed as to hear what the Mussulmans suffer from the Christians, and to be comparatively ignorant of the barbarities perpetrated on the opposite side.

We may make Abdul Medjid Knight of the Garter, and the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle may glitter on the breast of Fuad Pasha; but, while his Ottoman Majesty was feasting in London, in Coblenz, and in Vienna, and awakening the enthusiasm of our newspaper writers, war was being carried on against the unhappy Cretans with all the means of destruction possessed by the most advanced civilization, and at the same time with all the passion and cruelty of the most barbarous times. Prisoners were hacked to pieces leisurely, paralytic old men mutilated in their beds, and then burnt. The fact that out of a population of 120,000 Christians, at least one-fourth, and perhaps more, old men, women, and children, have fled from the island, some of them crowding into small open boats, and some for that reason perishing at sea:—that simple fact is enough to suggest the horrors that caused such an exodus. Emigration now goes on as a means of delivering the insurgents from the difficulty of feeding non-combatants; but it was at first the refuge of despair.*

* We know not what to say of the candor or

Nor is the Sultan personally altogether guiltless of the deeds wrought in his name. There is a paper in Constantinople called the *Tasfiri Efkiar*, which is semi-official, and edited by a young man in the employment of the Foreign Office. It is the favorite paper of the Turks. Some two months after the breaking out of the Cretan insurrection, a long article was published upon the subject in this paper. It declared that if the rebel Christians prolonged the struggle, there would be but one way of ending it. The Turks had tolerated these things long enough, and ought now to adopt a policy of extermination. Every Christian, man, woman, or child, should be put to the sword, and the island colonized with Moslems. It was a fierce, fanatical, but powerfully-written article, and it attracted the attention of the Sultan himself. He sent for the editor, and complimented him personally for it. The rank of the young man was raised at once, and he was decorated by imperial order, just as his master, some months later, was to be received into the ranks of our highest Christian chivalry. The Russian minister, hearing of this, had the article translated, and taking it in his hand, he demanded explanations of Ali Pasha. The Pasha replied that the decoration was not given as a reward for the sentiments expressed, but for the literary merit of the article, its pure and beautiful style!

The *Saturday Review* intimates that the numerous accounts of murders and atrocities, which filled the press as soon as hostilities began, should raise distrust instead of gaining credit; they were "so like old stories resuscitated." It seems that lust and cruelty must invent new and original methods of glutting themselves before the *Saturday Reviewers* can believe in their existence. In our eyes these are, indeed, very like the old stories of Turkish mansuetude, and for that reason all the more credible.

There cannot have been more than 20,000 men under arms at any time in the Cretan cause, even reckoning 5,000 volunteers from Continental Greece, and as they had to contend with considerably

superior armies, Turkish, Egyptian, and native Moslem, they were after a few months driven into the recesses of the White Mountains; but these are impregnable, and, as has been already observed, can even provide partially for the wants of the garrison; blockade runners can do the rest, so that with a little expense on the part of Greece, or of Russia, if Greek finances fail, the contest can be maintained interminably. With the consciousness of the strength of their position, the local provincial government peremptorily rejected the proposals of the Porte on the 10th of October last. We transcribe some passages from their answer, addressed to Redschid Pasha:—

"For fifteen months we have sustained, with arms in our hands, a struggle unequal, but legitimate, for we have armed ourselves definitively to shake off the horrible yoke which the Government of the Sultan has caused to weigh upon us for two centuries, and under which we have suffered the most terrible evils.

"... We have considered the sadness and misery of our position, thanks to the inertia of your administration; we have compared ourselves with other European peoples; we have asked ourselves what would be our future; we have not been able to discover any chance of progress for ourselves, nor of amelioration of our fate under the sovereignty of the Sultan; the *Tanzimat* and the *Hatt-i-Humayoon*, vain promises, of which a long experience has shown the inefficiency, were not of a nature to reassure us as to our future fate. No longer, then, hoping anything, we have taken up arms, and relying on the right of nationalities, we have boldly proclaimed the forfeiture of the Turkish domination, and, confident in our right, have voted our reunion to our mother country, Greece.

"A war of extermination has for several months continued its ravages over our beautiful island. The unbridled hordes of Asia and Africa, let loose upon our unhappy country to fight a people who are weak and not numerous, but courageous and tenacious, commit the most horrible outrages on women, children, the aged and defenceless, and by these abominations they have justly raised the indignation of all the peoples, both of the Old and the New World.

"After so many calamities and disasters, after such sacrifices on our part, how can your Excellency seriously propose to us to lay down our arms, and to have confidence in the amnesty granted by the Sultan in his magnanimity? How can you ask us to return to our dwellings to enjoy in safety the

also the sagacity of those English journals who treated it as a political manoeuvre.

protection of the Imperial Government? Does not your Excellency, then, remember that, at the head of your ferocious militia, you have demolished our habitations; that everywhere on your passage you devastated and sacked our unfortunate country; that the blood of innocent victims unjustly shed has dug between you and us an abyss which nothing can fill up? No tie, absolutely, now unites us to you. Our religion, language, manners, customs, national traditions, are opposed to yours. The massacres committed by you in the present war, the profanation of our temples, the destruction of our villages, of our olive woods, of our vines—all these acts of vandalism have crowned the enmity between you and us, and it is henceforth impossible for us to live under the law of such cruel tyrants.

"Your Excellency's Government then deceives itself strangely, if it hopes to bring us again under its dominion by fallacious promises. Consequently, we boldly refuse the six weeks' truce which you grant us, reserving to ourselves the right to attack the Imperial troops when and where we think proper. Neither will we accept the authorization given us to emigrate with our families within the above-named time. You well know that up to this time thousands of families have quitted Crete without the authorization of your magnanimous government.

"Our families provisionally quit our wretched country to escape from the cowardly assassinations of Turkish women-killers, but we never had, and never shall have, the thoughts of abandoning for ever our dear country. Whilst we have a drop of blood in our veins, whilst we have strength enough left to carry a gun, we will not abandon the land where our ancestors and our fathers were born, the land watered by the blood of our wives and our children, the land that covers the bones of so many martyrs of liberty. We will, on the contrary, remain there, and with arms in our hands, we will everywhere and always deal death to our cruel and sanguinary tyrants, and will remain immovably faithful to the oath we have taken, to unite ourselves to Greece or die."

There may be a little wordiness, a little declamation, in this spirited declaration of independence, and the Fenians have so disgusted us with mock heroics of late, that we look askance upon everything that reminds us of their style. But when we remember that the men who drew up this paper were the cousins and brothers of those who a few months before had blown themselves up along with their besiegers in the monastery of Arkadion, we feel they have a right to speak as men who are in ear-

nest. They who are so ready for high deeds, may be forgiven their sonorous words. The self-devotion displayed in the Italian cause was not so great as theirs, nor was the misgovernment of Austria comparable to that of Turkey; then why have we different measures for these two nations who are both struggling for their birthright? The *Times* answers, it was policy, not sentiment, that prompted our joyful acquiescence in the emancipation of the Italian Peninsula. Well, let it be supposed for a moment that policy forbids the emancipation of the Greeks; then let us honestly confess that interest makes us take the ungenerous side; let us not try to save our good opinion of ourselves by inventing grievances against the victims of our policy. Let the lamb be given to the jaws of the wolf, if it must, but let us not accuse the lamb of troubling the water. There is more hope for the cynic than the hypocrite in politics as well as religion.

We now pass from the Turks, Greeks, and Albanians, to the long belt of Slavonic tribes, extending from the Adriatic to the Black Sea; of whom the Western, or Servian, and Croatian half, speak the purest Slavonic, ethnologists being in some doubt as to the original affiliation of the Bulgarians. Without reckoning the 900,000 Bulgarians, Christian or Moslem, who have pushed their way south of the Balkan, there are about six millions and a half speaking the two languages, of whom more than a million and a half have embraced Mahometanism. It is the case with 950,000 Bosnians, more than 200,000 Servians in Old Servia, and 450,000 Bulgarians. Montenegro is estimated at about 100,000 inhabitants. The free principality of Servia now contains 1,100,000, and the population is rapidly increasing. That of Bosnia, including Rascia, Turkish Croatia, and the Herzegovina, is reckoned to be 1,770,000; Old or Turkish Servia, 500,000; Bulgaria Proper, 3,100,000.

It is the misfortune of the Turks that all the races subject to them in Europe, have glorious remembrances which contribute to make them fret under the yoke. A French writer says, there are millions that daily ask, When will the Servian Empire come? We believe that they

should henceforth confine their aspirations to liberty, but, some centuries ago, the idea of a Servian Empire was very near becoming a reality. The dynasty founded by Stephen Nemanja in 1165, bid fair for some time to raise itself on the ruins of the *effete* Greeks, in which case a young and vigorous civilization would have confronted the Ottoman wave when it advanced upon Europe. The greatest of the Nemanitch princes was the celebrated Dûshan the strong, the Charlemagne of Servia, of whose existence Gibbon does not seem to have been aware (1336—1356). In twelve campaigns he wrested from the Cæsars the provinces of Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, Albania, and Acarnania, reducing the Greeks to the narrow triangle formed by Salonica, Constantinople, and Bourgaz. Bosnia was incorporated in his dominions; Bulgaria paid him tribute; Ragusa placed herself under his protection. He was inscribed in the Golden Book of Venice as Emperor of Rascia and Romania. He also twice defeated the Hungarians. His frequent wars did not hinder his issuing a code of laws most remarkable for that period, and he made the church of Servia independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

At last, in 1356, Dûshan determined to plant his banner, the double-headed eagle, with a crown suspended over each head and a lily in each claw, upon the walls of Constantinople itself. He thought, to use a Turkish simile, that there could no more be two emperors at a time, than two sabres in the same scabbard. The occasion seemed propitious. Menaced from Asia by the Turks, weakened by internal dissensions, beaten at sea by the Genoese, driven from the field by the victorious Servians, the Greeks of John Paleologus seemed incapable of resistance. Dûshan had marched at the head of eighty thousand men to within thirty miles of Constantinople, when he was seized with fever and died at the age of forty-five, full, it is said, of the most gloomy presentiments. The momentary greatness of Servia died with him, and the destinies of the East were changed.

In the anarchy that followed, Dûshan's conquests were soon lost. The independence of the Servians themselves per-

ished with their last prince, Lazarus, at the fatal battle of Cossovo in 1389. This defeat was owing to the desertion of Vouk Brancovitch, a Vaivode jealous of his master, who with twelve thousand men declared for the Turks in the midst of the battle. The victory of the Turks was nevertheless dearly bought; the Sultan Murad I. and the flower of his army mingled their blood with that of the vanquished. The remains of the unfortunate Lazarus were brought to the convent of Ravanitza, and thither the Servians are wont to go in pilgrimage on the anniversary of the battle of Cossovo. According to the *pesmas* or ballads of the peasantry, the popular hero after this great national disaster was Marco Kralievitch, the type of a valiant, but reckless and brutal soldier, a sort of Servian King Arthur, whose name is interwoven with a world of myths and remembrances. His submission to the crescent alternated with fits of savage and capricious independence, and he was killed fighting in the army of Sultan Bajazet against the Roumans. He is expected to reappear one day, mounted on his war-horse, Charutz.

According to popular tradition, the Servians also fought with the Turks against John Hunniades, because they imagined, whether truly or falsely, that the Magyars wanted to force them to become Roman Catholics. Scattered Heidukes, or robbers, like the Klephts in Greece, maintained a precarious individual independence among the forests and mountains. After the battle of Cossovo the flower of the Servian nobles took refuge in Ragusa. That city was ruined by an awful earthquake in 1667, and public instruction falling into the hands of the Jesuits, its literature was stifled. The members of the Servian aristocracy who remained at home refused to apostatize, and thereby lost all distinction from the mass of the people, but this has contributed to give the whole race a sense at once of equality and dignity. Every Servian considers himself a gentleman. They are a spirited and lively race, who call the Germans "the dumb," from their want of gaiety.

It was in 1804 that Kara (black) George, a man who did not know how to read, raised the standard of insurrec-

tion against the Turks in the wild forest district of Schumadia, and the Heidukes, coming out of their inaccessible retreats, gathered around him. He took Belgrade in 1806. In the plain of Wawarin, with only 3,000 men, he put to flight the army of Kurschid Pasha, ten times as numerous. At the battle of Michar, when the little Servian army of eight or nine thousand men was summoned by the Seraskier to lay down their arms, he answered, like Leonidas, of whom doubtless he had never heard, "Come and take them," and when the foe accepted the challenge, defeated them with slaughter. In 1810 the deliverance of Servia seemed accomplished, and the Sultan proposed to recognize Kara George as hospodar under the Russian guarantee, but the negotiations were protracted, intestine divisions began to prevail among the Christian chiefs, Russia concluded the peace of Bucharest without making conditions for Servia, and at the renewal of hostilities in 1813, Black George fled in despair to the Austrian territory, where he died. Servia became once more a Pashalik, and men who had submitted upon promises of amnesty, were shot and impaled by the infuriated Turks. Milosch Obrenovitch then became the leader of a new insurrection in 1815, and after many vicissitudes, by mingled bravery and policy, succeeded both in freeing his countrymen, and in establishing his own dynasty over them. Russian intrigues gave him at one time as much trouble as Turkish violence, and he was an exile from 1839 to 1860, for, since the successful revolt, Russia has always tried to pit the Servians against each other, and hinder them from forming a stable government. They are a pastoral people given to petty jealousies, and one of their accusations against Milosch was, that he could not bear to see any of his people with a larger herd of swine than himself!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Temple Bar Magazine.

TORNADOES AND LAND-STORMS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.,
AUTHOR OF "SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM," ETC.

THE inhabitants of the earth are subjected to agencies which—beneficial, doubtless, in the long run, perhaps nec-

essary to the very existence of terrestrial races—appear, at first sight, energetically destructive. Such are—in order of destructiveness—the hurricane, the earthquake, the volcano, and the thunderstorm. When we read of earthquakes, such as those which overthrew Lisbon, Callao, and Riobamba, and learn that one hundred thousand persons fell victims in the great Sicilian earthquake in 1693, and probably three hundred thousand in the two earthquakes which assailed Antioch in the years 526 and 612, we are disposed to assign at once to this devastating phenomenon the foremost place among the agents of destruction. But this judgment must be reversed when we consider that earthquakes—though so fearfully and suddenly destructive both to life and property—yet occur but seldom compared with wind-storms, while the effects of a real hurricane are scarcely less destructive than those of the sharpest shocks of earthquake. After ordinary storms, long miles of the sea-coast are strewn with the wrecks of many once gallant ships, and with the bodies of their hapless crews. In the spring of 1866 there might be seen at a single view from the heights near Plymouth twenty-two shipwrecked vessels, and this after a storm, which, though severe, was but trifling compared with the hurricanes which sweep over the torrid zones, and thence, scarcely diminished in force, as far north sometimes as our own latitudes. It was in such a hurricane that the "Royal Charter" was wrecked, and hundreds of stout ships with her. In the great hurricane of 1780, which commenced at Barbadoes and swept across the whole breadth of the North Atlantic, fifty sail were driven ashore at the Bermudas, two line-of-battle ships went down at sea, and upward of twenty thousand persons lost their lives on the land. So tremendous was the force of this hurricane (Captain Maury tells us) that "the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted—forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried in the air like chaff; houses were razed: ships wrecked; and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm"—an account,

however, which (though doubtless faithfully rendered by Maury from the authorities he consulted) must perhaps be accepted *cum grano*, and especially with reference to the great guns carried in the air "like chaff." *

In the gale of August, 1782, all the trophies of Lord Rodney's victory, except the "Ardent," were destroyed, two British ships-of-the-line foundered at sea, numbers of merchantmen under Admiral Graves' convoy were wrecked, and at sea alone three thousand lives were lost.

But, quite recently, a storm far more destructive than these swept over the Bay of Bengal. Most of our readers doubtless remember the great gale of October, 1864, in which all the ships in harbor at Calcutta were swept from their anchorage, and driven one upon another in inextricable confusion. Fearful as was the loss of life and property in Calcutta harbor, the destruction on land was greater. A vast wave swept for miles over the surrounding country, embankments were destroyed, and whole villages, with their inhabitants, swept away. Fifty thousand souls it is believed perished in this fearful hurricane.

The gale which has just ravaged the Gulf of Mexico adds another to the long list of disastrous hurricanes. As we write, the effects produced by this tornado are beginning to be made known. Already its destructiveness has become but too certainly evidenced.

The laws which appear to regulate the generation and the progress of cyclonic storms are well worthy of careful study.

The regions chiefly infested by hurricanes are the West Indies, the southern parts of the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, and the China seas. Each region has its special hurricane season.

In the West Indies, cyclones occur principally in August and September, when the south-east monsoons are at their height. At the same season the African south-westerly monsoons are blowing. Accordingly there are two sets of winds, both blowing heavily

and steadily from the Atlantic, disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium, and thus in all probability generating the great West Indian hurricanes. The storms thus arising show their force first at a distance of about six or seven hundred miles from the equator, and far to the east of the region in which they attain their greatest fury. They sweep with a north-westerly course to the Gulf of Mexico, pass thence northward, and so to the north-east, sweeping in a wide curve (resembling the letter U placed thus \sqsubset) around the West Indian seas, and thence travelling across the Atlantic, generally expending their fury before they reach the shores of Western Europe. This course is the storm track (or storm- \sqsubset as we shall call it). Of the behavior of the winds as they traverse this track, we shall have to speak when we come to consider the peculiarity from which these storms derive their names of "cyclones" and "tornadoes."

The hurricanes of the Indian Ocean occur at the "changing of the monsoons." "During the interregnum," writes Maury, "the fiends of the storm hold their terrific sway." Becalmed, often for a day or two, seamen hear moaning sounds in the air, forewarning them of the coming storm. Then, suddenly, the winds break loose from the forces which have for a while controlled them, and "seem to rage with a fury that would break up the fountains of the deep."

In the North Indian seas hurricanes rage at the same season as in the West Indies.

In the China seas occur those fearful gales known among sailors as "typhoons," or "white squalls." These take place at the changing of the monsoons. Generated, like the West Indian hurricanes, at a distance of some ten or twelve degrees from the equator, typhoons sweep in a curve similar to that followed by the Atlantic storms around the East Indian Archipelago, and the shores of China to the Japanese Islands.

There occur land-storms, also, of a cyclonic character in the valley of the Mississippi. "I have often observed the paths of such storms," says Maury, "through the forests of the Mississippi. There the track of these tornadoes is called a 'wind-road,' because they make

* We remember to have read that in this hurricane guns which had long lain under water were washed up like mere drift upon the beach. Perhaps this circumstance grew gradually into the incredible story above recorded.

an avenue through the wood straight along, and as clear of trees as if the old denizens of the forest had been cleared with an axe. I have seen trees three or four feet in diameter torn up by the roots, and the top, with its limbs, lying next the hole whence the root came." Another writer, who was an eye-witness to the progress of one of these American land-storms, thus speaks of its destructive effects. "I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest were falling into pieces. A mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust moved through the air, whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and passing, disclosed a wide space filled with broken trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest."

If it appeared, on a careful comparison of observations made in different places, that these winds swept directly along those tracks which they appear to follow, a comparatively simple problem would be presented to the meteorologist. But this is not found to be the case. At one part of a hurricane's course the storm appears to be travelling with fearful fury along the true storm- \sqsubset ; at another, less furiously directly across the storm-track; at another, but with yet diminished force, though still fiercely, in a direction exactly opposite to that of the storm-track.

All these motions appear to be fairly accounted for by the theory that the true path of the storm is a spiral—or rather, that while the centre of disturbance continually travels onward in a widely extended curve, the storm-wind sweeps continually around the centre of disturbance, as a whirlpool around its vortex.

And here a remarkable circumstance attracts our notice, the consideration of which points to the mode in which cyclones may be conceived to be generated. It is found, by a careful study of different observations made upon the same storm, that cyclones in the northern hemisphere *invariably* sweep round the onward travelling vortex of disturbance in *one* direction, and southern cyclones in the contrary direction. If we place a watch-face upward upon one of the northern cyclone regions in a Mercator's chart, then the motion of the

hands is *contrary* to the direction in which the cyclone whirls; when the watch is shifted to a southern cyclone region, the motion of the hands takes place in the same direction as the cyclone motion. This peculiarity is converted into the following rule-of-thumb for sailors who encounter a cyclone, and seek to escape from the region of fiercest storm:—*Facing the wind, the centre or vortex of the storm lies to the right in the northern, to the left in the southern, hemisphere.* Safety lies in flying from the centre in every case save one—that is, when the sailor lies in the direct track of the advancing vortex. In this case, to fly from the centre would be to keep in the storm-track; the proper course for the sailor when thus situated is to steer for the calmer side of the storm-track. This is always the outside of the \sqsubset , as will appear from a moment's consideration of the spiral curve traced out by a cyclone. Thus, if the seaman *scud before the wind*—in all other cases a dangerous expedient in a cyclone*—he will probably escape unscathed. There is, however, this danger, that the storm-track may extend to or even slightly overlap the land, in which case scudding before the gale would bring the ship upon a lee-shore. And in this way many gallant ships have, doubtless, suffered wreck.

The danger of the sailor is obviously greater, however, when he is overtaken by the storm on the inner side of the storm- \sqsubset . Here he has to encounter the double force of the cyclonic whirl and of the advancing storm-system, instead of the difference of the two motions, as on the outer side of the storm-track. His chance of escape will depend on his distance from the central path of the cyclone. If near to this, it is equally dangerous for him to attempt to scud to the safer side of the track, or to beat against the wind by the shorter course, which would lead him out of the storm- \sqsubset on its inner side. It has been shown by Colonel Sir W. Reid that this is the quarter in which vessels have been most frequently lost.

* A ship by scudding before the gale may—if the captain is not familiar with the laws of cyclones—go round and round without escaping. The ship "Charles Heddle" did this in the East Indies, going round no less than five times.

But even the danger of this most dangerous quarter admits of degrees. It is greatest where the storm is sweeping round the most curved part of its track, which happens in about latitude twenty-five or thirty degrees. In this case, a ship may pass twice through the vortex of the storm. Here hurricanes have worked their most destructive effects. And thus it happens that sailors dread, most of all, the part of the Atlantic near Florida and the Bahamas, and the region of the Indian Ocean which lies south of Bourbon and Mauritius.

To show how important it is that captains should understand the theory of cyclones in both hemispheres, we shall here relate the manner in which Captain J. V. Hall escaped from a typhoon of the China seas. About noon, when three days out from Macao, Captain Hall saw "a most wild and uncommon-looking halo round the sun." On the afternoon of the next day, the barometer had commenced to fall rapidly; and though, as yet, the weather was fine, orders were at once given to prepare for a heavy gale. Toward evening, a bank of cloud was seen in the south-east, but when night closed the weather was still calm and the water smooth, though the sky looked wild and a scud was coming on from the north-east. "I was much interested," says Captain Hall, "in watching for the commencement of the gale, which I now felt sure was coming. That bank to the south-east was the meteor (cyclone) approaching us, the north-east scud the outer north-west portion of it; and when at night a strong gale came on about north, or north-north-west, I felt certain we were on its western and south-western verge. It rapidly increased in violence; but I was pleased to see the wind veering to the north-west, as it convinced me that I had put the ship on the right track, namely on the starboard-tack, standing, of course, to the south-west. From ten A.M. to three P.M. it blew with great violence, but the ship being well prepared, rode comparatively easy. The barometer was now very low, the centre of the storm passing to the northward of us, to which we might have been very near had we in the first part put the ship on the larboard tack."

But the most remarkable point of

Captain Hall's account remains to be mentioned. He had gone out of his course to avoid the storm, but when the wind fell to a moderate gale he thought it a pity to lie so far from his proper course, and made sail to the north-west. "In less than two hours the barometer again began to fall and the storm to rage in heavy gusts. He bore again to the south-east, and the weather rapidly improved." There can be little doubt that but for Captain Hall's knowledge of the law of cyclones, his ship and crew would have been placed in serious jeopardy, since in the heart of a Chinese typhoon a ship has been known to be thrown on her beam-ends when not showing a yard of canvas.

If we consider the regions in which cyclones appear, the paths they follow, and the direction in which they whirl, we shall be able to form a guess at their origin. In the open Pacific Ocean (as its name, indeed, implies) storms are uncommon: they are unfrequent also in the South Atlantic and South Indian Oceans. Around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, heavy storms prevail, but they are not cyclonic, nor are they equal in fury and frequency, Maury tells us, to the true tornado. Along the equator, and for several degrees on either side of it, cyclones are also unknown. If we turn to a map in which ocean-currents are laid down, we shall see that in every "cyclone region" there is a strongly-marked current, and that each current follows closely the track which we have denominated the storm. In the North Atlantic we have the great Gulf Stream, which sweeps from equatorial regions into the Gulf of Mexico, and thence across the Atlantic to the shores of Western Europe. In the South Indian Ocean there is the "south-equatorial current," which sweeps past Mauritius and Bourbon, and thence returns toward the east. In the Chinese Sea, there is the north equatorial current, which sweeps round the East Indian Archipelago, and then merges into the Japanese current. There is also the current in the Bay of Bengal, flowing through the region in which, as we have seen, cyclones are commonly met with. There are other sea-currents besides these which yet breed no cyclones. But we may notice two peculiarities in the


currents we have named. They all flow from equatorial to temperate regions, and, secondly, they are all "horseshoe currents." So far as we are aware, there is but one other current which presents both these peculiarities, namely—the great Australian current between New Zealand and the eastern shores of Australia. We have not yet met with any record of cyclones occurring over the Australian current, but heavy storms are known to prevail in that region, and we believe that when these storms have been studied as closely as the storms in better-known regions, they will be found to present the true cyclonic character.

Now, if we inquire why an ocean current travelling from the equator should be a "storm-breeder," we shall find a ready answer. Such a current, carrying the warmth of intertropical regions to the temperate zones, produces in the first place, by the mere difference of temperature, important atmospheric disturbances. The difference is so great, that Franklin suggested the use of the thermometer in the North Atlantic Ocean as a ready means of determining the longitude, since the position of the Gulf Stream at any given season is almost constant.

But the warmth of the stream itself is not the only cause of atmospheric disturbance. Over the warm water vapor is continually rising; and, as it rises, is continually condensed (like the steam from a locomotive) by the colder air round. • "An observer on the moon," says Captain Maury, "would, on a winter's day, be able to trace out by the mist in the air, the path of the Gulf Stream through the sea." But what must happen when vapor is condensed? We know that to turn water into vapor is a process requiring—that is, *using up*—a large amount of heat; and, conversely, the return of vapor to the state of water *sets free* an equivalent quantity of heat. The amount of heat thus set free over the Gulf Stream is thousands of times greater than that which would be generated by the whole coal supply annually raised in Great Britain. Here, then, we have an efficient cause for the wildest hurricanes. For, along the whole of the Gulf Stream, from Bemini to the Grand Banks, there is a channel of heated—that is, *rarefied air*.

Into this channel the denser atmosphere on both sides is continually pouring, with greater or less strength, and when a storm begins in the Atlantic, it always makes for this channel, "and, reaching it, turns and follows it in its course, sometimes entirely across the Atlantic." "The southern points of America and Africa have won for themselves," says Maury, "the name of the 'stormy capes,' but there is not a storm-fiend in the wide ocean can out-top that which rages along the Atlantic coasts of North America. The China seas and the North Pacific may vie in the fury of their gales with this part of the Atlantic, but Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope cannot equal them, certainly in frequency, nor do I believe, in fury." We read of a West Indian storm so violent, that "it forced the Gulf Stream back to its sources, and piled up the water to a height of thirty feet in the Gulf of Mexico. The ship 'Ledbury Snow' attempted to ride out the storm. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key."

By a like reasoning we can account for the cyclonic storms prevailing in the North Pacific Ocean. Nor do the tornadoes which rage in parts of the United States present any serious difficulty. The region along which these storms travel is the valley of the great Mississippi. This river at certain seasons is considerably warmer than the surrounding lands. From its surface, also, aqueous vapor is continually being raised. When the surrounding air is colder, this vapor is presently condensed, generating in the change a vast amount of heat. We have thus a channel of rarefied air over the Mississippi valley, and this channel becomes a storm-track like the corresponding channels over the warm ocean-currents. The extreme violence of land-storms is probably due to the narrowness of the track within which they are compelled to travel. For it has been noticed that the fury of a sea-cyclone increases as the range of the "whirl" diminishes, and *vice versa*.

There seems, however, no special reasons why cyclones should follow the storm- in one direction rather than in the other. We must, to understand this,

recall the fact that under the torrid zones the conditions necessary to the generation of storms prevail far more intensely than in temperate regions. Thus the probability is far greater that cyclones should be generated at the tropical than at the temperate end of the storm- \curvearrowright . Still it is worthy of notice, that in the land-locked North Pacific Ocean, true typhoons *have* been known to follow the storm-track in a direction contrary to that commonly noticed.

The direction in which a true tornado *whirls* is *invariably* that we have mentioned. The explanation of this peculiarity would occupy more space than we can here afford. Those of our readers who may wish to understand the origin of the law of cyclonic rotation should study Herschel's interesting work on Meteorology.

The suddenness with which a true tornado works destruction was strikingly exemplified in the wreck of the steamship "San Francisco." She was assailed by an extra-tropical tornado when about 300 miles from Sandy Hook, on December 24, 1853. In a few moments she was a complete wreck! The wide range of a tornado's destructiveness is shown by this, that Colonel Reid examined one along whose track no less than 110 ships were wrecked, crippled, or dismasted.

Collins's New Monthly.

JEANETTE'S REVENGE.—A TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

"WELL, young lady will you not go with me into the garden?"

It was a stout, portly dame, seemingly about forty years of age, with dark hair and a dark complexion, sparkling black eyes and pretty, regular features, who, as she was putting on a straw-colored silk bonnet, and adjusting her dress before the pier-glass in the garden-room, asked this question in a careless and rather sharp tone of voice.

The person to whom it was addressed was a young girl, who was standing in the recess of the window, against which leaned her small, graceful figure, while one arm supported her head, and the other hand, as if without thought, turned over the leaves of an open book. A

dark-brown silk dress, and a string of blood-red coral, made her white throat look still more dazzlingly fair. She lifted her head with its profusion of light hair, quickly, and merely replied "No!" whilst her blue eyes wandered with a keen glance round the elegant saloon.

Without speaking again to the young lady, the Baroness B. left the room, but not until she had examined her figure more than once to the right and to the left in the mirror, and had arranged her shawl in the most becoming manner. She then descended the stairs leading to the garden, where the Baron with exemplary patience, had long been waiting for her. She took the thin, little, sallow-faced gentleman's arm, which he ceremoniously offered her, and they both disappeared beneath the shades of an alley of chesnut-trees which, from the façade of the mansion, led down to a lake. They were scarcely out of sight, before the young lady, like one awaking from a dream, with a deep sigh closed the book, and raising to its full height her slender yet plump figure, she took a few steps up and down the room, and then stood still for a few seconds, apparently doubtful and undecided. Presently she turned, as if an inward struggle were over, and went with blushing cheeks and light footsteps hastily into an adjoining room. She looked cautiously round, then opened another door. With a searching glance before her, and scarcely drawing her breath, she approached a third apartment. She closed the door softly behind her, and proceeding slowly toward a large mahogany bureau, drew from her dress a key, and opened the bureau.

She pulled out one of the drawers, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and looked attentively into its contents. There were valuable boxes, splendid rings, and other bijouterie in cases lined with colored satin. She put that drawer back and drew forth another. Here rouleau of gold came into her hands, a sight that appeared to be very uncommon, to her, and that seemed to awaken a very natural curiosity in her young mind. She took up a heavy rouleau of louis-d'ors, and weighed them thoughtfully in her hand, smiling, as if it pleased her

to hold in her little hand that mighty wheel, that enormous lever, which performs so many miracles. Suddenly she started.

"What are you doing here, Jeanette," asked a man's voice, pretty sharply, just behind her.

It was Joseph von B., the young baron, who spoke. From a door in the background, concealed by tapestry, he had entered the room unmarked; the early dinner seemed to have left a flaming tint upon his swarthy face; behind him stood his bearded huntsman with eyes wide open, and distended nostrils, and a stupid smile on his lips. The young baron turned to him, and said:

"Jorgen!"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

"You will remember what you have seen?"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

"Go, then!"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

When the man was gone, the baron turned toward the young girl, who was standing there, with the gold in her hand, pale, and seemingly petrified; he buttoned partially up his hunting-coat, stuck both his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and surveyed the girl with—one might almost say—a ferocious expression in his eyes, whilst a disgusting smile was visible under his dark mustache.

"Aha! I like that, my pretty cousin!" he began, in an insolent tone. "So you have a fancy for my father's louis-d'ors? You wanted to provide yourself with a few of them? Is not this the truth? But do you know, also, what that would entail? Look here, I will soon have the horses put to; you must take a little drive to the magistrate's. But don't be afraid, you shall not travel alone; I will go with you, and Jorgen shall go also. We two have seen everything, and a couple of witnesses are quite enough to convict a thief!"

The young girl started at that word, but did not look up.

"How cleverly you must have managed after dinner to get possession of this key; how adroitly you must have separated it from the rest on the bunch, which my father, poor man, believes he has safely in his pocket! But I saw you! You are not so dexterous, after all!"

With a desperate exertion the young lady tried to replace the gold in the secrétaire, but the rouleau fell on the ground.

"Ah! as I said," continued the young huntsman; "you are not very dexterous yet, but you will become more versed in the art of stealing, no doubt!"

At this cruel scoffing the lady cast such a crushing look upon the heartless man, that it seemed in a moment to work a change in him. His countenance became serious, but the harshness and scorn had partly vanished from it, and the expression of his face and his manners assumed a milder character.

"Yes, I certainly ought," he said, in a quiet voice—"I certainly ought to denounce you. But," he added, with an insinuating smile and a tender tone, "I am not so hard-hearted as perhaps you think. I will be silent, my own little Jeanette! but my silence demands a reward. Delightful child! I will promise to be silent; be comforted and listen to me! I will make my stupid Jorgen fancy that the whole affair was a joke, and he will believe what I choose him to believe; and as to myself, you can close my mouth charmingly, if you will. Shall I tell you how? I promise you to be silent, and to forget everything," continued the baron, in a reassuring manner, as he attempted to throw his arm around the girl's slender waist; "but, so help me Heaven! only on one condition—that you, my sweet darling"——

His voice sank here to an almost inaudible whisper, as if he were ashamed himself to hear his own words.

But she heard them. She heard clearly and distinctly every single word, and understood their whole meaning; and they came upon her like a thunderbolt, like a sudden, raging hurricane. She heard, and her heart-strings vibrated convulsively, and the wild, fearful pulsation aroused her from the state of petrification into which she seemed to have been thrown as if by some wizard's magic power. Overwhelmed, lost apparently, she had hitherto stood; but the abomination which had approached so near to her produced, as it were, an electric effect upon her whole being. She raised her head proudly, her dark blue eyes were fixed with a cold yet earnest

gaze upon the young man, no color flushed her cheeks. The slender little Hebe stood at that moment as mighty and majestic as a Juno.

"Have the horses put to, Herr Baron," she said, in a firm voice; "give me up as a thief; destroy me in any other mode you choose. I am ready for everything; you have quite witnesses enough to condemn me, and I shall not deny the fact. But you—you do not yourself believe it? You know that you are wrong. I will now tell you for whose sake I undertook so equivocal a proceeding. It was on *your* account. But why and for what purpose, I shall not mention to you. But this you shall know—and I can now with the coldest indifference tell it—I have loved you! My whole soul was wrapped up in you! Secretly, as if within a mountain's deepest recesses, lay my love concealed! I have loved you, I say; for it is now as if it had never been. You start? My confession astonishes you? You are surprised to see me so calm?" added the young lady, while, against her will, she became impassioned. "Ah, you do not know me! Think not that I shall be frightened. Think not that I would beg for a cold, calculating, false admission of my innocence. I scorn it! for my soul is free of guilt, and my heart is warm and strong. Oh, you do not know—what was that you said?—Oh, for one hour ago, and you should not have presumed to call this a victory, any more than I call it a weakness on my part—not a sacrifice. Therein lies the strength of love. But now you have yourself extinguished that feeling in my heart forever! And I now only look down with contempt upon you! Have the horses put to, Herr Baron; I am ready to go with you and Jorgen. However," she exclaimed, after a moment's thoughtful pause, as if a sudden idea had occurred to her, and casting on the young man a threatening look, "however, do not engage in warfare with me! You will not conquer! I see clearly before me what I have to do; my plan is laid, and you shall live to remember this day! But I will first myself deliver this key to your father, and place it in his own hands."

So saying, in a quick and determined manner she locked up the secrétaire,

turned her back on the young baron, and left the room.

Under always increasing amazement, silent, and almost overwhelmed and subdued by the power of a superior mind, the baron heard with eyes staring and a brow becoming pale, the young girl's words. His usual audacity was paralyzed in his inner man, and he did not attempt to interrupt or contradict her. What he heard was so new to him, so wonderful, that it awakened a whole world of thoughts in his soul, a world in which he found himself a bewildered stranger. And now that she was gone he stood aghast, gazing on the door which she had shut after her. The blood rushed up to his head, his ears rang, he struck his doubled fist against his breast, as if to awaken something that was slumbering there, grasped his dark curly hair with both his hands, and, with a deep sigh, left the apartment by the way he had entered it. In the courtyard he called his huntsman, said a few short rough words to him, ordered him to bring a rifle, and whistling for a hound, betook himself alone to the forest.

It was evening. In the garden saloon an Argand lamp was burning on the large round table; the door to the garden was open, and the splashing waters of a fountain were heard in the silence of the hour, whenever the baron's lady, who in an adjacent room was seated at a piano-forte, made a pause in the exertions with which she labored to force her strong and shrill but thin voice to perform the sweet and beautiful passages in the Italian music before her. Far away from the door, in the darkest part of the garden saloon, sat the old baron, comfortably settled in a lounging chair, while on an embroidered stool at his feet sat Jeanette, with both her arms resting on his knee; the two carried on a conversation almost in a whisper, he holding one of the girl's hands in one of his, and letting the other glide gently over her fair hair.

"As I have told you, you have really done a very good deed in taking that paper, dear little Jeanette," said the baron in a low voice. "It was truly an excellent idea to remove that document, and still to leave it in my keeping. If it had got into his mother's—my wife's

—hands, it would have been all over with his future prosperity. Her brother has—God only knows how—obtained some knowledge of the existence of that paper, and is trying his utmost to get hold of it; and she—whether from extraordinary affection for her brother, or an inordinate fear of him, who has always tyrannized over her—or is it an unnatural feeling toward Joseph? Whatever may be the cause, she would not hesitate to sacrifice him. You know yourself how necessary it is for me to go quietly to work in so delicate a matter as this. I know of one only way to remove all inconvenience, and make everything straight, but——” The baron stopped, and smiled.

A shiver passed over the young girl's whole form.

“Yes, my dear child,” continued the baron, more seriously. “I have often thought over this thing, but have always rejected these means. However, I may say to you, it has occurred to me from your own expressions in the beginning of our conversation, if—permit me—if there was any real meaning in them, they could only point at one result; or perhaps I have misunderstood you?”

The young lady remained silent.

“As I have said in this matter I have had many doubts, and my greatest fear was that both of you would be adverse to this arrangement. Alas! I am not blind to Joseph's many faults, and could not blame you if you were averse to it; and as to him with his unruly temper, he may set himself against it, because, like a child, he may look upon it as a restraint, a curb upon his freedom. However, I promised my dying sister to make your life as even and happy as I possibly could. And marriage might be the best means of securing these advantages. Good Heavens!” whispered the baron, with a hasty glance toward the half-open door of the room from whence issued the shrill sounds. “But such a marriage!”

He remained silent after this exclamation; the young lady also remained silent for a long time, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. All at once she arose hurriedly, laid her arm upon the baron's shoulder, and whispered a few words into his ear.

“You will? Is it possible?” cried

the baron in amazement and joy. “Well, God be praised, if it may come to pass! But, alas! I fear for him.”

“If he consents,” said the young lady, in a low voice, “I will comply with your wish, but only on two unalterable conditions—that the time required for the arrangement of this marriage shall be very short; and that our behavior to each other shall in no way be changed, or assume any peculiar character.”

“I understand you, my dearest child! Have no fear; if I know my Joseph aright, he will himself wish to avoid all that indicates an engagement. Yes, I quite understand you. Be satisfied; all shall be as you wish, when I have spoken to her!”

And he went into the adjoining room to the baroness.

Jeanette approached the lamp, the full light from which fell upon her pale countenance. She stood there long, apparently in deep and serious reflection. If the wandering of her thoughts had been followed, one might have distinctly traced the way by which she had arrived at her determination.

“I will conquer, and I must do so!” Therein lay the cause of the resolute manner in which she betook herself to pacing up and down the room.

The family assembled at the evening meal. The face of the baroness was flushed, and her eyes bore traces of tears; but she was calm, and seemingly resigned. The baron looked round him with a pleased and proud air, like one who was glad to have witnesses to the victory he had won.

Joseph was also present. Quietly, and even more than usually wrapped up in himself, he sat, noticing no one at table. His mother looked at him with astonishment; the rough, noisy hilarity, which so often pleased and amused her in him, had disappeared. The old baron, however, after supper, took courage to impart to his son his plans.

To the great surprise of both his parents, Joseph heard without any joy, but at the same time without displeasure, what his father had to say, entered calmly into every proposition, and agreed to every arrangement.

Two months after that day, Joseph and Jeanette dwelt together in the house on an estate which had been assigned to them, and which the young wife had

had fitted up and furnished entirely according to her own taste. It might be said they *dwelled* there together, but they certainly did not *live* together. With a tact and decision that might not have cast discredit on any diplomatist, had the young baroness, from the first moment of her marriage, managed everything so, that all which is generally thought to help toward constituting an intimate connection was prevented between them. The disposition of their time, her apparent aversion to the young baron, the arrangements of their house—everything, in short—placed strong barriers between them, and hindered them from seeing each other alone. They met only in the society of others, but even then she never bestowed upon him a word or a look. From the moment that their father and mother on the wedding-day had left them, she had never opened her mouth to her husband; and on every attempt which he at first made to converse with her, she remained as mute as a statue.

While Joseph, who thought he understood the reason of her conduct, bore it with a sort of resignation which implied that he hoped for better times to come, and sought earnestly to atone for his past errors, Jeanette found pleasure in collecting around her a numerous circle of persons of genius, ladies as well as gentlemen; she showed herself in society like one who had learned the empty art of living in it, but she also took much interest in all that was beautiful and worthy of admiration in literature and the higher spheres of art. She painted well herself, and was a good musician, and she kept up an extensive correspondence with a variety of distinguished persons. She also conducted her household affairs with the greatest care, and with comfort to all around her, and her very judicious management in this respect alone might have made her remarkable. But to her husband she never spoke—no, not a single word; she was, as it were, dead to him. But to those who were intimate in the family, and were acquainted with its secrets, it was evident that everything she did was in reference to him, that he was always before her eyes, and that in the whole of her conduct she sought to attract his observation.

She bore his name, but that was all! How she had contrived to place herself in the position which she occupied, what was that secret, insurmountable power which had obtained for her perfect liberty, while without any struggle it had been able to confine her husband within the narrow bounds she chose to assign to him, and which he never ventured to overstep, was an unexplained mystery. But those who doubted the possibility of this state of things knew but little what a woman's will can carry out, and especially the will of so unbending, demoniacal, and iron a nature as Jeanette's.

Joseph was quite subdued; he seemed entirely transformed. His rough, fierce temper had calmed down into a sort of gloomy quiet; but under this apparent apathy there glowed the strongest passion, and a consuming fire was smouldering. He endured all the most bitter agonies of hopeless love, while jealous fury besieged his heart. When in society, she was the liveliest of the lively—almost childish in her gaiety; when she showed a striking preference to one or other among the notabilities who surrounded her, then he suffered the most exquisite torment; but he remained externally calm, and betrayed no emotion, for he had one thing to which he clung in the midst of his despair—and that was hope.

A year had passed in this manner. On the anniversary of their wedding-day Joseph entered, during the morning, his wife's boudoir, where before he had never set his foot. He was pale, and he contemplated with a desponding look the beautiful, blooming creature who stood before him. Slowly and timidly he approached her, and said with tears in his eyes, and a voice faltering with emotion, "Tell me, Jeanette, can I not atone for my fault?"

The young wife did not answer a word, but rose from the bergère in which she was sitting, and bent one single look on the baron. It was a look devoid of coldness and devoid of passion, without expressing anger or hatred; but there was a vacuity in it which showed total indifference, and caused an abyss of hopelessness to open in his heart, which chilled him when he glanced down into it.

She silently left the room.

Thus passed five years; and every

year, on the anniversary of their wedding-day, a similar scene took place. To the young baroness life seemed fraught with healthy and pleasurable excitement; her mind seemed quite at ease, and her spirits were always cheerful. The color had not faded from her cheeks, and the brightness of her eyes was not at all dimmed. The baron's appearance, on the contrary, was much changed; pale and thin, he seemed enfeebled and enervated, and only the restless anxiety he evinced to overcome her repugnance to him betrayed the strength he still possessed, and his dark eyes the fire that both agitated and consumed him.

The seventh anniversary of the wedding-day arrived. Jeanette was standing near the window in her boudoir, inhaling with pleasure the fresh morning air, and the perfume from a number of flowers which the gardener had just sent up to her. Suddenly the door was opened noisily; she turned round and beheld her husband rush, springing, into the room. He wore on his head a large thick wreath of oak-leaves, and in his hand he held a flute. He first knelt with ridiculous humility before the terrified young baroness, and recited a long Latin invocation to Pomona, and then betook himself to dancing with the most extraordinary jumps and absurd capers, while he drew from his flute the shrillest and most discordant tones.

Her work was suspended, or, we should rather say, her work was fully accomplished. Baron Joseph had become—a lunatic!

The only thing which for so long a time had occupied all her thoughts—namely, to revenge herself upon, and lord it over, one who had sought to disgrace and degrade her so deeply—this object, on which she had brought to bear all the powers of her soul, the secret strength, which, though it exhausted her at times, had enabled her to carry out her plan—this single object, on which her eyes had been so long bent, was now removed, gone, lost, vanished!

It seemed as if the sole foundation upon which the interest of her life, the energies of her whole being, rested, had been suddenly, and at once, dragged from beneath her feet.

She sank as if annihilated, and in an incredibly short time she was no more!

Temple Bar Magazine.

SKETCHES FROM NORWAY.

BY WELHAVEN.

THE rows of thickly-clustered islands* which skirt the western coast of Norway, and must have been violently rent apart from the high mountain ranges of Bergen, form, as it were, a separate region with distinct natural features, and distinct habits and manners of its own. The narrow sounds and belts that cut it off from the mainland seem to have all the effect of great breadths of sea. The steep coast of the mainland is a mighty barrier; outside of it the sea-fog pitches its tent upon cliffs and billows, and the deep channels beyond it have charmed the islands into a little world by itself,—a world whose life has in many ways become as outlandish and peculiar as if it lay thrown far away amid the deserts of ocean.

Several of these islands are of considerable extent. Sartor, the Ask Isle, the Holsen Isle, and the Rad Isle, may be compared as to size with the Isle of Wight or Malta, and each of them represents a Norway on a small scale. Here we find stretches of mountain, dale, and moorland, with lakes and rivers, and deeply-furrowed inlets of the sea. Yet everything bears the stamp of peculiarity. Trees and plants shoot forth from deep, moist, mossy places, and a motly flora of lichens and fungi settles on the twisted branches; there are few wild flowers, however, and the grass is scanty. On the beach the rocky wall has often a broad border of gay colors, but within the isle itself the mountain rises blackish and sinister. Even on bright days a fine hazy veil floats over these places, and we see its moist glimmer upon the mountain side, whilst to the lower scenery it lends the illusion of dying off into the distance. It makes an indelible impression when, on ascending to some height of such an isle, we survey the tracts that lie beneath. On the first sight it seems all a chaotic mass of congealed wave ridges. Here is felt the horror of solitude, whilst misty forms

* Along the shores in the Gulf of Finland between Cronstadt and Stockholm, are thirteen hundred islands. We counted thirty islands in ten minutes from the deck of the steamer as we sailed among them.—ED. ECCLECTIC.

hang wavering between sky and sea, and whilst the chilly breeze sweeps along the heather. Hither are brought the saddest tones from the surge that booms in the distance, where the sea-bird flits around the rocks with a doleful cry. The storm sweeps smooth these mountain-ridges, and the eye has in its vicinity but a poor field to dwell upon. One seldom meets with a green bush on the leas; only the hardy foxglove starts gayly in the cliff's nook, breaking the dreary void with its lonely splendor. But when we have overcome the first faint-heartedness, and arranged the masses in distinct groups, we shall find something attractive even in this scenery. We are struck with the fine outlines of this desert, in which there are rarely wanting isolated rocks of grand forms standing out against the sky, and gazing out away over the sea like half-buried sphinxes. We begin to grow reconciled to the wild turfy moors and plains which occupy the lower tracts, for they afford some relief to the monotonous coloring and promise to lead us on to milder scenes. And how rich is that wide prospect over all heights, over all holms and rocks to the open sea, where we count the ships and follow their tracks, letting our thoughts fly with those white sails! On a sunny day when the beams play on the water, tinging everything with gold, the barren cliff-islet may be preferred to any other place of rest. Soon we perceive the ships nearing the coast in distinct lines, and we call to mind the rejoicing of the olden singers over "the kingly war-galleys that swept along the shore with their gilded prows." Now on the verge of the sea we discern a single glittering sail, and now we see whole fleets arise, making for the deep fords.

The fertile tracts of these islands are for the most part not easily discernible from above; the valleys are so narrow and so broken. Their downward course is frequently marked by a chain of quiet black tarns with green shores. Clear rivulets rush babbling from one basin into another, and stream onward to the sea. Between the shores and the rocky walls is the valley-road, overhung with the mountain-ash; and the wild rose and the bird-cherry bend down toward the brooklet, as if they also would fain

reach the pure water which has nourished such a growth of leafy trees, the chief ornaments of the humble valley. Then one may see nooks of farm land, crossed and recrossed with massive blocks of rough granite. Within these stone fences are fields about the size of a child's garden, and meadows not much bigger than the site of a dwelling-house. But strangest of all are the cottages. One may take them at first sight for large knolls or grass-grown boulders. Their weather-beaten walls are extremely low, and the roofs hang far down over them, with their outlines half lost in the mosses, maidenhair, lichens, and rock-plants of every kind. But we detect them by the smoke rising from the vent-hole, and floating away among the quivering leaves of the aspen-trees.

Where the valley widens, or near the lake where there is meadow-ground between the mountains, lies the church, low and humble, but still reaching far above the other roofs. Here the huts crowd closer together, and rise somewhat higher from the earth, as if confiding in the shelter of the holy fane. The parsonage is seldom without a garden or plantation. Nay, in these favored situations one meets with gigantic ash-trees, whose stately crowns might serve as landmarks. Still the real glories of these isles must be sought for on the sea-shore. There, on the bare cliff, stands the well-timbered house of the wealthier fisherman. The fishing-net, his greatest treasure, makes a gallant show, as it lies spread over the smooth ledges of the rock; or it hangs in picturesque folds across the long light barks in the boat-house. There, too, springs the sea-vegetation in all its abundance. Layers of limpets encircle the base of the cliff, like bosses on a giant's buckler, and below them are deep thick fringes of yellow sea-weed, glittering and impenetrable.

It is well worth the trouble, on a calm day, to look down into the clear depths along shore. What a fabulous variety is there, of star-fish, and sea-anemones, and strange plants clinging to the root of the cliff. The long stalky weeds are there, interlaced in a thousand knots, with enormous leaves upon their slender stems. Ere long we perceive fishes emerging from their tangles, and pre-

senting quaint pictures that rival the grotesques of Pompeii and the Vatican.

The largest of the above-mentioned isles, Sartor, which is three Norwegian miles in length, has a mysterious inhabitant, of whom strange things are told by trustworthy people. There is on the isle a large water called the Kurele; it lies out of the way, with two farmsteads, far apart from each other, on its margin. People tell of the depth of that water, as of several Norwegian lakes, that it is in some places fathomless; but another thing they tell of it, too, which is far more remarkable. For during a long series of years, after various and uncertain intervals, there has been observed a monster, which raises its arched back above the dark lonely lake, and remains lying there like a holm. Its upward movement sends a circle of powerful waves toward the shore, but then it becomes quiet, and one sees only a kind of trembling round its sides, like as when the soft Medusa basks on the surface of the water. People have often tried to watch for the arrival of the monster, and have waited many days on the coast; but this being keeps no computation of time, and it may delay its coming for years. Once two men were pulling a little boat across the water—then suddenly the smooth holm lay there: the rowers had their backs toward it, and almost touched the animal with the oars. One may imagine their horror when they perceived it. They pulled back again with all their might, and saw from the shore the immense mass dive down into the depth. We never hear of any attempt to describe other parts of the monster, but just that arched back which always appears. They never heighten the wonder of this apparition with any fancy colors, but all the witnesses tell the same simple story. And this, at all events, is a favorable feature in the tradition, when compared with others about similar beings. What are we to believe? The tale is stranger than what is told of the sea-serpent and the Krake; for those have the wide ocean for their playground, whereas the leviathan of the Sartor Isle is confined within a prison, where the rocks stand around as sentinels.

II.

There is a race called the Striles, and they inhabit the part of Bergen Stift called Strileland. These statements are as vague as those made about the German tribes by Tacitus, but it is difficult, indeed, to render them more clear and precise. There is something enigmatical in the very name of *Strile*. By one speaker it is applied to the whole extent of the west coast, as far as Stat; by another it is limited to the neighborhood of Bergen; yet each will allow that it sounds odd to himself, even in his own use of it. German authors seldom forget to mention the Striles when they are talking of the Far North. Old Hübner—who knows about everything—italicizes their name in his geography, and relates that they, as well as the “Vosses,” have a national dress of their own. After all, however, we know very little, for certain, as to this strange race and its whereabouts. The good people of Bergen are pleased to fix it within the boundaries of Hordeland. But what then becomes of the tradition current in Eastern Norway, which makes the Strile race contain ninety-nine distinct tribes?

Strile, we have reason to believe, is a nickname; for the peasants to whom the term is applied do not much relish it; and it suggests the notion—not unsupported by old Norse analogy—of obstinacy and quarrelsomeness.

Tradition, too, will help to maintain these notions as long as the two riots of Bergen are remembered as the Strile wars. If we wish, however, to divide this tribe, then the readiest way will be to distinguish between land-Striles and sea-Striles. By the latter designation we refer to those who inhabit the islands lying near the coast.

The sea-Striles are a remarkable people, and Hübner is right when he calls their dress peculiar. The holidays' suit of the men consists of a black broadbrimmed felt hat, a blue round jacket, under which are an infinite number of waistcoats, and a pair of immensely wide trousers, fitting closely at the waist and knee; besides stockings and shoes. The women often wear hat and jacket exactly like the men's; but the skirt is the grand article of dress; it is black, fits smartly round the hips, and is laid in

small neat plaits. Thus they appear when going to church, or to merry-makings; but when the sea-Strile is at his work, then he is wrapped from top to toe in brown leather, and looks as if he had been down on the bottom of the sea, and fetched himself a suit of the mighty sea-weed leaves. These islanders are generally short and thick-set, and the upper part of their bodies is disproportionally developed, but that is because they make most use of their arms and backs. One must see these fellows at the oar to know what rowing is. The Bergen folks have a most splendid regatta in their haven every Wednesday and Saturday, when the whole fleet of fishers runs in, each racing against the other for the best place on the market. Long troughs with live fish are towed after the narrow boats; men and women alike pull, at a slapping pace, and the sea becomes like a foaming river. On the ships at anchor stand lazy sailors laughing at them, and mimicking, but the fisher heeds them not; he wants to get onward only; there is steam-power in his muscles, he does two miles* in the space of a single watch.

Arrived in the town, he becomes at once the picture of unshakable phlegm. People from the crowded, crying market-place bargain with him, and a hail-storm of the heaviest oaths and abuses whizzes about his ears. But the fish-nature of the man comes uppermost, and he is quite calm, only holding out his scoop to receive money every time a bargain has been struck. When, later in the day, he walks up into the town, new trials commence; for now there is a crowd of street-boys hooting after him—

“The Strile with his beard as long as his legs,
Wherever he goes, he is laying eggs.”

It matters not, he sees nothing, and hears nothing. In winter-time he has still more to undergo; the boys take his broad back for a mark, and make him a walking snow-giant; yet he walks on quietly. The sea-Strile is a curious being when on shore, he merely vegetates; for he does not enter into the excitements of dry land. But if you wish to see him excited, wait till you meet him out on the sea, and then make a see-saw motion at him with your hands, as if you were

chopping muscles up for bait. This worn-out joke seldom misses its aim. He will let slip his oars and fishing-line in a fit of shrewish fury, and then you will see him, like a clown, going through the most burlesque performances.

In a storm the sea-Strile is brilliant; for though his boat is no real sea-craft, and it is slender and pointed, and built expressly for rowing, yet it has often to weather a high sea. The man is then, as it were, grown to his vessel. He has a tanned sprit-sail of the most simple construction; with one hand he holds the rudder, with the other the sheet. Thus he rides away upon the rolling water mountains; he understands their play, he foresees their whims. His boat resembles a large blackish sea-bird, and flits unsteadily, dipping its wing-tips in the waves. During the hard winter months, when the herrings stand to the coast, the fisher is constantly out in that grand and dangerous dance; then his day's work lies between those rough surges of which a landsman can have but a faint idea. Often he has to sail for life or death, and yet think of nets and lines on which his welfare hangs swaying to and fro. On all sides he is surrounded by the wildest life. Dolphins and sturgeons roll and jump in his wake; the snorting whales cross the path before him; shoals of fishes are thronging underneath him, and swooping close around his head are clouds of shrieking sea-birds. When the blessings from the sea are to be brought to land, the fishers display in full earnest the strength of their amphibious nature. Far out in the sea they stand in rows, many a time up to the waist in water, dragging the net which seems ready to burst, without their ever getting tired. The nearest land is often merely a barren holm with one rickety hut on it, and there they put up at nightfall; the herrings outside are not packed more closely than the men within. One body supports another, and thus they sleep all night in their steaming sailor-clothes.

The sea-Strile, as one may fancy, makes but a poor farmer. The Roman and the English plough are to him equally good; for he uses neither of them. If he has a plot of land he roots it up now and then with a wretched spade, and throws out all sorts of fish-refuse upon it, but further

* One Norwegian mile is about six miles English.

leaves nature to help herself. There are on these isles some inhabited places, which they have had the courage to call townships. They are very small in all their dimensions; a yeoman from Totn or Smaalehn would laugh at them; but the poor fisher, who lives beside the breakers, is also right when he considers them to be fair and blessed places.

In such a *township* farmyard-life is very peculiar; and we soon perceive how the sailor-element prevails everywhere and penetrates everything. Even the so-called land-animals submit to it and change their ways of living. They are all diminutive editions of their races, and they live here in much closer companionship than anywhere else. But the horse makes the funniest figure of them all. When we see him emerging from the stables, which are little larger than a common dog-kennel, we scarcely know to what race he belongs. He is short-legged and dumpy, and has often bristles like a bear; he pretty nearly leads the life of a swine, and seems also to have assumed much of the form of that animal. The cow is here easy to feed; she will eat herring-heads like a seal, and graze upon sea-weed; it is likely that a sea-calf might find her milk savory. The favorite animals of the sea-Strile are pigs and hens. To some extent, indeed, they are members of his household, for they pass a great part of their life in his room. The pig, however, is generally turned out when its nature has become quite developed, but the hens find a constant resort in the bosom of the family, and lead a snug in-doors life throughout the winter. The peasant knows how to settle the terms of this tender union, and at Christmas-time he makes a good interest out of the new-laid eggs.

We may guess that cleanliness is not the principal quality of these dwellings. None of the Norwegian peasants have so bad a repute for dirtiness as the sea-Striles. One may smell their places from far away. Their low huts are encircled with the trophies and insignia of their calling, such as split herrings and scraps of fishing-nets, which dangle from the roof and walls, and are festooned from pole to pole in front of the doorway. Enter and you will only find a single room, with an open hearth and a vent-hole for the smoke. You may well feel

amazed at the scanty size of it when you consider the number of its inmates. Many such one-roomed smoke-cabins are to be seen on the mainland; but there they are models of neatness. There the peasant takes a pride in his simple dwelling; he polishes his beams and rafters, and frequently chalks the panels with peculiar lace-pattern borders. But here, on the isles, the peasant seldom has any notion of smartening up his smoke-cabin, unless it is for some rare festivity, when the floor is scoured with sand. Here, too, the narrow space is still more narrowed by clumsy furniture and various odds and ends. On the benches along the walls you will hardly find sitting-room, what between the children's beds, the salt-cellars, and the tar-barrels. As you go up to the fireside you may be hindered by the wet sailor-clothes of the whole family; and you must mind your feet, or they may catch in some net which lies waiting to be mended. Yet you will own, if you are an artist, that the entire scene is strangely attractive; and yonder old sea-Strile, you will say, seated under the vent-hole, with the daylight streaming down upon his uncouth dress, and his long gray beard, is a figure unmatched in all the paintings of Rembrandt.

III.

The visitor to these islands soon perceives that they are more barren than they need be. The productive powers of the soil, such as they are, lie almost unstirred by cultivation. The mild coast climate hovers over many a tract doomed to remain a desert, though nature has strewn it with her beauties, the wild apple, the winding creepers, and all the glistening berries of the moorland. Your out-and-out fisherman turns his back upon leaf and green-sod, and chooses a bare spot, where there is just a good landing-place, and some sort of shelter for his walls. As he gets better off he turns the smoke-cabin into a real house, with a fireplace and a window. He calls it his "Glass-room," meaning to convey a notion of solid comfort and dignity; and he never names it without a feeling of self-importance. His home is then an observatory, where the watcher keeps a sharp look-out upon sea and sky. When the fisherman with his short

clay-pipe stands behind the small panes he is no idle spectator. He looks into the cradle of the clouds, and foretells their growth; he takes infallible omens from the flight of birds; at the first day-break he reads already in the horizon the history of the coming day.

The sea is a store-house of thoughts and images for the sea-Strile. When he speaks of it his language gains unwonted force and fulness and he designates it by metaphors, which have sometimes a touch of playful familiarity. His pet name for it is the *Blue Moor*; it may well, indeed, be likened to a vast common, where his finny flocks and herds are roving. He knows their haunts; he can look through the waves like air, and beneath them he can mark the old boundary-stones of the ocean pastures. His eyes are never tired of turning toward the *Blue Moor*; but it is about the Twelfth-night season that he gazes at it with all his might and main. Then he is expecting the whale, and all his children are posted on the cliffs to watch for it; for the whale is the shepherd dog, which drives the straying herds nearer to his own precincts.

Lingering within this tribe we find many customs and manners of times that have long gone by; and there certainly are few of the Norwegian peasantry who cling so closely to whatever is old. It is evident that at some former period, when town manners were simpler and coarser, the influence of Bergen upon the neighboring islands must have been stronger than at present. For the rich sea-peasant still exhibits on state occasions many a feature of the town-life of the middle ages. Modern life, as one may well suppose, with its extravagant fashions, its rococo taste, and all its finikin notions, has gained no such hold upon him. It is partly owing to this cause, and partly to his natural unpliability, that the peculiarities, which are considered old-fashioned by the peasantry in general, are found remarkably strong and sharp in him.

Every one knows that the wedding-feast, among all the scenes of the Bergen peasant's life, is the most striking and sparkling. A peasant-girl who "stands bride" in her full dress is a being of fairy romance. She wears a massive crown of silver gilt, and set with

stones; and her hair is combed down her back. She is girt with a stomacher of outlandish coins and medals. Round her waist is a belt formed of squares of metal linked together; and this belt is hung with straps of leather, richly mounted. All this finery like the crown is silver gilt. Such a figure, there is no doubt, has its prototype in the days of long ago. Even so must Margrethe Fredkulle have looked when Magnus Barefoot presented her as his bride, and Norway's queen. Or, if we are not willing to go back so far, we know, at least, from the chapter-book of "Magister Absalon," that in some such bridal dress did young Mistress Brynhilde Benkestok appear at Bergen in 1565; for it is related that her hair was combed out in the Spanish fashion, and she was decked with a crown, and with gold chains that swept the ground.

This old-fashioned custom will continue to figure on the islands, no doubt, longer than elsewhere; and even now one must go out there to see these mumblings in all their native oddity. A stranger, meeting the bride-boat on its way, may be fairly puzzled by what he sees and hears: he may begin to think that war-whoops are being raised, or cries of distress, or clamorous spells against evil spirits. High on the prow stands a drummer with his instrument of noise, which he belabors with more than human perseverance. In the middle of the boat sits the fabulous bride, as stiff and glittering as a bedizened idol. Close beside her, betwixt the rolls of the drum, are heard the whining or jarring tones of the fiddle. But the most effective crash proceeds from the stern. A swaggering blade is posted there, who flourishes an old horse-pistol, and keeps firing bullets over the heads of the whole party. The uproar of the train is outdone by that of the bridal house. The phlegm of the sea-Strile is now swept away by floods of beer and spirits: and he can caper in his heavy shoes in spite of the narrowness and closeness of the room. He begins with languid movements, hanging arms, and queer downcast looks; but by degrees the dance becomes animated. At last he seizes his partner, and tightly embracing they spin one another round in uniform whirls, keeping step to a nicety; and at this point

the dance of the sea-Strile has all the marked action and passionate fling of the Tarantella.

In the churchgoings and doings of some of these island parishes certain antiquated forms are maintained, which have already disappeared in the neighboring ones. Fjeld's church on Sartor is an ugly and shaky little house of God. All its fittings are poor and mean; and the colossal figures of saints upon its rough walls are rudely painted. The road from the shore to this house runs through a narrow dale; and here one may see the people pacing along as if on a pilgrimage, with church-staves made expressly for the occasion. When this congregation has crossed the holy threshold it falls plump down upon the floor, and lies there for some instants in a state of mumbling popish adoration; then it makes the sign of the cross, and gets up in order to chant its old-world psalms. But before entering the church each of them has driven his sharp iron-shod stave into the outer planking, till it resembles a monstrous hedgehog. Whoever has viewed the religious life of the sea-peasant in its entirety will feel that this strange picture is in keeping with the rest. Within doors there broods the shadow of a gloomy devotion; whilst the building itself stands bristling without, like some mystical fetish in the desolate dale.

Thus the islander lives much the same life as his forefathers, and he hopes that his last church-going may also be like theirs. Then some eight old women will sit around him in the death-boat, and, robed in black, with nun-like hoods of white, they will weep and wail as they glide over the water. They will shed real tears, for that is their trade; and their official grief will bring them good perquisites. These old crones have a traditional style of gesticulating and wringing their hands. They form a Christian choir of Choephoræ,* that gives the burial scene a wild dramatic effect, and turns aside the gaze of the crowd

from the true or feigned sorrow of the household. This pomp, however, is a rarity; and people will long tell the tale of the happy departed, who had dirge-wives at his grave-side.

What we have just been describing is the crowning happiness of the wealthier sea-Strile. But this one expenditure has not swallowed up all his winnings. We are supposing the case of a man who has had a run of luck for years, and gained a large share of the blessings of the sea. He has added a fire-place and a window to his dwelling, but there are few other signs of substance about it. What hidden outlets has he found for the overflow of his wealth? He has long ago exhausted his ideas of comfort and luxury: but one object has been before him to the last. He has felt a keen desire for *property*—tangible goods, in the forms which they used to take in the ages of the Sagas. In short, his mind has been bent upon amassing treasures, and he has known of nothing in the world to be compared to silverwork. In yonder solid, gaily-painted chests he has gone on packing batch after batch of shining stores. Here are spoons and ladles, with round bowls and twisted stems; here are cans and tankards, curiously shaped and wrought, and hung with antique coins and all sorts of dingle-dangles: and last, and best of all, here is the bridal crown, which the owner could let out from time to time and nod at from his place in the church! Thus he can hardly be said to have played the *dog in the manger*, though he might not inaptly have been styled a *king in his kennel*. The greed of the sea-Strile somewhat differs from ordinary avarice. He is not so much a miser as a curiosity collector. He may never use his silver himself, and it may lie till it gets ever so dusty and tarnished; but, when it is called for, he will rub it up and show its splendors to every one, and exult in the general admiration of it. Looking at him as a whole, he is a strange isolated figure; but he will soon cease to be so. The present age is lighting up one creek and cranny after another, and we are bound to be glad of this, even though the picturesque outlines and shadows disappear from our border-lands. These islanders are now straggling in the rear of civilization, lingering upon those lower

* The name of a tragedy by Æschylus, where there is a chorus of women, pouring libations on the tomb of Agamemnon. Our author has here, evidently by a slip of the pen, called them Eumenides, the furies who howled after Orestes, and gave their name to another tragedy by Æschylus.

levels, which have been already passed by their immediate neighbors. Whenever they are carried into the stream of the onward movement, they will become less interesting; but, for all that, they will be gainers by the change.—*Translated by H. Ward and A. Plesner.*

The Saturday Review.

LITERARY LIONS.

THE writer who has done most in our time to preach the gospel of hero-worship has admitted that there is nobody so weak and mean as not to be made a hero of by somebody or other, so strong is the necessity for worship and reverence in the human breast. And it does not require much keenness of penetration to enable us to discern the truth of this. All through society we may behold poor creatures, without a single merit or point of worth, stuck on to lofty pedestals by creatures sometimes really poorer than themselves, but who more often only fancy an inferiority that is purely imaginary. The absurdest of asses may make sure of one worshipper, if he can only make up his mind to marry judiciously, and with a view to winning this special advantage. But domestic hero-worship is not a thing to be assailed. It is a husband's prerogative, and as it oils the sometimes rusty wheels of married life, one ought not to say a word that would induce a single wife to suspect the greatness of a stupid husband. To do so would be to rob them of perhaps the only solace that is left them in the face of this stupidity. For people who live in the neighborhood of a tallow-manufactory it is not a curse, but a blessing, to be bereft of the sense of smell; and, considering how many idiotic men there are in the world with whom good women have to live, it is a blessing to the good women that they should not be able to know an idiot when they see one. But besides this almost legitimate kind of worship, there is another most absurd kind—the worship, namely, of small celebrities, puny writers, pigmy fishers for notoriety, by people who, from their knowledge of the world and human nature, might reasonably be expected to know better. To reverence an undeniably big man who has really done something for mankind in art, in letters, in song,

in science, is the sign of a fine nature. Without the capacity for this, nobody can be worth very much. We have been taught that even the silly Boswell must have had some basis of rare quality, or else he would never have felt any inclination to seek the society of such a man as Johnson. And this is no doubt true. Reverence for greatness in other people redeems almost any quantity of weakness in oneself, and for the very intelligible reason that it is incompatible with the most corroding weakness of all—the conviction that one is the wisest and best person alive. To worship somebody else very sincerely and heartily is a guarantee that the universe is not concentrated in your own supreme personality.

But there is all the difference in the world between this reality and a flippant and simulated respect for people who are not big in any sense, and who have done nothing worth speaking of for the general good of men in any way. It is no reason why a man should not be asked out to dinner that he has not invented a new religion, or the electric telegraph; that he has not written a great history, or composed an immortal poem. But if you court a man's society, and load him with small attentions, not because he is your brother or your uncle, not because you particularly value his social qualities, not on the grounds of ancient and long-standing intimacy, but as the representative of art or letters, as having done something remarkable and worthy of admiration, why then it is manifestly of some concern for your own sake, if not for his, that the reason which thus exalts him to honor should be a decently good one. Nothing is more disgusting than to see some pigmy hero, who has done no more than write prurient verse or prurient prose, treated as though he were the very central figure of his time. Mistakes of this sort are natural among people who know nothing about the comparative merits of different kinds of literature, or of different men and different styles in any one kind. Such mistakes are the stamp of this special form of ignorance. There is something very curious about them, moreover. That people who despise literature or science should blunder in estimating merit in their professors would be highly probable. But the odd thing about these

patrons of small authors is, that they mean not to despise literature. So far from despising it, they rather affect it. It is considered just now, among even the most frivolous and irrational circles, a creditable thing to feign an interest in books and periodicals. To dip into a history of civilization, to skim lightly a large treatise on the origin of species or the origin of evil, to have on the table a heterodox book about the Bible—all this is nowadays perfectly good *ton*. If one comes to think of it, it is one of the most astounding things that the world has ever seen that so many people should profess to take an interest in literature, and yet should all the time be so profoundly incapable of forming any sort of judgment on any point in it. There is a mass of articulate-speaking beings, admitting the power of literature, quite ready to sympathize with the rather windy glorification of it that is prevalent all over the English world, and yet remaining in Egyptian darkness as to the very elements of criticism—in other words, as to the very elements of the object of their ignorant and silly admiration. One would suppose, if human nature were the same in the fashionable and so-called polished world as it is among people in whom polish has not overlain brains, that an esteem for literature would lead to its assiduous cultivation; that it would make people just ever so little inclined to study the differences between one branch of literature and another, between a good writer and a bad writer, between a writer of authority, research, and thought, and a writer with a very little knowledge and a great deal of pretence, with no real power but vast impudence. However, as this extraordinary and unparalleled devotion to literature in the abstract is accompanied by such an equally extraordinary ignorance of literature in any particular aspect or on any particular side, we have no right to be surprised at the blunders made by people of quality in choosing their literary pets. A hundred years ago they used to show the same sort of absurd temper in æsthetics. Where they now make a fuss about some third-rate literary man, they used to make a fuss about a grotesque bit of china. A pagan god, made out of a bit of pottery, was the predecessor of the literary lion.

They used to put the pottery god on their mantel-shelves, and invite their friends to go into raptures over the creature's delicious ugliness. They now put their god of flesh and blood at their tables, and explode with mirth over his vivacious sallies or vulgar familiarities. The porcelain deity and the gimcrack author were alike in another point—their amazing fragility. The author wakes to find himself famous. With a shock that is not less startling, he by and by wakes to find himself out in the cold shade; if not infamous, still dropped. He is constantly apt to be outrivalled. His fame, resting on no secure or just base, either in his own achievements or in the judgment of his momentary admirers, he seldom lasts much over one or perhaps a couple of seasons. In old-fashioned times, the china god became instantly worthless if there appeared anything more grotesque, and the negro footboy ran a risk of being kicked out of doors if any other lady of quality found his superior in ugliness or in the playfulness of his antics. And it is the same, alas! with a pet writer. At any moment he may sink like the proverbial rocket-stick. Somebody may write a book that outdoes his own in pruriency or in sprightly wickedness. Who can tell? Of course there must be limits somewhere to the amount of pruriency or shallowness which will hit the fashionable taste. But it is difficult to know when these limits have been reached without trying. There are authors who seem to plain people to go pretty nearly as far as it is possible to go in the way of flagrant indecency in verse, and nasty suggestiveness in prose, and yet they do not seem to go by any means too far to meet with approval and a sort of countenance. This fact, therefore, must cause constant apprehension to the small lion. How does he know but that any day somebody may rise up and, by a yet nastier book than he in his weak modesty ventured upon, swiftly take all the pleasant wind out of his sails? Or a still worse source of calamity is possible. The wind might change its quarter. The frivolous patrons above and beyond all other things cry for excitement. They like their literary lion because he excites them. It does not much matter what the particular note and modulation

of his roar may be. He may be traveller, poet, naturalist, parson, even philosopher. In any of these or other guises the man who can excite them is welcome. The excitement is the point, not the accidental form which his pursuits may have taken, nor the kind of matter which it has been his business to give to the world. This being the case, two things are evident—first, that these poor souls need a change of intellectual air pretty frequently; and second, that the change is likely in a general way to be as violent a one as possible. After a prolonged run on pruriency, they are tolerably sure to take to divinity next, either heterodox or orthodox—the former more probably, as being a little more exciting. These periodical vicissitudes are very vexatious and trying to honest creatures who write books which they mean to be a bait for invitations to dinner-parties in high places, and sojourning in great houses. Who knows but when you have composed your semi-religious tractate, the wind may change, and a demand arise for a totally different description of article? Or, when you have written what you think will be not too nasty to lie on the drawing-room table, yet nasty enough to just tickle the palates of a parcel of lazy, over-fed people, they may, in an unreasonable moment, grow uneasy about their souls, and the book which was so delicately seasoned and daintily spiced with little naughtinesses is left on your hands.

It is not an agreeable thought, and yet it is not an impossible thing, that the quest for patrons, which we now think so disgraceful in the unfortunate men of letters a hundred years ago, may revive in a new shape. The author now likes to be patronized, not because it brings him five guineas sent by my lord's flunkey, but because it means a good deal of social festivity, which is not particularly jovial or genial in itself, yet still enables him to feel triumphant over the dull rascals who only write good books instead of tickling books, as well as to dazzle small fry in his own duck-pond. To a man with any sense of self-respect, excess of homage from incompetent and superficially sincere—that is to say, insincere—people ought to be profoundly distasteful, a thing to be sternly avoided, as the most unwhole-

some and demoralizing of all possible influences. However, authors are not the only persons who weakly prefer what is pleasant to what is good for them. Perhaps, after all, they are a shade less despicable than their patrons, who, because they know an author in the flesh, assume that this confers a kind of critical diploma upon them. Much better stick to guns and horses.

From MacMillan's.

LADY MACBETH.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

IN a momentary absence of memory, a friend of mine once suggested to me the idea that Lady Macbeth's exclamation in the sleeping scene—"The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?"—was a conscience-stricken reference to herself, and her own lost condition. Of course, the hypothesis was immediately abandoned on the recollection that Macbeth never had been Thane of Fife, and that it is Macduff's slaughtered mate Lady Macbeth is dreaning of,—the poor dame who, with all her pretty chickens, was destroyed at one fell swoop by Macbeth's murderous cruelty.

The conversation that ensued led me to reflect on this mistaken suggestion of my friend, as involving a much deeper mistake—an important psychological error. Not only the fact was not as suggested, but a fact of that nature—viz., an accusing return upon herself by Lady Macbeth—could not be. Lady Macbeth, even in her sleep, has no qualms of conscience; her remorse takes none of the tenderer forms akin to repentance, nor the weaker ones allied to fear, from the pursuit of which the tortured soul, seeking where to hide itself, not seldom escapes into the boundless wilderness of madness.

A very able article, published some years ago in the *National Review*, on the character of Lady Macbeth, insists much upon an opinion that she died of remorse, as some palliation of her crimes, and mitigation of our detestation of them. That she died of *wickedness* would be, I think, a juster verdict. Remorse is consciousness of guilt,—often, indeed, no more akin to saving contrition than the faith of devils, who tremble and

believe, is to saving faith,—but still consciousness of guilt: and that I think Lady Macbeth never had, though the *unrecognized* pressure of her great guilt killed her. I think her life was destroyed by sin as by a disease of which she was unconscious, and that she died of a broken heart, while the impenetrable resolution of her will remained unbowed. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak; the body can sin but so much, and survive; and other deadly passions besides those of violence and sensuality can wear away its fine tissues, and undermine its wonderful fabric. The woman's mortal frame succumbed to the tremendous weight of sin and suffering which her immortal soul had power to sustain; and, having destroyed its temporal house of earthly sojourn, that soul, unexhausted by its wickedness, went forth into its new abode of eternity.

The nature of Lady Macbeth, even when prostrated in sleep before the Supreme Avenger whom she keeps at bay during her conscious hours by the exercise of her indomitable will and resolute power of purpose, is incapable of any salutary spasm of moral anguish, or hopeful paroxysm of mental horror. The irreparable is still to her the *un-deplorable*—"What's done cannot be undone:"—and her slumbering eyes see no more ghosts than her watchful waking ones believe in: "I tell you yet again, Banquo is buried; he cannot come out of his grave." Never, even in her dreams, does any gracious sorrow smite from her stony heart the blessed brine of tears that wash away sin; never, even in her dreams, do the avenging furies lash her through purgatorial flames that burn away guilt; and the dreary but undismayed desolation in which her spirit abides forever is quite other than that darkness, however deep, which the soul acknowledges, and whence it may yet behold the breaking of a dawn shining far off from round the mercy-seat.

The nightmare of a butcher (could a butcher deserve to be so visited for the unhappy necessity of his calling) is more akin to the hauntings which beset the woman who has strangled conscience and all her brood of pleading angels, and deliberately armed her heart and mind against all those suggestions of beauty or

fear which succor the vacillating sense of right in the human soul with promptings less imperative than those of conscience, but of fine subtle power sometimes to supplement her law. Justly is she haunted by "blood," who in the hour of her atrocities exclaims to her partner, when his appalled imagination reddens the whole ocean with the bloody hand he seeks to cleanse, "A little water clears us of this deed!" Therefore blood—the feeling of blood, the sight of blood, the smell of blood—is the one ignoble hideous retribution which has dominion over her. Intruding a moral element of which she is conscious into Lady Macbeth's punishment is a capital error, because her punishment, in its very essence, consists in her infinite distance from all such influences. Macbeth, to the very end, may weep, and wring his hands, and tear his hair, and gnash his teeth, and bewail the lost estate of his soul, though with him too the dreadful process is one of gradual induration. For he retains the unutterable consciousness of a soul; he has a perception of having sinned, of being fallen, of having wandered, of being lost; and so he cries to his physician for a remedy for that "wounded spirit," heavier to bear than all other conceivable sorrow; and utters, in words bitterer than death, the doom of his own deserted, despised, dreaded, and detested old age. He may be visited to the end by those noble pangs which bear witness to the pre-eminent nobility of the nature he has desecrated, and suggest a re-ascension, even from the bottom of that dread abyss into which he has fallen, but from the depths of which he yet beholds the everlasting light which gives him consciousness of its darkness. But *she* may none of this: she may but feel, and see, and smell blood; and wonder at the unquenched stream that she still wades in—"Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"—and fly, hunted through the nights by that "knocking at the door" which beats the wearied life at last out of her stony heart and seared impenetrable brain.

I once read a pamphlet that made a very strong impression upon me, on the subject of the possible annihilation of the human soul as the consequence of sin. The author, supposing goodness to

be nearness to God, and this to be the cause of vitality in the soul, suggested the idea of a gradual, voluntary departure from God, which should cause the gradual darkening and final utter extinction of the spirit. I confess that this theory of spiritual self-extinction through sin seemed to me a thousand times more appalling than the most terrific vision of everlasting torment.

Taking the view I do of Lady Macbeth's character, I cannot accept the idea (held, I believe, by her great representative, Mrs. Siddons) that in the banquet scene the ghost of Banquo, which appears to Macbeth, is seen at the same time by his wife, but that, in consequence of her greater command over herself, she not only exhibits no sign of perceiving the apparition, but can, with its hideous form and gesture within a few feet of her, rail at Macbeth in that language of scathing irony which, combined with his own terror, elicits from him the incoherent and yet too dangerously significant appeals with which he agonizes her and amazes the court.

To this supposition I must again object that Lady Macbeth is no ghost-seer. She is not of the temperament that admits of such impressions; she is incapable of supernatural terror in proportion as she is incapable of spiritual influences; devils do not visibly tempt, nor angels visibly minister to her; and, moreover, I hold that, as to have seen Banquo's ghost at the banqueting-table would have been contrary to *her* nature, to have done so and persisted in her fierce mocking of her husband's terror, would have been impossible to human nature. The hypothesis makes Lady Macbeth a monster, and there is no such thing in all Shakespeare's plays. That she is godless, and ruthless in the pursuit of the objects of her ambition, does not make her such. Many men have been so; and she is that unusual and unamiable (but not altogether unnatural) creature, a masculine woman, in the only real significance of that much misapplied epithet.

Lady Macbeth was this: she possessed the qualities which generally characterize men, and not women—energy, decision, daring, unscrupulousness; a deficiency of imagination, a great preponderance of the positive and practical mental elements; a powerful and rapid appreciation

of what each exigency of circumstance demanded, and the coolness and resolution necessary for its immediate execution. Lady Macbeth's character has more of the essential manly nature in it than that of Macbeth. The absence of imagination, together with a certain obtuseness of the nervous system, is the condition that goes to produce that rare quality—physical courage—which she possesses in a pre-eminent degree. This combination of deficiencies is seldom found in men, infinitely seldomer in women; and its invariable result is insensibility to many things—among others, insensibility to danger. Lady Macbeth was not so bloody as her husband, for she was by no means equally liable to fear; she would not have hesitated a moment to commit any crime that she considered necessary for her purposes, but she would always have known what were and what were not necessary crimes. We find it difficult to imagine that, if *she* had undertaken the murder of Banquo and Fleance, the latter would have been allowed to escape, and impossible to conceive that she would have ordered the useless and impolitic slaughter of Macduff's family and followers, after he had fled to England, from a mere rabid movement of impotent hatred and apprehension. She was never made savage by remorse, or cruel by terror.

There is nothing that seems to me more false than the common estimate of cruelty, as connected with the details of crime. Could the annals and statistics of murder be made to show the prevailing temper under which the most atrocious crimes have been committed, there is little doubt that those which present the most revolting circumstances of cruelty would be found to have been perpetrated by men of more, rather than less, nervous sensibility, or irritability, than the average; for it is precisely in such organizations that hatred, horror, fear, remorse, dismay, and a certain blind bloodthirsty rage, combine under evil excitement to produce that species of delirium under the influence of which, as of some infernal ecstasy, the most horrible atrocities are perpetrated.

Lady Macbeth was of far too powerful an organization to be liable to the frenzy of mingled emotions by which her

wretched husband is assailed; and when, in the very first hour of her miserable exaltation, she perceives that the ashes of the Dead Sea are to be henceforth her daily bread, when the crown is placed upon her brow, and she feels that the "golden round" is lined with red-hot iron, she accepts the dismal truth with one glance of steady recognition:—

"Like some bold seer in a trance,
Beholding all her own mischance,
Mute—with a glassy countenance."

She looks down the dreary vista of the coming years, and, having admitted that "naught's had, all's spent," dismisses her fate, without further comment, from consideration, and applies herself forthwith to encourage, cheer, and succor, with the support of her superior strength, the finer yet feebler spirit of her husband.

In denying to Lady Macbeth all the peculiar sensibilities of her sex (for they are all included in its pre-eminent characteristic—the maternal instinct—and there is no doubt that the illustration of the quality of her resolution by the assertion that she would have dashed her baby's brains out, if she had sworn to do it, is no mere figure of speech, but very certain earnest) Shakespeare has not divested her of natural feeling to the degree of placing her without the pale of our common humanity. Her husband shrank from the idea of her bearing *women* like herself, but not "males," of whom he thought her a fit mother; and she retains enough of the nature of mankind, if not of womankind, to bring her within the circle of our toleration, and make us accept her as *possible*. Thus the solitary positive instance of her sensibility has nothing especially feminine about it. Her momentary relenting in the act of stabbing Duncan, because he resembled her father as he slept, is a touch of human tenderness by which most men might be overcome, while the smearing her hands in the warm gore of the slaughtered old man is an act of physical insensibility which not one woman out of a thousand would have had nerve or stomach for.

That Shakespeare never imagined Banquo's ghost to be visible to Lady Macbeth in the banquet-hall seems to me abundantly proved (however inferen-

tially) by the mode in which he has represented such apparitions as affecting all the men who in his dramas are subjected to this supreme test of courage,—good men, whose minds are undisturbed by remorse; brave men, soldiers, prepared to face danger in every shape ("but that") in which they may be called upon to meet it. For instance, take the demeanor of Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, throughout the scene so finely expressive of their terror and dismay at the appearance of the ghost, and in which the climax is their precipitating themselves together toward the object of their horror, striking at it with their partisans; a wonderful representation of the effect of fear upon creatures of a naturally courageous constitution, which Shakespeare has reproduced in the ecstasy of terror with which Macbeth himself finally rushes upon the terrible vision which unmans him, and drives it from before him with frantic outcries and despairing gestures.

It is no infrequent exhibition of fear in a courageous boy to fly at and strike the object of his dismay—a sort of instinctive method of ascertaining its nature, and so disarming its terrors; and these men are represented by Shakespeare as thus expressing the utmost impulse of a fear, to the intensity of which their words bear ample witness. Horatio says: "It harrows me with fear and wonder." Bernardo says to him: "How now, Horatio! you tremble and turn pale!" and Horatio, describing the vision and its effect upon himself and his companions, says to Hamlet—

"Thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, *distill'd*
Almost to jelly with the act of fear," etc.

And it must be remembered that nothing in itself hideous, or revolting, appeared to these men—nothing but the image of the dead King of Denmark, familiar to them in the majestic sweetness of its countenance and bearing, and courteous and friendly in its gestures; and yet it fills them with unutterable terror. When the same vision appears to Hamlet—a young man with the noble spirit of a prince, a conscience void of all offence, and a heart yearning with aching tenderness toward the father whose beloved image stands before him precisely

as his eyes had looked upon and loved it in life—how does he accost it?—

“What may this mean?

That thou, *dead corpse*, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our dispositions,” etc.

The second time that Hamlet sees his father's ghost, when one might suppose that something of the horror attendant upon such a visitation would have been dispelled by the previous experience, his mother thus depicts the appearance that he presents to her—

“Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end.”

What a description of the mere physical revulsion with which living flesh and blood shrinks from the cold simulacrum of life—so like and so utterly unlike—so familiar and yet so horribly strange! The agony is physical—not of the soul; for

“What can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?”

exclaims the undaunted spirit of the young man; and in the closet scene with his mother, passionate pity and tenderness for his father are the only emotions Hamlet expresses with his lips, while his eyes start from their sockets, and his hair rears itself on his scalp, with the terror inspired by the proximity of that “gracious figure.”

In “Julius Cæsar,” the emotion experienced by Brutus at the sight of Cæsar's ghost is, if possible, even more to the purpose. The spirit of the firm Roman, composed to peaceful meditation after his tender and sweet reconciliation with his friend, and his exquisite kindness to his sleepy young slave, is quietly directed to the subject of his study, when the ghost of Cæsar appears to him, darkening by its presence the light of the taper by which he reads, and to which Shakespeare, according to the superstition of his day, imparts this sensitiveness to the preternatural influence. Brutus, in questioning his awful visitor, loses none of his stoical steadfastness of soul, and yet speaks of his blood running cold, and his hair *staring* with the horror of the unearthly visitation.

Surely, having thus depicted the ef-

fect of such an experience on such men as Horatio, Hamlet, Brutus, and Macbeth, Shakespeare can never have represented a woman, even though that woman was the bravest of her sex, and almost of her kind, as subjected to a like ordeal and utterly unmoved by it. An argument which appears to me conclusive on the point, however, is, that in the sleeping scene Lady Macbeth divulges nothing of the kind; and, even if it were possible to conceive her intrepidity equal to absolute silence and self-command under the intense and mingled terrors of the banquet scene *with* a perception of Banquo's apparition, it is altogether impossible to imagine that the emotion she controlled then should not reveal itself in the hour of those unconscious confessions when she involuntarily strips bare the festering plagues of her bosom to the night and her appalled watchers, and in her ghastly slumbers, with the step and voice of some horrible automaton, moved by no human volition, but a dire compelling necessity, acts over again the mysteries of iniquity with which she has been familiar. But, on the contrary, while wringing from her hands the warm gore of the murdered Duncan, and dragging, with the impotent effort of her agonized nightmare, her husband away from the sound of the “knocking” which reverberates still in the distracted chambers of her brain, almost the last words she articulates are: “I tell you yet again, Banquo is buried; he cannot come out of his grave.” Assuredly she never saw his ghost.

I am not inclined to agree, either, with the view which lends any special tenderness to Lady Macbeth's demeanor toward her husband after the achievement of their bad eminence. She is not a woman to waste words, any more than other means to ends; and, therefore, her refraining from all reproaches at the disastrous close of their great festival is perfectly consistent with the vehemence of her irony, so long as she could hope by its fierce stimulus to rouse Macbeth from the delirium of terror into which he is thrown by the sight of Banquo's ghost. While urging her husband to the King's murder, she uses, with all the power and weight she can give to it, the “valor of her tongue,”

which she foresaw in the first hour of receiving the written news of his advancement would be requisite, to "chastise" the irresolution of his spirit and the fluctuations of his purposes. She has her end to gain by talking, and she talks till she does gain it; and in those moments of mortal agony, when his terrors threaten with annihilation the fabric of their fortunes—that fearful fabric, based on such infinite depths of guilt, cemented with such costly blood—when she sees him rushing upon inevitable ruin, and losing every consciousness but that of his own crimes, she, like the rider whose horse, maddened with fear, is imperilling his own and that rider's existence, drives the rowels of her piercing irony into him, and with a hand of iron guides, and urges, and *lifts* him over the danger. But, except in those supreme instants, where her purpose is to lash and goad him past the obstruction of his own terrors, her habitual tone, from beginning to end, is of a sort of contemptuous compassion toward the husband whose moral superiority of nature she perceives and despises, as men not seldom put by the finer and truer view of duty of women, as too delicate for common use, a weapon of too fine a temper for worldly warfare.

Her analysis of his character while still holding in her hand his affectionate letter, her admonition to him that his face betrays the secret disturbance of his mind, her advice that he will commit the business of the king's murder to her management, her grave and almost kind solicitude at his moody, solitary brooding over the irretrievable past, and her compassionate suggestion at the close of the banquet scene,—

"You want the season of all natures—sleep,"

when she must have seen the utter hopelessness of long concealing crimes which the miserable murderer would himself inevitably reveal in some convulsion of ungovernable remorse, are all indications of her own sense of superior power over the man whose nature wants the "illness" with which hers is so terribly endowed, who would "holily" that which he would "highly," who would not "play false," and yet would "wrongly win."

Nothing, indeed, can be more won-

derfully perfect than Shakespeare's delineation of the evil nature of these two human souls—the evil strength of the one, and the evil weakness of the other.

The woman's wide-eyed, bold, collected leap into the abyss makes us gulp with terror; while we watch the man's blinking, shrinking, clinging, gradual slide into it, with a protracted agony akin to his own.

In admirable harmony with the conception of both characters is the absence in the case of Lady Macbeth of all the grotesquely terrible supernatural machinery by which the imagination of Macbeth is assailed and daunted. She reads of her husband's encounter with the witches, and the fulfilment of their first prophecy; and yet, while the men who encounter them (Banquo as much as Macbeth) are struck and fascinated by the wild quaintness of their weird figures—with the description of which it is evident Macbeth has opened his letter to her—her mind does not dwell for a moment on these "weak ministers" of the great power of evil. The metaphysical conception of the influence to which she dedicates herself is pure free-thinking compared with the superstitions of her times; and we cannot imagine her sweeping into the murky cavern, where the hellish juggleries of Hecate are played, and her phantasmagories revel round their filthy cauldron, without feeling that these petty devils would shrink appalled away from the presence of the awful woman who had made her bosom the throne of those "murdering ministers" who in their "sightless substance" attend on "nature's mischief."

Nor has Shakespeare failed to show how well, up to a certain point, the devil serves those who serve him well. The whole-hearted wickedness of Lady Macbeth buys that exemption from "present fears" and "horrible imaginings" which Macbeth's half allegiance to right cannot purchase for him. In one sense, good consciences—that is, tender ones—may be said to be the only bad ones: the very worst alone are those that hold their peace, and cease from clamoring. In sin, as in all other things, thoroughness has its reward; and the reward is blindness to

fear, deafness to remorse, hardness to good, and moral insensibility to moral torture—the deadly gangrene instead of the agony of cauterization; a degradation below shame, fear, and pain. This point Lady Macbeth reaches at once, while from the first scene of the play to the last the wounded soul of Macbeth writhes, and cries, and groans, over its own gradual deterioration. Incessant returns upon himself and his own condition betray a state of moral disquietude which is as ill-boding an omen of the spiritual state as the morbid feeling of his own pulse by a sickly self observing invalid is of the physical condition; and, from the beginning to the end of his career, the several stages of his progress in guilt are marked by his own bitter consciousness of it. First, the startled misgiving as to his own motives:

“This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill—cannot be good.”

Then the admission of the necessity for the treacherous, cowardly assumption of friendly hospitality, from which the brave man's nature and soldier's alike revolt:

“False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”

Then the panic-stricken horror of the insisting:

“But *why* could I not pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.”

The vertigo of inevitable retribution:

“Glamis doth murder sleep,
And therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more.
Macbeth shall sleep no more!”

The utter misery of the question:

“How is it with me when every noise appals me?”

The intolerable bitterness of the thought:

“For Banquo's issue have I *filed my breast*,
And mine *eternal jewel* given;
Given to the common enemy of mankind.”

Later comes the consciousness of stony loss of fear and pity:

“The time has been
My senses would have cooled to hear a night-shriek.

“Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once stir me!”

After this, the dreary wretchedness of his detested and despised old age confronts him:

“And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.”

Most wonderful of all is it, after reviewing the successive steps of this dire declension of the man's moral nature, to turn back to his first acknowledgment of that Divine government, that Supreme Rule of Right, by which the deeds of men meet righteous retribution “*Here, even here*, upon this bank and shoal of Time;” that unhesitating confession of faith in the immutable justice and goodness of God with which he first opens the debate in his bosom, and contrasts it with the desperate blasphemy which he utters in the hour of his soul's final overthrow, when he proclaims life—man's life, the precious and mysterious object of God's moral government—

“A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!”

The preservation of Macbeth's dignity in a degree sufficient to retain our sympathy, in spite of the preponderance of his wife's nature over his, depends on the two facts of his undoubted heroism in his relations with men, and his great tenderness for the woman whose evil will is made powerful over his partly by his affection for her. It is remarkable that hardly one scene passes where they are brought together in which he does not address to her some endearing appellation; and, from his first written words to her whom he calls his “Dearest partner of greatness,” to his pathetic appeal to her physician for some alleviation of her moral plagues, a love of extreme strength and tenderness is constantly manifested in every address to, or mention of her that he makes. He seeks her sympathy alike in the season of his prosperous fortune and in the hour of his mental anguish:

“Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!”

and in this same scene there is a touch of essentially manly reverence for the womanly nature of her who has so little of it, that deserves to be classed among Shakespeare's most exquisite inspirations:—his refusing to pollute his wife's mind with the bloody horror of Banquo's proposed murder.

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck!"

is a conception full of the tenderest and deepest refinement, contrasting wonderfully with the hard, unhesitating cruelty of her immediate suggestion in reply to his:

"Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live,
But in them Nature's copy's not eterne;"

by which she clearly demonstrates that her own wickedness not only keeps pace with his, but has, indeed, as in the business of the King's murder, reached at a bound that goal toward which he has struggled by slow degrees.

At the end of the banquet scene he appeals to her for her opinion on the danger threatened by Macduff's contumacious refusal of their invitation, and from first to last he so completely leans on her for support and solace in their miserable partnership of guilt and woe, that when we hear the ominous words:

"My Lord, the Queen is dead!"

we see him stagger under the blow which strikes from him the prop of that undaunted spirit in whose valor he found the never-failing stimulus of his own.

In the final encounter between Macbeth and the appointed avenger of blood, it appears to me that the suggestion of his want of personal courage, put forward by some commentators on his character, is most triumphantly refuted. Until his sword crosses that of Macduff, and the latter, with his terrible defiance to the "*Angel*"* whom Macbeth still has served, reveals to him the fact of his untimely birth, he has been like one drunk—maddened by the poisonous inspirations of the hellish oracles in which he has put his faith; and his furious excitement is the delirium of mingled doubt and dread with which he clings, in spite of the gradual revelation of its falsehood, to the juggling promise which pronounced him master of a charmed

* Noteworthy, in no small degree, is this word "*Angel*" here used by Macduff. Who but Shakespeare would not have written "*Devil*?" But what a tremendous vision of terrible splendor the word evokes! What a visible presence of gloomy glory (even as of the great prince of pride, ambition, and rebellion) seems to rise in lurid majesty, and overshadow the figure of the baffled votary of evil!

life. But no sooner is the mist of this delusion swept from his mind, by the piercing blast of Macduff's interpretation of the promise, than the heroic nature of the man once more proclaims itself. The fire of his spirit flames above the "ashes of his chance;" the intrepid courage of the great chieftain leaps up again in one last blaze of desperate daring; and alone—deserted by his followers and betrayed by his infernal allies—he stands erect in the undaunted bravery of his nature, confronting the eyes of Death as they glare at him from Macduff's sockets, and exclaims, "Yet will I try the last!" One feeling only mingles with this expiring flash of resolute heroism, one most pathetic reference to the human detestation from which in that supreme hour he shrinks as much as from degradation—more than from death.

"I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's foot,
And to be baited by the rabble's curse."

It is the last cry of the human soul, cut off from the love and reverence of humanity; and with that he rushes out of the existence made intolerable by the hatred of his kind.

The Saturday Review.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ AND BRAZIL.*

IN the beginning of 1865, Professor Agassiz wished to visit Brazil, partly in consequence of disordered health, partly with a view to scientific investigations. He was doubtful as to the possibility of providing a sufficient force of assistants. A friend, Mr. Nathaniel Mayer, met him at this time, and after expressing an interest in his journey, said, "You wish, of course, to give it a scientific character; take six assistants with you; and I will be responsible for all their expenses, personal and scientific." This characteristic piece of American liberality enabled Professor Agassiz to set the expedition on foot. Its progress was assisted by numerous sympathizers, from the Emperor of Brazil to the fishermen on the Amazon. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company took his party to Rio; another Com-

* *A Journey in Brazil*. By Prof. and Mrs. Louis Agassiz. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

pany lent him a boat for a month on the Amazon; the Brazilian Government placed a small ship of war at his disposal; and, in short, there never was a scientific explorer so cordially welcomed and so warmly assisted on all hands. The results have apparently been commensurate with the means employed. Enormous collections illustrating the natural history, and especially the fishes, of Brazil have been stored in the Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Professor Agassiz has begun a scientific work, founded upon these researches, the publication of which must, as he tells us, take many years. Meanwhile the present very agreeable volume contains a popular account of the journey, and its chief scientific results. It is for the most part in the form of a journal kept by Mrs. Agassiz, but with considerable contributions from the Professor. As the joint authors are unable to distinguish their own shares, we cannot affect to do it for them; we can only say that between them they have put together one of the pleasantest and most unaffected books of travel that it has lately been our fortune to read.

There is something specially delightful in reading about the Amazons in the dingy atmosphere of a London winter. The imagination is agreeably relieved by an escape from crowded and dismal streets to the glories of tropical scenery. Mrs. Agassiz does not indeed sit down deliberately to give us glowing descriptions, or to burst into rhapsodies of enthusiasm, but the plainest statements of the wonders of the valley of the Amazons are perhaps the most impressive. Nothing can be better adapted to heighten their effect than the contrast between the scenery to which Mrs. Agassiz takes us in the spirit, and that which we see with our bodily eyes. Look, for example, at that respectable but grimy rivulet which we call the Thames, strictly confined within his banks, and converted into a large open drain by civilized intelligence. Then think of the oceanic Amazons, rolling its waters for thousands of miles exactly as it pleases, forming new channels and deserting old ones according to its good will and pleasure, with an island half as big as Ireland in its mouth, and forming an interlacing network of huge water-courses, of which

the smallest would be a first-rate river elsewhere. Or look at the poor trees which struggle feebly for existence against the smoky atmosphere of a London park, and then turn in imagination to the exuberant tropical forest, an object of which the first sight impresses one as forcibly as the first sight of the ocean, of high mountains, or of a boundless plain. Or we might compare the crowds of toiling human beings in our streets with the lazy luxury of the scattered villagers who pick up an easy living amongst the forests without an attempt to struggle seriously against the gigantic forces of nature. How pleasant it must be to get everything that one can possibly want at the expense of a little shooting or fishing in the early morning, and then to lie down and smoke in one's hammock through the hot hours of the day! There is something luxurious about the very name of an "igarapé," or water-path—a natural canal through the depths of the forest, leading to lakes alive with waterfowl, to pools shaded by such impenetrable foliage that they are cold even under a tropical sun, and with an occasional herd of capybaras lazily tumbling into the stream, or a sloth hanging to a branch, "the very picture of indolence, with its head sunk between its arms." It is tantalizing to think that one may get to this paradise of lotos-eaters on board of an excellent steamboat, with comfortable state-rooms and bath-rooms, and find numbers of hospitable people only too glad to entertain a stranger for any length of time, and to help him to shoot toucans or catch porpoises, or discover endless varieties of fish and insects unknown to naturalists, or indulge in any other sport of the country. Mrs. Agassiz, it is true, speaks once or twice of the melancholy which is at times produced by the scenery. The vast impenetrable forest solitudes, and the sight of man picking up a precarious existence like a petty insect rather than a subduer of nature, is no doubt oppressive after a time; but a poor cockney, who on the whole has abundant opportunities of familiarity with his own race, feels his mouth water for a moment, and has a temporary misgiving as to the advantages of civilization. He is conscious of a half desire to pack up his portman-

teau and be off, to sling his hammock in the midst of the forests and beside the inexhaustible streams of the mightiest river on earth. Some day or other the trees will be turned into lumber and the rivers embanked, and the sloths and the toucans will have a bad time of it. The human race may be better in some respects, but they will lose a kind of enchanted garden of which the bare description is soothing to the inhabitant of cities.

It is true that the natives of this delightful region are not of a very attractive order. In spite of a laudable desire to find something to praise in people who have treated them with so much kindness, neither the Professor nor Mrs. Agassiz succeed in giving us a very favorable idea of their hospitable entertainers. The Brazilian Government, they tell us, is enlightened, and endeavors to do what it can for science. Still this intelligent Government has a pleasant way of recruiting its armies. It sends out a press-gang which catches unlucky Indians, totally ignorant of Portuguese, and not having a notion of the cause of their arrest; it chains them together two and two, like criminals, and marches them to the towns, or has their legs passed through heavy blocks of wood, and sends them on board its steamboats. They are sent off to the war, and the province from which they are taken boasts of its large contribution to the national forces. Again, the emancipation question is treated in a far more moderate spirit than has been the case in the United States; slavery is gradually dying down under a reasonable system, emancipation is frequent, and slave-labor is by degrees being limited to agricultural purposes. On the other hand, the mixture of races seems to be producing the worst effects. According to Professor Agassiz, the amalgamation of the white, negro, and Indian races is producing a "mongrel nondescript type, deficient in mental and physical energy," and without the good qualities of any of its progenitors. It is remarkable that in these cross-breeds the tendency seems to be to revert to the Indian type, with a gradual obliteration both of white and negro characteristics. The absence of any strong prejudices against race is marked by the election of a negro as

Professor of Latin, in preference to candidates of other races; but, if M. Agassiz is correct, the absence of social distinction produces anything but a healthy effect upon the physical character of the race. The whites themselves come in for some severe criticism. The women, we are told, are scarcely educated at all; the priests have the merit of patriotism, but seem to be ignorant, immoral, and indolent; and the towns along the river are for the most part in a state of decay. It is only fair to add that M. Agassiz discovers many more promising symptoms in various directions, and expresses a "deep-rooted belief in the future progress and prosperity of Brazil, and sincere personal gratitude toward her." But we cannot say that a perusal of the journal tends to confirm this impression in his readers. We are struck by the hospitality and kindness of the people, and even by the sympathy felt by many of them in the author's scientific pursuits; but, on the whole, we receive an impression of general indolence and apathy on the part of the majority of the civilized inhabitants. Mrs. Agassiz tells us that the flowers of the Amazonian forests always remind her of hot-house plants—that there comes "a warm breath from the depths of the wood, laden with moisture and perfume, like the air from the open door of a conservatory;" and we seem to perceive that the Brazilians themselves have suffered not a little from the hot-house atmosphere in which they live. The children, we are told, have a generally unhealthy appearance; and the population as well as the products of the country seem to be rendered languid by the everlasting vapor-bath in which they pass their days.

The Professor and his little band of companions do not seem to have given way to the depressing influences of the climate. If there is anything disagreeable about the narrative, it arises from a certain fishy flavor which almost impregnates the pages. Wherever the party go, their interest seems to be concentrated upon fish. They go out fishing at morning and evening. Whenever they reach a village or a house, the inhabitants, having been duly warned, are watching for them with endless tubfuls of fish. All the intervals of their time, from morning to night, are occupied

with putting fish into alcohol, or making drawings of them whilst yet alive. The decks of the steamboat seem to have been covered with innumerable vessels, all adapted for the permanent or temporary reception of fish. It would have reminded us, we fancy, of some of the fishing villages at the height of the herring season, when the lanes are paved with fish scales, and the very air has a flavor of fish. Professor Agassiz naturally turned his attention to that part of the creation upon which he is one of the greatest authorities. He seems to have reaped a fish harvest which surpassed his fondest expectations. He discovered, as he tells us, from 1,800 to 2,000 species of fish; twice as many as are to be found in the Mediterranean, and more than are known to exist in the whole Atlantic ocean. It is no wonder if for the time he became almost fish-mad. His principal interest was in the discovery that each of these species for the most part inhabited a very narrow district, so that, as he ascended or descended a single section of the river under apparently identical circumstances, he came across entirely different fish populations. This circumstance, in his opinion, tells very much against the Darwinian hypothesis, of which he is an ardent opponent. It is, indeed, the only objection to be raised against his scientific zeal, that he seems to have gone out with a preconceived determination to find evidence against Mr. Darwin's theories. The question, however, is only touched very slightly in the present book; when he has got his army of potted fish into order, he will be able to draw such morals as he chooses for the benefit of the scientific world. The most remarkable result which he puts forward in this volume bears upon another field of inquiry in which he is already distinguished. He extends the theory of a previous glacial period to an extent which will startle some of its boldest supporters. Not only has he discovered distinct traces of former glaciers upon some of the lower ranges in the neighborhood of the coast, but he declares his belief in a gigantic glacier which formerly filled the whole valley of the Amazons. When a glacier thousands of miles in length existed under the tropics, the world must have been a pleasant place of residence. We

can here say nothing of the evidence by which this bold theory is supported, but we will repeat his invitation to members of the Alpine Club to trace the outlines of glaciers on the mountains of Ceará. A steamboat will take them easily from Liverpool to Pernambuco, and thence it is only two days to Ceará. Now that Swiss glaciers are worked out, it may be a melancholy satisfaction to members of that enterprising fraternity to investigate the few remains of a period when an Alpine Club—if such had existed—might have found a whole continent for the scene of congenial labors.

A STRANGE STORY.

PART I.

It was a bright, clear morning. The sun sparkled on a thousand emerald buds, and the morning breeze wafted in a strong scent of violets. As I stood on the door-step of my home in Devonshire, I looked on as fair a scene of flowers and sunshine as ever was given in these British isles to Valentine's Day. Such brilliant blossoms—wind-flowers, hepaticas, and crocuses—blue, purple, white, and cloth of gold. It was a thoroughly spring-like morning, and as I stood loitering on the step a youth of fifteen bounded through the hall, seized me by the arm, and cried, "I ought to be your Valentine, but I can't. A man may not marry his grandmother, nor his maiden aunt! Oh dear me, what a pity! But never mind, Grace; come along; we will go forth for adventures, and you shall meet your Valentine, if such a being exists." I told Master Bertrand that he was a saucy schoolboy, but I started with him on a walk to the lodge, nevertheless.

And now I must explain a little.

I was at Combe Minor, which had been my home from my birth. My father had died seven years before last Valentine's day, and left my mother, with a daughter by her first husband just ten years my senior, and myself. Seven years ago from last Valentine's day I was sixteen years of age, and Julia Moore, my step-sister, was six-and-twenty. But my father had a son by an earlier marriage, and when this son came to take possession of Combe Minor, he came as a widower, bringing Bertrand,

Oliver, and Jack with him. A year after our father's death my half-brother married Julia Moore; and a year before the day when I stood, as I have said, on the doorstep of Combe Minor, my mother had married her third husband, Sir Godfrey Selby, and they were keeping St. Valentine's Day in Northumberland, amid wind and snow. No wonder that, on every account, I preferred the soft Devonshire air and the sweet flowers of our sunny home. So I was twenty-three, and Bertrand was fifteen, and not my Valentine, because he was my nephew: and so we started on our early walk. There was a winding drive by the edge of a wood, where rock cropped out, and holly glittered, and the willow had begun to show golden buds. This drive led by the moss well, and the old quarry, so picturesquely planted with larch, to the north lodge; and Bertie and I trod the way gayly, our steps making crisp echoing sounds in the clear frosty air, and the birds singing in the sun that set all Nature sparkling.

The old fancy, that the first man we met was to be my Valentine for the ensuing year, made fun for Bertie, who, being a very merry-hearted, and also a very clever boy, kept me laughing, in spite of the mock indignation with which I had to meet some of his most daring imaginations.

"You'll never be married this year. Oh, Gracey! 'Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo!'—Eh! who's that?"

We had just caught sight of the lodge, and we saw a stranger standing, as if irresolute. The stranger then knocked at the lodge door, and walked in.

"Now, fair play, dear, good, unfortunate Aunt Gracey. It won't do unless he comes out, and walks on, and meets us honestly. The first you *meet*, not *see*. You are out of luck—you are—no!"

And here the stranger reappeared, and walked towards us quite as unwaveringly, and with as much intention as could be expected of any Valentine under any circumstances throughout the whole "West Country."

"All right!" said Bertie, in a low voice; "don't flinch. Bear up bravely, Gracey. I'll stand by you. It will be all over in a moment. Look him in the face, that you may know him again."

I could have beaten the boy for the drollery he threw into his small impertinences, for I could not keep my face grave, and the stranger was a fine, tall, handsome-looking man, walking straight in the middle of the road, and inspecting us with very evident attention.

"Hold your tongue, Bertie!"

"Don't be agitated—keep your self-possession. Trust in me—guide, philosopher, and friend!"

Here we were brought to a stand suddenly, by the stranger stopping close before us, and saying, "Bertrand Lawrence! I know your name. I asked at the lodge." Then he took off his hat to me.

My Valentine looked five-and-thirty years of age, with a face a good deal bronzed, and very dark hair. He had a mustache, but no whisker nor beard;—he was what anybody might call handsome, and he had an indescribable look of power about him. I don't mean bodily strength, though he had that too. But he had a certain sweetness of expression on his somewhat massive face, as if he was gentle with the gentleness of one who could play with life because he had tamed it into submission to him. All this struck me as he lifted his hat, and said, "Miss Lawrence." Then he went on speaking to Bertie. "Is your father at home? I am called Deverel—James Deverel. Do you know my name?"

"Major Deverel is expected on a visit to my father next week."

"Yes. I wrote and said I would come. I was then engaged this week to the Robertsons, near Torquay. But they telegraphed to me at Lord Marston's to say they had illness in the house, and had been put in quarantine—couldn't have me. So I came here straight. It will be an early 'morning call' if you can't take me in. I have left my luggage at the station."

By this time Major Deverel was walking with us towards the house. He soon said, "Do you always walk as early as this, Miss Lawrence?"

I could not help stammering; but Bertie spoke honestly. "It's the best joke in the world. We made an engagement last night to walk out together to-day early. Valentine's Day, you know. The first man Aunt Grace met was to be her Valentine. We west-country people believe all kinds of superstitions, and that

is one. We promised to tell the truth to Oliver and Jack, which was but fair, as we had refused their company. Now we shall carry you back as proof positive; the Valentine not only seen, but captured and brought home. You are Grace's Valentine, Major Deverel, and I hope you will do your year's service properly."

Major Deverel stood still. He looked at Bertie, and he looked at me. "I had never thought of it!" he said. "Valentine's Day! Well, so it is! Valentine's Day—never thought of it once, even."

His manner was very strange. I saw that it was provocative of Bertie's mirth, so I began to talk to Major Deverel of Devonshire customs, and the odd fancies that we kept in remembrance in our old-fashioned place.

Major Deverel got as good a welcome as any man could have desired. He and my brother had been at school together. My brother had gone to Cambridge, then to the bar, and had been going the Western Circuit when his friend, Frank Deverel, had been through hard fighting in India. They had seen each other but seldom, but had corresponded without intermission; and now it was pleasant to see my brother of forty years of age and his friend, a few years younger, standing with grasped hands, looking in each other's faces, recalling old memories, both very happy in the old friendship so faithfully cherished, and so suddenly gratified by this pleasant appearance on Valentine's Day.

We had breakfast; and after breakfast I heard Major Deverel say how strangely fast my brother had seemed to run through life—only forty, and twice married; with three boys, and an eldest son shooting up into manhood. "Why, *my* life," he said, "has got to begin—my *home* life, I mean; at least, I hope so. After all," he said, "the great struggle of youth carried into battle-fields full of danger, fuller of thought, and a responsibility that shuts *self* out of one's mind, is not the life that a man looks forward to. The patriarchal vine-and-fig-tree life advances upon one in a sort of vision, and claims one's sympathy. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "and comes in some of men's best moments, I think." I felt quite touched. I confessed that my Valentine entertained some most ad-

mirable sentiments. "But I should not have liked to begin so early, though," he said, with an honesty of tone and manner that made me hate him. In fact, before luncheon time Major Deverel had greatly puzzled me, and I had said to myself, "There is something odd about him." He kept on betraying the drollest sort of interest in this Valentine's Day, and once, in the most unaccountable manner, wondered what would happen before the end of it.

"Nothing more extraordinary than an assemblage of friends in the evening," said Julia, with her pretty, quiet, captivating smile. I was pleased to see that Major Deverel admired her.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a party of friends; would you tell me all about them."

And then he sat down by Julia's work-table, and cut open the leaves of a book in a peculiarly careful and knowing way, which made me, once more, entertain a good opinion of my Valentine. He heard about Lawsons and Robertses, Colvilles, Drakes, and Markingtons; and asked questions as to sex, age, family, fortune—once more he was growing unaccountably odd; and once more he wondered out loud that it should be Valentine's Day. "Valentine's Day! Never thought of it!" and when he ended by saying with every mark of astonishment—"And eighteen hundred and sixty-six, too," I really thought him crazy.

Before dinner I had been both charmed and bewildered by our new guest several times. I liked, I disliked, I wondered; but with all I think I admired.

When we had assembled for dinner in our smart clothes I thought Major Deverel the finest-looking man I had ever seen—my Valentine was a man to be proud of. We ladies left the dinner-table early, for we had some little arrangements to make for the entertainment of the guests who were expected in the evening. We had not been many minutes out of the dining-room when the three boys rushed out, and joined us in the morning-room where our friends were to have tea on their arrival.

"Oh, Grace, he is the best fellow going. He will do anything—everything—we will have charades!"

I asked, "Did Major Deverel propose charades?"

"Oh, no; you can't get him to propose anything. I go with the stream on Valentine's Day," he said.

Our boys were very fond of acting, and with very little help from others, they and I had got up several successful charades that winter. They were all *impromptu* characters. We fixed on our word and how the syllables should be expressed, and then left all the acting and the dialogue to the inspiration of the moment. I knew the boys wished for charades, and of course I knew they would have all their wishes as far as possible fulfilled. They had been brought up on the very (not over) indulgent principle and were not the least spoilt by it. So charades we were to have, and Major Deverel was to act with us.

"Had he ever acted?" "Hundreds of times, no doubt." "Had he ever acted *impromptu* charades?" "Nobody knows. But no matter. He agrees to everything—says he would not advise, nor contradict, nor suggest, nor refuse, nor doubt, nor run away—can you want more than that? Don't be afraid, Gracey. Let us fix on a word."

But I was afraid. Our friends were arriving; a dozen people were in the drawing-room already. I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself with my Valentine, who had several times treated this Valentine's Day as being a serious epoch in his life, and as something to be endured with vague wonderings, and an odd anxiety which he tried to hide with gay words; but which was something quite real, and as it seemed to me, very plain to see, and altogether impossible to account for.

More carriages, more bell ringing, more greetings, more tea! My battle with Bertie was lost. I was defeated. We were to have charades; and the first word to be acted was to be *Fearful*, out of compliment to me. "You are in that unreasonable state of agitation, that you will scarcely need to act anything, Gracey." I could only sit and smile; I was beaten, and very amiable under my misfortune.

Now the room in which we acted was a long drawing-room. Standing at the top of this room, if you looked down its length of over thirty-three feet, you saw two doors; one was at the end of the room on the right hand and led into a

library, the other at the side, as far down as could be, and led into the hall. Our only preparation for our favorite pastime was to bring into the room two large screens. They were so placed as to divide off the end of the room which was to be our stage, and to hide the two doors by which we came on, and went off. The middle space between the screens was marked off by a row of wax lights on the floor, and a fence made by long, low, wire guards which had been contrived for the purpose. The only peculiarity of this drawing-room arose from the fact of its having been made by throwing two rooms together, by which means there were two fire-places. One was at the end opposite our stage, the other in the centre of the left-hand side, and opposite the windows. They had grates and chimney-pieces exactly alike, and each had a looking-glass which reached up to the cornice of the room. The glass over the side chimney-piece could be seen perfectly by the actors, and when at the further end of the stage our "situations" were reflected in it.

Before the charade began I spoke to Major Deverel. "The syllable *fear* is to be a scene with banditti, you know; you are to be just entering the stage from the library. I, and my friends, and our maid are to come on the stage in a state of terror, the banditti having robbed us, and turned us out of our carriage. I rush up to you to save us—and you,"—he was listening with the drollest half-smile on his attentive face. I know I looked alarmed for the success of any acting that he might be concerned in, and he read my thoughts exactly.

"Don't be frightened before the time," he said. "I won't arrange anything. Whatever you may do, I shall do exactly as I ought to do. I mean, as I should do if so placed in real life. Now go—Bertie is making signs for you."

What outrageous, silly confidence! And yet he spoke so pleasantly that I could not scold.

Bertie was in full power; a blazing interest in the work to be begun instantly glowed in his handsome face, and he said, "Oh, Major, have you pistols? Ah, you have changed your coat." I then saw that he had a cloak on, and pistols strapped round him. "Your father dressed me," he said. "I have not done

anything myself. I go with the stream this Valentine's Day, and make the best of the place on which the stream may land me, that is all I am going to do."

I can only add to this record of our conversation that I was more puzzled than ever by Major Deverel's words and manner, and found myself on the stage informing my audience by means of a talk with my friends, that we had left our travelling carriage for the luxury of an afternoon walk while proceeding towards Naples on an October day.

Off we went, and on came the banditti by the library door behind us. Their evil intentions were announced in the same fashion, and they passed off as we had. The stage was then occupied by Major Deverel, supposed to be on a walking expedition. From the cries of alarm—the clash of weapons—we women rushed back to the stage. The maid on her knees in a paroxysm of fright, the friend, fainting on the top of the maid, and I rushing up to Major Deverel crying "Save us!"

Then in a moment a grand tableau was formed. I found myself within the Major's strong left arm; and I confess I struggled, for I had not intended my rush to end in such harborage. But I was a mere feather compared to his strength. With a power which I don't forget he drew me closer to him, and held me caged within the bend of his iron arm. I glanced up to his face. What a face it was! His right arm was stretched out, and the pistol in his hand cowed the chief of the banditti, Master Bertie, who looked mesmerized under the earnest, glowing face, and steady, triumphant eye. No one ever saw a more real thing than Major Deverel's attitude and expression; the curtain dropped amidst immense applause, and I was released with a quiet smile. He put his pistol into his belt, and said, as if to himself, "The queerest thing in the world. I'm glad it's over, though!"

"What is queer, and what is over?" I said—we were rearranging ourselves in the library now. He answered, "By and by—by and by."

The word "*full*" was acted by a busy postman delivering valentines to a crowd who met him, and from whose full bags, they filled pockets, baskets, brown paper parcels. It was made a very merry

scene by the boys and all the young friends, who made the gathering crowd till the stage was full, and the curtain dropped again.

The whole word was a recounting of the banditti danger to a nervous lady excellently acted by Mary Drake, who really worked herself up to a very fearful state while I told the story as well as her nerves allowed and the perpetual interruptions, caused by the remedies she so constantly called for, permitted.

There were two more charades, but the Major's acting—the force, the interest, the expression he had put into his part—formed the topic of the night. Everybody had "felt it so!" That was the general experience; it found expression in many words, and the Major's praises reached him of course. All the answer he made was, "I never acted in my life—never took part in any charade before."

PART II.

MY VALENTINE'S STORY.

When all our friends had gone, and we were alone, standing about in the supper-room, my brother told Major Deverel again that he had never seen such acting as in that first charade, adding "I am very glad we had you to do it."

"So am I," was the brief answer. "But to me it was not acting. For one moment, I saw, reflected in the great glass over your side fireplace, the whole scene. It was in every particular the counterpart of something I had seen before. I dare say I looked in earnest. I never felt more solemnly stirred. I never wanted all the courage I could command more than at that moment, when you all clapped and praised us. When the curtain dropped, by Jove! how glad I was!"

"Well, now I am sure he is mad," was my whisper, as I refreshed myself with a glass of wine offered gallantly by Bertie; but Julia seemed to think differently.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "May we not know all about it? Won't you tell us? You have no idea how real that moment seemed. Do tell us—tell us now."

"If you please," Major Deverel said. So we sat down, and he began.

"It is a very strange story, and I am not going to try to account for it. I

shall leave you to do that if you choose to try. I shall tell facts in few words—so here I begin. Some years ago I was at Constantinople. I was with a party of friends, and others joined us. We were all “on leave” of one sort or other, and ready to enjoy ourselves; and we all messed together at a French tavern in the suburb called Pera, where we lived, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. We were a party of nine, as nearly as I can recollect; English, French, Irish, and Scotch; I was the only Englishman, I know.

“One day, I remarked that a very intelligent Scotchman was silent, and apparently distressed, at our dinner; and afterwards, I was told by a French friend of his with whom I was walking on the height that overlooks the magnificent harbor, and the Golden Horn, that the Scotchman had done a foolish thing,—perhaps worse, a wrong thing, explained the Frenchman—he had been in a spirit of fun to ask about his future of a Turk who practised necromancy, and he had come away sad, silent, and puzzled. It was said that this sorcerer, if he was one, could show in a sort of vision, any moment of your future life that you liked to ask for. But if you fixed on a moment in the future beyond the term of your life, you beheld only a hideous blank—I say hideous, because the blank had an effect of the most desolating description on all who beheld it. There was only darkness and nothingness. The end of the room seemed to be gone, and all things gone with it; and some strong men had been said to have fainted when this revelation of utter loss had been made to them. Such a revelation had been suffered by our Scotch friend. He had asked to see what that moment would be on that day two years, and had been answered by the awful darkness I have mentioned. After a day or two, I determined to go to this sorcerer myself. I told my French friend, who tried, but in vain, to dissuade me. I would not listen. He refused to go with me, so I took an Irishman, a general favorite, with me. He was called O’Neil. I don’t know why I went. I think I felt it would do Patterson, the Scotchman, good, if a few of us were in a similar predicament with himself. I know I had no belief what-

ever in these prophetic visions being true. O’Neil and I paid our visit to the ‘Wise Man’ on Valentine’s Day. It was at night—or rather in the evening—in fact just before nine o’clock. No difficulty of any kind was made. I put down gold—half a sovereign, for I was going to do it as cheaply as I could. He said, ‘Double that; you will require more than one vision.’ I said shortly that I only wanted one; and that O’Neil would be with me. He told me to take back the gold, for to have O’Neil with me was impossible. I agreed then to go by myself, and we went up-stairs. The man lived in such a house as the more opulent Turks inhabit—built round a court, where a fountain played very lazily. I remember that the drip of the water seemed to add to the strange silence in this man’s dwelling rather than to disturb it. Every drop was heard so perfectly, telling of the unnatural quiet, as the ticking of a clock tells of the silent passage of time. We went through the court together, up a great marble staircase, and through a passage where the walls were painted, and inlaid in places with ivory, jasper, and mother-o’-pearl, in the most tasteless, ignorant way. We got at last into a great room like a gallery, perfectly dark except for a circle of small lamps that burnt about two feet from the floor in the centre of the room, as nearly as I could guess. In a moment I got accustomed to the dim light, and then I saw that the ‘Wise Man’ was standing at the very farthest end, and holding out his arm to me. He had before told me only to speak when he spoke to me. Presently he said, ‘Ask for the moment you wish to see.’ I said, ‘This time next year.’ I felt the room grow warmer. I perceived a highly fragrant scent as of some sweet wood burning, then the end of the room grew brighter and brighter, something as you may see at sunrise, though the light was less glowing, and then, by degrees, like a thing being revealed out of the wavy light and the receding darkness, I saw a distinct scene—a scene, which, but for its perfect stillness, no one could have distinguished from real life. There were two men on the ground; one was dead—I had never seen him then—the other was myself, apparently dying. An Indian was on his knees trying to stanch

the blood that flowed from a wound which I could not see. I looked at it steadily. I took in every particular—more people appeared in the hazy outlines, and a horse—then the minute was over, and the whole was gone. The man was at my side before I knew that he had left the place where I had last seen him, and he spoke: ‘You wish for another?’ I said, ‘I don’t know—wait.’ ‘Don’t speak till you are spoken to. I will ask you again soon.’

“In this silent interval I wondered with myself what it was wisest to do. The question, ‘Did I die?’—or ‘Shall I die?’ I suppose I ought to say—was so strong within me that I felt it would be best, at all risks, to answer it. If the next sight gave me the dismal blank, I should know what I feared—if not, I should fear no more. It was best to know. So when I was asked, ‘Will you see more?’ I said, ‘Yes.’ ‘What moment shall it be?’ The voice came again from the farthest corner. I said, ‘This time five years.’ And it came.”

“What came?” asked my brother.

“Why this night—the moment when I held her in with my left arm, and pointed my pistol at Bertie.”

“Did you see Bertie?”

“I saw only myself, and a woman, just as she was. I knew the cloak when you put it on me. As I covered the lad with the pistol I caught the flash of the lock in the looking-glass, and one glance gave me the scene complete, myself with my pistol pointed, and your sister in my arms. When I had seen this scene, too, fade away, the sorcerer said, ‘You will see another?’ But I answered, ‘No. I shall carve out my life for myself in spite of you,’ and I came away.”

“And is this night the very night—the fifth anniversary?”

“Yes, it is. I never thought of it till I met you to-day in the drive, and Bertie said it was Valentine’s Day.”

“And what of the first scene—did that come to pass?” asked Julia.

“Yes, that very day year, at the same hour. I was stationed at Quebec. We had been out on a hunting excursion with some friendly Indians. A hostile tribe knew of us, and some of them on horseback came upon us. One man was killed, and the flow of blood from withdrawing an arrow with which I had

been wounded made me so faint that, till an Indian stanchd it by making a tourniquet with a handkerchief, I could not be moved. You will not wonder now at my having betrayed my interest in all that to-day might bring to me, and in my saying I would do nothing—that I would go with the stream. I really do believe that, in unbelieving nations, some sort of ‘black art’ is practised still.”

Here this strange story ended, and we went to bed, and some of us dreamt of it.

The next morning, which was as bright as the preceding one, I met Major Deverel in the hall. It was my office to make breakfast. He stood by me. The clock struck nine.

“About this hour yesterday I met you in the drive. It struck nine when I was making inquiries at the lodge.”

There was something odd in his manner, I thought. I said, “My sister and brother are late this morning.”

“Tired with my long story?” he said.

“Not very long, but very strange.”

“Let’s make it as long as we can,” he said—“till death us do part?”

And his pleasant, promising eyes were upon me.

“Oh, Major Deverel, it is only *twenty-four hours*! ‘A soldier’s wooing——’”

“I should like nothing so much in the world!” said a voice—not mine. My brother had come in, and hearing the last words had answered them.

And certainly, before twelve o’clock, I had said a sort of “Yes,” but balanced by as many “ifs” as I craftily thought would serve to make it “No” whenever I pleased. And now, as I think of it, I remember that my husband did not pay as much attention to those “ifs” as I intended. He afterwards even denied that he had heard them at all.

G. P.

From the Saturday Review.

ÆSTHETIC WOMAN.

It is the peculiar triumph of woman in this nineteenth century that she has made the conquest of Art. Our grandmothers lived in the kitchen, and debased their finer faculties to the creation of puddings and pies. They span, they

knitted, they mended, they darned, they kept the accounts of the household, and scolded the maids. From this underground existence of barbaric ages woman has at last come forth into the full sunshine of artistic day; she has mounted from the kitchen to the studio, the sketching-desk has superseded the pudding-board, sonatas have banished the knitting-needle, poetry has exterminated weekly accounts. Woman, in a word, has realized her mission; it is her characteristic, she tells us through a chorus of musical voices, to represent the artistic element of the world, to be preëminently the æsthetic creature. Nature educates her, as Wordsworth sang long ago, into a being of her own, sensitive above all to beauty of thought and color, and sound and form. Delicate perceptions of evanescent shades and tones, lost to the coarser eye and ear of man, exquisite refinements of spiritual appreciation, subtle powers of detecting latent harmonies between the outer and the inner worlds of nature and the soul, blend themselves like the colors of the prism in the pure white light of woman's organization. And so the host of Woman, as it marches to the conquest of the world, flaunts over its legions the banner of art.

In one of the occasional passages of real poetic power with which Walt Whitman now and then condescends to break the full tide of rhapsody over the eternities and the last patent drill, he describes himself as seeing two armies in succession go forth to the civil war. First passed the legions of Grant and McClellan, flushed with patriotic enthusiasm and hope of victory, and cheered onward by the shouts of adoring multitudes. Behind, silent and innumerable, marched the army of the dead. Something, we must own, of the same contrast strikes us as we stand humbly aside to watch the æsthetic progress of woman. It is impossible not to feel a certain glow of enthusiastic sympathy as the vanguard passes by—women earnest in aim and effort, artists, nursing-sisters, poetesses, doctors, wives, musicians, novelists, mathematicians, political economists, in somewhat motley uniform and ill-dressed ranks, but full of resolve, independence, and self-sacrifice. If we were fighting folk we confess we should be half inclined to shout for the rights

of woman, and to fall manfully into rank. As it is, we wait patiently for the army behind, for the main body—woman herself. Woman fronts us as noisy, demonstrative, exacting in her æsthetic claims. Nothing can surpass the adroitness with which she uses her bluer sisters on ahead to clear the way for her gayer legions; nothing, at any rate, but the contempt with which she dismisses them when their work is done. Their office is to level the stubborn incredulity, to set straight the crooked criticisms, of sceptical man, and then to disappear. Woman herself takes their place. Art is everywhere throughout her host—for music, the highest of arts, is the art of all. The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels. The sister Arts have their own representatives within the mass. Sketching boasts its thousands, and poetry its tens of thousands. A demure band of maidens blend piety with art around the standard of Church decoration. Perhaps it is his very regard for the first host—for its earnestness, for its real womanhood—that makes the critic so cynical over the second; perhaps it is his very love for art that turns to quiet bitterness as he sees art dragged at the heels of foolish virgins. For art is dragged at their heels. Woman will have man love her for her own sake; but she loves art for the sake of man. Very truly, if with an almost sublime effrontery, she rechristens for her own special purposes the great studies that fired Raffaele or Beethoven. She pursues them, she pays for them, not as arts, but as accomplishments. Their cultivation is the last touch added at her finishing school ere she makes her bow to the world. She orders her new duet as she orders her new bonnet, and the two purchases have precisely the same significance. She drops her piano and her paint-brush, as she drops coquetties and flirtations, when the fish is landed and she can throw the bait away. Or, what is worse, she keeps them alive as little social enjoyments, as reliefs to the tedium of domestic life, as something which fills up the weary hours when she is fated to the boredom of rural existence. A woman of business is counted a strange and remarkable being, we hardly know why. Looking coolly at the matter, it seems

to us that all women are women of business; that their life is spent over the counter; that there is nothing in earth or heaven too sacred for their traffic and their barter. Love, youth, beauty, a British mother reckons them up on her fingers, and tells you to a fraction their value in the market. And the pale sentimental being at her side, after flooring one big fellow with a bit of Chopin, and another with a highly unintelligible verse of Robert Browning, poses herself shyly and asks through appealing eyes, "Am I not an æsthetic creature?"

The answer to this question is best read perhaps in the musical aspect of woman. Bold as the assumption sounds, it is quietly assumed that every woman is naturally musical. Music is the great accomplishment, and the logic of her schools proves to demonstration that every girl has fingers and an ear. In a wonderful number of cases the same logic proves that girls have a voice. Anyhow, the assumption moulds the very course of female existence. The morning is spent in practising, and the evening in airing the results of the practice. There are country-houses where one only rushes away from the elaborate Thalberg of midnight to be roused up at dawn by the Battle of Prague on the piano in the school-room overhead. Still we all reconcile ourselves to this perpetual rattle, because we know that a musical being has to be educated into existence, and that a woman is necessarily a musical being. A glance, indeed, at what we may call the life of the piano explains the necessity. Music is preëminently the social art; no art draws people so conveniently together, no art so lends itself to conversation, no art is in a maidenly sense at once so agreeable, so easy to acquire, and so eminently useful. A flirtation is never conducted under greater advantages than amid the deafening thunders of a grand finale; the victim doomed to the bondage of turning over is chained to the fascination of fine arms and delicate hands. Talk, too, may be conducted without much trouble over music on the usual principles of female criticism. "Pretty" and "exquisite" go a great way with the Italian and the Romantic schools; "sublime" does pretty universally for the German. The Opera is, of course, the crown and sum

of things, the most charming of social lounges, the readiest of conversational topics. It must be a very heavy Guardsman indeed who cannot kindle over the Flower-song or the Jewel scene. And it is at the Opera that woman is supreme. The strange mingling of eye and ear, the confused appeal to every sensuous faculty, the littleness as well as the greatness of it all, echo the confusion within woman herself. Moreover, there is no boredom—no absolute appeal to thought or deeper feeling. It is in good taste to drop in after the first act, and to leave before the last. It is true that an opera is supposed to be the great creation of a great artist, and an artist's work is presumed to have a certain order and unity of its own; but woman is the Queen of Art, and it is hard if she may not display her royalty by docking the Fidelio of its head and its tail. But if woman is obliged to content herself with mutilating art in the opera or the concert-room, she is able to create art itself over her piano. A host of Claribels and Rosalies exist simply because woman is a musical creature. We turn over the heap of rubbish on the piano with a sense of wonder, and ask, without hope of an answer, why nine-tenths of our modern songs are written at all, or why, being written, they can find a publisher. But the answer is a simple one, after all; it is merely that æsthetic creatures, that queens of art and of song, cannot play good music and can play bad. There is not a publisher in London who would not tell us that the patronage of musical woman is simply a patronage of trash. The fact is that woman is a very practical being, and she has learned by experience that trash pays better than good music for her own special purposes; and when these purposes are attained she throws good music and bad music aside with a perfect impartiality. It is with a certain feeling of equity, as well as of content, that the betrothed one resigns her sway over the keys. She has played and won, and now she holds it hardly fair that she should interfere with other people's game. So she lounges into a corner, and leaves her Broadwood to those who have practical work to do. Her rôle in life has no need of accomplishments, and as for the serious study of music as an art,

as to any love of it or loyalty to it, that is the business of "professional people," and not of British mothers. Only she would have her girls remember that nothing is in better taste than for young people to show themselves artistic.

Music only displays on the grand scale the laws which in less obtrusive form govern the whole æsthetic life of woman. Painting, for instance, dwindle in her hands into the "sketch;" the brown sands in the foreground, the blue wash of the sea, and the dab of rock behind. Not a very lofty or amusing thing, one would say at first sight; but, if one thinks of it, an eminently practical thing, rapid and easy of execution, not mewing the artist up in solitary studio, but lending itself gracefully to picnics and groups of a picturesque sort on cliff and boulder, and whispered criticism from faces peeping over one's shoulder. Serious painting woman can leave comfortably to Academicians and rough-bearded creatures of the Philip Firman type, though even here she feels, as she glances round the walls of the Academy, that she is creating art as she is creating music. She dwells complacently on the home tendencies of modern painting, on the wonderful succession of squares of domestic canvas, on the nursemaid carrying children up-stairs in one picture, on the nursemaid carrying children down-stairs in the next. She has her little crow of triumph over the great artist who started with a lofty ideal, and has come down to painting the red stockings of little girls in green-baize pews, or the wonderful counterpanes and marvellous bed-curtains of sleeping innocents. She knows that the men who are forced to paint these things growl contempt over their own creations, but the very growl is a tribute to woman's supremacy. It is a great thing when woman can wring from an artist a hundred "pot-boilers," while man can only give him an order for a single "Light of the World." One field of art, indeed, woman claims for her own. Man may build churches as long as he leaves woman to decorate them. A crowning demonstration of her æsthetic faculties meets us on every festival in wreath and text and monogram, in exquisitely moulded pillars turned into

grotesque corkscrews, in tracery broken by strips of greenery, in paper flowers and every variety of gilt gingerbread. But it may be questioned whether art is the sole aim of the ecclesiastical picnic out of which decorations spring. The chatty groups dotted over the aisle, the constant appeals to the curate, the dainty little screams and giggles as the ladder shakes beneath those artistic feet, the criticism of cousins who have looked in quite accidentally for a peep, the half-consecrated flirtations in the vestry, ally art even here to those practical purposes which æsthetic woman never forgets. Were she, indeed, once to forget them, she might become a Dr. Mary Walker; she might even become a George Sand. In other words, she might find herself an artist, loving and studying art for its own sake, solitary, despised, eccentric, and blue. From such a destiny æsthetic woman turns scornfully away.

Chambers's Journal.

DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

AMONG the "soulless things which adorn life," and which we prize, not only for their acknowledged value and beauty, but, it may be, from an unanalyzed sense of their changelessness and durability, there are none more interesting or more suggestive, than precious stones. Their value is not exclusively in their price; their attraction is not only in their beauty. They are full of associations, half unconscious, indeed, but readily recognized and explained when the chord is struck. They are a portion of the mystery of the earth—more beautiful and wonderful as little by little it is revealed. They have historical significance, and poetical meaning in their relation to the ancient chronicles, and the dim and distant superstitions of the East—the land of gems. They speak a grand and royal language of their own, and have lent their gorgeous beauty to the aid of the most majestic forms of symbolism. In hieroglyphs of gems, the names of the tribes blazed upon the breast of the High-Priest of Israel, and they alone have been found worthy to illustrate the vague splendors of the Apocalyptic Vision.

The pomp of royalty is aided by the

lustre of precious stones, and its wealth and magnificence are indicated by their value. There are histories in the mere phrase "Crown Jewels;" splendid, romantic, guilty, melancholy histories; some of them summoning a crowd of memories, incidents, and personages; others calling up a solitary figure, or perhaps two, to stand forth in the lonely light of their greatness and their sorrow. Who thinks of Charles the Bold without his dazzling sword-hilt, and the diamonds lost at Grandson—to reappear after centuries, and adorn an imperial breast. Are the wit and the profligacy of Marguerite de Valois more characteristic of the image which arises in our fancy, than the famous pear-shaped pearls which she wore when La Mole first beheld her fatal beauty? Anne Boleyn and her coif "of curious fret-work of pure gold, and cunning device in pearls;" her royal daughter with her pearl-embroidered gown of cloth-of-gold, and quaint breast-pin, a frog with diamond eyes—subtle compliment to the courtship of Alençon; Mary Stuart's coveted pearls, the gift of her boy-bridegroom, bought by proxy, by Elizabeth, when the captive's poverty consented to their sale; her solemnly silly son, and his string of balass rubies—from incident to incident, and from personage to personage, along the track of the merest surface recollections of history, we may trace the association.

In the romantic episode of the Spanish Match, jewels play a distinguished part; and even the English Solomon never wrote himself down an ass more emphatically than in his letters to Buckingham concerning the second-rate gems which alone he could be induced to give for the propitiation of the Spanish courtiers, and the advance of back-stairs interest. It is a goodly catalogue which sets forth the jewels with which Charles adorned the beautiful bride he ultimately succeeded in winning; and those which the royal daughter of Henri Quatre brought to her adopted country, which she never could in truth adopt. She took but few with her when she returned to France, to wait, in terror and suffering, the tidings of her widowhood, and receive, as the last token of her husband's love, the jewelled George, removed from his neck to make way for

the axe of the headsman. Were any of the diamonds of that relic among those which the daughter of the Bourbon and the Medici sold, that the daughter of the Stuart might be fed and warmed in the palace of her forefathers, that her life might be preserved, to be terminated by poison under the complacent superintendence of Philippe d'Orleans? And the gay and gallant, the brave and splendid Buckingham!—his very name is like a flash of light on a scene of courtly splendor. The plumes wave, the silken and velvet robes rustle, the perfumed love-locks fall upon the point-lace collars, as the throng of gorgeous ghosts flit by. Where is the pure diamond, rippling with a stream of light as the great duke doffed the plumed hat for the last time to his duchess, when she left the banqueting-hall, which was wont to fasten the graceful feather? Where is the collar of rubies? What has become of the "little diamonds" and the larger pearls which George Villiers scattered like dust in the palace halls whose fair neglected queen was his royal love? Where are the black pearls which Catharine of Braganza wore at Whitehall, "in compliment to her complexion," as was said by the worst and wittiest of her rivals, long out-lived by the contented and comfortable queen, who, after the fashion of Anne of Cleves, her remote predecessor in the perilous honor of consortship with a conscienceless monarch, contrived to make the best of a decidedly unpleasant position? Who has the Este jewels, the delicate, intricate, quaint Florentine armlets, the cordelières, the gemmed rings, the old historic stones of price, which Mary of Modena brought from her ancient house to the inhospitable land which always looked upon her coldly, and finally insulted her, so that she fled from it, even before the storm broke? On what fair neck and bosom, on what round white arms, are the gems flashing now, steady, deathless in their radiance, which once, it may be, lent their lustre to the beauty of the enigmatical daughter of the Borgias, the dangerous bride of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara? Mary of Modena may have worn them; fancy is free to weave her fabric of association where facts lend so much material.

The gems that princes have worn, the gems that they have given in recognition of state services, or in guerdon of the offices of kindness, of private friendship, are rich in association; but there are some unworn, unconferred, which have histories too. Is there no story in that assortment of "fine stones" given out from the king's jewel wardrobe, to be set in the velvet cap, which, crossed with the heraldic closing bars of his rank, was to be worn by the Lord Edward, at the grand ceremonial, for which Henry VIII. drew up the programme with his own right hand, soon to do no more wickedness, and to moulder in the dust with its victims? The Lord Edward was never created Prince of Wales, and the "fine stones" were replaced in the jewel wardrobe, while the artificers wrought at the construction of a small imperial crown for the boyish head, which carried its weight so well, but laid it down so early. What story can surpass in ghastly effect, in pathos, with the grotesque insanity of the royal Spaniard tinging it throughout, that of the coronation of the dead woman, raised from the tomb of years, to share the splendor that could never lighten the gloom of her lover's broken heart? Had not the diamonds and the emeralds that glittered in the crown which encircled the fleshless skull and incrustated the sceptre of Castile, round which closed the skeleton fingers, an awful meaning in their pitiless brightness?

Where are the diamonds now which formed the "Queen's Necklace"—the diamonds which never were worn by the woman whose ruin they wrought in part—the most famous of all the jewels that sparkle in the pages of history—the diamonds which should have had a drop of crimson blood in the heart of each? Whither have they been dispersed, which, when gem was linked to gem, were daintily touched by Marie Antoinette's fingers, and coveted, just a little, spite of her renunciation, by her from whom all the glories of state were soon to fall away? They were destined to be held in the proud Austrian's remembrance, to rankle there, with the torture of wounded pride, of outraged delicacy. They, the gorgeous jewels, the like of which are symbols to princes of the love and loyalty of peoples, had

an inverted meaning to the queen of France. To her they signified a nation's prejudice and dislike, growing into hatred (*Ils me tuèrent, Christine*, she wrote to her sister), and the first touch of that sense of powerlessness, so bitter to those born in the purple. Low intrigue, from which her station could not secure her; insolent presumption, from which her dignity could not shield her; maligners whom she could not silence, enemies whom she could not punish, the triumph of a lie—these were the associations which the famous diamond necklace had for the Widow Capet, when she looked back from her prison, with the scaffold in the distance, to the palace and the throne. Had the fabled basilisk been robbed of its eyes for that necklace, or had some evil sprite cursed the gems in his discontented keeping, as they lay, yet harmless, in the depths of the mine?

Again, a famous diamond necklace appears, in high and historic places. What will the future have to tell, what associations to evoke in connection with the magnificent gift which the Czar is preparing for his wife? The story of this necklace is to commence now, with the collection of the gems. It is to have no antecedents; the diamonds, to be worthy of the imperial wearer, are to be all new, cut, polished, set for the purpose for which they are designed. The present time is assisting at the birth of one of the most magnificent heirlooms the world has ever seen. For the future is its history. Will it be as various, as eventful, as mysterious as that of the Mountain of Light? laden with the memorial traditions of oriental greatness, the boast of a conquering dynasty, the pride of a superb sovereignty, the spoil of war, the trophy of successful traders, the gift of British subjects to their queen.

Jewels, which are a portion of the spoil of war, are associated with its rewards. They gleam upon the breast of the great general, and stud the marshal's *bâton*. They are symbolical of many kinds of fame, and have a greater personality than any other symbol. The unforgotten great have worn them, and they remain. The rôles of state moulder into dust, lie neglected in receptacles of rubbish, or ultimately find their way to

most undignified and uncongenial endings, in old-clothes shops, or theatrical wardrobes. But the jewelled insignia of rank among statesmen, nobles, and warriors, remain always, bright, beautiful, and precious, as should be the memory of the dead.

If we turn away from the narrower, the more individual sentiment which endows jewels with rich charms of association, to the wider and more abstract theme, of their connection in the human mind with its aspirations toward the supernatural, the divine, we shall find that connection existing from the beginning. The Egyptian god looked "o'er the desolate sand-desert" out of diamond eyes, and the idols of the Assyrian worship blazed with precious stones. The subtle and luxurious Egyptian, the learned and sensuous Greek, the elect and god-governed Jew, the warlike and practical Roman, the barbarous Goth and "dwarfish Hun," the chivalrous Frank and the devastating Tartar, are all alike in this—that they paid homage to their gods and to their kings in tribute of precious stones; the spoils of the treasure-house of the earth, the product of their most difficult toil, and the result of their most skilled labor. We have but to glance from the temples of Thebes to the Ephesian shrines, and the gorgeous Pantheon at Rome; from the Tabernacle in the wilderness to the camp-altar of St. Louis in the Syrian sands; from the clasp of Charlemagne's royal mantle to the leopard-skin tent of Theodoric, and the barbaric splendor of Attila's hair; from the Temple and the throne of Solomon to the diamond-shod hoofs of Mohammed's charger, and the sacred tresses of his mane, twined with pearls of Ormuz and rubies of Samarcand. Historical facts, and the fables which are their fanciful reflection, multiply as we think of them, and swell the tide of association with tributary riches; true as the mitre of the High-Priest; fabulous as the jewelled throne of Timour or the seal of Solomon, as the gem-lighted caverns of the King of the Sea, or the treasures of the valley whence the roc bore Sindbad away, with his turbanful of diamonds.

Heirlooms of the future are hidden in the earth, in the burning torrid zone, and in the barren ranges of mountains in the West; toiling feet tread over their buried

riches, weary eyes are turned to the dim distance in whose recesses they lie. From the most desolate regions they are brought, to lend the finishing-touch of grace and splendor to the fabric of civilized society; wrested from the earth by the poorest and the most abased, they are the prize of the wealthiest, and the adornment of the proudest and most refined. They are among the secrets of the sea; they lie in the bosom of the deep, and do not suffer change or destruction. The terrible spoils of the ocean, the ghastly trophies of its victory over man's skill and courage, which make of the depths a sepulchre, are mingled with jewels, which would not have lost their beauty and value if they were brought to the light of day after a thousand years.

Art has borrowed their aid in its grandest productions, and science has applied itself to their investigation, seeking the secret of their lustre and their properties, and assigning them their places in the great catalogue of creation. But there is one which yet defies science, which sets it at naught when it would define the cause of the hardness, and the origin of the lustre which give it sovereignty over the kingdom of precious stones. Supreme in beauty and in value, rarest and most difficult of access, richest in meaning, and royal in rank, the Diamond holds the mystery of its being in its translucent heart.

The prominence of the place held by jewels in the history of the kingdoms of the earth, of their kings, and their great men, is also to be traced, on a reduced scale, among families and individuals. They have associations which no other articles of value, however great their price or remarkable their beauty, can possess. They have an individuality which connects them with the history of human beings, and invests them with an almost sacred character. They are frequently gifts, symbolical or commemorative of anniversaries sacred in the chronology of domestic life, memorials of successful endeavor, changeless remembrancers of all that changes and passes away, sacred mementoes of the dead, and symbols of mourning—such are jewels, alone among the lifeless things which surround us, but have no power of sympathetic meaning. The proudest

of all heirlooms, they are bright links between the wearers in the present and the dead whom they once adorned, and they have meanings as such which no other hereditary possessions can boast. The park, the mansion, the picture-gallery, the sculpture-hall, the silver and gold decked banqueting-room, are vague and impersonal in their significance, though they count their existence by centuries of heirship. They are but halls of lost footsteps. Dead-and-gone men and women have walked, and lived, and feasted in them; eyes sealed long ago in the dust have gazed upon the art-treasures, and shone the brighter with the deceptive sense of possession; but they have been apart, they have been abstract, they have not been of them. But what of the heirlooms in the strong-boxes and the strong-rooms? What of the gems which actually touched the soft warm flesh of the women whose portraits hang upon the walls of the picture-gallery—which bound their perfumed hair, and decked their slender fingers? the very same jewels which the lord of all this wealth has given to his bride, whose son shall in his turn tell a fair young wife how well they became the matronly grace and dignity of his mother. The history of the race is best read with the commentary of these precious heirlooms, which but acquire dignity with old fashion, and never are touched with the grotesqueness which attaches to by-gone costume. They are the memorials of the best and dearest sentiments of family life. The herald's art proclaims the pride and dignity of descent, the portrait-gallery keeps up the tradition of beauty, the armory has its records of the warlike deeds of a famous ancestry, the rent-roll records wealth, and titles tell of honor. But the jewel caskets reveal more than splendor undimmed by time; they tell how the dead loved and wooed the women whose beauty their precious contents adorned; they show here a date, there an initial, now a motto, then a "posy," anon an emblematic combination of gems; everywhere a hint of the past, and with their solemn memorial of death, a beautiful commemoration of love.

If we look from splendid homes to humbler dwellings, it is still the same; perhaps, indeed, though not so extensive, association is stronger with possessions

of the simpler and less costly kind. Such are almost invariably gifts, and of great significance for the giver and receiver. Where there is no question of *parure*, where the demands of "society" are unheard and unheeded, jewels acquire intensified meaning, and the simplest trinket is a household poem.

The Saturday Review.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND POLITICAL EXILES.

THE Ninth Article of the new French Law upon the press is an instance of the malignity with which a successful man looks back occasionally, in after life, on those whom he has supplanted. It might have been supposed that Napoleon III. could have afforded to forgive the exiled Royal families of France. They have not done him much harm since their expulsion. None of the younger members of either branch have borrowed money from their friends to go down to fly tame eagles at Strasbourg or Boulogne. There have been no conspiracies, except a harmless conspiracy in the Faubourg St. Germain not to dine with his Ministers, nor to go to his balls, nor to enjoy the golden finery of the Empire. There have been no risings, no foolish attempts to whip French provinces into an excitement which they do not feel. And if the Bourbonists and Orleanists have done nothing else, they have been prudently inert. To say that the "old parties" have learnt the final lesson which Bourbonists and Orleanists may perhaps one day have to learn from the teaching of events—that they have no hopes, or even that their friends are slow in watching over their interests, and keep up no anxious correspondence with local allies—would be to give them credit for virtues which only ideal characters possess; but, after all, such weaknesses as these are the excusable errors of exiles. Their hearts always flutter to the last. Who ever heard of a refugee or an exile that was not living on the eve of a revolution that would restore him to his country? Even the Poles, after the last revolution, are still hopeful. They have always an intense faith that something must happen before long—a dreary creed which is the lasting consolation of the unfortunate in politics.

The old parties in France, for example, have known for years and years, on the best authority, that the Emperor was dying rapidly of a mortal disease which sixteen years ago must inevitably carry him off before another winter. Every mental preparation was made for his obsequies. But, though the Emperor has lived on as stoutly and as vigorously as if he had been a rich uncle, still the "old parties" have believed that every New Year must be "le commencement de la fin." All this naturally has gone on, under the Napoleons, as it would have done under anybody else; but beyond this the Bourbonists or Orleanists have done him no harm. The extraordinary ferocity which, in return, Imperialists expend on "old parties" amounts almost to a mania. Exiles in future, who are banished from France, are never to write to the journals or periodicals. In case of contravention of this regulation, "a fine of from 1,000 francs to 5,000 francs is imposed on the editors and managers of the said journal or periodical."

The fear entertained, by the Second Empire, of the press is aptly illustrated by this tyrannical provision. There are three penalties inflicted by the mild wisdom of Napoleon III. on the prominent members of the old parties—banishment, confiscation, silence. In English eyes, the first may be a necessity, but the second was a cruelty, and the third is puerile. Do the French Emperor's Ministers, his Rouhers and his Baroches, positively believe that it is worth while to prevent, by the paltry fine of from 40*l.* to 150*l.*, a foreign prince or a foreign refugee signing a letter to a Paris journal with his name? It is not, of course, a question of a great manifesto or proclamation, nor even of an article which could offend the susceptible patriotism of a French police-officer. All these things can be punished by the law already. The argument offered in the Corps Législatif by the Ministerial apologists of this Ninth Article, to the effect that persons must not be allowed to write in French papers who have given no hostages to the law, is inane. Under the new law, the hostages given to the law by publisher and proprietor are so enormous that—the Bill once passed—the Emperor may safely take the muzzle

off every political epigrammatist, whether he lives in the Rue Rivoli or in Leicester Square. A system of self-acting checks has been devised, so powerful that even M. Prevost-Paradol will probably be beaten by it. If the writer offends, ruin the printer. Let each *bon mot* cost the proprietor of the paper his means of livelihood. For every epigram confiscate, not the spirit and humor of the author, which is intangible, but the personal property of the individual whose capital is embarked in his literary enterprise. To conquer Galileo, prohibit telescopes and stop the manufacture of glass. This is the Imperial plan. This is, in effect, Charles Lamb's Chinese recipe for roasting pigs. Burn down the house about the pig, and the pig will be roasted to a turn. The system will succeed, however, and the Empire will be able to sigh a sigh of satisfaction at final freedom from even the most delicate innuendo.

But one thing is evident. Under such a system it is ridiculous to pretend to be anxious lest writers at home or abroad should not have given enough pledges to public order. They have been forced to give the best of all pledges, the pockets of their employers; and the Emperor's Ministers know it. The true reason, if France only could be told the truth, is that, absurd and comical as it appears, the Second Empire is sensitive to a fault about all that can possibly appeal to French imagination. It sees danger even in the whisper of a historic name. An old association, whether it be of the drawing-room or the barricade, makes it tremble like a leaf. The one thing needed is for France to connect no political or romantic idea with anything in the past except the First Empire. If there are tears, or fluttered sensibilities, they ought to be kept for St. Helena. The Imperial school wishes to train up the generation under it almost to forget the sound of any name or title that recalls a train of memory, or a romantic recollection of youth. We do not feel certain that the Empire is not right. Who knows the French nation except the one man who has conquered it in a single night? It was by dint of imaginative effect that Napoleon III. succeeded, and his advisers wish no one to work the charm except themselves. And yet the

danger must be remote. The twenty years that have passed since 1848 have destroyed political illusions about dynasties, if they existed in France at all. The next time the French choose a new and amended form of government, it will be from political conviction, not from sentimental fancy; from a desire to have liberty at last, rather than to indulge themselves in crowning a mere name.

It is true that Napoleon III. himself suffered something under the reign of those whom he now seeks to silence. He was a prisoner, and spent a dreary time of it in his fortress in the North of France. Yet calm consideration might suggest to the captive of Ham that it was not till he had definitely assumed the part of a political disturber of the peace that those on the throne of France decided upon caging him. In favor of political imprisonments of the sort we have not much to say. They are not usually of any service to the party which inflicts them, while they raise the sufferer from the rank of a fanatic to that of a martyr. Louis Napoleon, however, had done too much to be able with justice to insinuate that he was the victim of a dynastic persecution. It was at the hands of the law that he really suffered, as indeed he admitted some years back when he revisited as Emperor the spots where he had languished as a disappointed adventurer. To turn round on those into whose place he has risen by a bold nocturnal exploit, and to proscribe, as far as he can, their very name, is a poor piece of revenge. What it means is not exactly that the world can be held back from listening if the Count of Paris has anything to say that is worth hearing, be the subject Germany or be it France. The intellect of the Continent is, fortunately, not tethered to the few square inches of stubble and weeds which Parisian political literature provides for it. There are plenty of German and Belgian papers which are still free, and which are acquiring daily over the intelligent part of town populations in France the influence which the literary poverty of French journalism surrenders to alien pens. The Emperor cannot stop Europe thinking. All that it is possible for him to do is to keep French peasants from hearing that one Royal personage is a

statesman, or that another is a learned scholar and man of science. We are a little astonished that the Second Empire is so nervous; that, like Macbeth, it is always seeing in every shadow Banquo's ghost, and other spectres of the past. Surely corruption in politics is too deeply seated in Paris to be so easily shaken, at least during the Emperor's own life. And it is the most surprising thing of all, that Napoleon III. does not perceive that the real enemy with which his son will have to contend is a new, but this time a sobered and chastened, Republic.

Dublin Monthly Magazine.

REVERIES.

COMPARED with eternity, the duration of the existence of the Systems of Space—their mighty suns and circulating worlds—not to speak of special planetary, still less of national civilizations—is as transient and trifling as that of the innumerable circles formed by the drops of rain in a river. Conceive the solitary soul of man fronting those long drifts of universes in the milky way—how fleeting, how minutely limited his life and knowledge amid that panorama of infinity, a few of whose island systems, only the most powerful telescope can discover. How strange, contemplating the scene, to think that each of those silent, shining particles may be a heaven or a hell, filled with beings destined to think, act, and suffer for a moment, and then give place to other lives, equally transient and tumultuous. What is man's object in creation? what that of yonder endless myriad spheres of matter and life? Man, limited by his faculties and place in creation, awaking for a moment's thought on this starry atom, lost in space, between the two eternities of the past and future—man can know as little of his object except through revelation and faith, as an animalcule, living in a drop of blood circulating in his hand or foot, can understand of his daily purposes and of the thoughts which pass through his brain.

It is difficult to realize what Newton meant by space with its universes, being the "Sensorium" of Deity; still more so his idea that this power was the creator of space as well as matter.

Deity means a supreme, conscious intelligent cause ; but space must have existed externally therewith, and Deity been contained therein. A Sensorium is a centre of sensation. If the worlds were created out of matter the Supreme Power must have had a being, either external to, or consubstantial with, matter. In the latter case, Deity would exist in distinct and separate regions ; each system or planet would be a god. In the other case, it is difficult to suppose a single Supreme Power filling infinite space, yet only manifesting a conscious existence in those points of space occupied by the universes, its sensoriums ; except through the conception that there may be universes of invisible imponderable matter external to the visible, through which, as through a nervous structure, Deity may be *en rapport* with itself throughout all the systems of infinity. From our structure we are only capable of successions of single sensations and ideas each particular second ; hence the impossibility of conceiving a Supreme intelligence whose consciousness extends through myriads of planetary sensoriums, whose innumerable impressions, material, vital, and intellectual, are constantly and instantaneously embraced by that intelligence. To suppose, however, the universes to be the sole sensoriums of Deity, is to realize pantheism ; for if God is thus connected with matter, and conscious through it, he cannot be independent of it ; and consequently all its manifestations must be integral phenomena of his existence. This is the Chinese Taoist and modern German idea ; but on the other hand we have the more sublime revealed theologic conception of a Supreme Being, independent of matter, yet sensible to planetary impressions ; and according to this all the universes of space may be analogous to the cells of an infinite brain, in which the power acting is an element or being as different from matter as our mind from visible cerebral substance. Thus, the suns of the manifold systems, with their worlds, may be respectively great and small centres of sensation, each endowed with some special attributes, functions, and relations to the existence of the universal Power, in whose infinite substance each stellar aggregation may be but as minute drops

of blood. Higher beings, in older planets, who have mastered the means of interchanging intelligence, may have attained some glimpse of the physiology of the infinite substance of Deity. But to man, occupying a place on an atom on the skirt of one little organ, or drop of circulating matter, on the edge of one system, even Newton's law of gravitation is but the observation of an animalcule in a disk of blood, who perceives its revolution and that of a few circumfluent relational particles, but who remains ignorant of powers of the Being in some extremity of whose substance he lives, or of the nature or power which, sensationally influenced by many system-centres, exhibits in some remote universal sensorium, the manifestations of an inconceivable intelligence.

Regarding the stellar systems as particles in the substance of a Supreme Being, gives rise to curious speculations connected with some of the suggestions of science. Both Newton, La Place, and other astronomers have demonstrated, that were the medium of space through which the planets move 360,000 millions of times more rare than that of our atmosphere, through the resistance thus opposed, their velocity must gradually diminish, and they must consequently, in time, be drawn toward and absorbed into the sun ; that by the heat thus produced, nebulous matter will be again evolved in connection with mechanical laws ; that worlds will again be projected, and that the system of forces thus producing creations, restorations of matter to centres, and creations again, is being perpetuated throughout space, in which (such is one of the illustrations) suns or fixed stars have been observed to become extinct, and others to flame out in other regions hitherto void. Enormous changes, however, such as those in the condition of matter, which astonish and appal the imagination, may in the substance of an infinite, eternal Being be of no more importance to Him, than the consumption and reconstruction of the molecules of tissue which are constantly taking place in our ephemeral frames. Thus the dark worlds discovered by Professor Bessel—planetary systems whose suns have become extinct, may be merely particles of wasted substance in the universal matter,

which will yet be attracted, absorbed, and revived, in the eternal process of Deitific life.

From, however, the progress from inert matter to life recognized on this planet, we may conjecture that the planetary systems are but the substratum for others formed of imponderable substance—spheres of independent Spiritual Being. No analogy can be more in accordance with reason than that which leads us to infer, from the indestructibility of visible matter, that of life and mind. Development throughout both regions is clearly the law of Deity; and thus assured of immortality, nature and intellect become strengthened and glorified, and imagination exults in the prospect of an infinite series of ascending existences and rests in felicitous security—in transcendent contemplation of the future of the soul, destined by the inevitable tendency of universal laws to attain—passing from life to life as the ages roll—to Deitific being, amid the remote summers of time—amid the civilizations of Eternity.

AMONG THE PACIFIC ISLANDERS.

IN ordinary weather, it is a month's sail from the Golden Gates to the group of islands called Marquesas, and indicated by a tiny mark on the map of Oceania, or the Pacific Ocean, on whose vast expanse are innumerable atoms of land, rich in wonderful natural beauty, and inhabited by strange specimens of the genus Man. When Mr. Lamont* made the voyage, because trade was dull at California, with the intention of doing a stroke of business among the "natives" during the winter, and getting back for "the season," he little anticipated that a long detention among the savages (it seems a harsh term when applied to these gentle creatures) awaited him. Few men have ever fallen into a milder form of captivity, however, and been able to extract such "sweet uses" from the temporary "adversity," in the way of addition to the scanty general stock of information respecting our congeners of the Southern Seas. Mr. Lamont had the ill-fortune to

experience considerable ill-usage, and some very detestable treachery, at the hands of his civilized friends and associates in connection with this expedition, who cut figures in the narrative of which the most unsophisticated savages might be ashamed; but the story of his involuntary sojourn among the strange people who tenant that portion of the world's surface which most nearly resembles the Paradise of the poets, and the "Afternoon-land" of the Lotus-eaters, is singularly devoid of painful or repulsive features. Surely the gentlest and least pitiable of the wild men are these South Pacific Islanders, concerning whom we have generally but vague notions, compounded of the incongruous images of cannibalism and Captain Cook.

A slow but delightful voyage, with glorious skies and glittering seas, with a constant escort of tumbling porpoises and beautiful swift sea-birds, and when "land" was sighted, numerous blue pinnacles, of nature's architecture, standing out clear against the tropical sky in all its morning magnificence. As the sun climbed higher, and they sailed along the coast of Dominica, that tiny mark upon the map, that little speck upon the ocean, the blazing light poured itself over numerous bays, and deep valleys rich in such vegetation as the temperate zones have never dreamed of. The little island has its gallant, mighty mountain-guard too, and splendid bluffs which meet the measured, voluminous shock of the Pacific. As lonely as beautiful, the description of the scene might stand for that of Paradise before Man came there, for they saw no human beings as they sailed close in-shore, and went on their way some seventy miles further, landing at Typee Head by the aid of a whale-boat, and a pilot who had once been an officer in the British navy. In his crew, Mr. Lamont first saw South Sea Islanders. These were fine manly fellows, with a proud bearing, an easy carriage, and splendidly tattooed. The process of tattooing communicates to them a fierceness of expression, in which their faces are naturally as deficient as their characters, which are generally gentle and timid, but not without cunning.

Dominica is under French rule; and the sale of arms and spirits to the na-

Wild Life among the Pacific Islanders. By R. H. Lamont, Esq. London: Hurst & Blackett.

tives is strictly prohibited. The political history of the beautiful island is thus briefly told: "A single company of soldiers and the man-o'-war in the bay are found sufficient to overawe the Marquesan savages, some thousands in number. The soldiers and sailors, with a few missionary clergy and some servants, comprise the French settlement. In the fort, there were at this time also two or three of the revolutionary chiefs of France, doomed to pass their exile in solitary confinement." Who are they? One would like to know the names of those who have exchanged the stir, the passion, the action, of the vehement political life of France in troublous times, for the awful apathy of a prison in the Pacific. There was no trading to be done there, and the foreign element interfered with the place from the picturesque point of view, which was fully attained at the island of Roahuga, famous for a profuse growth of the perfumed and precious sandal-wood.

In all this narrative there is nothing coarse or horrible—nothing like the stories which Grant, Speke, Baker, and Boyle tell of the African and Bornean tribes. The often-made, but usually inappropriate comparison of savages to children may be made with considerable correctness in the case of Mr. Lamont's South Sea friends; while the beauty of the scenery, the climate, the extraordinary resources existing in the utter absence of anything like what we call civilization, lend the narrative a kind of fairy pantomime air of mingled picturesqueness and grotesqueness. Morals, as morals are understood in Europe, these island folk have none, but they differ from other savages by being very happy without them. A wonderful absence of suffering of every kind is peculiarly noticeable among them, and their warfare is the funniest make-believe possible. The women are handsome, with a lazy, harmonious kind of beauty, and they have delicately formed hands and feet. The queen of Roahuga came on board the strangers' ship, and must have impressed them very favorably, for a savage. She wore a sheet of white tapa, or native cloth, which, leaving her right arm bare, was cast over her left shoulder, and completely covered her form to the ankles. Her hair, raised entirely up

round her head, was folded on one side into a kind of pinnacle, which was swathed in a roll of very fine tapa-like muslin. Her ears were perforated, and ornamented with curiously cut bones or ivory; and around her neck were some strings of scented nuts and wreaths of flowers. The naked arm was tattooed elaborately, from the finger-ends to near the shoulder, with a deep blue tinge, which was not unbecoming; and her feet and ankles seemed to be covered with beautifully worked blue stockings; while blue lines were traced vertically on the lips, and an ornamented scroll decorated the ears. This dainty savage queen was attended by a bevy of damsels as picturesque as herself, and more beautiful, who were attired in court costume; but the visitors to the ship of humbler rank dispensed altogether with clothing, and boasted no other adornment than wreaths of fresh flowers around their necks. The prettiest of the bevy promptly made Mr. Lamont a proposal of marriage, in the simplest possible style. She laid one hand on his arm, the other on her own bosom, and said: "Me, you!" On receiving an acquiescent nod, she scampered off to tell her companions the good news, which they received with shouts of delight.

The women delight in bathing and swimming, tumbling about for hours in the warm bright waves, and then washing off the sea-water, which they consider injurious to their skin, in the crystal-clear basins formed by the numerous cascades. The description of the islands and the tenants reminds one of a landscape of Calypso's Isle by Turner, but Etty should have painted the nymphs. Nature is lavish of her purest and simplest productions, and art lends her next to no aid. The bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut are among the most precious and plentiful of her gifts, the king's table, to which Mr. Lamont was bidden, was spread as that of the first *convive's* may have been. A broad banana-leaf served for the table-cloth; a roasted bread-fruit, like a large white loaf, smoking hot; delicious fish called "bonita," cooked in leaves, formed the staple of the feast; the dessert consisted of bananas, fayeas, and roasted taro; and the beverage was the cool and delicious water from the young green cocoa-nuts.

This, under a tropical sky, in a hut of bamboo, cunningly contrived to combine perfect shade and thorough ventilation, in the company of the gentlest *and cleanest* of savages, was an event certainly not deficient in the poetic element. After a good deal of cruising, with but little variety, among the comparatively known islands, Mr. Lamont and his very uncongenial associates steered for Aitutaké, taking *en route* Harvey Island, concerning which exquisitely beautiful little spot, he relates the following extraordinary story, characteristic of a phase of human nature by no means confined to the Pacific Islands: "At the time of our visit, one white man, his two native wives, and some children, were the only occupants. He had formerly a companion in his exile, but, instead of being friendly to each other, these two men became deadly enemies. He first departed with his wife to the opposite island, where they lived for some years in a state of hostility, till the second retired from the place, leaving the other in undisputed possession. The island grows cocoa-nuts, sweet potatoes, and bananas in profusion. It has some stately forest trees, and the Cape Jessamine and other flowers deliciously perfume the air. George, the occupant of the island, with whom we did some trading, seemed perfectly contented with his lot. Fish, the eggs of sea-birds, and the young sea-fowl themselves, are excellent food; and with these, and with pig occasionally, together with bread, flour, and other necessaries purchased from the passing ships, he lived an easy and comfortable life."

The arrival of the Californian ship at Aitutaké caused the natives great joy; they regarded it as the commencement of a new trade. The traders' object was the purchase of a cargo of oranges, and they bought the fruit at one of three markets, each being gravely presided over by a king, who kept a sharp look-out for any attempts at cheating. Surely a sight unequalled in the world since Ferdinand of the two Sicilies, the "Naso" of his loving lazzaroni, presided at the fish-auctions at Naples, and vociferously proclaimed the "lots."

Having seen enough to satisfy his curiosity, and avoided the dull season, Mr. Lamont decided on returning to

California, and set sail with a pleasant breeze. But, on the 6th January 1853, the ship struck on the Penrhyn Islands, mistaken for a cloud by the look-out; and the voyagers found themselves wrecked on an unknown shore, and surrounded, at earliest daybreak, by a crowd of yelling savages, who only yelled, however, and plundered, but did them no bodily harm, and, indeed, on the contrary, helped them ashore through the surf. A strange life began then for the white men, thus thrown on this hardly known, uncivilized coast; and strangest of all for Mr. Lamont, whose difficulties with the islanders seem always to have been exceeded by his difficulties with his own companions. Briton-like, he decided on impressing the savages at once with a due sense of the superiority of the intruders; and advised his partner and the crew to do the same; a suggestion which was carried out with immediate and striking advantage. There must be a good deal of general similarity between all stories of shipwreck and sojourn in savage countries; the sufferers must be put to the same kind of shifts, and suffer similar hardships, varying in degree only with climate and the means of subsistence; but in this instance the shipwrecked men had to endure the terror of the supposed cannibalism of the unknown "natives" among whom they found themselves; and naturally imagined, when they were given food and shelter, that, like Sinbad and his companions, they were being fattened up for some festive occasion. Their fears, which proved wholly unfounded—there is not a trace of cannibalism to be found in the narrative; and Mr. Lamont does not take the trouble to entertain the question—were increased by their discovery of a gloomy space, enclosed in trees, containing curious stones, like a miniature Stonehenge, and eminently suggestive of human sacrifices.

There was no cordiality of feeling between Mr. Lamont and his companions; and in all that concerns them, his narrative is so confused that one really knows nothing about them, does not exactly make out what became of them, and certainly does not care. The interest of the story centres in this one man, who, for an indefinite time—he

does not give the date of his rescue—lived among the island people, going about from islet to islet, adopted by each tribe in succession, finding fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and especially aunts—the number of these relatives is extraordinary everywhere. He found a good many wives also, it must be acknowledged, and had some trouble with them also, particularly in the case of one very handsome young person, who could not be deterred from hunting vermin in the heads of her tribe. But this, though disgusting to travellers who have not graduated for savage lands by a sojourn in Spain, is almost the only personal enormity these harmless beings indulge in. In several of the islands, their funeral rites are peculiar and simple, consisting of sewing the dead body up in matting, and suspending it from the ceiling—a practice which resulted on one occasion in Mr. Lamont's knocking his head violently against one of his aunts, of whose decease he had not heard; but they are delightful savages, for savages, for all that, and extraordinarily cleanly. They accepted Mr. Lamont at once as a prince, and he received deputations from all the islets, just as Elijah Pogram did, and probably to much the same purpose. They danced horrible dances for his delight, and cut themselves with sharp shells in their enthusiasm of allegiance. They held extraordinary festivals called *maras*, and strange councils called *pehus*, and they testified extreme anxiety that he should always have a great deal to eat of the innocent food of those regions, and a touching interest in the state of his appetite. Of course, the different tribes which inhabit the several islands fight with each other, but it is harmless warfare. They discharge showers of spears at one another from behind the safe shelter of trees, make horrid noises, terrific faces, and derisive gestures; and when they chance to come to close quarters, they tear quantities of hair from each other's heads. Trophies of this kind being triumphantly displayed after such battles, the women are in the habit of cutting their hair before going out to fight.

Mr. Lamont relates a story which singularly illustrates the gentle nature of these islanders. In one of his journeys with some native boys in search of

“foodland,” they came upon a waste place where all the trees were dead. “I endeavored,” he says, “to learn how the place through which we were passing became a desert, and why not a single tree bore a sheltering branch. The boys evidently understood my question, but said nothing; and it was not until long afterward the mystery was solved. About twelve years previously, a solitary white man had landed on the island—the first and only one before our appearance on it—and had swum ashore near this spot from some ship or boat. The savage appearance of the first natives he saw so frightened him, that at their approach he again plunged into the sea for refuge, but was speared and slain. Some time after this the cocoa-nut trees in the neighborhood died off, most likely from old age, but, as the natives believe, to punish them for their merciless destruction of the white man.” On the beach near this place, Mr. Lamont beheld a spectacle which naturalists will envy; this was none other than land-crabs a foot long, so tame that they disputed the path with him, viciously spreading out their great claws—and lobster, orange, blue, green, and scarlet, of which strange creatures he says: “On the approach of an enemy, they hurriedly retreat, stern foremost, pulling themselves back by their tails, and pushing at the same time with their enormous claws. If molested, they will start up a tree in this manner, their retreating motion, when ascending, having a most absurd appearance.” Either there are very few animals in these islands, or Mr. Lamont takes no interest in them: no information respecting the fauna is to be gained from this book. The natives have some notion of another life; and, vague as are the author's statements, it may be gathered from them that their religious ideas are not impressed with the gloomy ferocity and fear which characterize those of the African and Bornean. It is chiefly from the ceremonies gone through on the occasion of death that a notion of their ideas can be obtained, as their religion does not appear to have any formal development, either dogmatic or moral. They have no laws, though custom restricts the inhabitants of the islands from wandering, except on formal occasions of feud

or friendship, and no government, and do admirably without it; and their household relations appear to be tenderly and honorably maintained. There is neither wealth nor poverty among them; nature gives them all enough; and the climate they live in is health and wealth combined.

The cocoa-nut and fish diet tried Mr. Lamont severely for a time, but he grew accustomed to it. All the tribes loved him, all the children particularly, and he soon learned to make himself intelligible to them. The island dialects are soft, and the voices, especially the women's, *trainantes*, and the gentle manners of the people, undemonstrative, except in grief, which they express with frantic energy. The "great chief," Mahanta, who had been very kind to Lamont, died, and he went to visit Ocura, his widow, who had been his favorite wife. The story of the visit is very touching—of course it is very savage. "When I spoke of Mahanta's goodness and friendship for me, she burst into a paroxysm of grief; and with piercing shrieks, ran toward her own house, from which we afterward heard moaning and wailing, and occasional bursts of grief; and at last some wilder screams mingled with several severe blows; then suddenly all was still. Even the loquacious natives, who had gathered round me, were silent for once. On entering the house, we found the graceful form of the wretched Ocura stretched senseless beside a cocoa-nut log, the blood disfiguring her deathlike features. She had beaten her head against the fallen tree until she had dropped senseless beside it, and it was with much difficulty that she was restored." The friendly and family relations which Mr. Lamont formed with the islanders made his captivity endurable; but his state of mind was extremely painful, notwithstanding; and occasionally a maddening tide of recollections would surge up, and he would feel his life almost impossible to bear. Still, he hoped, and he drove despondency away by active occupation.

The native fishing-parties interested him, and he joined them frequently. Immense excitement prevails on these occasions. The scene of operations is the lagoons; the implements, bamboo branches and bag-nets. "With their

long hair streaming, and their eyes gleaming with excitement, I saw them diving into the hollow curve of the breakers, soon to appear again some distance off beyond the force of the waves. Men, women, and children alike fearlessly plunged beneath the foam, seemingly as much at home as on land. The multitude in the sea, at first scattered over a considerable extent, now began to concentrate toward a point, not only keeping up an incessant noise with the voice, but jumping half-way out of the water, and as they descended, striking their elbows to their sides, and clapping their hands, producing a report like a pistol-shot. I now observed shoals of flying fish skimming the water in terror in every direction, often rising beyond the nets of the circle of men, who raised their arms to catch them, and often escaping in their flight the baskets of the outer guard of women and children. These flying fish are about the size of herrings. A certain quantity is laid aside as a sacrifice to the spirit, who, however, does not appear to claim it. It is then divided among the men, women not being permitted to touch the sacred food. Only of this ideal kind is the oppression practised toward women among the islanders. In this respect, as in almost every other, they contrast favorably with all the savages whose acquaintance we have had the pleasure of making so extensively of late years.

When at length a ship, the *John Appleton*, whaler, of New Bedford, came in sight of the beautiful cluster of islands, and the hour of Mr. Lamont's deliverance was come, the natives opposed his departure clamorously, even menacingly. They could not comprehend why he should wish to leave them; all the ties which were but wearisome shams to him, were dear realities to the simple creatures. It is painful to think that he left them at the last the memory of threats and violence.

Leisure Hours.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

THE graphic reports in the newspapers lately, of the Duke of Edinburgh's sport in South Africa, have re-

called my own humble experiences on the same field. Some points relating to the elephant in South Africa may interest naturalists as well as sportsmen.

The elephant, once common in South Africa, down to the mountains of the Cape, has since the commencement of the colony been gradually driven backward before the deadly fire-arms of the European hunters; till—except in a few localities, where it may not be hunted without special permission—it is no longer to be met with in sufficient numbers to repay the cost of a hunting trip, unless sought farther and farther every year in the interior. The native methods of hunting, whether by pitfall, by the chase of single animals, or even by battue, unless fire is used, seem not much to alarm the survivors; nor would the European, chasing them fairly with horse and rifle, soon drive the elephant from its favorite haunts. But when the hunter can no longer repay the cost of his outfit in this manner, and is obliged to waylay the animals by night at their drinking-places, the sense of insecurity comes over them, which in a short time makes them retire to more distant and less persecuted districts.

The hunter with his wagons equipped for the season's journey, like ships for a long voyage, with oxen numerous enough to supply the place of those killed by the tsetse, or poisonous fly, and as many horses as he can afford, to allow for losses by sickness, or casualties, or exhaustion in the chase, and with, generally, articles of barter, to fill up his cargo by purchase from the natives, reaches the country he has chosen for his hunting ground, and, having secured the friendship of the Chief, or the confidence of the scattered natives, who flock readily to his wagons as soon as the object of his journey is made known, commences operations.

Scouts are sent out on all sides, and reports of spoor, or tracks, or of the most probable localities, are brought to him. Choosing those of the males as bearing the largest ivory, he follows, tracking them patiently for hours, sometimes for days, until he comes up with them and gives chase. The bull with the finest tusks is, if possible, selected, and by persevering efforts chased out and separated from the herd, each horse-

man, if there be more than one, choosing in turn his own victim, and not interfering with his comrades, unless it may be necessary to give them help.

Sometimes the successful shot is soon obtained. The after part of the lower lobe of the immense ear marks the death-spot, in which, if the ball strikes fairly, it either breaks the bones of the shoulder, or, missing them, passes into the heart or other vital organs. If possible the fire should be delivered when the fore leg of the elephant is thrown forward, as the skin is then more tightly stretched, and the thinner parts behind the shoulder more exposed. An experienced hunter will know at once whether the wound is sufficient to kill or disable the animal. Without loss of time he will chase and kill another, or perhaps a third—as one of my friend McCabe's hunters, Christian Harmse, has, I believe, frequently done—coming back again to take up the spoor and kill the first, if not already dead.

Sometimes the chase is long and arduous, and continues till the tired elephant resorts to the last expedient, of inserting his trunk into his mouth and drawing water from his stomach to refresh himself by throwing it over his skin; when, if the horse be not equally exhausted, his pursuer knows the chase is near its hoped-for termination. Sometimes, instead of fleeing, the elephant turns upon its persecutor, and, with shrill and angry scream, uplifted trunk, and wide-extended ears, charges furiously. If the horse be already in motion, the hunter may urge him on yet more swiftly, and escape; but if not, terror may seize him at that dreadful scream, and, paralyzed in every limb, he may stand trembling and unable even to make an effort for his safety. Perhaps the rider, throwing himself off, may escape by flight, or he may even shoot the furious animal while it wreaks its vengeance on the helpless steed. Sometimes, before this happens, a daring comrade may ride between him and the elephant, and draw the pursuit upon himself, trusting to the imperilled hunter to recover the command of his horse, and come as soon as possible to his aid; or there is a chance, although a small one when such fury is excited, that the elephant may swerve and pass to either side.

Sometimes the hunter has to try the

endurance of his horse in a fair full flight; and many are the tales I have heard of hair-breadth escapes when the pursuing elephant, determined upon vengeance, has put forth his utmost speed, and the fugitive has at last gained ground enough to dismount and shoot his pursuer as he came up, or was fortunate enough to lead him past a comrade, ready with deliberate aim to bring him down. Sometimes, from loss of horses or the retreat of the herds into the "fly country," they must be followed on foot, and this is weary work. McCabe told me that once he and half-a-dozen friends had followed spoor all day, and had brought down their elephant by a running fusilade. Unable to move another step, the exhausted hunters leaned against the carcass, and thrust their fingers into the bullet-holes to ascertain by the size of the orifice whose gun had given the fatal wound. While thus engaged the elephant planted one huge foot upon the earth and raised himself suddenly in their midst. Their activity was restored marvellously. They radiated in all directions, some catching up the guns which they had been too wearied even to reload; only one was ready to fire, when McCabe noticed that the elephant's eyes were closing, and that he was beginning again to sink in death.

Many persons hearing of the number of animals killed by hunters in Africa, are apt to imagine them guilty of cold-blooded and useless slaughter. This is at times too true; but it may be taken as a general rule that comparatively few animals are killed wastefully by Europeans. The professional hunter shoots for the ivory, and will not, except in cases of need, kill anything but a "tusker," lest the natives who follow him should content themselves with the flesh and neglect to lead him to the animals he seeks. Sometimes he shoots more than they can consume, and finds them too indolent to cut it up and dry it; but more frequently it is a work of labor to keep the supply of meat up to the demand. The remote colonist, or the emigrant Dutch boer of the interior, knows too well the value of ammunition to throw it away wastefully. He goes out to supply his homestead; every animal he is able to shoot is carefully brought home, and the "huisvrow"

exults in the prowess of her "man" if she can point to nine or ten "wilde beestes" or "bles boks" hanging in her larder. The true sportsman, who, like Captain Harris, and many others, is a naturalist, a geographer, and an artist, has surely an object in view sufficient to justify him in rejoicing in his victory, when, after an arduous chase or exciting conflict, some mighty animal, seen perhaps for the first time, lies prostrate at his feet. Even where the higher qualifications I have named are wanting, the risk incurred is made the pretext to give the chase the character of fair play, and redeem it from the imputation of anything like cold-blooded slaughter. With the wasteful shooting of numbers, for the mere purpose of making a bag, I have no sympathy whatever.

In countries where elephants are less plentiful, low walls of stone are built by the water, or pits, to conceal the hunters; or trenches ten feet long are dug, the middle being covered with stout logs that an elephant may pass over without breaking, and, well concealed by earth thrown over them, the ends are left open. Here the hunters watch or sleep by turn, each with one or more spare rifles lying beside him, till the animals approach to drink; when, from a few yards, or it may be only a few feet of distance, the deadly streak of fire flashes upward from the earth, and the creature falls either upon the spot, or retires to die at a short distance. By these or other modes of hunting, or by purchase from natives who have learned the use of fire-arms, the cargo of ivory is at length completed, and the hunter turns homeward to realize in Graham's Town, or other frontier markets, or in the Cape itself, the hard-earned reward of his labor.

SKETCH OF MICHAEL FARADAY.

As an embellishment of this number of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, our readers will find a fine portrait of an eminent man of science. He was great in the department of science. He was a good man. His name will long live among men of renown in the fields of science. For the particulars in the life of Professor Faraday, we beg to point our readers to the January number of the *ECLECTIC*, 1868, p. 61, for an account of his personal history and labors.

POETRY.

UNDER THE SNOW.

THE Tantany* bells swing to and fro,
 Heavily with the wind they go,
 Keenly the bitter blast doth blow,
 Deep in the valley lies the snow;
 But a still small voice is sweetly singing,
 Singing in accents soft and low,
 "Under the snow the corn is springing!"

Spring comes, although the sky still lowers,
 With violets, Love's favored flowers,
 And April brings his genial showers,
 And roses blossom in the bowers;
 But then the voice says, sad and slow,
 "Gather them gently, count your hours,
 After the harvest comes the snow!"

And gloomy winter came again,
 But burning love had caught me then—
 Mine was a soul of fire, my brain
 Grew 'neath her tears like flowers in rain;
 And then the voice was sweetly singing,
 Knowing that I did sue in vain,
 "Under the snow the corn is springing!"

Summer again, my bride was won,
 A life all new I had begun,
 The world shone with another sun,
 My bride, my wife, my loved one!
 But then the voice said, sad and low,
 "Winter is coming, harvest's done,
 The sweetest flowers will soon be gone,
 After the summer comes the snow!"

Summer and winter, ever so,
 Yet the sweet voice I welcome now,
 For much my monitress I owe;
 Oh! when at last they lay me low,
 With her from whom I sorrow now,
 Sweet in my ears may it be ringing,
 Deep in my heart the angel singing,
 Singing in accents soft and low,
 "Under the snow the corn is springing!"

M. I. T.

THE RAINBOW.

How high a gate of gorgeous light,
 With film of gold and violet bright,
 A wonderful and magic sight,
 Is swiftly built,
 And instantly the purpled height
 Of mountain gilt!

The glory scarce begins to climb,
 As rapid as the wings of Time,
 When Earth beholds its finished prime,
 And hushed admires,
 As if to stir would be a crime
 Till it expires.

* Tantany, a corruption of tintinnabulum. The spire of Lichfield Cathedral, which contains the bells, is called the Tantany Tower.

Up springs the lark, in haste to soar,
 His little bosom trembling o'er
 With sudden wild tumultuous store
 Of melody,
 And loud and sweet the carols pour
 From field and sky.

And now the hues on azure turn
 So spirit-faint that sight doth yearn,
 And scarce in front of heaven discern
 Its tinted porch;
 But on the dark-blue wave they burn,
 A glowing torch.

O seraph track, that dost incline
 Thy sudden path for steps divine,
 Of life thou art the loveliest sign
 Through all the years,
 While Hope's ethereal colors shine
 In human tears!

Thou com'st between the rain's black wall
 And Evening's sunset-opened hall;
 Upon the golden radiance fall,
 Like priceless gems,
 The countless drops outsparkling all
 Earth's diadema.

And even while the cloud is driven,
 A vanished joy again is given;
 Thy phantom bow of splendors seven
 Returns as bright,
 The glorious arch that arches heaven,
 A world's delight!

WHAT SAYS THE SEA?

WHAT are the bright waves saying,
 As they dance along the sand,
 With a murmur like mingled voices
 Breathed from a far-off strand?
 Woo they the passing breezes,
 That o'er them softly stray?
 With their murmuring, lulling music,
 What do the bright waves say?

They tell of the sea-girt islands,
 Like gems on its heaving breast,
 Where the flow of the rippling waters
 Soothes the waking wind to rest—
 Of the waves when softly creeping
 O'er sands of dazzling white,
 Where pearls are unheeded glistening,
 In the cold and calm moonlight.

What are the billows saying,
 As they foam, and rush, and roar,
 With a sound like the bursting thunder
 To dash on the rocky shore?
 Chide they the tempest howling,
 As they rock beneath its sway?
 With their harsh and thund'ring voices,
 What do the billows say?

They speak of the storm-worn barriers—
Of the dark and dismal caves,
Where the loud waves meet the echoes,
And the wild wind wilder raves—
Of the hurricane madly sweeping
O'er the ocean swelling dark,
And striking down with his rushing wing
The pride of the struggling bark.

Of its thousand voices, mocking
And drowning the words of prayer—
While they mingle the shriek of anguish
With the curse of wild despair.
But it speaks of Him who setteth
To the mighty deep its bound,
And who with a zone of waters,
Hath girdled the earth around.

Go, when the tempest swelleth,
When the billows rush, and roar:
Bid them yield to thee, their monarch,
Then bow, and His might adore.
They speak in their calm, quiet beauty,
Of Him whom the waves obey'd—
Whose voice hush'd the winds to silence,
When trembling disciples pray'd.

SACRED VOWS.

I STAND alone by the river's way,
And I hear its silver tone,
And my thoughts, with its pleasant voice,
Go flowing up and down.

In dreams I stand in a shady place,
Where ferns and violets grow,
Where the nodding trees are whispering
In murmurs soft and low.

In dreams I look on an angel face,
And a pleasant hand I feel,
While the bluebells and anemones
Ring out a wedding peal.

And together there, in the quiet dusk,
'Neath a dome of heaven's blue,
We make our vows, like sacred vows,
To be patient, fond, and true.

The place is like a holy place,
As the old-world chapel halls,
And the perfume of the flower-bells
Like the odor of incense falls.

And I kiss her hand with a reverent love,
As the Catholics of old
Have kissed the holy relics laid
On altars, rich with gold.

And I make a vow, in my earnest love,
That so dear she is to me,
That I will love no other love
Through all eternity.

She never stands by the river, now,
Beneath the fields of blue,
And I know no more her tender love,
So patient, fond, and true.

For I stand alone in that shady place,
And her hand no more I feel,
And the bluebells and anemones
Have hushed their merry peal.

For the gentle face that I looked upon,
And the voice that softly fell,
Have passed away through the summer lands,
To the place where angels dwell.

But the vows which I made in that holy place
Are sacred vows to me,
For I will love no other love
Through all eternity.

U. L. A.

ASK me not with simple grace,
Pearls of thought to string for thee;
For upon thy smiling face,
Perfect gems I see—
In thine eyes of beauty trace
Lights that fadeless be.

Bid me not from Memory's land,
Cull fair flowers of rich perfume;
Love will shew with trembling hand,
Where far fairer bloom—
Clustering on thy cheek they stand,
Blushing deep—for whom?

Bid me not with fancy's gale
Wake the music of a sigh;
From thy breath a sweeter tale,
Silver-winged, floats by;
Melodies that never fail,
Heard when thou art nigh!

Ask me not—yet, oh! for thee
Dearer thoughts my bosom fill,
Dimmed with tears I cannot see
To do thy gracious will:
Take, then, my prayer—In heaven may we
Behold thee lovelier still!

PERCIE.

SAINT CUTHBERT.

THE sun went down on the ocean drear:
'Twas the last sunset of the fourteenth year,
Since first, for bleak Northumbrian snows,
Saint Cuthbert quitted "fair Melrose."
Thro' those long years, by night and day,
The saint had striven to point the way
So rarely found, more rarely passed,
Whereon the Cross its shadow cast.
He fled, the abbot of Holy Isle,
From the monkish band and the sacred pile:
He fled, with naught but the faith enshrined
In his heaven-taught soul and his guileless mind,
Away o'er the face of the stormy sea,
Alone at last with his God to be!

No footstep gave to the world a trace
Of the path he took to his resting-place:
'Twas a lone, lone rock, that reared its crest
From the sea-girt lair of its ocean-nest;
The cliffs rose black on the seaman's view,
Where gleamed the wings of the white sea-mew,

Whose hoarse cry, borne o'er the surges drear,
Smote on the passing mariner's ear.

The exiled saint no Eden sought
To chain to earth one heaven-bound thought;
No charms to win his human eye
From its long, long gaze on the far-off sky.
The scanty turf, with toil severe,
He scrap'd from hollows; fain to rear
A hut of rudest, simplest form.
To shield him from the wintry storm.
Not even a glimpse of that wild waste
The saint allowed; so high were placed
Window and door, that ne'er by chance
Aught met his eye, save Heaven's expanse.

O, glorious scene and strange! (for him,
He gazed, and gazed, till sight grew dim.)
Radiant, in morning's rosy blush,
Gorgeous, in sunset's deeper flush,
Most beautiful at deep midnight,
With thousand stars of shimmering light:
And peaceful moonlight stealing in
Upon the holy man within
That humble cell, who prayed and wept
For the world's sin, while that world slept.

Thus lived the fugitive his life,
Apart from sin, apart from strife,
He sought to dwell above with God!
Then once, and for the last time, trod
The spirit-path to Heaven, and passed
Within the golden gates at last.

A SUMMER IDYL.

WALKING one summer day, with lazy tread
And downcast eyes, in meditative mood,
I heard the murmur of the coming storm.
Clouds, mountain-vast, and crowned with peerless
white,

Peak above peak, in wild abandonment
Uprose in heav'n, and clipt all sunshine from
The wood and field; and sudden stillness clung
About the earth. Yet, now, far-off was heard,
Far-off and yet as near (so close it seemed),
The murmurous rustle of thick foliaged
Trees; then distant bleat of sheep unsheltered
And afraid; and then again the murmur
Low of tremulous leaves, as if appalled:
Then came, now heard, and now not heard, ebbing
And flowing on the restful air a low,
Sweet song as of some maiden fair.

At this

Mine eyes I raised, and lo! toward me came,
More welcome than in death the hope of life,
My Isabel (though then not mine); and as
The breaking glory of the East, to one,
Who, tossed of tumultuous thought, has lain
through

All the life-long, weary night, longing for
Day, that he may rise and mingle with the
World; so to my soul her advent seemed, and
Silent joy broke loose through all my frame.

The

Level sward, girt round with trees, awhile we
Paced; then silently, as stoops some lily to the
Westward gale, she stooped, and I stood
Wond'ring why she bent thus lowly toward the
Earth and spoke no word; and as the lily,
Rising, seems to us more wondrous fair for
Bending from our sight awhile, filling what

Now was void with light and beauty, so she:
And when she rose she held in one white hand
Two tender flowers, blue as Italian skies,
On one frail, life-enclosing stem allied;
And turning toward me her fair face she smiled—
And oh! her smile was as the bursting of
All beauty on the sight of one who had
Been blind, but now and suddenly, by hands
Unseen, restored to sight; and in her eyes
A bright light gathered confusing me,
And from her lips broke musically—

But soft; a beatific dream: a joy
That held me from all earthly things as by
A spell: the passionate uttering of
Words, soul-laden, that no man may know: the
Meeting of two lips that yet no meeting
Knew: the welding of two souls on love's high
Alter-piece, with blaze of lightnings for our
Heavenly witnesses, and deep-voiced thunder
For our priestly music: love burst its bonds—
As from her nest some eagle-pinioned bird—
And she is mine.

J. M.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

A. Williams & Co., Boston, send us an attractive volume, *The Struggle for Life*, "a Story of Home," by Miss Lucretia P. Hale, author of "Seven Stormy Sabbaths," with an introduction by Rev. Edward P. Hale. 1868. *Fourth Edition*. The title of this book will invite attention. Human life is a struggle onward through all its varied and changing scenes. The gifted author has used her pen skilfully in the delineation of her theme. This fourth edition is an indication that it has found many readers, and will find many more. It is not often, as in this case, that a brother pens an introduction to the work of a sister. But the parties belong to a family of literary renown, being the nephew and niece of the late Hon. Edward Everett. And it may not be out of place just here to add, that Miss Hale and her sister are on a lengthened sojourn with their brother, the Hon. Charles Hale, Consul General of the United States in Egypt, at Alexandria, near the Court of the Viceroy.

Sheldon & Co., the well-known New York publishers of many choice books, sends us an Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp, with an introductory Essay by R. Jeffrey. Sheldon & Co., New York; Gould & Lincoln, Boston: 1868.

Elder Knapp was a man of renown amongst revivalists of former years. His fame went abroad over the land, and stirred up a good deal of interest and excitement both for and against his manner and measures for the promotion of revivals and the salvation of souls. Many who admired his preaching, and were saved by his instrumentality, will be glad to read his book. In regard to the wisdom of his measures in the promotion of revivals, there was, and will doubtless be, a diversity of views and opinions. A candid perusal of this volume, which vindicates his name and character, will help the reader to judge more accurately and truly. With whatever faults some may find in its views and statements, we hope much may be found instructive and useful.

History of the Great Republic, considered from a Christian Stand-point. By Jesse T. Peck, D.D., with thirty-four fine steel portraits. Sold by subscription only. New York: Broughton & Wyman, 13 Bible House, 1868, pp. 710.

This book is a large octavo, designed for popular use. It embraces a vast amount of useful information, which must prove very acceptable to the Christian reader, for whom it was intended. Dr. Peck has performed his work worthily and well; the style is easy and graceful. The subjects are well arranged, and the author passes from one to another without abruptness. The fine steel-plate engravings of eminent historic personages will enhance its value. A fine portrait of the author, quite life-like, forms the frontispiece. We commend the work to the patronage of the reading public.

Gould & Lincoln, the eminent Boston publishers, send us an elaborate and learned work, *The Theological Index*. References to the principal works in every department of Religious literature, embracing nearly seventy thousand citations. By Howard Malcom, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868.

The Theological world are deeply indebted to Dr. Malcom for this valuable and learned work. Few men could have the time, the patience, or the skill to elaborate and arrange such a work, with its immense details and classifications, and one which embodies such an amount of information. No theological library, and no minister's or pastor's library can be considered well furnished without this book. It is like the key of knowledge, to unlock the vast treasures of thought which every student needs to have access to. We can hardly speak too strongly of the great value of this work, so full and so complete in its varied departments.

Rev. Dr. John Marsh's Letter on the Promotion of Moral Reforms by secret societies, addressed to Hon. W. E. Dodge, President of the National Temperance Union, just published, and for sale at Carters, Scribners, and Tract House: 24 pages. In this ably written pamphlet, the veteran Dr. Marsh shows an undiminished strength and vitality of mind with his best days. It should be read.

Mr. Darwin's new book is just published in two handsome volumes, *On the Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, in which a swarm of interesting examples is given, showing the modifications produced by change of circumstances, with the conclusions therefrom deducible. It will help to elucidate the former book *On the Origin of Species*.—Sir John Lubbock has edited and brought out Professor Sven Nilsson's book on *The Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia; an Essay on Comparative Ethnography, and a Contribution to the History of the Development of Mankind*, &c. It is a book well worth reading by all who desire to know how from a state of savagery in long-past ages the leading nations of Europe have grown to their present degree of civilization.

SCIENCE.

OUR readers are aware that astronomers are looking forward with great interest to the solar eclipse which is to take place on the 18th of Au-

gust next, and will be total in India. On this subject M. Le Verrier last week read a communication to the Academy of Sciences, informing that learned body that the line of the central eclipse passes through Aden, then enters India by Kolapoor, a little above Goa, crosses the whole continent from west to east, and quits it near Masulipatam. It then traverses the Gulf of Bengal, passes north of the Andaman Islands, crosses the northern part of the Peninsula of Malacca, the Gulf of Siam, the point of Camboja, the north of Borneo and the Celebes, and lastly, skirts the south of New Guinea. The darkness will be very long, and last more than six minutes and a half, varying by a few seconds according to the localities. This long duration is owing to the circumstance that while the moon will be in its perigee, and, therefore, has a large apparent diameter, the sun will be in its apogee, and will therefore have a very small apparent diameter. Aden is not a convenient station, the sun being too near the horizon; but British astronomers have the choice of excellent stations, and are already making preparations. M. Le Verrier then remarked that, as regards France, the point of Camboja, which lies within the French territory of Saigon, ought to be selected for the observation of the eclipse; that the station for the purpose ought to be prepared forthwith and its latitude and longitude determined, the elements deduced from the eclipse itself being useful to correct the longitude in question and to determine the diameter of the sun anew; that the spectrum analysis of the sun's light when reduced to a mere luminous curve, just before the totality of the eclipse, will be of the utmost importance; the same being the case with the reappearance of the sun's rays after the totality; and that the protuberances ought to be particularly watched, in order to ascertain whether they really belong to the sun's disk.

Unfortunately, M. Le Verrier adds, owing to the south-western monsoon, the state of the sky may mar the observations; the English astronomers will on that account avoid the western coast of India, and select their stations on the eastern declivities of the mountain ranges; M. Le Verrier thinks that care should be taken to ascertain whether Camboja is likely to present the same inconvenience.—*From Galignani's Messenger*, Feb. 15.

Ancient Chinese Eclipses.—Mr. Williams has drawn up an interesting account of thirty-six ancient eclipses, recorded in the Chinese annals, commencing with one 720 B.C. and ending with that 495 B.C. He is of opinion that they were possibly observed in the state of Loo. They will serve, as Mr. Williams hopes, to test the accuracy of Chinese history.

Photographs of the Moon.—Mr. De la Rue is now engaged in amplifying his original and small photographs of the moon to the size of Maedler's great map of thirty-eight inches in diameter, and the results obtained are extremely satisfactory.

Newly-discovered Bone Cave.—In making certain excavations in the rock of Gibraltar, the engineers have come upon a very extensive cavern containing the bones of numerous extinct species of mammalia and of man. From what we have already heard, this grotto bids fair to throw more light upon the question of the age of pre-historic man than any hitherto examined.

Star Maps.—The magnificent catalogue and star maps of Professor Argelander are now completed—the number of stars registered amounting to 324,198 altogether, which are visible in the northern hemisphere with a telescope of $4\frac{1}{2}$ foot focus. The preparation of this great work has taken upwards of seven years, in which there were 625 clear nights, and the number of observations amounted to more than a million.

Recorded Darkness of the Sun.—Mr. Carrington quotes a passage from Bale's "Pageant of Popes" (1574) which states that in the time of Leo the Third (796-816), the sun was darkened and lost his light for eighteen days. This is not recorded by Humboldt.

Distance of the Sun.—A new estimate of the sun's distance reminds us that this important astronomical element still remains unsatisfactorily determined. The discovery made, not many years ago, that the accepted value of the sun's distance was some three millions of miles too great, was reluctantly admitted by astronomers. It was easy, indeed, to show that they might justly be proud of having determined the sun's distance even within this apparently enormous range of error. But none the less, it was unpleasant to have to admit that they had largely over-valued the accuracy of their calculations—or rather of the observations on which their estimates had been founded. That astronomers should have been in error on this point, and yet that astronomy should be spoken of as the most exact of the sciences, may seem perplexing to those who are not familiar with the true quality of that exactness which is sought after by astronomers. It resembles in a sort the accuracy of the horologist's art. But the astronomers of the present day, using a variety of delicate methods, into whose nature we need not here enter, have arrived at more trustworthy results. It is hoped that during the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882 these results may be improved upon. Yet, even now, we may note as a great achievement of modern science the following series of values, differing little (proportionately) among themselves, though well separated from the old determination, 95,274,000 miles:—The German astronomer Hansen, making use of a peculiarity in the moon's motion as a guide, was led to the value 91,700,000 miles; Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, was led by the same means (only the peculiarity was estimated by other instruments) to the value 92,400,000 miles. Winnecke and Stone, from observations of Mars, obtained, respectively, the values 91,300,000 miles and 91,500,000 miles. Estimates founded on a comparison of the velocity of light as determined by the experiments of Fizeau and Foucault with the astronomical determination, give a value of 91,500,000 miles. A method employed by Leverrier, and founded on a peculiarity of the earth's motion, gives 91,600,000 miles. And lastly, the new estimate obtained by Mr. Simon Newcombe (U.S.), founded on observations of Mars in 1862, makes the sun's distance 92,400,000 miles. The mean of these values is 91,771,000 miles, or nearly 630,000 miles less than the greatest estimate.

The Sapphire and Ruby.—The sapphire is a precious stone in very high estimation. Colors blue and red; also gray, white, green and yellow. It occurs in blunt-edged pieces, in roundish pebbles, and crystallized. It varies from transparent

to translucent, and refracts double. After diamond, it is the hardest substance in nature. The blue variety, or sapphire, is harder than the ruby, or red variety. It is found in Bohemia, Saxony, France, etc.; but the red sapphire, or Oriental ruby, is not found in any considerable quantity anywhere except in Ava. Next to diamond, sapphire is the most valuable of the gems. The white and pale blue varieties, by exposure to heat, become snow white, and, when cut, exhibit so high a degree of lustre, that they are used in place of diamond. The most highly prized varieties are the crimson and carmine red—these are the Oriental ruby of the jeweller; the next is sapphire; and last, the yellow or Oriental topaz. The asterias, or star stone, is a very beautiful variety, in which the color is generally of a reddish violet, and the form a rhomboid, with truncated apices, which exhibit an opalescent lustre.

Novel Electric Fuse for Blasting Purposes.—This, which is a French invention, differs from all those previously employed, and appears to be highly spoken of. It admits of being rapidly manufactured, whilst the chances of fracture are reduced to the smallest number. It consists of an insulated wire, to which the usual fuse-tube is attached, and has a second wire, uninsulated, coiled round it, so that its extremity is about a centimetre from that of the first. Finally, there is a bag attached to its extremity, containing the explosive compound. When an induced current is passed through the wires, the spark traverses the powder contained in the pouch; it melts the tin thread employed to complete the circuit, and passes through both wires. By adopting this process a great number of blasts can be exploded simultaneously, as there may be branch wires from the main stem to various other localities.

Illustration of Extreme Minuteness.—Dr. Wolaston obtained platinum-wire so fine, that 30,000 pieces, placed side by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It would take 150 pieces of this wire bound together to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk. Although platinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain. Seven ounces of this wire would extend from London to New York. Fine as is the filament produced by the silkworm, that produced by the spider is still more attenuated. A thread of a spider's web, measuring four miles, will weigh very little more than a single grain. Every one is familiar with the fact, that the spider spins a thread, or cord, by which his own weight hangs suspended. It has been ascertained that this thread is composed of about 6,000 filaments.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

Water.—Some four-fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucus, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft solid parts of the frame may be considered as even temporary precipitates or crystallizations (to use the word but loosely) from the blood, that mother-liquor of the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only

a vanishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed, that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of that little world, the body of man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain-crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapor is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dews and rains, hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, as is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, pronounced it the mother-liquid of the universe. In the later systems of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being only one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but water was the highest.

A Strange Bird—Professor Huxley, in a paper on *Archæopteryx lithographica*, a bird of far remote ages, of which the only specimen known exists as a fossil in the British Museum, shows that Professor Owen's description of the creature, published five years ago, is inaccurate, inasmuch as the left leg is described as the right leg, and the back as the belly, involving, of course, other mistakes. One result of this will be that naturalists will now have a better knowledge than before of this most ancient bird, which Professor Huxley considers may have belonged to a class of animals between birds and reptiles. This subject is one he has been for some time investigating, and treated of in lectures.

Dr. J. Barnard Davis, in his paper, Contributions towards determining the Weight of the Brain in the Different Races of Man, shows that the average weight of brains of Englishmen is about 49 oz.; of Frenchmen, a little over 45 oz.; of Dutch, Frisians, Italians, Swedes, and Lapps, the weight comes near the English, while the German brain is in many instances heavier. The Polish brain is 47 oz.; among Hindus and other races in India, it is from 41 oz. to 44 oz.; but Mussulmen have more, and the Khonds, one of the aboriginal races of India, much less—not quite 38 oz. Then, again, on travelling towards China, the brain-weight of the tribes there settled increases. In Africa, the weight is from 43 to 48 oz.; in America, the average is 46 oz.; in Australia, from 41 to 42 oz. Weight of brain is said to denote intellectual capacity; so, if this be true, the best intellects should be found in Britain, Germany, and among nations in the north of Europe.

Volcanoes in a Rage.—The social commotions which have disturbed the quiet of nations have been followed by commotions in the earth, very disastrous in some places. It seems as if all the volcanoes of the globe were seized with a fit of rage. Hecla led off; then Vesuvius followed with tremendous jets of fire and red-hot stones to

a thousand feet in height or more, and poured out streams of lava, which still continue. Thence the impulse travelled westwards, and eruptions and heavings terrified some of the West India Islands, altered their levels, broke up their surface, and made of St. Thomas a very bad bargain for the Americans, who had coaxed the Danes into selling them that pestiferous little island. Denmark must be heartily glad to get rid of it. Then the long extinct volcanoes in Central America recovered their eruptive activity; Nicaragua was severely shaken; and on the Pacific slope of its mountains, the volcanic glare illumined the country for leagues around. Other parts of the great continent were disturbed, and strong earthquake shocks were felt in New York and other States of the American Union. It may be that the impulse will travel still further to the west and that we shall hear of outbreaks in the volcanoes of the Indian Archipelago and of Japan.

The French North Pole Expedition.—According to the Paris papers, M. Lambert's project of exploration at the North Pole is in a fair way of organization. A very full meeting of the French Geographical Society was held last week, at which a great number of savans and influential persons were present. The express business was to hear M. Lambert's explanation of his scheme. The main features are to penetrate the Arctic regions by Behring Strait, breaking through a bank of ice, which is supposed to be of considerable density, and to enter the open sea, which is believed by M. Lambert and others to extend to the North Pole. M. Lambert hopes to have his expedition ready to enter the Arctic seas at the commencement of the summer of 1869, and it is stated that the estimated sum necessary for its equipment, £24,000, will be forthcoming.

VARIETIES.

London Flowers and London Churchyards.—Do not say that flowers will not come up in London—look at the window-gardens of poor people, and at the wonderful things which, despite the smoke, have been done in the different parks during the last few years. Why, all last summer and autumn there were Cannas and Sarracénias, the dwarf palm and the castor-oil plant, and many other distinguished foreigners, freely naturalizing at the corner of Rotten Row. But our thoughts are not soaring to sub-tropical or costly gardening; we speak of the common hardy annuals, which cost no more than a penny or twopenny the packet, and which will, with proper care and management, turn a bare unhappy plot of London soil into a place of beauty. And everybody knows that a little labor at the rake and hoe, water now and then, and half a cart-load of gravel, or sifted shells between the beds, will render the effect of the investment splendid. You do not want a large garden to produce it; nothing is so small as not to repay care with beauty. Where nothing else will grow, scarlet runners can; and if you saw for the first time the coral flowers and broad green foliage of the "poor man's vine," how you would marvel that it could ever be a bold and vulgar thing even to allude to such a cookmaid's vegetable! Where, again, will not the nasturtium

thrive, with its blossoms of golden tissue, pale or ruddy, and its great flat leaves, which love the light so much, and turn so constantly to the sun? We say—and this brings us to the point—that there is no spot, even in dingy, smoky London, where something pleasant may not be done by the help of flowers. Why, then, when we are gardening everywhere, should we forget the dismal-looking churchyards, which might so easily be made bright and cheerful? Go down the Strand, go up Drury Lane, into the city, into the suburbs, anywhere about the metropolis, and note what melancholy spots those churchyards are. At little cost and trouble we might plant flowering trees and hardy shrubs which would make every churchyard in our great city a beautiful sight instead of an eye-sore.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Patriotism and Religion.—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."—*Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States*.

Hooker's Dying Words.—I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and labored to have a conscience void of offence towards him, and towards all men; yet if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time, I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done! God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men; and he is at peace with me.

Bank Rate of Discount.—From 1704 to 1814, a period of 111 years, there were but five changes from 4 to 5, and from 5 to 4 per cent. From 1815 to 1835 there were but three variations, the highest 5 and the lowest 4 per cent. From 1836 to 1843 there were eight changes, the highest point reached being 6 per cent. From 1844 to 1858 there were forty-nine variations between 2 and 10 per cent. From 1859 to 1863 we had forty-four changes, ranging from 2 to 8 per cent.; and in

1865 and 1866 there have been thirty variations from 3 to 10 per cent.—*Solicitors' Journal*.

Maximilian's Body.—To make sure that it is really the body of the Emperor Maximilian which has been brought from Mexico, the coffin has been again opened; and there can now be no further ground for the rumors which have been circulating to the contrary. A letter from Vienna describes the appearance of the body: "The face is of a dark-brown color, and the skin shines as with a polish, caused, no doubt, by the varnish-like coating which has been applied to it to insure preservation. The mouth is slightly open. The eyes have been replaced by others of glass, which, if I recollect rightly, are of a different color to those of the Emperor. They were taken from a figure of the Virgin, because probably there were no others at hand. The forehead has lost much of the hair that originally covered it, and at the sides of the head—at the temples—where the bullets entered, are small patches of velvet. The beard, which the Emperor wore long and full, is in perfect preservation. It has been combed downwards in a broad line; while the deceased, when living, always had it divided, so that it formed a point on either side. The body is dressed in a black jerkin, the upper part of which is trimmed with velvet. The trousers are of dark gray cloth. On the hands are black gloves; and the feet are covered with varnished boots."

Growth of England's National Debt.—Mr. William Howitt, the author of *Cassell's History of England*, writes on the subject of the National Debt. Before the reign of Charles II., he says, these kingdoms knew nothing of a National Debt. At the accession of Anne, owing to the military exploits of William III. and Marlborough on the Continent, it had swelled to £16,000,000. At the accession of George I. it had grown to £54,000,000; at the commencement of the American war to nearly £129,000,000; at the commencement of the French war to a little more than £239,000,000; and that stupendous effort to restore to the French throne the effete Bourbons, with the addition of the Irish debt, brought it, in 1817, up to something more than £848,000,000. Between that time and 1833, the Government reduced the debt £69,000,000; but since then it has begun to roll up again, and now stands at £800,848,847. Since the passing of the Reform Bill it has increased no less than £20,000,000, and yet in the interim we have had the greatest prosperity, our export trade being now more than five times what it was in 1833.

Faraday as a Christian Philosopher.—Faraday was deeply religious; and not to insist on this special characteristic would be to make a very imperfect sketch of his life. His religious convictions occupied a large place in his whole being, and evinced their power and sincerity by the agreement between his life and his principles. It was not in arguments drawn from science that he sought the proofs of his faith; he sought for them and found them in those revealed truths which, at the same time, he held could not be reached by unaided human reason, even when they were in most perfect harmony with what he had learnt from the study of nature and the marvels of creation. Faraday had for long understood that the data of science, so changing and so variable, will not do for the firm and immovable

foundation of a man's religious belief, but, at the same time he had shown by his example that the best reply that a philosopher can make to those who hold that the progress of science is incompatible with these convictions, is to say to them, "But, notwithstanding, I am a Christian." The sincerity of his Christianity appeared as much in his acts as in his words. The simplicity of his life, the uprightness of his character, the active benevolence which he displayed in his relations with others, won for him general esteem and affection. Always ready to do an act of kindness, he would leave his laboratory when his presence would serve or be useful to the cause of humanity. He would willingly place his science under contribution, whether upon a question of public health and of industrial application, whether to give some practical counsel to an artisan, or to examine the discovery of a beginner in the career of science.—*Professor de la Rive, of Geneva.*

Tippling Habits in Ladies.—The "Lancet" has raised its voice, certainly none too soon, against the increasing indulgence among the educated and gentle of what it justly characterizes as the pernicious habit of tippling. There can be no doubt in the mind of any who observe the changes of manners in good society that this very serious charge is well founded; nor must the ladies, though the "Lancet" delicately abstains from direct allusion to them, be allowed to consider themselves exempted from its strictures. But has the faculty, as it is called, nothing to answer for in promoting the present state of things? Children are now given, "by the doctor's orders," an amount of alcohol which would have horrified their grandmothers. The beer and port wine administered two or three times a day at first disgusts, but soon becomes grateful to them. Almost every one of us may plead medical advice as the beginning of the habit. They say the modern type of disease is low; that stimulants are requisite; and that whether they prescribe chloric ether or champagne does not much signify. Perhaps not in the physical point of view, but in the moral one. Surely, the temptation to the abuse of such stimulants as lavender or ether is not so great or so constantly recurring as that of wine and liqueurs, which are offered and pressed upon us wherever we go. Brandy now takes the place of sal volatile in the lady's dressing-case; and the properties of gin as a cleansing agent applicable to everything, from the gilt stopper of a scent bottle to a lace flounce, are firmly impressed on the mind of the waiting-maid. We would never speak but with respect of the noble profession of healing; but it cannot be denied that the peculiar temptation assailing some of its more "fashionable" members is that of following rather than leading the inclinations of their patients.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Tartar Beauties.—Madame Hommaire de Hell gives the following account of the daughters of a Tartar princess, Adel Bey, who still lives in the neighborhood of Baktcheserai:—"Imagine, reader, the most exquisite sultanas of whom poetry and painting have ever tried to convey an idea, and still your conception will fall far short of the enchanting models I had then before me. There were three of them, all equally beautiful and graceful. Two were clad in tunics of crimson

brocade, adorned in front with broad gold-lace, the tunics were open, and disclosed beneath them cashmere robes, with very tight sleeves, terminating in gold fringes. The youngest wore a tunic of azure blue brocade, with silver ornaments: this was the only difference between her dress and that of her sisters. All three had magnificent black hair escaping in countless tresses from a fez of silver flagree, set like a diadem over their ivory foreheads; they wore gold embroidered slippers, and wide trousers drawn close at the ankle. I had never beheld skins so dazzlingly fair, eyelashes so long, or so delicate a bloom of youth. The calm repose that sat on the countenances of these lovely creatures had never been disturbed by any profane glance. No look but their mother's had ever told them they were beautiful; and this thought gave them an inexpressible charm in my eyes. It is not in our Europe, where women, exposed to the gaze of crowds, so soon addict themselves to coquetry, that the imagination could conceive such a type of beauty. The features of our young girls are too soon altered by the vivacity of their impressions, to allow the eye of the artist to discover in them that divine charm of purity and ignorance with which I was so struck in beholding my Tartar princesses. After embracing me, they retired to the end of the room, where they remained standing in those graceful Oriental attitudes which no woman in Europe could imitate. A dozen attendants, muffled in white muslin, were gathered round the door, gazing with respectful curiosity. Their profiles, shown in relief on a dark ground, added to the picturesque character of the scene."—*Travels in the Crimea.*

King Theodore.—Sir H. Rawlinson has remarked that King Theodore had abolished Mohammedanism, had secularized the church property, and had crushed the priestly influence, which, in the time of Mr. Plowden, was one of the crying evils of Abyssinia. He had also introduced many useful reforms into the administration of justice, and had adopted measures for the encouragement of industry. As long as Plowden and Bell were alive he was to a certain extent a model sovereign, but since their deaths he had gone altogether wrong.

Dr. Beke, however, affirms that Theodore was from the first an arrant villain. He was made a great man and a good man by Bell and Plowden, but the moment they died he became bad. As long ago as 1852, Dr. Beke says, he was an arrant drunkard, and used to fire under the table at the legs of his guests.

Fits of drunkenness, added to an ungoverned temper, suffice to account for the wild and capricious conduct of Theodore to his British captives, as well as the horrid cruelties to his own people, except they are to be ascribed to partial insanity.

The story of the relations of King Theodore with the British Government would be too long to tell here, but the following may be received as a sufficient account of the maltreatment of the British subjects which has led to the war of release and redress. When Consul Cameron came the first time to Abyssinia he was well received by his Majesty and presented with valuable presents. The King wished him to take a letter to England, and to bring an answer. He

was either to go himself all the way, or, at least, to Massowah, and there wait for the answer. Mr. Cameron went a different route to Massowah from that advised by the King, as he wished to get some medicine from Mr. Flad, one of the missionaries. He also dismissed Aito Samuel, a Jew convert, who had been sent as his escort and interpreter. This Samuel wrote a letter of accusation to the King against Mr. Cameron, and other Abyssinians told the King that Mr. Cameron had been heard speaking disrespectfully of him. A Frenchman, M. Bardel, now high in favor with the King, is said to be mischievously active in poisoning his mind against the English, and against the missionaries. When the King afterwards saw Mr. Cameron at Gondar he was enraged at his going among his enemies, and also at not bringing back a letter from the Queen. "Why does the Queen not write to me?" he said. "Who is Russell?" (the letter last received having been signed by Earl Russell). "Let the Queen write herself." On the arrival of another Foreign Office despatch the King's rage knew no bounds. The Consul was made a prisoner in the camp. Once, on asking leave to go to his own house on account of his state of health, the King refused, saying, "Let him die, if they only cannot say that I have killed him. Where is his answer to my letter? Why does his Queen despise me?" On asking leave to return to his post as Consul at Massowah he was put in chains along with the missionaries and others under his protection. "When we were in prison," writes Mr. Flad (Blue Book of 10th August, 1867), "the King once sent us a message, saying, 'The Consul I have imprisoned because his Queen did not send me an answer. Personally, I have nothing against him. Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal I have imprisoned because they have abused me, and the rest (we were ten Europeans) I have imprisoned because I found that you white people are all bad.'" When Mr. Rassam arrived with a special letter from the Queen, he was received with outward courtesy, and the King wrote an extraordinary letter, in which he says, "I have released Mr. Cameron and the other prisoners, and all Europeans who might wish to leave the country, and I have kept Mr. Rassam, for the sake of consulting together upon the extension of our friendship." Afterward, like another Pharaoh, the King was angry because the prisoners were free, and caused them to be seized, on pretence that they insulted him by not going to say farewell before leaving. Mr. Rassam and the rest have since been in durance, some at Magdala, and others at Debra Tabor, and the King's camp. The whole number of European prisoners, including women and children, is about sixty.

You never knew a very handsome woman engaged in the "woman's rights" business—they can play the cards they already hold to better advantage.

Printing.—Messrs. Leighton Brothers' new patent process for printing is very remarkable, being a sort of topsy-turvy process, soft type on hard surfaces, *not* hard type on soft surfaces. Moreover, it can be applied to inner as well as outer surfaces. For instance, the Leightons will print you an advertisement, or particulars of a chemical analysis, or a song, or anything else, on

the inside of a bottle, a jar, a tea-cup, or a lamp-shade. After this, it will be easy to understand that to print on plates, dishes, cups and saucers, basins, and so forth, is an easy matter. They can also print on marble, stone, iron, leather, sail-cloth; in short, what can they not print on, for the types are made of vulcanized india-rubber, and never wear out? With a roller properly contrived and fed with ink, it would be possible on a dry day to print all along the foot-pavement of a street. What a chance for enterprising advertisers! Messrs. Leighton exhibited their process last year at one of the President of the Royal Society's soirées, and it is now, as we hear, being successfully worked by a company in Paris.

Great Dikes.—A few American items are worth mention. Brigadier-General Roberts, who has been charged by the Government at Washington with the repairs of the "levees" (embankments) of the Mississippi, has proposed a plan for the reclamation of the vast extent of swampy lands along the lower course of the great river. It is to build dikes and barriers, and construct weirs, by which the flood-waters shall be allowed to overspread the swamps, and deposit thereon the mud they hold in suspension, until, in time, the swamps, and indeed all the low levels, shall be converted into dry land of the most fertile description. This process is well known along the Trent and Humber as warping the land; but the brigadier-general's is the greatest scheme of warping yet heard of. The Dutch may rival it by pumping dry their Zuider Zee—a project they often talk about—and converting the great wave-worn hollow into farms and pastures.

New Machine.—A builder in Philadelphia makes fire-proof ceilings with a flat arch of corrugated iron backed by concrete. The arch is supported at each end by what is technically known as a H-iron girder.—A nail-making machine has been brought out, which, of nails from half an inch to two inches long, will cut 3,600 lbs. a day; of larger nails, 5,000 lbs.; and of "spikes," weighing from a quarter to three-quarters of a pound each, it will cut 2,500 lbs. in an hour.—Printers will doubtless take interest in the fact, that inking-rollers made of a mixture of glue and glycerine, are better for their purpose than those at present made of glue and treacle.

Jets of Naphtha.—An artesian well of naphtha has been discovered at Kudaco, in the Caucasus, by boring. At the depth of 274 feet from the surface the liquid was first struck, and for a whole month gave a supply of 1,500 barrels daily. Since then a fresh source has been met, which rises with irresistible force to the height of 40 feet above the ground, the jet being 4 inches in diameter, and delivering a daily supply of 6,000 barrels.

Increased Export of Gold.—A banking house of this city, in a European circular dated 12th inst., says: "Gold exhibits a steady upward tendency. Notwithstanding the present lightness of the imports, it is apprehended that our exports of produce and cotton will be so far inadequate to set off our purchases abroad and our foreign interest account, as to require an unusually large export of specie, it being assumed in this estimate that we cannot expect to export any further consider-

able amount of Government bonds. It will be seen from a subjoined estimate that, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, there was a balance against the United States, upon the trading account, of about \$51,000,000 in gold. To this must be added a further amount of nearly \$35,000,000 on account of interest on securities held in Europe, making a total adverse balance of \$85,000,000. How far this balance was set off by shipments of bonds it is impossible to say; but the probability that it was not nearly liquidated is confirmed by the fact that, although the imports have materially declined during late months while the exports have been fully at the usual rate, yet we have shipped from this port, from July 1, 1867, \$15,700,000 more specie than for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. The political and financial issues raised at Washington have naturally affected the premium, especially the divergence of policy between the Administration and Congress on questions of reconstruction; and the importance of these affairs has been much magnified for speculative purposes."

The Teachers of Young America.—There seems to be no doubt that women are superseding men as teachers in the schools of the United States. An examination of the census shows that of the 150,241 teachers in the common schools of the country, exactly 100,000 are women. In Massachusetts there are six times as many female as male teachers. In Vermont the proportion is five to one; in Iowa three to one. The disproportion is most marked in the large cities. In New York there are only 178 male out of over 2000 teachers; in Philadelphia, 83 in 1300; and a similar proportion prevails in all other cities. The cause seems to be that few men are willing to enter systematically a profession which nowhere holds out a higher salary than 3000 dollars, the average payment being 2000 dollars per annum. A leading principal in New York believes that soon there will be only women teaching in the schools. The Board of Education in New York declares that the teaching by women is equally satisfactory with that by men, and the Board of Cincinnati says it is superior.

New England Libraries.—A Boston paper gives the following statistics of private libraries in the neighborhood of that city:—The library of the late Mr. Everett contains 7,000 vols.; of the late Mr. Prescott, the historian, 6,000 vols.; of the late Abbot Lawrence, 10,000 vols.; of the late Daniel Webster, 5,000 vols.; of the late Thomas Fowse, the learned leather-dresser, 4,000 vols.; of the late George Livermore, rich in Bibles and biblical works, 4,000 vols.; of the late Theodore Parker, 10,000 vols.; of the late Rufus Choate, 7,000 vols.; and of Mr. Adams, the present American Minister in England, 18,000 vols.

A Perfect Antidote for all Poisons.—A plain farmer says: "It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poison. Practice, observation, and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it

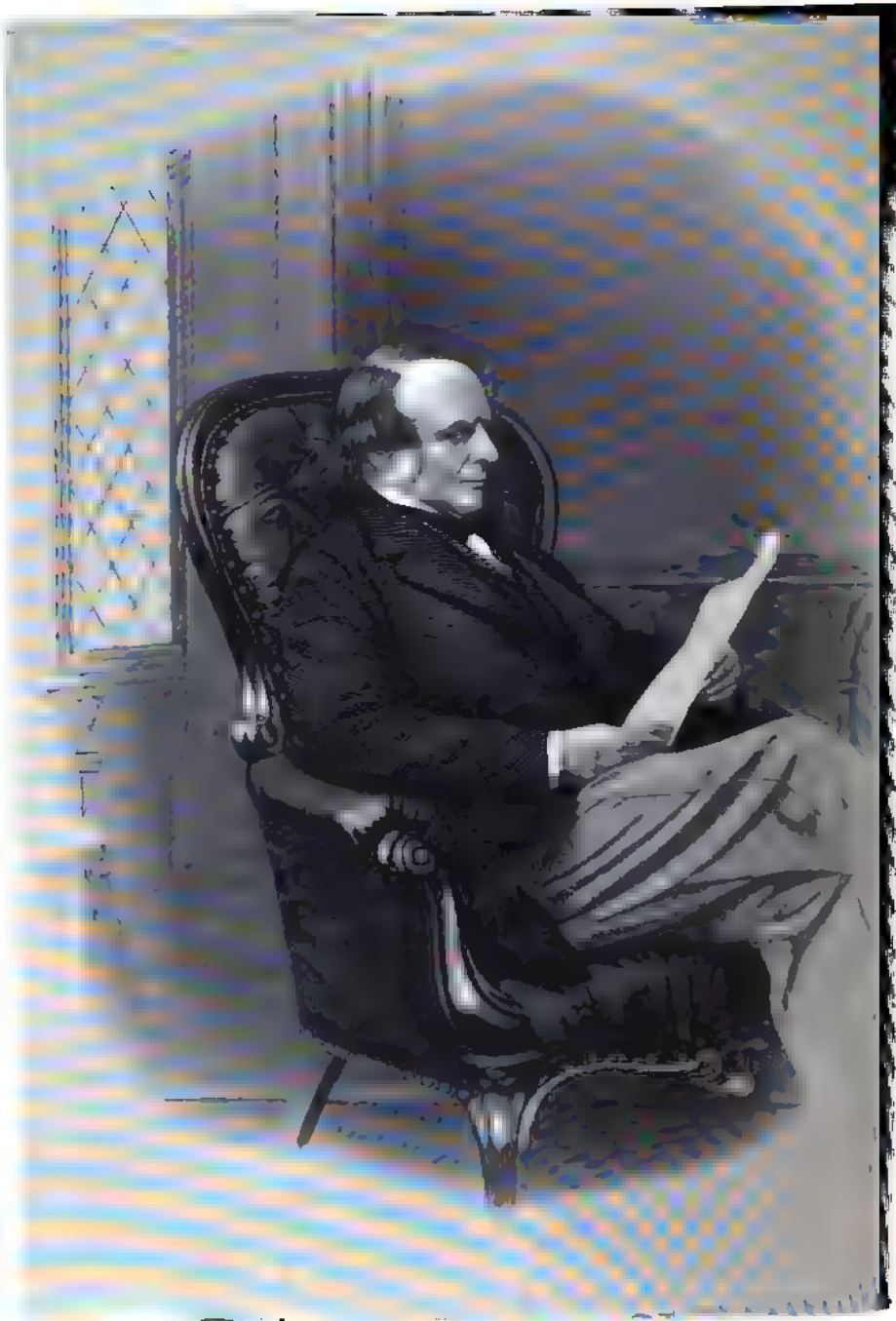
internally, and bathe the wound, for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me say of one of the most extreme cases of snake bites in this neighborhood: Eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been thirty days standing and the patient had been given up by his physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil and gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure bloat in cattle by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects, and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low-running vine growing in the meadows, called ivy."

French Commerce.—It appears from the returns of the commerce of France during the past year, that the value of imports was 3,155,000,000fr.; and of exports, 2,972,000,000fr.; showing an excess in favor of the former of 183,000,000fr. In 1866 the imports were 2,793,000,000fr.; and the exports 3,180,000,000fr., an excess in the latter of 387,000,000fr. The augmentation of the imports is occasioned by the deficient harvest and the necessity of bringing in a great quantity of wheat from abroad. The decrease on the exports is principally in silken, woollen, and cotton tissues, wrought metals, chemical products, grain and flour, wines and spirits, cattle and others. The movement of the precious metals is reduced for 1867 to 850,000,000fr. worth of imports, and 253,000,000fr. of exports, showing a difference of 497,000,000fr. During the six preceding years, comprising 1866, the value of the imports was, respectively, 1,064,000,000fr., 659,000,000fr., 733,000,000fr., 532,000,000fr., 536,000,000fr., and 419,000,000fr., and the exports for the same years, 554,000,000fr., 433,000,000fr., 650,000,000fr., 587,000,000fr., 456,000,000fr., 512,000,000.

Irrigation Reservoirs in India.—In fourteen districts of the Madras Presidency there are 43,000 irrigation reservoirs now in operation; and 10,000 more have fallen into disuse. The embankments by which their waters are retained in natural hollows, valleys, and combs, average half a mile in length; one dam, now broken, is thirty miles long, and incloses an area of from sixty to eighty square miles. The Veranum tank comprises fifty-three square miles, has a dam of twelve miles long, and produces £11,450 per annum. In Ceylon is a solid dam, built of cemented stone, and covered with turf, which is fifteen miles long, 100 feet wide at the base, and 40 feet wide at the top. Generally speaking, these enormous tanks are effective.

Suez Canal.—A call has recently been made upon the shareholders of this undertaking for an additional £4,000,000 sterling, on the assurance of Mr. De Lesseps, the contractor, that it will be finished in October, 1869. The total cost will be £15,400,000. Several steam navigation companies are already negotiating for landings at Port Said.

The British Mercantile Marine.—Great Britain leads the world in mercantile shipping with 7,000,000 tons. The United States stands second, with 5,000,000. In 1860 she had overtaken Great Britain, but the late war has caused a falling off. Germany is third on the list, far exceeding France, which follows as the fourth.



ALBANY, N. Y.

Albany

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Scientific Progress

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of scientific progress in the modern world.

2. It then examines the various factors that contribute to scientific advancement.

3. The author argues that a combination of government support and private industry is essential.

4. This is followed by a detailed analysis of the current state of research in various fields.

5. The paper concludes with a series of recommendations for future research.

6. Finally, the author emphasizes the need for continued collaboration between scientists and the public.

7. The paper is well-structured and provides a comprehensive overview of the topic.

8. It is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history and future of science.

9. The author's arguments are well-supported by evidence and are easy to follow.

10. Overall, this is a well-written and informative paper that makes a significant contribution to the field.

11. The paper is a must-read for anyone who wants to understand the role of science in society.

12. It is a well-organized and easy-to-read work that provides a clear and concise summary of the topic.

13. The author's writing is clear and engaging, making the paper a pleasure to read.

14. The paper is a well-written and informative work that makes a significant contribution to the field.

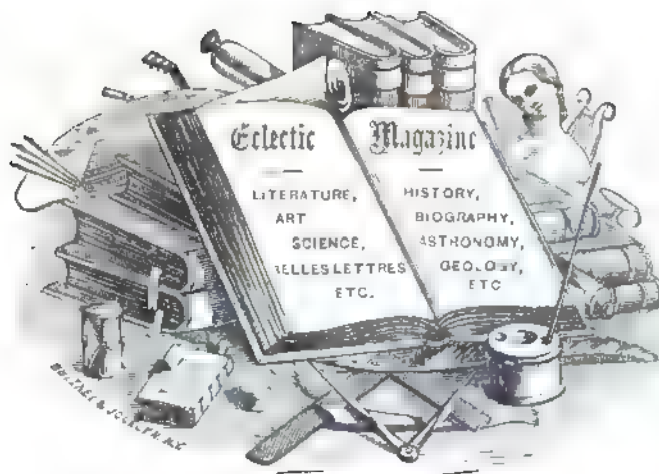
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Edinburgh Review.

DON CARLOS AND PHILIP II.*
THE DEMON OF THE SOUTH.
THE ROMANCE OF TRAGEDY.

THE arrest and death of Don Carlos, the source of stupefaction and of a thousand wild surmises to contemporaries, have ever since remained one of the mysterious problems of history. The tragic destiny of the youthful heir of the immense monarchy of Spain, the son of Philip II., the grandson of Charles V., and the descendant of Charles the Bold, has assumed a romantic form when viewed through the transforming medium of poetry; but the purposes of history can only be served by the sober reality of evidence; and our knowledge of the character of the mysterious monarch, who enveloped himself in the darkness of counsels inscrutable to the wisest of his time, who exercised so terrible an influence on the course of human affairs, and earned for himself in the North the

appellation of the "Demon of the South," is, as might be expected, capable of being considerably increased by a true explanation of the history of Don Carlos, and the motives of his unnatural father. This dark story has now been elicited by the scrupulous activity and enterprise of M. Gachard, from a mass of state papers, reports of ambassadors, and other documents reposing hitherto unexamined in the archives of almost every country in Europe. It cannot be said that no uncertainty remains as to what was the veritable character of the unhappy prince; perhaps his weaknesses might have been corrected, his capacity improved, and his moral nature elevated by the influence of proper education and mild and salutary discipline, in a congenial atmosphere of sympathy and affection; but at least by the labors of M. Gachard the veil of mystery is completely raised from his short and hapless life. The archives of Simancas, of Paris, of Belgium and Holland, of Vienna, of Turin, of the Vatican, the State Paper Office, and the British Museum, have all been thoroughly investigated for the purposes of the present

* *Don Carlos et Philippe II.* Par M. GACHARD, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Beaux Arts de Belgique, &c. 2nde Edition. Paris: 1867.

volume. From the archives of Vienna especially the letters of the Baron von Dietrichstein, the imperial envoy at the court of Madrid, form a most trustworthy addition to the documentary sources of knowledge on this subject, since the Emperor and Empress of Germany had a more lively interest than any of their contemporary sovereigns in being kept accurately informed of the truth respecting Don Carlos, who was betrothed to the Archduchess Anne, their own daughter.

The mother of this unfortunate prince was Doña Maria, an Infanta of Portugal, daughter of John II. and Catherine of Austria, the sister of Charles V. Her marriage with the heir of Charles V. was an alliance dictated by policy, which the correspondence of age and of personal qualities in bride and bridegroom rendered of more happy augury than is usual in such unions. The Spaniards regarded with pleasure this renewed tie between the two monarchies of the Iberian peninsula. Philip was sixteen and a half years of age, while Doña Maria was but a few months younger. The Prince of the Asturias was regarded as one of the most promising heirs of royalty of his time, and his personal appearance was good and remarkable. Maria of Portugal was possessed likewise of a graceful person and an agreeable face, with a captivating smile. The marriage was solemnized at Salamanca, on the 15th of November, 1543, and Don Carlos was born nearly two years after, on the 8th of July, 1545, at Valladolid, where Philip had fixed his residence. The news of the birth of an heir to the crown of Spain was received with rapture, both by the nation and Charles V., who was then holding the diet of the empire at Worms. This joy, however, was speedily changed into universal mourning over the untimely fate of the youthful mother, who died four days after her delivery. Philip was afflicted with profound grief, and retired into complete privacy at the monastery of Albrojo, whence he only returned to Valladolid two days after the child Don Carlos had undergone the ceremony of baptism in that city.

If we are to believe the report which Paolo Tiepolo, the Venetian ambassador, made eighteen years later to the senate, Don Carlos from his very birth manifested savage instincts, and began by

biting the breast of his nurse. Three nurses, we are told, received such injuries from the infant mouth of the Prince, that they nearly died of their effects. But it is clear that no reliance can be placed on such scraps of tittle-tattle picked up in the antechambers of the palace at Madrid long after they are said to have happened. M. Gachard has not sufficiently put the reader on his guard against the loose and indiscriminate statements which tell against Don Carlos, in the reports of the Venetian ambassadors and others, based principally on information obtained from the courtiers of Philip II., when the sure way to the King's favor was to speak ill of the son. Up, however, to the time of the termination of a nearly fatal illness of Don Carlos, Philip seems to have fulfilled, as far as was compatible with his nature and his religious opinions, the part of a not unnatural father. He gave the infant a governess, Doña Leonor de Mascareñas, a Portuguese lady of high birth, and requested her to treat the child as a mother. He placed him under the protection of his aunts, Doña Maria and Doña Juana, sisters of the King, who lived at Alcalá de Henarès, from whence the child was brought to Valladolid, on the occasion of the marriage of Doña Maria with the Archduke Maximilian in the same city, an event which left Don Carlos under the sole guardianship of Doña Juana. Both these princesses exhibited the liveliest affection and solicitude for the welfare of their nephew as long as he lived, and wept over his lamentable fate with deep affliction. As the latter was subsequently eager to marry him herself, and the former was equally eager to see him married to her daughter, it is not probable that he was so incorrigible a madman or so great a monster as Philip and his courtiers endeavored to persuade the world. When Don Carlos was six years of age he was deprived likewise of his aunt Doña Juana, who married Don Juan, the heir-presumptive of the crown of Portugal. The prince showed, at this early age, that craving for sympathy and affection which was his characteristic through life. He wept bitterly for three days saying, "What will become of the child (*el niño*, as he called himself), all alone here, without father or mother, my grandfather being in Germany and my father in

Monzon?*

And the boy threw himself into the arms of Don Louis Sarmiento, one of his attendants (who had orders to accompany the princess), and prayed for his speedy return. Philip saw very little of his infant son, as he passed most of his time in Flanders, but he gave him a governor at the age of seven, and a tutor at the age of eight. The tutor appointed was Honorato Juan, who appears to have been a man of considerable learning in the classical languages and in mathematics, and to have fulfilled his charge with diligence, although, from the blame which was subsequently thrown on the early education of Don Carlos, it is probable that the duties of the early discipline and moral government of the Prince were not performed with proper judgment and vigilance. The early progress of the Prince in his studies was, however, satisfactory. Both the Emperor and Philip gave directions about their conduct, and appear to have expressed satisfaction in the result. The Emperor shortly afterwards had himself an opportunity of forming his own judgment of his grandson, when he passed through Valladolid on his way to the retreat at Yuste, when he had taken the extraordinary resolution of laying aside the imperial crown, and passing the rest of his life in a lonely monastery of Estremadura. The young Prince of the Asturias was then once more living under the protection of his aunt, the Doña Juana, who had become a widow after a brief marriage with Don Juan of Portugal, and was fulfilling the office of Regent of Spain in the absence of Philip. Don Carlos had, indeed, occupied the royal seat at the great ceremony at Valladolid, when it was proclaimed that Philip had taken possession of the crown of Spain. He sat under a dais of rich brocade, with the ambassador of Portugal on his right, the prelates, the grandees, and the great dignitaries of the court and council grouped around him, and the heralds-at-arms in front. When the *corregidor* and the *ayuntamiento* of the town brought the standard of Castille, Don Carlos rose, took it in his hands, and waving it with the aid of his governor, Don Antonio de Rojas, cried aloud, "Castille! Castille!"

* A small town of Aragon, where the Cortes were assembled.

for the King, Don Philip, our Lord." On the news of the approach of his grand-sire, Don Carlos showed the liveliest symptoms of joy, and desired to go to meet him. He was persuaded, however, to send merely a letter of congratulation, and await the Emperor's pleasure. Charles appointed to meet his grandson at the village Cabezon, two leagues from Valladolid, and during his stay of two weeks at that city passed much of his time with the future heir of the monarchy. We are left in doubt as to what was the real impression made on his mind by his intercourse with his grandson. According to the almoner of the Prince—Osorio—Charles was so delighted with Don Carlos that he desired him to have a place at the council-board when important matters were discussed. According to others, he said to the dowager-queen, Eleanor, the widow of Francis I., "It seems to me he is very turbulent. His manner and disposition do not please me. I do not know what he may not become some day." And Cabrera* relates that Charles even reprimanded the boy for the little respect he showed to his aunt. Nothing, indeed, is more probable than that Doña Juana, who was still a young and pleasing person, and who, indeed, later wished to marry Don Carlos herself, should have petted the youth, and made of him a spoiled child. The little difference in their ages rendered her an unfitting guardian for a boy who needed, above all things, a severe discipline to subdue a stubborn and wilful nature. Two examples of the obstinacy of his disposition had indeed struck the attention of Charles V. himself. One of these excited the Emperor's laughter, and might be regarded as not of bad augury; the other would hardly bear a good interpretation.

The first instance occurred while Charles was narrating to his grandson the circumstances of his flight from the Elector Maurice—for the boy was never weary of questioning his grandfather about the wars in which he had been engaged. Don Carlos exclaimed with passion that *he* would never have fled; and

* The testimony of Cabrera should be received with some suspicion, when it tells against Don Carlos. M. Gachard has shown that many of his statements are not truthful. It must be remembered that he wrote under the reign of a monarch who profited by the punishment and death of Don Carlos.

on the Emperor attempting to prove to him that flight was inevitable in some cases, he replied that *he* would never be induced to fly, and with such a mien of exasperation as roused the mirth of all his hearers. In the other case, he had set his desires on possessing a stove which the Emperor had brought from Flanders for his personal use, and only desisted from his importunate requests by the assurance of Charles that he should have it after his own decease.

Not long after the Emperor had settled himself down in his monastic retreat in Estremadura, it appears that the Prince gave less satisfaction in his studies, which made so little progress, that both his governor, Don Garcia de Toledo, and Doña Juana, his aunt, besought Charles to have his grandson with him at Yuste in order that his authority might exercise a check upon the boy's unruly disposition; but the imperial hermit, who had gone into retirement with a fixed intention of leading as easy a life as was compatible with his constant fits of gout, was not anxious to assume the supervision of an intractable grandson, and turned a deaf ear to the suggestion.

Statements of the cruelty of his nature at this early age, and the extreme violence and obstinacy of his disposition, are to be found in the relation of Badoer, the Venetian ambassador accredited to Philip II. in the Low Countries. But since Badoer never was in Spain, no great reliance can be given to his statements. To this ambassador are attributed stories that Don Carlos roasted hares alive and bit off the head of a large asp. If such things really happened, the education and guardianship of the Prince must have been shamefully conducted. Other marks of character recorded by Badoer, such as his great eagerness for stories about war, excessive pride exhibited in unwillingness to stand cap in hand before his father and grandfather, and a fondness for rich dresses, may have been true enough, but were no signs of a bad and incorrigible disposition. However, with the horrible spectacles of *autos da fê* before his eyes, and the necessity imposed upon the young Prince of beholding them, it would have been but natural that he should acquire a taste for cruel sports. On the 21st of May, 1559, Don Carlos, with Doña Juana and all the

Court, was present at one of these abominable holocausts on the *Plaza mayor* of Valladolid. This detestable exhibition lasted for twelve hours, from seven in the morning to seven at night. Seven victims were burnt alive; a dozen others having recanted their heresies were strangled with the *garrote* and their corpses then delivered to the flames; a score of others were admitted to reconciliation and consigned again to a prison which was for the most part their tomb. After the sentences had been read, and the sermon called the sermon of *faith* preached, the inquisitor of Valladolid advanced to the royal platform and demanded that the young Prince and Doña Juana, the *gobernadora*, should swear to maintain the Holy Office and reveal every word and deed which should come to their knowledge against the Catholic Faith. On the 8th of October of the same year another exhibition of these human sacrifices took place on the *Plaza mayor* of Madrid, and at that also Don Carlos was present seated by the side of his father, who had just returned from Flanders. It was on this occasion that Philip made the horrible speech called the *famosa sentencia* by his Catholic panegyrists. As one of the victims was being led to the *quemadero*, he reproached the King with the cruelty of his fate, when Philip replied that if his son should offend against the Catholic Church, he himself would bear the faggots for his burning. Familiarized with such spectacles, it were little wonder indeed if the Prince, as Badoer relates, did really amuse himself with the burning of living animals. Don Carlos would but have practised on dumb creatures the same cruelties as Philip perpetrated upon human beings.

From henceforward Philip continued to reside in Spain. His return to his native country had been welcomed with the liveliest demonstrations of national joy. From the time that by the extinction of the national dynasty the crown of Spain had passed into the House of Austria, the kingdom had suffered lamentably from the continued absence of the sovereign. During his reign of forty years Charles V. had barely passed fifteen or sixteen summers in the chief seat of his dominions. Philip had been absent ever since the abdication of the Emperor.

The prolonged absence of the chief authority had thrown the affairs of the kingdom into the greatest disorder. The gravest questions remained unsettled; the obedience of the chief nobles, the diligence of the chief officers of state, were relaxed; and the Ministers distributed offices and favors according to their own caprices and private interests, to the great prejudice of the Government and the discontent of the nation, which was exhausted by the excessive supplies of money and men exacted from it year after year to sustain the authority of their princes in foreign countries. Philip II., who was a true Spaniard at heart and enjoyed residence in no country but Spain, acquiesced willingly in the national desire for his return, and not only for the remaining thirty-nine years of his life never quitted the country, but there is reason to believe, in spite of all demonstrations to the contrary, never intended to do so.

The victories of Saint Quentin and Gravelines, after which he had concluded the advantageous peace of Câteau Cambresis with France, enabled him to come back to Spain at this period. This treaty has an especial interest in connection with Don Carlos, since it was arranged by that convention that the Prince of the Asturias should marry Elizabeth de Valois, the daughter of Catherine de Medicis, the course of whose destiny indeed forms a curious parallel to that of Don Carlos although romance has entirely transfigured the character of their relations.

At the time of the conclusion of that treaty Mary Tudor was living; but in the following year the death of the English Queen made Philip a widower, and the monarch determined to take the place of Don Carlos in the arrangements of Câteau Cambresis, and thus immediately secure all the advantages of the French alliance. Elizabeth of Valois, called subsequently *Isabella della Paz* by the Spaniards, by whom she was extremely beloved, was the grandniece of Charles V. and the granddaughter of Francis I. Henry VIII. was her godfather, and from him she received the name Elizabeth. She is declared by Brantôme to have been the very best princess of her time, and to have been loved by all the world. She was not only adorned with the utmost

grace of mind and person, with expressive black eyes and abundant hair of the same color, but was of an extremely amiable and sensitive nature. Elizabeth had received her education in company with Mary Stuart, and the Latin themes of the two princesses and their correspondence in Latin are still extant, and afford an interesting example of the manner in which the education of the daughters of royal families was then conducted. At the time of her marriage with Philip she was fourteen and Philip thirty-two years of age. She appears to have looked forward to the prospect of a life with Philip with dismay, and the circumstances attending her entry were not of happy augury. On taking leave of the King of Navarre, who conducted her to the frontier, she fainted in his arms; and she entered Spain on the 4th of January, 1560, during a terrible snow-storm, the worst known for thirty years. Her first resting-place was the monastery of Roncesvalles. At that place she was delivered over to the representatives of Philip and the ceremonious rigor of the Spaniards. The difficulties of etiquette, and the jealousy of French and Spanish attendants—which always attended the intermarriages of France and Spain—joined with the inclemency of the weather, did nothing to allay the forebodings of the young princess. The arrogance and despotic airs of the *camerera mayor*, the Countess d'Urcigna, were inflexible during the journey. Her first meeting with Philip took place on the 30th of January, at Guadalajara, but the bridegroom was stern and unamiable, for as the frightened child looked anxiously at the features of her future husband, he said: "What are you staring at?—to see if I have gray hairs" (*Que mirais? si tengo cañas*)? They were married on the morrow, and on the 12th of February the Queen entered Toledo in a solemn procession which lasted six hours, from one to seven in the evening. Elizabeth was received at the palace by Don Carlos, accompanied by Don Juan of Austria, his uncle, and Alexander Farnese, both of whom were of the same age as the Prince, and educated with him, and both of whom were destined to play so prominent a part in history. Don Carlos had just recovered from one of the fevers which ravaged his

youth, for he was naturally of a sickly constitution, which was increased by the little care he took of his diet. The interview of the new Queen of Spain with the heir apparent, to whom she originally had been betrothed, must naturally have excited curiosity on both sides ; but there is no reason for believing that the young and graceful princess could possibly be struck with a sudden passion for a sallow-faced sickly boy of fifteen, and the interest she afterwards displayed in him may fairly be attributed to the sympathy excited by his delicate health and his misfortunes.

Ten days after her entry into Toledo, the heir to the crown received the oath of allegiance to the Cortes. The procession with which he passed through the streets to the portal of the cathedral was one of great magnificence. The young Prince, in a splendid costume, rode a white horse nobly caparisoned, beside Don Juan of Austria, while before him were marshalled Alexander Farnese and a crowd of the greatest nobles of Spain. He appears to have conducted himself with suitable dignity, and, on the Duke of Alva omitting to kiss his hand, according to the etiquette of the ceremony, he rebuked him with a look of authority which made the Duke apologize for his neglect. Nevertheless the fever which consumed him still held its course, and not long after he was sent, for the benefit of purer air, once more to Alcalà de Henarès, about six leagues from Madrid, to pursue his studies in company with Don Juan and Alexander Farnese in the residence built for the archbishops of Toledo. While here a calamitous accident threatened to put an end to his life, and its effects probably had an enduring influence on his disposition. On the 18th of April, 1562, he had made an assignation in the garden of the palace with a pretty girl, a daughter of one of the door-keepers of the place. Immediately after an early repast he hurried off with precipitation to keep his appointment. Eager to escape observation, and with thoughtless haste, he descended the winding steps of a steep back staircase, missed his footing, and fell headlong against a door at the bottom which had been purposely closed to put a stop to these secret meetings. His cries brought his

attendants to the spot, and he was carried to his room. It was found that he had a wound on the back of his head. The cut was dressed, the operation causing great pain, and he was put to bed. He perspired profusely for an hour and a half, when he took medicine, and eight ounces of blood were taken from him. On the news of his son's accident, Philip displayed every sign of emotion, and throughout the whole of this illness he watched over him with paternal solicitude. He despatched his own physicians to attend the Prince. But their skill was of no avail. Don Carlos continued to be consumed with a violent fever, accompanied with pains in the head, the neck, and in his right leg, and on the eleventh day after the wound he was considered in such a critical state that a bulletin was despatched to the King. Philip II. was engaged in an audience with the ambassador of France when two gentlemen came close one upon the other with news of his son's increasing illness, and of the decision which the physicians had come to that the skull of the young Prince ought to be laid open and examined. The King started off the same night for Alcalà, and took with him Andre Vesale, the great anatomist then attached to his person. The young Prince got rapidly worse; he suffered in turns from fever, head-ache, vomiting, sleeplessness, inflammation of the face, defective vision, paralysis of the right leg, extreme prostration, and delirium, and his lips looked like the lips of a corpse. Philip ordered public prayers to be offered for his recovery in the churches, and he himself passed hours on his knees in supplication for the life of his only child. Happy indeed had it been both for father and son if the prayer had been ineffectual. The King was unremitting in his attendance at his son's sick bed; he was present at all the consultations, some of which lasted six hours; he was observed by the ambassadors to have his eyes full of tears as he watched the deathly pallor of the prince's features, and his sorrow excited universal compassion. The Duke of Alva, Don Garcia de Toledo, Luis Quijada, Honorato Juan, and all the attendants of the Prince, rivalled each other in unceasing zeal; and all Spain took part in the King's affliction.

The churches were crowded with supplicants. At Madrid there were processions day and night—crowds subjected themselves to penitential discipline. At Toledo they counted three thousand five hundred of such penitents. The Queen, Elizabeth of Valois, and Doña Juana, passed nights in prayer before an image of the Virgin: Doña Juana even went barefoot on pilgrimage to the Segovian monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Consolacion. Nine physicians and surgeons were congregated round the sick boy's couch; they exhausted all the remedies of such art as they possessed; and on the 8th of May declared the Prince had but three or four hours to live. The King was besought to spare himself the pain of the young Prince's last agony; and he departed from Alcalà in the middle of a dark and tempestuous night, in unspeakable grief, ill himself with a fever, the result of the severe trial of body and mind through which he had passed, and leaving behind him instructions for the performance of the obsequies of his son.

After the departure of the King, André Vesale and the doctors held another consultation, the result of which was that they resolved to trepan the skull. The operation was performed. Shortly after, in accordance with the superstitions of the time, the body of a monk, Fray Diego, who had died in the odor of sanctity, was brought into the chamber of the Prince, and the patient was requested to touch it. It is said that he immediately felt relieved, and that a vision of the monk appeared to him the same evening. The state of the Prince improved from that hour, and the amelioration was ascribed, not to the operation of trepanning, but to the intervention of Fray Diego. A Morocco doctor was also called from Valence, at the request of the King, and his ointments were applied to the wound; and after various other chirurgical expedients, the life of the Prince was, on or about the 16th of May, declared to be out of danger.

The King returned to Alcalà soon after the first news of the favorable change, and remained another week by his son's side, who was not, however, able to leave his bed before the 14th of June. The wound was entirely healed before the first of July, when he quitted

Alcalà to join the royal family at Madrid, and was received in triumph by the people and the grandees of Spain.

During this illness Don Carlos was the object of universal care and affection, from the King down to the King's lowest subject; and it was, consequently, in this sense the most interesting period of his brief existence, for not long after his recovery discord between the father and son arose and became constant, till it degenerated on both sides into fixed and inextinguishable contempt and hatred. After his recovery from the effects of his fall, the young Prince was again attacked by the fever, which never left him except at rare intervals. Its intensity was aggravated by the excesses of the table to which he abandoned himself. Nothing could be more repulsive to the sober and precise Philip II. than such gluttonous extravagance; and he reprimanded his son severely, who submitted to his rebuke in anger and sullenness. The Prince was the less inclined to receive kindly his father's admonitions in this respect, as he nourished an ill-concealed rancor against his parent for not having already admitted him to a participation in some of the great offices of state, and for not having been entrusted with the government of some of the provinces. Philip at an earlier age, had been loaded by his father with dignities of the most important character, and Don Carlos chafed and raged in desperation from a sense of neglect and insignificance. At the age of nineteen, however, Philip II. admitted him to a seat at the council of state, and reorganized the establishment of his household on a more princely footing; but these favors were more than counterbalanced in the eyes of the Prince by the appointment of Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Prince of Eboli, the great confidant of Philip from his earliest youth, to the charge of *ayo* and Grand Master of the heir-apparent. To Ruy Gomez, Don Carlos had ever shown a violent antipathy; he always accounted him through life his greatest enemy, and he behaved towards him with great violence on several occasions, and used menaces of future vengeance, which were carried to the ears of Philip, who had placed his early associates and most devoted attendants about the person of Don Carlos express-

ly for the purpose of keeping a closer watch on his actions. The young Prince was perfectly sensible that he was subjected to a system of espionage, but so far from endeavoring to conceal his ill-humor, he broke loose on all occasions with increasing bitterness against the treatment of his father and the want of consideration which was given to his position as heir-apparent.

The portraits given of him by various ambassadors at this period agree with each other in representing him as of somewhat low stature, with one leg shorter than the other, and one shoulder higher than its fellow; he had a slight hump upon his back; his chest was hollow, his forehead low, his eyes gray, his beard small, his hair brown; his voice was squeaking, and he articulated with difficulty, especially the letters *l* and *r*; he took no pleasure in the practice of arms, or riding, or in the exercises common to the youth of his time; he was obstinate in his opinions; his manners were rough to all the world; and he showed himself especially hostile to the attendants his father placed about him.

Such are the strange anomalies attached to royal birth, that this eccentric cripple, whose life had been despaired of at the age of fourteen, and who was destined to leave a name of gloom and terror as the victim of his own passions and of his father's severity, was an object of intrigue to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. Not a single court, with the exception of that of Elizabeth of England, who herself in a jesting way complained that they had not married her to Don Carlos, but wanted to give a wife to this sickly, passionate youth, and not a single princess but would have been proud to accept his hand. As long as there was any hope left, the negotiations were incessant. Among the princesses to whom it was proposed to marry him, were Marguerite de Valois, afterwards the wife of Henri IV., Mary Queen of Scots, his aunt Doña Juana, and the Archduchess Anne of Austria. The wily Catherine de Medicis, besides trying every diplomatic manœuvre through her ambassadors, wrote the most pressing letters to her daughter Elizabeth to use all her influence to bring about the marriage of Don Carlos with her only unmarried daughter, and never desisted

from her pertinacity till Philip II. himself was obliged to inform her that his engagements would not permit him to encourage her hopes any longer. The subtle monarch had acquired all the benefits he could possibly acquire from a French alliance by his own marriage with a daughter of France, and was not to be seduced by any representations of the charms of Marguerite de Valois. The alliance of Mary Queen of Scots was one he regarded with greater favor, and he allowed negotiations to be set on foot, which were conducted with all the duplicity and procrastinating artifices in which this great master of dissimulation was so perfect an adept. Mary Stuart was two years and a half older than Don Carlos, endowed not only with charms of mind and person, celebrated in every tongue from that time to this, but with a reversionary right to the Crown of England. In the hope of uniting England with the Spanish monarchy and of recovering the island from the dominion of heretics, Philip had nine years previously espoused Mary Tudor, many years older than himself, without charms of person, manners, or intelligence. After the death of his melancholy English queen, he had for the same reason sought the hand of her Protestant sister in spite of the very probable chance of a refusal calculated to lower his consideration in the eyes of Europe; and now it seemed possible to secure for his son the alliance of the most accomplished princess of her time, with graces of person rivalling those of her mind, who would bring into his family not only prospective rights to the throne of England, but would place immediately upon his head the crown of Scotland. If he neglected to seize this auspicious occasion, Austria was not unwilling, and France would certainly make every effort to profit by his neglect and secure the hand of the Queen of Scotland for one of their own royal family. His perplexity was great, and with his usual habit of procrastination, he was unable for some time to take any decided steps. Two other marriages seemed to him to offer equal if not superior advantages, and he had in some measure engaged himself in both cases.

In the first place, Doña Juana, the sister of Philip II., the early guardian

of her nephew, who had been left a widow at eighteen and a half years of age, by the death of her husband, the infant Don Juan, the heir of the Crown of Portugal, put forward her own claims to the hand of Don Carlos. She was at that time ten years older than the prince; but she was reputed to be one of the most beautiful and graceful women of all Castille; and after her marriage of barely two years' duration with Don Juan, on her return to Spain, and in the absence of Philip II., she had not only taken charge of Don Carlos, but had conducted the affairs of the monarchy in a manner which had gained the esteem and admiration of her brother and his subjects.

The crown of the Queen of Spain seemed alone capable of replacing that which she had lost by the death of the Infante of Portugal, and the Cortes of Castille, in a solemn address to Philip, earnestly recommended the marriage; to which recommendation he had replied in favorable terms. But Don Carlos was not in a humor to accept for princess a wife out of complaisance to his father or as a matter of state. He broke out into terms of violence and repugnance at the mere mention of a union with his aunt, and had already resolved with all the obstinacy of his nature on another marriage, which had been recommended on his death-bed by the Emperor Charles V. The princess in question was the Archduchess Anne of Austria, the daughter of Maximilian, the King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Doña Maria, Philip's sister, and one of the former guardians of Don Carlos. Philip and Maximilian had, in spite of much early antipathy, seen the advantage of keeping up the family alliance between Austria and Spain, and the sons of Maximilian, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest, had been sent to Spain to receive their education. The Emperor Ferdinand, the father of Maximilian, had made overtures to the ambassador of Philip for the marriage of his granddaughter with Don Carlos. The Spanish King was fully alive to the advantages of the alliance. The continuous state of revolt of the Low Countries and the indomitable obstinacy of the heretical party who fostered it, the danger of an alliance between the insurgents and the House of Valois, and

between the Houses of Valois and Austria, were strong arguments for securing the friendship of the King of the Romans. At the same time, as he became disabused of the notion that it was possible to secure the annexation of England and Scotland to the Spanish monarchy, or to hope for the extinction of Protestantism in those countries, he receded more and more from the project of a marriage with Mary Stuart. On the other hand, Don Carlos had conceived a strong attachment for his cousin; he had seen her portrait and found her features and her person eminently pleasing; he had declared that he would never marry any other person; and on one occasion, when riding in the park at Segovia with the Queen Elizabeth, on being asked by his young mother-in-law, after a long interval of silence, where his thoughts were, he replied they were at two hundred leagues from there; and on being pressed again, replied that they were with his cousin. Under the influence of all these considerations, Philip proceeded so far that when Catherine de Medicis once more made propositions about the marriage with Marguerite de Valois, he was obliged to say that, as regarded the marriage of his son, he had contracted engagements from which it was impossible to draw back.

At the same time the antipathy between father and son increased daily, and the delay with which Philip thought it necessary to prolong the negotiations for the Austrian marriage did no little towards increasing it. Philip and Don Carlos were both well aware that a necessary consequence of such a marriage would be that the latter must be provided with some great office of state, and that the government of the Low Countries, for which he had been designated from his early youth, could no longer be refused him.

The Spanish education of Philip had resulted in giving him a nature entirely different from that of the great Emperor, who remained always a Fleming in his tastes, in his frankness and his good humor, his conviviality and his friendly courtesy towards his nobles and attendants. Philip, with the blond hair, blue eyes, and outward appearance of a Fleming, became more Spanish than the Spaniards themselves. His haughtiness

his pride, his reserve, his imperturbable aspect, his abstinence from every show of emotion, the unchangeable *sosiego* which characterized his life and conduct, resumed in a complete manner the peculiarities which distinguished the Spanish grandees of his time. Charles V. could talk fluently in all the languages of Europe; but Philip would use no tongue but the Spanish. Charles would admit freely to his table princes, counsellors, and nobles; but Philip dined always alone. Nobody was considered worthy of sitting at meat with him. Even his queen and his son and his sister were only allowed to partake of that honor from time to time, after intervals of many months' duration. Charles V., when he was escorted home to his palace, turned back and courteously saluted his nobles; he esteemed himself but the first among them. Philip went straight into his apartments, neither looking to the right nor the left. Charles was fond of all manly exercises, and was impassioned for the chase. He was esteemed the best horseman and jousting of his time; he had killed a bull in the arena; he was incessant in travel; in active life he lived in the public gaze; he never avoided war, and exposed his person fearlessly on all occasions in energetic action; he was rapid in decision. Philip detested physical activity; he disliked the turmoil of the battle-field; he hated travel; he loved solitude and seclusion; he expended all his activity in the silent recesses of his cabinet, eternally scrawling marginal notes on despatches; with an obstinate and imperious nature, he was never able to come to any conclusion on any matter, so that he was called the very "father of indecision," and it is said he was decided in nothing but in remaining undecided. Charles V., though not intemperate, loved good cheer with all the zest of a Fleming, and would not abstain from his game, his trout, his Flemish sausages, his highly-spiced dishes, and his beer, however imminent was the risk of a fit of gout. Philip was as reserved in the use of the pleasures of the table as in all other things, and at dinner drank but twice out of a crystal goblet of small size. The only resemblance in his way of living to his father was in his amours, and he does not appear to have been

faithful to any of the four wives who successively shared the rigor of his sombre existence. In his dress he was remarkably neat and precise, though never arraying himself like Charles V. in the gorgeous robes of a descendant of the House of Burgundy; but always in black velvet and satin, with shoes likewise of velvet. He never betrayed his inward emotions or change of feeling, and was most courteous and smiling to those on whose destruction he was inflexibly resolved—so that it was said, "From his smile to his knife there was but the thickness of the blade." Every expression of his face, and every word of his mouth, were framed upon calculation. He was familiar with no one during his whole life, and preserved ever a severe and imperturbable gravity, exhibiting in this a great contrast with Charles V., who was never unwilling to joke with his attendants, and found pleasure in a humorous reply. If his Ministers once incurred his disfavor, they never recovered it. He governed Spain with a rod of iron, and a simple tap on the shoulder from the rod of one of his *alguazils* was sufficient to make the greatest grandee surrender at discretion. In justice he was inflexible, and never was known to pardon a criminal. He never forgot an injury, and if his vengeance was slow it was implacable.

As a natural consequence of such a disposition, he hated noise, scandal, and all manifestations of an ill-governed nature. It may easily be imagined how odious to such a disposition, how discordant with such habits, were the outbreaks and eccentricities of his son Don Carlos, who concealed nothing, whose word, it was said, was as rapid as his thought, and whose ill-balanced and grotesque nature exploded in daily acts of unseemly violence and brutality. Every extravagant and eccentric incident was immediately carried to the King's ear, who brooded in quiet on the strange nature of his son, and reflected on the evil which he might bring on his government, and the detriment which he must cause to his authority. The virtues his son possessed—generosity, truthfulness, incapacity of dissimulation, and open-hearted dealings with those he esteemed as friends and foes, were precisely the qualities which Philip held in suspicion and dis-

like. While the excesses of food, the outbreaks of temper, the outrages and ill-treatment to which Don Carlos subjected the objects of his aversion, and the scandal of his disorderly conduct in public, were vices which he deemed worse than crimes, because they were not only disgraceful, but useless and prejudicial to his own dignity. The vexation of Don Carlos, on the other hand, at the neglect of his father, and his own political insignificance, found vent in angry speeches, and at no interview could he conceal his ill-humor. His place in the Great Council was a mere mockery, since affairs of real importance were rarely submitted to that body. Such discontent, increased by the procrastinating manner in which Philip carried on the negotiations for his marriage, at last displayed itself in disrespectful jests and sarcasms, which were precisely calculated to wound the pride of the King in its most sensitive part—his conceit of his own kingly dignity—by casting ridicule on his sedentary and secluded habits of government, and his antipathy to an active life.

The discontent on both sides took at last the character of aversion, and the Prince extended this feeling to all the ministers and attendants, and to every one whom Philip honored with his favor and confidence, and showed itself in acts of extreme violence. It is said that he put his hand on his dagger and threatened the life of Don Diego d'Espinosa, the president of the Council of Castille, for preventing a comedian, Cineros, from playing before him, and that he only desisted from extremities when the president fell down upon his knees. Another still more significant act of violence of the Prince is recorded, and gives a renewed proof of the chagrin and anger which he felt at being excluded from the councils of the King. On another occasion when Philip had shut himself up in council with some of his Ministers, Don Carlos arrived and listened at the key-hole, in the sight of the ladies of honor of the Queen and the pages of the court. Don Diego d'Acuña, one of his gentlemen, ventured to suggest how unpleasant a scene would follow if the King were to come out suddenly. Don Carlos nursed a deep resentment for his interference, and on a subsequent oc-

casion struck him with his fist, which drew down on the Prince a severe reprimand from his father, who allowed Don Diego to withdraw from the service of the Prince, and promoted him to a richer benefice about the court.

The intractable nature of Don Carlos only became pliant beneath the unwearied kindness and solicitude of Elizabeth. He who could place no bounds to his imperiousness and arrogance in the case of others, whom all approached with fear and trembling, showed himself full of respect and submission in the presence of the Queen, and obeyed her slightest commands. He sought every means of giving her pleasure, and professed on all occasions the deepest sympathy in her hours of trial and difficulty; and in his account-books there are many records of expenses incurred for presents to Elizabeth and her ladies of honor, with which he sought to show his sense of her compassionate consideration. The few other friends whom Don Carlos possessed—his grandmother the Queen-dowager of Portugal, his old preceptor Honorato Juan, bishop of Osuna, whom he always treated with respect and affection—used every effort to change the sentiments of Don Carlos for Philip; and it may be surmised from the grateful manner in which he responded to their remonstrances, as well as to the attentions of the Queen, that with a kind and considerate treatment much of the rudeness and asperity of his nature might have been subdued.

But the period was now arrived when the troubles of the Low Countries, on the government of which Don Carlos had fixed an obstinate hope, were destined to exercise a powerful influence on the fate of the unhappy Prince. Philip II. on quitting these provinces in 1559, had left behind him a vast amount of discontent, principally owing to an infringement of their liberties by placing garrisons of Spanish troops in their strong places and frontier-towns. The free-spirited Flemings were not disposed to become enslaved to the crown of Spain in the same manner as the duchy of Milan and the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily and Sardinia, and Philip, with much ill-will, had been constrained at last to yield to the national wish, and remove his troops.

But the great causes of grievance were

the rigorous execution of the *placards* (as the edicts of the sovereign were usually styled in the Netherlands) which had been promulgated for the propagation of the Catholic faith and the establishment of the Papal Inquisition. Both these innovations had been introduced by Charles V. The *placards* were of Dominican severity. People were made subject to the penalty of death for even having an heretical book in their possession, and for attending a Calvinistic sermon. Men were to be executed with the sword, women were to be buried alive, and obstinate heretics were to be burnt. During the life of Charles V. these dreadful edicts had excited less opposition from the leniency with which they were carried out. But Philip II. was resolved to have them executed without mercy, ordered his Ministers to proceed upon them with the extremest rigor, without respect of persons, and issued an ordinance enjoining a scrupulous and cruel severity in the persecution of all persons suspected of heresy; he declared repeatedly that he was prepared rather to lose the sovereignty of the Netherlands altogether than make any concessions to the bold remonstrances of the Netherlanders, or to innovators in matters of religion.

The free spirit of the inhabitants resolutely resisted the infraction of their privileges, and ideas of religious freedom took such strong root in the minds of the nobles and burgesses that the conflict between the representatives of Philip and the Inquisition, and the whole mass of the people, assumed rapidly a more perilous aspect. The people publicly assailed the officers of justice in the execution of their duty, and delivered by force from prison the victims who were destined to the flames. The magistrates themselves declined to carry out the merciless requisitions of the *placards*, and not only refused their aid to the servitors of the Inquisition, but ordered some of its functionaries to be imprisoned. The leading nobles of the Council of State declared for religious toleration; and even in the private council of the King's sister, Margaret of Parma, Ministers recommended a cessation of the persecution of heretics.

Emigration of fugitives on a large scale from the terrors of Philip's government depopulated the country—twenty

thousand Flemings settled in London, Sandwich, and their neighborhoods. The state of the finances in the midst of such confusion was deplorable; and with an empty treasury and a hostile population who refused all votes of supplies, Margaret of Parma determined at last to send the Count of Egmont, the victor of Saint Quentin and of Gravelines, to Spain, to lay before the King the necessity of a change of policy and of immediate assistance to the pressing necessities of the government of the Netherlands. The reception of Egmont by Philip and by the court of Madrid was of a highly flattering nature; the King loaded him with personal favors, and listened to his remonstrances with the most gracious condescension; but he changed his policy in nothing; and the Flemish nobleman, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time, departed from Madrid without effecting any change in the intolerant resolves of Philip, who signified the result of his deliberations on the subject of the appeal made to him, in letters dated the 17th and 20th of October, 1565, reiterating commands for the strict observance of the *placards*, and the maintenance of the Inquisition in all its authority. "Sans la religion," he declared in a French dispatch to his sister, "mes pays de delà ne vaudriont rien." The news of the inflexible resolutions of the King roused up the hidden fires of revolt throughout the Netherlands, where the excessive dearness of corn, and the destitution of the people caused by the stagnation of industry and commerce, added to the fermentation of the public mind, while the government could not rely on the fidelity of their troops, who had remained twenty-seven months without pay. The nobility of the country were irritated in an extreme degree; the governors of the provinces declared that they would not lend the slightest assistance to the burning of fifty or sixty thousand people. The Prince of Orange demanded to be replaced in his public functions. The Marquis de Berghes, who had frequently made a similar request, solicited his dismissal from office, and the Count of Egmont followed his example. The chief towns of Barbant presented strong remonstrances against the King's orders. News reached the Regent of a confed-

eration among the nobility similar to such as had taken place in France; and in the extremity of despair she again determined to appeal to Philip, and selected the Marquis de Berghes and the Baron de Montigny for a mission to Spain, to solicit concessions from the King which could not be refused without rousing a general conflagration throughout the Netherlands.

An accident which confined the Marquis de Berghes to his bed prevented his departure at the same time as Montigny, who arrived at Madrid alone. Each of these noblemen was an object of extreme dislike to Philip, who had been kept well informed of their conduct and expressed opinions. He regarded both as detestable Catholics. Montigny had publicly eaten meat in the Holy Week; both had declared that there was no justification—human or divine—for shedding blood in the cause of religion; and both, with the frankness of Flemings, had spoken in severe terms of the duplicity and intolerance of Philip. Berghes had even gone further. He had asked the dean of Sainte Gudule to show him a passage of Holy Writ which justified the burning of heretics, and said that the King, if he would preserve the Low Countries, must be content to be served by heretics, unless he could bring their fathers and grandfathers down from heaven to his assistance. Montigny rendered himself still more suspected by visiting, on his way through France, the great Huguenot family of the Châtillons, to whom he was related and with whom he was in constant intercourse.

Philip, however, with his usual powers of dissimulation, concealed his animosity, and captivated the free Flemish nobleman by an affected affability, and by the patience with which he listened to his representations. Philip, there is every reason to believe, had already resolved to put to death both Montigny and Berghes; but as Berghes was not yet in his power, he continued his game of deception until he should entice him to Madrid, and be able to throw off the mask with advantage. Berghes, who was perfectly conscious of the uselessness of his journey, only undertook the mission at the urgent persuasion of the Duchess of Parma, and Egmont and Montigny. Still suffering from his wound, he arrived at

Lusignan, near Poitiers, when he was unable to proceed from the weakness of his health, and despatched his *majordomo* Agnilera to Montigny, to request permission to return home. But Philip, with every expression of interest and concern at the state of the health of the Marquis, lured him, with a letter written by his own hand, into his clutches, from which the doomed man was not intended to escape. Berghes, on his arrival at the Spanish Court, was received by the King with the same cordiality as Montigny; but there was one fatal sign—the chief noblemen of the Court omitted to visit him, a mark of courtesy which they had paid to the fellow-envoy. The King's resolution being irrevocably taken, he amused the Flemish noblemen with every mark of condescension and kindness, till the moment should arrive at which he could dispose of them in secrecy and with advantage. The news of the destruction of the churches in the Netherlands, which had been carried out in imitation of the violences of the French Calvinists in 1561 and 1562, served still further to exasperate the Spanish King, and make him more obstinate in his cruel resolves. The signs of inward agitation were more manifest in him than at any other time of his life, and this was evidently one of the greatest crises of his existence.

As regards the subject of the present article, the chief point of interest in this great European movement is how far the destiny of Don Carlos was affected by it. It was believed in the Low Countries that Don Carlos entered into relation with the Flemish deputies, and had either partly engaged or made overtures for engaging in a conspiracy against his father in the Low Countries. Catherine de Medicis also declared to Alava, the Spanish ambassador, that she had a similar account from Coligny, who was a relative of Montigny; and Cabrera, the historian of Philip II., confirms the statement. M. Gachard rejects, but on insufficient grounds, all notion of any relation of the Prince either with Egmont, Berghes, or Montigny.

It is in the highest degree improbable that Don Carlos, with whom the government of the Low Countries and his marriage with the Archduchess Anne were fixed ideas, whose hatred of his father

and discontent with his position at Madrid were daily growing in intensity, should not have put himself in communication with those Flemish noblemen. And, on the other hand, nothing can be more likely than that Philip, with his suspicious character and his habits of secrecy, should have suppressed all record of such a conspiracy, and denied continually all existence of any such intention in the brain of Don Carlos. Few things could be more injurious to his position in the Low Countries than a belief in the public that they had an ally in the Prince of the Asturias, the heir-presumptive of the Spanish monarchy, and that subsequently he fell a martyr to his sympathies with his father's revolted subjects. As regards Berghes and Montigny, Philip had resolved never to allow them to leave Spain, either because he was afraid of their divulging the dangerous knowledge which they had acquired at the Court of Madrid, or because he was afraid of their influence in the Low Countries. He continued to show them a deceitful face of favor, and while pretending to listen favorably to all their proposals for the pacification of the Flemish dominions, wrote despatches to the Regent enjoining the same unchangeable line of policy. Such slight concessions as he was induced to grant with the pen he, with the usual casuistry of his Jesuitical conscience, revoked inwardly in his mind, and made a written declaration before his confessor, that his slight show of leniency was adopted merely as a temporary expedient, and to avoid worse acts for a time. Berghes and Montigny, convinced of the hopelessness of their mission, demanded urgently permission to return to Flanders. He temporized with them as long as temporization was possible. But his implacable spirit had resolved on their speedy destruction. He was saved the crime of putting to death the Marquis de Berghes, who was seized with a fatal attack of the malady which had long consumed him. When Philip was informed that he had not many hours to live, he sent him the permission to leave Spain which he had so long demanded in vain, and after his decease, had magnificent obsequies celebrated for the victim he was about to immolate, in order—to use his own words—to show the esteem

in which he and his Ministers held the nobles of the Low Countries. With Montigny he used less ceremony. On the day of the arrival of the news of the imprisonment of the Counts Egmont and Horn, he threw off the mask. The Flemish envoy was seized and shut up in the Alcazar of Segovia, whence he was taken to the castle of Simancas, secretly strangled there on the 16th of October, 1570, and buried by night without ceremony.

In the presence, however, of the great difficulties which beset him in the Netherlands, Philip had convoked the Cortes of Castille, and opened them in great state on the 11th of December, 1566, at his palace at Madrid, surrounded by the great officers of his household, with the Prince his son by his side, seated under the chair of state. The King's address was read by his secretary of state, Francisco de Erasso. He laid before them the necessity of combating the Turks and the Algerines; the troubled state of the Low Countries, owing to the new doctrines in religion, and the consequent commotions of which they had been the cause; his need of supplies to meet the large expenditure of the great work of pacification which he had in hand; and his intention of going in person to the scene of disturbance to superintend the execution of the remedial measures which the state of affairs rendered necessary. He concluded by declaring the necessitous condition of his treasury, the encumbered situation of the royal patrimony, by reason of the wars of his own and the preceding reign, and the impossibility, without assistance, of fulfilling the duties incumbent on the possessor of the crown. Cristobal de Miranda of Burgos, one of the *procuradores* or deputies, replied in the name of the assembly, in grandiloquent Castilian style, recognizing the necessity of combating at the same time the Turk, the great enemy of the Christian name, and the errors and evil doctrines which were being disseminated throughout Christendom. He acknowledged the perilous condition of the Low Countries, which in part, at least, had separated themselves from the communion of the Catholic Church, and abjured at once the obedience due to God and their lawful sovereign. He admitted that the presence of the King in that part of his dominions seemed necessary, but insinuated how

grateful it would be to his subjects of Castille could he manage affairs without going there, and added a magnificent eulogy of the many holy virtues of the King, and of the felicity and prosperity of his subjects. The orator concluded by an adulatory supplement on the virtues of Don Carlos, which, when contrasted with the approaching tragic destiny of the ill-fated youth, reduces to strange insignificance the value of the high-flown language he had just bestowed upon Philip. "And this felicity and prosperity is the greater as it perpetuates itself in the very noble and very powerful Prince our lord, in whom admirably shine forth the grandeur, clemency, magnanimity, and magnificence, and other great virtues of your Majesty, in most fortunate imitation."

To make still more flagrant the vanity of this extravagant adulation, the unfortunate Prince committed, before the rising of the Cortes, the greatest act of public scandal of which he had yet been guilty, and that in the presence of the Cortes themselves. The deputies deliberated upon the position of affairs, and the nature of the government to be established in the King's absence. The majority were of opinion that the Prince of the Asturias should remain at Madrid as the lieutenant-general of his father, and occupy the same position as Philip had occupied in the absence of Charles V. Don Carlos became acquainted with the tenor of their propositions; but he had sworn to accompany the King to Flanders, and had begun to make arrangements for the journey, the early and constant object of his desires. Philip quitted Madrid, according to his custom, at the epoch of the great religious festivals, to pass Christmas at the Escorial. Don Carlos profited by his absence to go alone to the chamber of the Cortes, and, after having assured himself that all the *procuradores* were present, addressed them in a violent speech, declaring his fixed intention to go to Flanders with the King, reproaching them with having expressed a wish that he should marry with his aunt—since he found it strange that they should meddle with the affairs of his marriage at all—and threatening with his implacable vengeance all who should venture to interfere in these matters in any way. After which he turned his back on the

procuradores, stupefied at this unexpected display of violence.

In spite of the strict injunctions of the Prince to secrecy, the words which he had uttered became known all over Madrid. Don Carlos from this time laid aside all care for public opinion, and behaved in so reckless and violent a manner, that he offered some excuse to Philip for the acts of severity which cut short his eccentric career. Indeed, the extravagance of his subsequent conduct can only be explained by a strong vein of insanity in his nature; it is by no means improbable that the accident to the head, which we have related, and the operation of trepanning the skull, performed on Don Carlos, may have caused some permanent lesion of the brain and affected his mental faculties in after life. It is impossible to say how far this tendency was brought out and developed by the harsh treatment of his father, the uncongenial atmosphere in which he lived, and the absence of any occupation for a spirit anxious for employment and a position becoming his rank; but that his wild follies and disorders arose in great part from these causes, there can be no doubt whatever. He gave blows to one of his attendant gentlemen, called another by opprobrious names, drew his dagger upon another, caused children to be beaten, and, according to the historian Cabrera, wanted to burn a house down, because some water had fallen upon him from one of the windows. His violence extended itself even to animals; he maimed the horses in his own stables, and so ill-treated one which his father held in particular affection that the unfortunate animal died in a few days. At the same time, these cruelties and eccentricities were not unaccompanied with generous actions; for among the list of his expenses may be found proofs that he paid the charges of the education of children thrown upon the world without resources, notwithstanding that he was at this time much embarrassed with debt.

Moreover, he allowed the few whom he held in affection to remonstrate with him on the folly of his conduct. The Doctor Hernan Suarez de Toledo, the *alcade de casa y corte*, the master of his household, from early times had succeeded in winning his confidence, and responded to the goodwill of the Prince with un-

remitting devotion. Letters of the most urgent character are extant in which Suarez appealed pathetically to his young Prince to change his habits and his conduct, and from these we learn that Don Carlos had ceased to make regular confession, and that there were "terrible things," "*cosas terribles*," which, if discovered, and in the case of another person, would place his young master in the power of the Inquisition to know if he were Christian or no—*para saber si era cristiano ò no*. These letters, as bold in substance as they were respectful in form, did not diminish the affection of Don Carlos for the writer; since he subsequently signed a bond promising Suarez 10,000 ducats for the marriage of his daughters, and styled him therein his very great friend, "*mi grandísimo amigo*," but he did not change his conduct in the slightest degree.

On the contrary, he began now to behave as insolently to the highest personages of the state as he had behaved to his own attendants. Whether Philip ever really intended to go to Flanders cannot now be determined; all the immense expenditure to which he put himself and the country by way of preparing for it may have been, in his very double-dealing nature, merely a blind to mislead public opinion. On the other hand, his perplexity about his journey must have been increased by the rebellious nature of his son. If Philip went in company with Don Carlos, the Prince would be a mark for the intrigues of heretics and rebels, and might add to the difficulties in that quarter. If he left him behind in Spain, he might be the source of endless embarrassment to the home government. For the time at least he decided to remain in Spain, and to send the Duke of Alva in his place on that mission of massacre and terror which has made his name infamous for all time. The Duke went to take his leave of Philip at Aranjuez; and as the Prince was also there he could not dispense with the visit of ceremony which was his due. Don Carlos immediately on his entrance flew into a fit of violent fury; he declared that he alone, Don Carlos, ought to have the mission to Flanders, and threatened to kill the Duke if he took his place. Alva endeavored to mitigate the anger of the Prince with every argument in his power

and every show of respect, but in vain. Don Carlos drew his dagger upon him and made two attempts to stab his visitor, from which he was only prevented by the superior strength of his antagonist. After this scene of violence, Philip, either from dissimulation or from a wish to see if better treatment would moderate the violent nature of his son, conferred upon Don Carlos several marks of favor—he named him President of the Council of State and of War; gave him complete jurisdiction in several matters of government, increased his pension from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand ducats; and made him a formal promise to take him to the Netherlands. For some time the relations between father and son improved, and Don Carlos fulfilled the duties of his new functions with industry and regularity. But according to the statement of the King's confessor made to the ambassador of Venice, this improvement was of short duration; and the Prince, in spite of his increase of pension, continued to contract debts to a very large amount; he threatened the life of a Genoese banker who had refused to advance him 100,000 crowns, and bought jewels of immense value when he had not a ducat of his own to pay for them.

After endless tergiversation and circuitous long-winded letters to the Pope and to the Emperor, Philip finally announced his determination not to go himself to the Netherlands, and this resolution deranged all the projects and expectations of Don Carlos. His establishment in the Netherlands was farther off than ever, his marriage with the Archduchess Anne, the subject of never-ending negotiations and of incessant appeals to the inflexible Philip, both from himself and the Emperor Maximilian, who persisted in desiring the union, in spite of full knowledge of the eccentricities and violence of Don Carlos, was indefinitely postponed, and he was obliged to remain at Madrid, subject to the espionage and authority of a father whom he hated and despised. His detestation of the King increased to madness incapable of control, and he began now to entertain the project of a secret flight from Spain, and to make all preparations for putting it into execution. The idea was no new one with him. Such an escape from an intolerable state of exist-

ence had been frequently the subject of his deliberations. To put his plan into execution he had need of a large sum of money, and he had none. At Madrid his credit was exhausted; but he sent two of his gentlemen of the bedchamber to Toledo, to Medina del Campo, to Valladolid, and to Burgos to endeavor to raise funds; but some few thousands of ducats were all they were able to collect, and six hundred thousand, according to his calculation, were at least necessary for his journey. He sent anew to Seville one of his confidants, with twelve letters of credit in blank, signed with his own hand, and with strict injunctions to secrecy and caution; but this mission likewise seems to have been without much result. He next sent letters of invitation to several of the leading grandees, to accompany him on a journey of great importance. Four replied affirmatively, but the rest either in an evasive manner, or by sending his letters to the King. He prepared likewise a number of other letters addressed to the King, to the Pope, and all the chief princes of Europe, and to the principal officers of state and the chief men of Spain, to be despatched as soon as he should have started from Madrid, explaining the reason of his meditated flight, giving a history of his ill-treatment, and setting forth all causes of grievance against his father. With a character so imprudent and wild as that of the Prince, it was impossible that any of these measures could have been taken without the knowledge of Philip. The preparations of Don Carlos lasted for several months, and that Philip made no attempt, as a kind and considerate father, to remonstrate with his son increases our opinion of the harshness and insensibility of his character. With his usual duplicity, he gave no signs of displeasure when he met the Prince in public or private. On the contrary, he showed him such a smiling countenance as he was wont to show to those whom he was about to destroy. And nothing can be more clear than that he purposely let him go to ruin his own way.

But another prince was concerned in bringing about the tragic catastrophe, whose conduct one could wish to judge with less severity. The gallant and romantic nature of Don Juan of Austria,

his splendid achievements, our acquaintance both from history and art with his noble form and bearing, and the interest excited by his premature end, excite regret that any suspicion should exist of his having played false to Don Carlos, and having conspired to betray the unhappy youth's follies and rashness to his implacable father. Don Carlos was, we have seen, brought up as a youth with his uncle Don Juan, as a companion in his studies and his sports. Indeed, since 1559 they had rarely quitted each other. He had given all his affection and his confidence to the future victor of Lepanto, and always said that Don Juan was his best friend in the world. They were on terms of the most familiar intimacy. In the account-books of Don Carlos the list of expenses incurred for presents made by the Prince to Don Juan form no mean item; and when the King, in the very previous month of October, conferred on Don Juan the supreme command of the Spanish navy, Don Carlos had, in spite of his antipathy to his father, made a journey to the Escorial, for the express purpose of giving thanks for the promotion of his fellow-student and comrade.

Don Carlos counted then on the assistance of Don Juan in his flight, since he had determined to embark in a ship at Carthagena, which was naturally under the orders of the new "general de la mar." Accordingly, on Christmas-eve, 1567, he sent for Don Juan, and explaining to him his intentions, demanded his aid, and asked him, with magnificent promises, to attach himself to his fortunes. Don Juan, who was prudent as well as ambitious, and had been treated with great favor by Philip, was naturally not ready to attach himself to the fortunes of so wild and strange a character as his nephew. He endeavored to dissuade him from his projects by exposing their difficulties and perils. But as Don Carlos refused to listen to his reasons, he asked for twenty-four hours for reflection. He departed, and on the morrow, after writing to Don Carlos, and causing the report to be spread about Madrid that he had been suddenly called to the Escorial on affairs of state, went and narrated the whole interview to the King. Philip allowed no expression in his outward demeanor

to notify the perplexity he was in or the nature of the resolve he had taken. He made no change in the performance of the public ceremonies he had fixed for the ensuing festival, although a new incident occurred which convinced him further, if he still wanted convincing, of the implacable enmity in which his son now held him. It was necessary that Don Carlos should publicly take the sacrament at Christmas, and should accordingly obtain previous absolution. Don Carlos had, in the course of confession to one of his spiritual advisers, declared that he nourished a deadly hate against a person whose name he concealed, and the monk to whom he addressed himself refused him absolution, and advised him to consult some theologians. The Prince appealed to a body of fourteen monks of the monastery of Atocha and two others, to reverse the decision of his confessor. He argued the matter with them in vain, and demanded at last that he might receive an unconsecrated wafer in public, so that he might appear to have gone through the rite of communion and avoid scandal. His theological council cried out that he requested them to sanction an act of sacrilege. The debate, nevertheless, lasted till two o'clock in the morning; at the close of which the prior of Atocha was able, by adroit and wily interrogation, to get from the Prince the name of his enemy, and the whole affair was revealed to the King. Three weeks elapsed, and the King made no sign. On the contrary, on his return to Madrid Don Carlos and his father met in the apartment of the Queen. The Prince treated Philip with all due respect, and the King showed no sign of the slightest discontent. On quitting, however, the apartment of the Queen, Don Carlos took Don Juan, who was in attendance on the King, to his own apartment, and shut the door. The exact nature of the interview between them cannot be known; but according to the most trustworthy account, Don Carlos informed Don Juan that his preparations for flight were all made, that post horses had been ordered all along the road to Carthagená, and insisted on having the despatches necessary for his embarkation before midnight on that very evening. Don Juan tried to gain time. He treacherously per-

suaded the Prince to put off his journey till the morrow, and promised to return at mid-day, and make all due arrangements for the proposed evasion. With this promise, the Prince allowed Don Juan to leave his apartment, upon which the latter went straight to the King and informed him of what had just taken place.

This interview with Don Juan was on Saturday the 17th of January. Philip had resolved to have the Prince arrested on the night of the Sunday; but he allowed not a trace of trouble or perplexity to appear in his outward bearing. He received ambassadors, attended mass with the Prince in his suite, and not a person present could remember a sign that anything unusual was about to happen. Only some of the persons of the Court remarked that frequent messages passed backwards and forwards between the King and the President of his Council, Espinosa—him whom Don Carlos had once threatened with his dagger. Don Carlos expected Don Juan on the morrow, according to his promise; but received an evasive note, putting off his visit till the following Wednesday. Then, indeed, the Prince seems to have suspected that the King knew all. He took to his bed, on the pretext of ill health, to avoid being sent for. At six in the evening he rose, and at half-past eight supped on a boiled chicken, the only food he had taken during the day, and went to bed immediately afterwards. Philip kept himself informed from minute to minute of the way in which his son passed his time throughout the day. As soon as he knew that he was in bed he began to complete the arrangements for the arrest of the Prince, and proceed to immediate execution. At eleven at night he sent for Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada. The King had a helmet on his head, armor under his clothes, and a sword under his arm. After a short address from Philip, the whole party descended to the apartment of the Prince; two gentlemen-in-waiting, two of the domestics of the royal chamber, carrying hammers and nails for fastening up the Prince's windows, followed them, as well as a lieutenant and twelve men of the King's body-guard. Feria marched first with a light

in his hand, and the party proceeded through the dark corridors of the palace to the apartment of the Prince, who had fondly dreamed of gaining, on this very day, a liberty he had never known. Don Carlos was asleep, still in a sort of fancied security, for he had caused a French clockmaker, De Foix, in the service of Philip, to execute a contrivance for barricading his door in the inside, in such a way that, by means of ropes and pulleys, he might be able to open it while in bed; but Philip had taken the precaution of getting De Foix to make such alterations, unknown to the Prince, as rendered the arrangement useless. He slept, moreover, with a sword and dagger, and a loaded arquebuse under his pillow; and there can be no doubt that had he not been surprised, he would either have made a desperate resistance or would have destroyed himself. Philip's minister entered first, and found no difficulty in coming suddenly upon the sleeping youth, and seizing his arms. The noise and the light awoke the Prince, who started up, crying, "Who is there?" The "Council of State" was the reply. Don Carlos made a rush from his bed to get at other weapons, which he had concealed in his room, when the King appeared. "What does this mean?" said the Prince. "Will your Majesty kill me?" The King exhorted him to return to his bed, and to remain quiet; saying that he would soon know his determination; that there was no question of doing him harm, but that all was for his good, and his soul's welfare. He ordered his chamber-attendants to nail up the windows of the Prince, to take away every weapon and piece of iron from the room, even the fire-dogs from the chimney, and presided over a search he ordered to be made for his son's papers, which were found in a box and carried to the King's cabinet.* All the money found in the room was likewise removed. In the extremity of anguish and despair, the young Prince threw himself at the knees of his father, and said, "Let your Majesty kill me, and not arrest me; for it will be a great scandal for these kingdoms. If your

Majesty does not kill me, I will kill myself." The King replied, "If you kill yourself, it will prove that you are mad." "I am not mad," replied the Prince, "but driven to despair by the ill-treatment of your Majesty." The rebellious spirit of the unhappy Prince broke down in the extremity of his situation and despair. He burst into sobs of grief and inarticulate words, in which reproaches against his father for his tyranny and his hardness of heart were alone intelligible. "I will no longer treat you as father," said Philip, "but as King."

The hopeless and friendless youth took silently again to his bed, and Philip gave orders for his being kept in so sure a guard that the Prince was from henceforward as much cut off from the world as though he had already been interred in the vaults of the Escorial. The Duke of Feria was to keep personal watch over him, assisted by Ruy Gomez, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Quijada, so that one or the other of them was never to leave the Prince day or night. The Count de Lerma and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza were to be in attendance on the prisoner; but were not to allow him to have verbal or written intercourse with a single human being, and were to observe and make report of every action. "I count," said the King to these six gentlemen, "on the fidelity and loyalty which you have sworn to observe."

Having thus reduced his son to the most miserable of human conditions, Philip showed in public not a sign of emotion in his imperturbable face, and the ambassadors, in narrating the event, wrote to their courts with wonder and astonishment at his calm demeanor as something quite miraculous. Philip, however, had reserved to himself the privilege of giving notice of this great event to the world. Until his despatches were ready for the chief courts of Europe, for his great nobles, the great cities, the religious orders and the chief authorities of Aragon, Valencia, Navarre, and Catalonia, not a horseman or footman was allowed to pass without the gates of Madrid. For the most part he gave only general reasons of pressing necessities of state for the measures he had adopted. To the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress, and to the Pope Pius V. he was, however, more explicit. Ruy

* Among his papers were found lists of his friends and his enemies; among the former was written the Queen.

Gomez gave information to the Ambassadors of France, Venice, and England, of what happened, and subsequently communicated to them such a version of the King's reasons for so acting as he chose to communicate.

Such an event, the arrest of the first-born child and only son of the most powerful monarch of his time by his own father, could not but excite an immense interest and curiosity in Spain and throughout Europe. In Spain, the person who most lamented his misfortunes was the gentle-hearted Queen Elizabeth, herself destined to share, within a very short time, the premature end of her step-son. The sweet-natured lady mourned over the misfortune of the heir-apparent as though, as she herself said, he had been her own child. She had herself sufficient experience of Philip's insensible nature to feel that with such a father the poor boy had been something worse than an orphan, and that it was hardly possible that he could, with such a character, and under such a system of neglect, isolation, and stern treatment, have turned out other than he became. For nearly two months after the arrest of the Prince, the sorrow of the Queen was so excessive that her health suffered, and that to a dangerous degree, since she was far advanced in pregnancy. It was not indeed a very animating prospect for a young wife and mother to have to live with, and bear children to, so inhuman and pitiless an incarnation of tyranny. The Princess Doña Juana forgot the repugnance which her nephew had shown for a union with herself, and partook of the sorrow of the Queen. Don Juan of Austria, as though out of remorse for the part he had played, wore mourning in public, till the King, in displeasure, ordered him to desist. The Duke de l'Infantado, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, and other grandees, whose political importance had been annihilated during the two last reigns, and whose privileges were reduced to the solitary one of wearing their hats in the royal presence, replied to the King's letter in terms evidently concerted between them, and of no significance. The *Condestable* of Castille alone showed an independent spirit, which wounded the pride of Philip, for he declared that since the grandees had sworn fidel-

ity to the Prince, he thought it strange that the King should deprive him of his liberty, without demanding their advice. For the rest, in the words of the historian Cabrera, prudent people in the streets of Madrid, at mention of the strange event, placed their finger on their lips. The bolder made no scruple of blaming strongly such an act of severity; and among the common people, by whom the government of Philip was detested, the fate of the young Prince was deplored. Milder treatment, it was said, would have cured him of many of his weaknesses; and a king, it was argued, who had such small regard for his children, would have even less for his subjects. At the Courts, however, the courtier spirit prevailed, and while in the garrets of the poor the sad fate of the imprisoned heir of the monarchy was daily lamented, within the walls of the palace, as a Genoese envoy said, there was, in a short space of time, no more word spoken about the Prince "than as if he were already among the dead, where, I think, he may be reckoned."

Every precaution, indeed, was taken by Philip to envelop the wretched existence of his son in a silence and mystery as impenetrable as that of the tomb; but nevertheless with such interested sojourners at the Spanish Court as the Papal Nuncio and the Ambassadors of Venice, France, and Austria, it was impossible but that some of the incidents of his captivity should transpire abroad, and become registered for the instruction of their courts and of posterity. It is from the despatches of these foreign envoys brought to light and studied in our own time that the true story of his imprisonment and death, so far as it is possible to be told, has at length been discovered.

The captivity of Don Carlos lasted six months, and was, as is known, terminated by his death. That public rumor should immediately attribute his demise to a violent cause, and make Philip the author of it, could not be otherwise than expected. The practice of private assassination not unfamiliar to the King, the opportune removal of so great a cause of perplexity and trouble, and the dark mystery which enveloped the prison-chamber of the defenceless and solitary captive, all con-

spired to make such a story credible. The mass of the people in Spain would hear of no other version, and subsequent historians, taking up the common rumor, repeated it with many variations. De Thou declares that Philip poisoned his son with a bowl of broth; Llorente that he gave him a slow poison; Pierre Mathieu that he had been strangled; Brantôme that he caused him to be smothered; and Saint-Simon that he was beheaded, and buried with his head between his legs. As all of these accounts could not be true, the probability was that none of them were so. But if Philip did not bring about the death of his son by actual violence, he cannot be acquitted of having, by cruelty and a terrible captivity, driven him to such a state of despair that he looked upon death as the only escape from his miseries. Don Carlos, after vainly attempting to starve himself to death, sought for a release in a manner as unromantic as his life and his person, and succeeded in finding it in the end.

The Prince, within a few days after the period of his first arrest, received intimation that his habitation was to be changed. The old mediæval palace of the kings of Spain, enlarged by Charles V. and burnt down in 1734, was a far different structure from the enormous modern edifice which now occupies its place. The apartment of Don Carlos was in one of the entresoles; at the end of his apartment was a tower which had a single window and but one entrance. This confined space was assigned to him for a prison. The window was barred so as to let the light come in from above only. The fire-place was grated in with iron to hinder the prisoner from throwing himself into the fire. In the wall an opening was made into the next chamber, filled in with a trellis of strong wood-work. Through this he was to have the opportunity of being present at mass, which was to be performed for him in the next room. The rest of the apartment of Don Carlos was given up to Ruy Gomez, who occupied it with his wife, the famous Princess of Eboli, and thus the mistress of Philip was in a manner the gaoler of the Prince. With the exception of the Count of Lerma, not one of his old attendants, not even

Louis Quijada, the old companion of Charles V. at the monastery of Yuste, was to remain with him. Five fresh noblemen were, together with Ruy Gomez, appointed for his service. There was but one gentleman in his service for whom Don Carlos had real affection—Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, a young courtier of great nobility of character and high intelligence. When the unhappy Prince received intelligence of these changes from Ruy Gomez, he made but one question, "And Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, my friend, does His Majesty take him away likewise?" "Yes, my Lord." Don Carlos sent for Mendoza, and, holding him in his arms, said, "Don Rodrigo, I regret not to have shown by my actions the love I have, and always shall have, for you. May it please God that some day I may be in a situation to give you proof of it." And, with eyes full of tears, he embraced him so passionately that it was with difficulty they were separated, and the Prince was severed from the last friendly face he was doomed to see. All his household were now dismissed, the horses of his stables divided among various persons, of whom Don Juan was one, and some of his attendants pressed into the service of the King. Don Carlos now abandoned himself utterly to despair. These measures left him without a gleam of hope. There could be no doubt that the King had resolved to immure him for life. The prospect, at the age of twenty-two, of an existence to be passed within the narrow and gloomy walls of a dungeon, to hear no more the sound of a friendly voice, and to be ever under the guard and espionage of the great enemy of his life, Ruy Gomez, seemed intolerable. He exclaimed, that a prince so outraged and dishonored ought not to live. He resolved to die. As he was without a single weapon of any kind, he endeavored at first to starve himself. He refused to eat for days together; he succeeded so far as to reduce his body to a ghastly state of emaciation. His eyes sank into their orbits, and his debility became so great that his medical attendants thought, on the last day of February, he could not recover.

The King was informed of his condition, but he replied, "He will eat as

soon as he is hungry." Nature, indeed, proved too strong for the unhappy Prince, and he again took food. While the King, to show how little he was touched by the despair of his son, laid down anew, on the 2nd of March, a series of rules for the *surveillance* of the prisoner of the most rigorous severity. Don Carlos, on recovering his strength, made another abortive attempt to kill himself by swallowing a diamond ring which he carried on his finger. After this he became for a while more resigned, and showed signs of great contrition and amendment of character; and as though to prove that the reports which Philip and his ministers circulated of his madness were untrue, he prepared himself for the religious solemnities of Easter with an exemplary show of piety. He made confession of his own accord to Fray Diego de Chaves, his spiritual adviser, and prepared himself for the sacrament with fasting and prayer. Fray Diego requested permission of the King to administer the sacrament to the Prince; but Philip hesitated to grant it; he was afraid of the impression which the news of the communion of the Prince betokening a pious and satisfactory frame of mind in the eyes of his confessor, would produce upon the world. The delay which was thus opposed to the pious wish of the Prince affected him with the deepest grief and desolation. His confessor endeavored to appease him with various pretexts till he received the requisite permission from Philip, who, finding after consulting his theological advisers that he could no longer refuse, hastened by despatches to the Emperor and the Pope to explain that such a proceeding by no means indicated a return to a sound state of mind on the part of Don Carlos, but had been permitted only out of regard to the representations of his confessor. Nevertheless, under the influence of religious sentiments and the chastening influence of the trials which had befallen him, the nature of Don Carlos had become quite changed—he had grown gentle and calm, and from henceforward not a word of hatred or contempt against his father escaped from his lips. A reconciliation between Philip and his son seemed possible to all who knew the change which had taken

place in him, and many thought that three months of such severe seclusion was sufficient punishment for his follies and his faults. No repentance in Don Carlos, however, no human advocacy, would have availed to soften the implacable resolve of Philip, and the patience and resignation of the Prince failed him anew amid the frightful monotony and gloom and desolation of his life. He resolved once more on self-destruction, and this time he chose a method by which he could more certainly get rid of the burden of so terrible and humiliating an existence. He now determined to destroy his health by committing every excess within his power, and subjected his body to every trial which he could impose upon it; and there can be no doubt that Philip speedily apprehended the intentions of the Prince and lent himself with good will to further them as far as he could with prudence. Most of what we know of the manner in which the Prince compassed his end we learn from Philip's own despatches. From them we gather that the Prince passed his days and nights entirely without clothes, with his window open. That he paced the narrow bounds of his prison with bare feet after it was daily watered. That he put ice in his bed; ate sometimes immoderately of all kinds of indigestible fruits; and that for eleven days together he took nothing but immense draughts of iced water, which he drank at all hours. Such is the King's own account of the origin of Don Carlos's illness, and the seclusion of the prisoner of the tower under the guardianship of Ruy Gomez was so strict that no means exists for its contradiction. Only the ambassador of Venice was informed by one of those most intimate with the secrets of the palace, "that the young Prince was kept in such a state, that if he did not lose his reason, it would be a proof that he had already lost it." However, some details of the days preceding his death have escaped from the secrecy of his prison-chamber, which were consigned in the reports of the ambassadors at the Court of Madrid. About the middle of the month of July, a huge pasty highly seasoned, containing four partridges, was served at the table of Don Carlos. Although he had already eaten of sev-

eral other dishes, he devoured the entire pasty; and to appease the violent thirst which seized him after so immoderate a repast, drank an immense quantity of water iced with snow. His system being already in a most disorganized state from the abuses to which he had daily subjected it, a violent fit of indigestion, vomiting, and other signs of a dangerous character were the result. The doctors were called in, but the Prince refused to take any of their remedies. On the 19th of July his condition was considered hopeless. The Prince viewed the signs of his approaching end with satisfaction, while a transformation took place in his language and sentiments which astonished all who surrounded him.

Assured of a speedy termination to his sorrows, he directed all the forces of his mind toward putting his soul at peace with the world, and preparing for another life. He made confession to Fray Diego de Chaves with exemplary devotion; and as the vomitings, which were unremitting, did not permit of his taking the holy sacrament, he adored it with all marks of humility and perfect contrition. He consented to receive the care of his doctors, and demanded to see his father; but Philip not only refused for himself, but declined to let the Queen or Doña Juana visit the dying penitent, or to send him a single word of kindness. The Prince now dictated anew his last will, by which he provided for the payment of some of his debts, prayed the King to discharge the rest, and recommended to him the officers of his household, whom he acknowledged he had often maltreated. After many gifts to pious uses and to his friends, to show that he forgave all injuries, he left presents to several of his principal enemies, including Ruy Gomez, whom he regarded as the chief author of all his misfortunes.

The saint to whom he paid especial devotion was Saint James of Compostella, whose feast was to be celebrated on the 25th of July. He expressed a wish to die on the eve of that day, but he found his strength decrease so rapidly that he feared that he should not live to see it. He died at one on the morning of the 24th. He continued to the last moment in his sentiments of resignation to Divine mercy, and expressed forgiveness for his

father, for Ruy Gomez, and all concerned in his detention. He adored to the last moment a crucifix, which he caused to be placed on his breast, and a short time before he gave up his last breath took, in example of Charles V., a taper into his hand; and invited those by his bedside to repeat the prayer the Emperor himself had used on that occasion, and pronounced himself words among which were distinguished, "*Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori.*" A few minutes before his end the gown of a Franciscan friar and the hood of a Dominican were laid upon his bed, and in these, according to his desire, his corpse was laid out and buried.

Ruy Gomez, as the grand master of the Prince, conducted the funeral, which took place the same evening, in royal state; the mockery of funereal pomp, heraldic blazonry, and the mourning mantles of nobles and princes were never more unmeaningly displayed. The body was temporarily placed at the monastery of Saint Dominic to await its final journey to the Escorial. A long line of monks and friars led the procession. The body was carried by the Dukes of Infantado, of Medina de Rioseco, by the Prince of Eboli, the Prior Antonio of Toledo, the Constable of Castille, the Marquises of Sarria and Aquilar, the Counts Olivarez, Chinchon, Lerma, Orgaz, and the Viceroy of Peru. The Bishop of Pampeluna walked behind the body assisted by his chaplains, in capes of black brocade. Then came on the right the Nuncio in the middle of the ambassadors, on the left the Councils of State and the Court, and, lastly, the Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest. The King saw the procession pass from a window of the palace.

The death of Don Carlos caused in Spain universal grief. His end was lamented both by the nobles and the people. The nobility, whose part in the government had been reduced to the empty privileges of waiting in the antechamber and figuring in state ceremony, and who felt their insignificance the more from the gloomy austerity and haughty seclusion of a Monarch, shrouding his councils and his throne from their sight in a cloud of impenetrable darkness, hoped that the frank and generous qualities which undoubtedly existed in the nature of Don Carlos would, when he mounted the

throne, find pleasure in giving the monarchy its old aspect, and in admitting the nobility to their ancient share in its administration. The people likewise looked forward to a change of government of a more liberal and humane aspect, and a deliverance from the oppressive terror and gloom which weighed heavily on the whole nation; and the fervency of such hopes is vividly expressed in the popular poetry of the time—the most undeniable testimony of national feeling. But perhaps the most convincing proof that the nature of Don Carlos was not so incorrigible as Philip and his courtiers endeavored to have it represented, is to be found in a despatch of the Baron von Dietrichstein, in which he gives an account of a conversation which he held a short time before the death of Don Carlos with Fray Diego de Chaves, the confessor of the Prince; and who, from having been placed in that position by Philip himself, may naturally be supposed not to have been hostile to the King. The confessor assured Dietrichstein that the Prince was as good a Catholic, and had as firm a belief in the truths of religion, as was possible. That not only had he never entertained the notion of attempting the life of his father, but such an idea had never entered his head. He said that Don Carlos had many defects which he would neither deny nor excuse, but added, that in his opinion, these were to be attributed rather to the defects of his education and to the stubbornness of nature which characterized him, than to any want of reason; that he trusted the punishment inflicted upon him would serve as a *correctio morum*, and teach him to know himself; and that in time, if that were realized, as he, Fray Diego de Chaves, believed, he was persuaded that Don Carlos would become a good and virtuous prince, for that really good qualities were to be observed in him by the side of his vices.

The opinion of Brantôme, who had known the prince, coincides with that of the confessor. "I believe," he wrote, "that after the Prince had cast away his wild passions, like the young colts, and had passed the great heats of his first youth, he would have become a very great prince, and a warrior and a statesman."

The Emperor Maximilian likewise persevered, as long as the Prince was alive,

in entertaining hopes of the restoration of Don Carlos to liberty and of the permanent reformation of his life and character. He continued to reiterate supplications to the King in behalf of his unfortunate nephew, and never abandoned the idea that the engagement to the Archduchess Anne was still to be fulfilled, and he declined all consideration of a French proposal for the hand of his daughter, who herself became seriously indisposed from sympathy with the misfortunes of her betrothed Prince. Finding that his prayers by letter were of no avail to change the purpose of Philip, he resolved, first to go himself to Madrid and use his personal entreaty with his brother-in-law, but the affairs of Germany making it impossible for him to quit Vienna, he determined to despatch his brother the Archduke Charles with an autograph letter. The departure of the Archduke was fixed for the 4th of September, but a short time before that date, news of the death of Don Carlos reached Vienna.

The disturbed condition of Germany, and the exasperated state of public feeling caused by the arbitrary acts and the sanguinary cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, still rendered the journey of the Archduke Charles desirable, who accordingly started from Vienna on the 22nd of October, and reached Madrid on the 10th of December; while on the road, he had intelligence of the death of the gentle-hearted Isabella de la Paz, at the age of twenty-three, surviving Don Carlos not much more than two months. The Archduke had received instructions to obtain the consent of the King to the marriage of the Archduchess Anne with Charles IX.; but when informed of the death of the Queen of Spain, Maximilian changed his plans, and the hand of the Archduchess was offered to Philip himself, who thus became, by another singular caprice of destiny, for a second time the husband of a princess who had been betrothed to his unfortunate son.

This, his fourth wife, Philip also was destined to survive. She was, however, the longest-lived of all his queens, dying in 1580. Their married life thus lasted ten years. Philip had by her the son who succeeded him, Philip III., endowed with a gloomy nature, more congenial to his own than the wild and impetuous Don Carlos. By Elizabeth of Valois, Philip II.

had two daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy; the other, Clara Isabella, was his favorite child, and attended him on his death-bed; this princess, during the time of the League, was put forward as a claimant for the crown of France on the extinction of the males of the House of Valois; she eventually married the Archduke Albert, and became Regent of the Low Countries. Mr. Motley relates that it was with reference to her that Philip formed the inconceivable design of a marriage with his own daughter.

The body of Don Carlos was subsequently removed to the Mausoleum of the Escorial; the mystery which enveloped his fate, and a tradition of his having been decapitated, caused his coffin to be twice violated and laid open—once in 1795 by a monk of the Escorial, who has left a written account of his examination, and subsequently by Colonel Bory de Saint-Vincent, of the French army, in 1812. The former visitor satisfied himself that the head was unsevered from the body. From the result of both investigations it appeared that Don Carlos when he died was in a very attenuated condition, and Colonel Bory found a good deal of the hair of the unfortunate Prince red and brittle with the action of time and of the quick-lime with which the coffin was filled up.

Cornhill Magazine.

ERUPTIONS OF VESUVIUS.

THE eruption in progress, as we write, from Mount Vesuvius, and the numerous and violent eruptions from this mountain during the two last centuries, seem to afford an answer to those who would see traces of a gradually diminishing activity in the earth's internal forces. That such a diminution is taking place we may admit, but that its rate of progress is perceptible—that we can point to a time within the historical epoch, nay even within the limits of geological evidence, at which the earth's internal forces were *certainly* more active than they are at the present time, may, we think, be denied absolutely.

When the science of geology was but young, and its professors sought to compress within a few years (at the outside) a series of events which (we now know)

must have occupied many centuries, there was room, indeed, for the supposition that modern volcanic eruptions, as compared with ancient outbursts, are but as the efforts of children compared with the work of giants. And, accordingly, we find a distinguished French geologist writing, even so late as 1829, that in ancient times “*tous les phénomènes géologiques se passaient dans des dimensions centuples de celles qu'ils présentent aujourd'hui.*” But now we have such certain evidence of the enormous length of the intervals within which volcanic regions assumed their present appearance; we have such satisfactory means of determining which of the events occurring within those intervals were or were not contemporary, that we are safe from the error of assuming that Nature at a single effort fashioned widely extended districts just as we now see them. And accordingly, we have the evidence of one of the most distinguished of living geologists, that there is no volcanic mass “of ancient date, distinctly referable to a single eruption, which can even *rival* in volume the matter poured out from Skaptär Jokul in 1783.”

In the volcanic region of which Vesuvius or Somma is the principal vent, we have a remarkable instance of the deceptive nature of that state of rest into which some of the principal volcanoes frequently fall for many centuries together. For how many centuries before the Christian era Vesuvius had been at rest, is not known; but this is certain, that from the landing of the Greek colony in Southern Italy, Vesuvius gave no signs of internal activity. It was recognized by Strabo as a volcanic mountain, but Pliny did not include it in the list of active volcanoes. In those days, the mountain presented a very different appearance from that which it now exhibits. In place of the two peaks now seen, there was a single, somewhat flattish summit, on which a slight depression marked the place of an ancient crater. The fertile slopes of the mountain were covered with well cultivated fields, and the thriving cities Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, stood near the base of the sleeping mountain. So little did any thought of danger suggest itself in those times, that the bands of slaves, murderers, and pirates, which flocked to the standard of Sparta-

cus, found a refuge, to the number of many thousands, within the very crater itself.

But though Vesuvius was at rest, the region of which Vesuvius is the main vent was far from being so. The island of Pithecusa (the modern Ischia) was shaken by frequent and terrible convulsions. It is even related that Prochyta (the modern Procida) was rent from Pithecusa in the course of a tremendous upheaval, though Pliny derives the name Prochyta (or "poured forth") from the supposed fact of this island having been poured forth by an eruption from Ischia. Far more probably, Prochyta was formed independently by submarine eruptions, as the volcanic islands near Santorin have been produced in more recent times.

So fierce were the eruptions from Pithecusa, that several Greek colonies which attempted to settle on this island were compelled to leave it. About 380 years before the Christian era, colonists under King Hiero of Syracuse, who had built a fortress on Pithecusa, were driven away by an eruption. Nor were eruptions the sole cause of danger. Poisonous exhalations, such as are emitted by volcanic craters after eruption, appear to have exhaled, at times, from extensive tracts on Pithecusa, and thus to have rendered the island uninhabitable.

Still nearer to Vesuvius lay the celebrated Lake Avernus. The name Avernus is said to be a corruption of the Greek word *Aornos*, signifying "without birds," the poisonous exhalations from the waters of the lake destroying all birds which attempted to fly over its surface. Doubt has been thrown on the destructive properties assigned by the ancients to the vapors ascending from Avernus. The lake is now a healthy and agreeable neighborhood, frequented, says Humboldt, by many kinds of birds, which suffer no injury whatever even when they skim the very surface of the water. Yet there can be little doubt that Avernus hides the outlet of an extinct volcano; and long after this volcano had become inactive, the lake which concealed its site "may have deserved the appellation of 'atrijanua Ditis,' emitting, perhaps, gases as destructive of animal life as those suffocating vapors given out by Lake Quilotoa, in Quito, in 1797, by which whole herds of cattle were killed on its shores, or as those deleterious emanations which

annihilated all the cattle in the island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, in 1730."

While Ischia was in full activity, not only was Vesuvius quiescent, but even Etna seemed to be gradually expiring, so that Seneca ranks this volcano among the number of nearly extinguished craters. At a later epoch, Ælian asserted that the mountain itself was sinking, so that seamen lost sight of the summit at a less distance across the seas than of old. Yet within the last two hundred years there have been eruptions from Etna rivalling, if not surpassing, in intensity the convulsions recorded by ancient historians.

We shall not here attempt to show that Vesuvius and Etna belong to the same volcanic system, though there is reason not only for supposing this to be the case, but for the belief that all the subterranean forces whose effects have been shown from time to time over the district extending from the Canaries and Azores, cross the whole of the Mediterranean, and into Syria itself, belong to but one great centre of internal action. But it is quite certain that Ischia and Vesuvius are outlets from a single source.

While Vesuvius was dormant, resigning for awhile its pretensions to be the principal vent of the great Neapolitan volcanic system, Ischia, we have seen, was rent by frequent convulsions. But the time was approaching when Vesuvius was to resume its natural functions, and with all the more energy that they had been for awhile suspended.

In the year 68 (after Christ) there occurred a violent convulsion of the earth around Vesuvius, during which much injury was done to neighboring cities and many lives were lost. From this period shocks of earthquake were felt from time to time for sixteen years. These grew gradually more and more violent, until it began to be evident that the volcanic fires were about to return to their main vent. The obstruction which had so long impeded the exit of the confined matter was not however readily removed, and it was only in August of the year 79, after numerous and violent internal throes, that the superincumbent mass was at length hurled forth. Rocks and cinders, lava, sand, and scorix, were propelled from the crater and spread many miles on every side of Vesuvius.

We have an interesting account of the great eruption which followed, in a letter from the younger Pliny to the younger Tacitus. The latter had asked for an account of the death of the elder Pliny, who lost his life in his eagerness to obtain a near view of the dreadful phenomenon. "He was at that time," says his nephew, "with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very extraordinary size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study. He arose at once, and went out upon a height whence he might more distinctly view this strange phenomenon. It was not at this distance discernible from what mountain the cloud issued, but it was found afterwards that it came from Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of the figure than by comparing it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I suppose, either by a sudden gust of air which impelled it, whose force decreased as it advanced upwards, or else the cloud itself, being pressed back by its own weight, expanded in this manner. The cloud appeared sometimes bright, at others dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders."

These extraordinary appearances attracted the curiosity of the elder Pliny. He ordered a small vessel to be prepared, and started to seek a nearer view of the burning mountain. His nephew declined to accompany him, being engaged with his studies. As Pliny left the house he received a note from a lady whose house, being at the foot of Vesuvius, was in imminent danger of destruction. He set out accordingly with the design of rendering her assistance, and also of assisting others, "for the villas stood extremely thick upon that lovely coast." He ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered directly to the point of danger, so cool in the midst of the turmoil around "as to be able to make and dictate observations upon the motions and figures of that dreadful scene." As he approached Vesuvius, cinders, pumice-stones, and black fragments of burning-rock, fell on

and around the ships. "They were in danger, too, of running aground owing to the sudden retreat of the sea; vast fragments, also, rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore." The pilot advising retreat, Pliny made the noble answer, "Fortune befriends the brave," and bade him press onwards to Stabiae. Here he found his friend Pomponianus in great consternation, already prepared for embarking and waiting only for a change in the wind. Exhorting Pomponianus to be of good courage, Pliny quietly ordered baths to be prepared; and "having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (which is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it." Assuring his friend that the flames which appeared in several places were merely burning villages, Pliny presently retired to rest, and "being pretty fat," says his nephew, "and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore." But it became necessary to awaken him, for the court which led to his room was now almost filled with stones and ashes. He got up and joined the rest of the company, who were consulting on the propriety of leaving the house, now shaken from side to side by frequent concussions. They decided on seeking the fields for safety, and fastening pillows on their heads to protect them from falling stones, they advanced in the midst of an obscurity greater than that of the darkset night,—though beyond the limits of the great cloud it was already broad day. When they reached the shore they found the waves running too high to suffer them safely to venture to put out to sea. Pliny "having drunk a draught or two of cold water, lay down on a cloth that was spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphureous vapors dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise. Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I suppose," says his nephew, "by some gross and noxious vapor, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing." His body was not found until the third day after his death, when for the first time it was light enough to search for him. He was found as he had fallen, "and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

But even at Misenum there was danger, though Vesuvius was distant no less than fourteen miles. The earth was shaken with repeated and violent shocks, "insomuch," says the younger Pliny, "that they threatened our complete destruction." When morning came, the light was faint and glimmering; the buildings around seemed tottering to their fall, and, standing on the open ground, the chariots which Pliny had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that it was impossible to keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea was rolled back upon itself, and many marine animals were left dry upon the shore. On the side of Vesuvius, a black and ominous cloud, bursting with sulphureous vapors, darted out long trains of fire resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Presently the great cloud spread over Misenum and the island of Capræ. Ashes fell around the fugitives. On every side, "nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children, and the cries of men; some were calling for their children, others for their parents, others their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one was lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wished to die, that they might escape the dreadful fear of death; but the greater part imagined that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together." At length a light appeared, which was not, however, the day, but the forerunner of an outburst of flames. These presently disappeared, and again a thick darkness spread over the scene. Ashes fell heavily upon the fugitives, so that they were in danger of being crushed, and buried in the thick layer rapidly covering the whole country. Many hours passed before the dreadful darkness began slowly to be dissipated. When at length day returned, and the sun even was seen faintly shining through the overhanging canopy of ashes, "every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

It is most remarkable that Pliny makes no mention in his letter of the destruction of the two populous and important cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. We have seen that at Stabiae a shower of ashes fell so heavily that, several days

before the end of the eruption, the court leading to the elder Pliny's room was beginning to be filled up. And when the eruption ceased, Stabiae was completely overwhelmed. Far more sudden, however, was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

It would seem that the two cities were first shaken violently by the throes of the disturbed mountain. The signs of such a catastrophe have been very commonly assigned to the earthquake which happened in 63, but it seems far more likely that most of them belong to the days immediately preceding the great outburst in 79. "In Pompeii," says Sir Charles Lyell, "both public and private buildings bear testimony to the catastrophe. The walls are rent, and in many places traversed by fissures still open." It is probable that the inhabitants were driven by these anticipatory throes to fly from the doomed towns. For though Dion Cassius relates that "two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were buried under showers of ashes, while all the people were sitting in the theatre," yet "the examination of the two cities enables us to prove," says Sir Charles, "that none of the people were destroyed in the theatres, and, indeed, that there were few of the inhabitants who did not escape from both cities. Yet," he adds, "some lives were lost, and there was ample foundation for the tale in all its most essential particulars."

We may not here, in passing, that the account of the eruption given by Dion Cassius, who wrote a century and a half after the catastrophe, is sufficient to prove how terrible an impression had been made upon the inhabitants of Campania, from whose descendants he in all probability obtained the materials of his narrative. He writes that, "during the eruption, a multitude of men of superhuman stature, resembling giants, appeared, sometimes on the mountain, and sometimes in the environs; that stones and smoke were thrown out, the sun was hidden, and then the giants seemed to rise again while the sounds of trumpets were heard"—with much other matter of a similar sort.

In the great eruption of 79, Vesuvius poured forth lapilli, sand, cinders, and fragments of old lava, but no new lava flowed from the orator. Nor does it ap-

pear that any lava-stream was ejected during the six eruptions which took place during the following ten centuries. In the year 1036, for the first time, Vesuvius was observed to pour forth a stream of molten lava. Thirteen years later, another eruption took place; then ninety years passed without disturbance, and after that a long pause of 168 years. During this interval, however, the volcanic system, of which Vesuvius is the main but not the only vent, had been disturbed twice. For it is related that in 1198 the Solfatara Lake crater was in eruption; and in 1302, Ischia, dormant for at least 1,400 years, showed signs of new activity. For more than a year earthquakes had convulsed this island from time to time, and at length the disturbed region was relieved by the outburst of a lava stream from a new vent on the south-east of Ischia. The lava stream flowed right down to the sea, a distance of two miles. For two months, this dreadful outburst continued to rage; many houses were destroyed; and although the inhabitants of Ischia were not completely expelled, as happened of old with the Greek colonists, yet a partial emigration of the inhabitants took place.

The next eruption of Vesuvius took place in 1306; and then, until 1631, there occurred only one eruption, and that an unimportant one, in 1500. "It was remarked," says Sir Charles Lyell, "that throughout this long interval of rest Etna was in a state of unusual activity, so as to lend countenance to the idea that the great Sicilian volcano may sometimes serve as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania."

Nor was the abnormal activity of Etna the only sign that the quiescence of Vesuvius was not to be looked upon as any evidence of declining energy in the volcanic system. In 1538 a new mountain was suddenly thrown up in the Phlegræan Fields—a district including within its bounds Pozzuoli, Lake Avernus, and the Solfatara. The new mountain was thrown up near the shores of the Bay of Baïæ. It is 440 feet above the level of the bay, and its base is about a mile and a half in circumference. The depth of the crater is 421 feet, so that its bottom is only six yards above the

level of the bay. The spot on which the mountain was thrown up was formerly occupied by the Lucrine Lake; but the outburst filled up the greater part of the lake, leaving only a small and shallow pool.

The accounts which have reached us of the formation of this new mountain are not without interest. Falconi, who wrote in 1538, writes that several earthquakes took place during the two years preceding the outburst, and above twenty shocks on the day and night before the eruption. "The eruption began on September 29, 1538. It was on a Sunday, about one o'clock in the night, when flames of fire were seen between the hot-baths and Tripergola. In a short time the fire increased to such a degree that it burst open the earth in this place, and threw up a quantity of ashes and pumice-stones, mixed with water, which covered the whole country. The next morning the poor inhabitants of Pozzuoli quitted their habitations in terror, covered with the muddy and black shower, which continued the whole day in that country—flying from death, but with death painted in their countenances. Some with their children in their arms, some with sacks full of their goods; others leading an ass, loaded with their frightened family, towards Naples, &c. . . . The sea had retired on the side of Baïæ, abandoning a considerable tract; and the shore appeared almost entirely dry, from the quantity of ashes and broken pumice-stones thrown up by the eruption."

Pietro Giacomo di Toledo gives us some account of the phenomena which preceded the eruption: "That plain which lies between Lake Avernus, the Monte Barbaro, and the sea, was raised a little, and many cracks were made in it, from some of which water issued; at the same time the sea immediately adjoining the plain dried up about two hundred paces, so that the fish were left on the sand a prey to the inhabitants of Pozzuoli. At last, on the 29th of September, about two o'clock in the night, the earth opened near the lake, and discovered a horrid mouth, from which were vomited furiously smoke, fire stones, and mud composed of ashes, making at the time of the opening a noise like the loudest thunder. The stones which followed were by the flames converted to pumice, and

some of these were *larger than an ox*. The stones went about as high as a cross-bow will carry, and then fell down, sometimes on the edge, and sometimes in to the mouth itself. The mud was of the color of ashes, and at first very liquid, then by degrees less so; and in such quantities that in less than twelve hours, with the help of the above-mentioned stones, a mountain was raised 1,000 paces in height. Not only Pozzuoli and the neighboring country were full of this mud, but the city of Naples also; so that many of its palaces were defaced by it. This eruption lasted two nights and two days without intermission, though not always with the same force; the third day the eruption ceased, and I went up with many people to the top of the new hill, and saw down into its mouth, which was a round cavity about a quarter of a mile in circumference, in the middle of which the stones which had fallen were boiling up just as a cauldron of water boils on the fire. The fourth day it began to throw up again, and the seventh day much more, but still with less violence than the first night. At this time many persons who were on the hill were knocked down by the stones and killed, or smothered with the smoke."

And now, for nearly a century, the whole district continued in repose. Nearly five centuries had passed since there had been any violent eruption of Vesuvius itself; and the crater seemed gradually assuming the condition of an extinct volcano. The interior of the crater is described by Bracini, who visited Vesuvius shortly before the eruption of 1631, in terms that would have fairly represented its condition before the eruption of 79:—"The crater was five miles in circumference, and about a thousand paces deep; its sides were covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there was a plain on which cattle grazed. In the woody parts, wild boars frequently harbored. In one part of the plain, covered with ashes, were three small pools, one filled with hot and bitter water, another salter than the sea, and a third hot, but tasteless." But in December, 1631, the mountain blew away the covering of rock and cinders which supported these woods and pastures. Seven streams of lava poured from the

crater, causing a fearful destruction of life and property. Resina, built over the site of Herculaneum, was entirely consumed by a raging lava-stream. Heavy showers of rain, generated by the steam evolved during the eruption, caused, in their turn, an amount of destruction scarcely less important than that resulting from the lava-streams. For, falling upon the cone, and sweeping thence large masses of ashes and volcanic dust, these showers produced destructive streams of mud, consistent enough to merit the name of "aqueous lava" commonly assigned to it.

An interval of thirty-five years passed before the next eruption. But, since 1666, there has been a continual series of eruptions, so that the mountain has scarcely ever been at rest for more than ten years together. Occasionally there have been two eruptions within a few months; and it is well worthy of remark that, during the three centuries which have elapsed since the formation of Monte Nuovo, there has been no volcanic disturbance in any part of the Neapolitan volcanic district save in Vesuvius alone. Of old, as Brieslak well remarks, there had been irregular disturbances in some part of the Bay of Naples once in every two hundred years;—the eruption of Solfatara in the twelfth century, that of Ischia in the fourteenth, and that of Monte Nuovo in the sixteenth; but "the eighteenth has formed an exception to the rule." It seems clear that the constant series of eruptions from Vesuvius during the past two hundred years has sufficed to relieve the volcanic district of which Vesuvius is the principal vent.

Of the eruptions which have disturbed Vesuvius during the last two centuries, those of 1779, 1793, and 1822, are in some respects the most remarkable.

Sir William Hamilton has given a very interesting account of the eruption of 1779. Passing over those points in which this eruption resembled others, we may note its more remarkable features. Sir William Hamilton says, that in this eruption molten lava was thrown up, in magnificent jets, to the height of at least 10,000 feet. Masses of stones and scorise were to be seen propelled along by these lava jets. Vesuvius seemed to be surmounted by an enormous

column of fire. Some of the jets were directed by the wind towards Ottajano; others fell on the cone of Vesuvius, on the outer circular mountain Somma, and on the valley between. Falling, still red-hot and liquid, they covered a district more than two miles and a half wide with a mass of fire. The whole space above this district, to the height of 10,000 feet, was filled also with the rising and falling lava streams; so that there was continually present a body of fire covering the extensive space we have mentioned, and extending nearly two miles high. The heat of this enormous fire-column was distinctly perceptible at a distance of at least six miles on every side.

The eruption of 1793 presented a different aspect. Dr. Clarke tells us that millions of red-hot stones were propelled into the air to at least half the height of the cone itself; then turning, they fell all around in noble curves. They covered nearly half the cone of Vesuvius with fire. Huge masses of white smoke were vomited forth by the disturbed mountain, and formed themselves, at a height of many thousands of feet above the crater, into a huge, ever-moving canopy, through which, from time to time, were hurled pitch-black jets of volcanic dust, and dense vapors, mixed with cascades of red-hot rocks and scorix. The rain which fell from the cloud-canopy was scalding hot.

Dr. Clarke was able to compare the different appearances presented by the lava when it burst from the very mouth of the crater, and lower down, when it had approached the plain. As it rushed forth from its imprisonment, it streamed a liquid, white, and brilliantly pure river, which burned for itself a smooth channel through a great arched chasm in the side of the mountain. It flowed with the clearness of "honey in regular channels, cut finer than art can imitate, and glowing with all the splendor of the sun. Sir William Hamilton had conceived," adds Dr. Clarke, "that stones thrown upon a current of lava would produce no impression. I was soon convinced of the contrary. Light bodies, indeed, of five, ten, and fifteen pounds' weight, made little or no impression, even at the source; but bodies of sixty, seventy, and eighty pounds were seen

to form a kind of bed on the surface of the lava, and float away with it. A stone of three hundredweight, that had been thrown out by the crater, lay near the source of the current of lava. I raised it up on one end, and then let it fall in upon the liquid lava, when it gradually sank beneath the surface and disappeared. If I wished to describe the manner in which it acted upon the lava, I should say that it was like a loaf of bread thrown into a bowl of very thick honey, which gradually involves itself in the heavy liquid, and then slowly sinks to the bottom."

But, as the lava flowed down the mountain slopes, it lost its brilliant whiteness; a crust began to form upon the surface of the still molten lava, and this crust broke into innumerable fragments of porous matter, called scorix. Underneath this crust—across which Dr. Clarke and his companions were able to pass without other injury than the singeing of their boots—the liquid lava still continued to force its way onward and downward past all obstacles. On its arrival at the bottom of the mountain, says Dr. Clarke, "the whole current," encumbered with huge masses of scorix, "resembled nothing so much as a heap of unconnected cinders from an iron-foundry," "rolling slowly along," he says in another place, "and falling with a rattling noise over one another."

After the eruption described by Dr. Clarke, the great crater gradually filled up. Lava boiled up from below, and small craters, which formed themselves over the bottom and sides of the great one, poured forth lava loaded with scorix. Thus, up to October 1822, there was to be seen, in place of a regular crateriform opening, a rough and uneven surface scored by huge fissures, whence vapor was continually being poured, so as to form clouds above the hideous heap of ruins. But the great eruption of 1822 not only flung forth all the mass which had accumulated within the crater, but wholly changed the appearance of the cone. An immense abyss was formed three-quarters of a mile across, and extending 2,000 feet downward into the very heart of Vesuvius. Had the lips of the crater remained unchanged, indeed, the depth

of this great gulf would have been far greater. But so terrific was the force of the explosion that the whole of the upper part of the cone was carried clean away, and the mountain reduced in height by nearly a full fifth of its original dimensions. From the time of its formation the chasm gradually filled up; so that, when Mr. Scrope saw it soon after the eruption, its depth was reduced by more than 1,000 feet.

Of late, Vesuvius has been as busy as ever. In 1833 and 1834 there were eruptions; and it is but twelve years since a great outburst took place. Then, for three weeks together, lava streamed down the mountain slopes. A river of molten lava swept away the village at Cercolo, and ran nearly to the sea of Ponte Maddaloni. There were then formed ten small craters within the great one. But these have now united, and pressure from beneath has formed a vast cone where they had been. The cone has risen above the rim of the crater, and, as we write, torrents of lava are being poured forth. At first the lava formed a lake of fire, but the seething mass found an outlet, and poured in a wide stream toward Ottajano. Masses of red-hot stone and rock are hurled forth, and a vast canopy of white vapor hangs over Vesuvius, forming at night, when illuminated by the raging mass below, a glory of resplendent flame around the summit of the mountain.

It may seem strange that the neighborhood of so dangerous a mountain should be inhabited by races free to choose more peaceful districts. Yet, though Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae lie buried beneath the lava and ashes thrown forth by Vesuvius, Portici and Resina, Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata have taken their place; and a large population, cheerful and prosperous, flourish around the disturbed mountain, and over the district of which it is the somewhat untrustworthy safety-valve.

It has, indeed, been well pointed out by Sir Charles Lyell that, "the general tendency of subterranean movements, when their effects are considered for a sufficient lapse of ages, is eminently beneficial, and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface

is preserved. Why the working of this same machinery should be attended with so much evil, is a mystery far beyond the reach of our philosophy, and must probably remain so until we are permitted to investigate, not our planet alone and its inhabitants, but other parts of the moral and material universe with which they may be connected. Could our survey embrace other worlds, and the events, not of a few centuries only, but of periods as indefinite as those with which geology renders us familiar, some apparent contradictions might be reconciled, and some difficulties would doubtless be cleared up. But even then, as our capacities are finite, while the scheme of the universe may be infinite, both in time and space, it is presumptuous to suppose that all source of doubt and perplexity would ever be removed. On the contrary, they might, perhaps, go on augmenting in number, although our confidence in the wisdom of the plan of nature should increase at the same time; for it has been justly said" (by Sir Humphry Davy) "that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded."

From Fraser's Magazine.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

It can rarely happen that a subject of such extensive and varied interest as Westminster Abbey is in all its aspects—historical, constitutional, ecclesiastical, and biographical—should be handled by a writer so peculiarly fitted to do it justice, not only by his position, but by his powers of description and turn of thought, as the present learned and accomplished chief of its Chapter. For all who are concerned to know the manner of the foundation of the great church, which even more than the sister edifice in London proper, represents the religious centre of the metropolis; for all who wish to learn how its life has been, from the beginning and through all the centuries of its existence, interwoven with the political life of England; for all who love to dwell on the memories of the distin-

* *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stauley, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

guished men whose monuments crowd the aisles and chapels of the ancient pile ; for all who would like to be informed of the personal history of those who have been officially connected with it—this book of Dr. Stanley's will possess a value of no common order.

Nothing could be more fresh and picturesque than the introduction to the volume, in which the site of the future edifice is, as it were, plotted and laid out for its reception. To do this we are carried a long way back through the centuries, to the days when the important stream, on whose banks the Abbey, in common with all London, stands, was a river winding at its own sweet will, more so than when Wordsworth gazed on it from the bridge, and ages before it was drilled to march between embankments of stones, or vexed by the paddles of countless steamboats, and only recently and still imperfectly to be delivered from performing the base offices of a common sewer. Forests full of the noblest game stretched from the river shore to the heights of Hampstead and Highgate ; Tower Hill, Corn Hill, and Ludgate Hill marked by their names the slight eminences chosen for the earliest occupation ; while the lesser tributaries to the great river live in the names of Longborne—the long burn ; Holborn—the old burn ; Tyburn ; Wall Brook ; and others.

And so the future metropolis of England grew along the banks of the Thames ; the kings had their occasional palace at Westminster, and some chronicles have even placed there the scene of Canute's voluntary wetting by the rising tide in rebuke of his courtiers. Surrounded by the water of descending streams stood Thorn Ey, or the Isle of Thorns, so wild and dreadful in its desolation that it was known as *locus terribilis*, yet not without its attractions for habitation in its seclusion, its fine soil, and the fish to be easily obtained for food from the neighboring river. It was a place after the heart of monks. Ely, Croyland, Glastonbury in England, Notre-Dame at Paris, rose in similar places. Dunstan is traditionally said to have established twelve monks of the Benedictine order in the island, which from that time took the name of the "Western Monastery," or "Minster of

the West." But Edward the Confessor is the true founder of Westminster Abbey. In Dean Stanley's account of him we have displayed all that power of bringing into life and reality the characters of by-gone times, which has been exercised by him so often and with such never-failing charm. In his description we seem to see the very man. His complexion almost that of an Albino : the milky white and waving hair and beard, the eyes always fixed on the ground, the thin white hands and long transparent fingers, the strange mixture of grave and playful in his manners, childish in his kindness, not reliable, spending his time equally between devotional exercises and hunting. He was the last of the Saxons, and also the first of the Normans, and in the foundation by him of Westminster Abbey, may be noted the earliest of the numerous political coincidences and relations which seem to connect the building indissolubly with the history of the edifice of the English constitution. When in Normandy and in exile, Edward had vowed a pilgrimage to St. Peter's Shrine at Rome if he returned in safety. Immediately came the news of the departure of the Danes, and of his own election as king. With his new duties and position, the fulfilment of the vow became impossible. The king desired it, but state policy forbade it. He was released from the vow by the Pope, on condition of founding or restoring some monastery dedicated to St. Peter, and thus vicariously supplying the abandoned journey to Rome. The existing establishment near the king's residence at Westminster fulfilled the necessary condition, and became the chosen spot for the future honor of the Saint. Nor was the dedication unaccompanied by legendary miracles. St. Peter appeared to a hermit of Worcester and expressed his satisfaction at the method proposed for redeeming the king's vow. The keeper of the keys of heaven was also manifested to a fisherman engaged in his calling upon the Thames, and angels were seen, with incense and candles, dedicating with the usual solemnities the newly risen fabric. Edward lived more than any previous king in the palace close to the church of his vow, and so the Abbey and the royal residence became linked together, and thus was fixed

what is rightly and felicitously described as the local centre of the English monarchy and nation—of the palace and legislature, no less than of the Abbey—a centre from which both Church and State have spread, in which each has received much from the other, and where the former must always find its true and only real independence, and its national support.

The “painted chamber” or “chamber of St. Edward” was the oldest part of the palace of Westminster, and this evokes a crowd of historical and political recollections. It was in it that conferences took place between the Houses of Lords and Commons, and it was in it that the House of Lords sat while the House of Commons occupied their former chamber during the building of the present Palace of Westminster after the great fire of 1834.

Edward’s Abbey was the first cruciform church in England, and occupying as it did nearly the whole area of the present building, must have been a marvel of the age. There was a tower in the centre and two at the west end. A rude representation of it is given in the Bayeux tapestry. In it and before the high altar was laid the body of its founder, but it was removed to its present position in the shrine of St. Edward by Henry III.

In pursuing the connection of the Abbey with the English constitution, and the relation of the liberties of the Church to its bond with the State, a characteristic story is introduced. The constant illustration of this union is, indeed, the key-note of the book, and adds to it much of its value. Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, was the only Saxon prelate left after the Norman conquest. At a council summoned to Westminster Wulfstan was declared incapable of retaining his see, because he could not speak French. The Saxon laid his pastoral staff on the Confessor’s tomb, and speaking in his own language to the dead king, said, “Edward, thou gavest me the staff, to thee I return it,” and then in French to the living king, “A better than thou gave it to me; take it if thou canst.” The staff remained fixed in the stone and Wulfstan kept his see. This was the first miracle worked at the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and the story was used by King John when

arguing for the supremacy of the crown against the claims of the Papal legate.

But it is in the coronations of the kings and queens of England held in the Abbey, and in which the dean takes a chief part to the exclusion of higher ecclesiastic functionaries, that the peculiar connection of Church and State developed in the ancient fabric, attains its culminating point. The coronation of William the Conqueror undoubtedly took place in the Abbey, and earlier coronations may have been celebrated in it. Upon the tomb of the Confessor the Norman stood to complete his title to rule his newly acquired kingdom, and henceforward all the sovereigns of England have in the same place assumed the crown. The regalia in their names and character were all Anglo-Saxon, and the form of oath retained to the time of James II. was to observe “the laws of the glorious Confessor.” These emblems of sovereignty down to the reign of Henry VIII. were always kept in the Treasury of Westminster, and their modern representatives (dating of course only from the Restoration) are brought from the usual place of safety in the Tower to the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey for a coronation. The privileges of the Abbot of Westminster, continued to the dean after the Reformation, were great and peculiar. He was to prepare the king for the rite, and to administer the chalice to the king and queen, in sign of their conjugal union, after they had received the sacrament from the archbishop. A coronation of a kind for which there was no precedent, and which has never been repeated, took place when Henry, the son of Henry II., was crowned at Westminster in his father’s lifetime. He was thenceforth known as *Rex Henricus junior*, and is alluded to by Dante as “*il re giovane*,” and this may be taken as furnishing another allusion to the Abbey by the great Florentine (although an indirect one) in addition to that referred to by Dean Stanley in the instance of Prince Henry, the nephew of Henry III. murdered by Guy de Montfort at Viterbo, whose heart was preserved in a golden cup near St. Edward’s shrine. A fatal coronation this was of “the young king” for Becket, excluded from performing the ceremony as archbishop of Canterbury, launched his anathema against the

primate of York and the other prelates who had assisted in invading his privilege, and this led to Becket's murder and all its train of evils.

The coronation of Richard I. was distinguished by a superstitious panic occasioned by the presence of Jews at the solemnities. They were supposed to attend with some evil design, and a proclamation was issued to warn away Jews and witches from intruding. Some came, however, to the banqueting hall, and, as may be imagined, got the worst of it then and there, as their brethren in the country elsewhere did afterwards; for the occasion led to a general massacre and plunder of the Jews both in London and other places, Winchester only, as recorded by Richard of Devizes, choosing for the time to spare its vermin.

The barons of the Cinque Ports first appeared to carry the canopy over the king at the coronation of John, in acknowledgment of assistance rendered by the then most important maritime towns of England to the king in his voyages to and from Normandy.

Henry III. was first irregularly crowned at Gloucester, in 1216, but was again crowned in due form at Westminster by Stephen Langton in 1220. A delicious anecdote is here introduced. The king asked the great theologian of the age, Grostete, Bishop of Lincoln, the difficult question, "What was the precise grace wrought in a king by the unction?" and was answered, with truly episcopal discretion, "The same as in confirmation."

Edward I. and Eleanor were the first king and queen jointly crowned, at a long interval after his accession, owing to his absence in the Holy Land, and there was a magnificent scramble among the crowd for five hundred horses let loose in honor of the occasion. At this coronation appeared for the first time the famous Stone of Scone, whose many peregrinations were brought to an end by Edward's deposit of it in the Abbey, who encased it in the wooden chair which still holds it, the very chair in which Richard II. sits in his portrait now in the Jerusalem Chamber. Since then it has rested at Westminster as one of the most interesting material documents of history to be found in any country. Its early history partakes of the marvellous. It was the pillow of stone on which Jacob slept

at Bethel. Cecrops, king of Athens, who married a daughter of Pharaoh, alarmed at the rising power of Moses, carried it with him to Spain, from which it went to Ireland, and on it sat the kings of that country when crowned on the Hill of Tara. Fergus bore it off to Dunstaffnage, and its final Scottish habitat was at Scone, where the kings of Scotland were placed upon it at their coronations. An appendix contains a most full and curious account of the progress of the legend of the stone by the late learned and much lamented Joseph Robertson; while Professor Ramsay brings modern geological science to bear upon the question of its identification. He reports that the stone may have come from the formations in the neighborhood, either of Scone or Dunstaffnage; that it is not likely to have been derived from the rocks of the Hill of Tara, or of Iona; and he pays so much respect to the earliest legends of its origin as to say that, being a sandstone, it could not have come from Bethel, where the strata are of limestone, or from Egypt, where no similar rock is known to exist. The stone has all the appearance of having been squared for building purposes, and may now be considered as typically fulfilling its original destination, as a sort of symbolical foundation stone of the edifice of the British monarchy.

The coronation of Richard II. was magnificent, and first saw the cavalcade from the Tower, which continued in use until the time of Charles II. Then, too, began the "Knights of the Bath" as a special, and not a permanent institution of knights created for the occasion, who after due ablutions rode with the king along the streets from the city to Westminster. Then, also, first caracoled the Champion, who appears to have been not so much triumphant as (in modern slang) sat upon, by being told to wait for his perquisites until the king had begun to eat his dinner.

Henry VIII. was crowned with Catherine of Arragon, and again, as we may learn from our Shakspeares, with Anne Boleyn, but no other of his queens was afterwards crowned.

Elizabeth's coronation was abnormal, as were the times in which she succeeded to the throne. The coronation mass was celebrated, and the abbot of West-

minster, officiated for the last time. But the Litany was read in English, the Gospel and Epistle both in English and in the ancient language of ecclesiastical services. The whole bench of bishops but one were absent. Canterbury was vacant; York would not come; London was in prison; but Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle, and dean of the Chapel Royal, borrowed his robes, acted for him, and, as was said, afterwards died of remorse—a warning to solitary dissidents from prevailing episcopal opinion. No man can expect to maintain himself in the face of an overwhelming opposition from his own order. He loses his independence and freedom of speech and action by entering it, and must be content to abide that result, or to hazard the uncertain issues of violating what may be almost described as a natural law.

We admire Anne of Denmark's scruples at the coronation of James I. She refused to take the sacrament; "She had changed her Lutheran religion once before for the Presbyterian forms of Scotland, and that was enough." But more important matters are to be noted on this occasion, and are rightly indicated by Dean Stanley as showing the grasping tendencies of the Stuarts. The words in the ritual "whom we *consecrate*" were substituted for "whom we *elect*," and for "the laws which the Commons have chosen" were used the words "the laws which the commonalty of your kingdom have chosen."

The coronation of Charles I. was not without its presages, and, as might be expected, was distinguished by the passions and prejudices of the stormy time. There was a commission in which Laud was most active to prepare a service according to the rules of the Church of England. "With a passion," says Dean Stanley, "for the Royal prerogative, curiously contrasted with the antipathy to it manifested by his spiritual descendants, he introduced the prayer (omitted since the time of Henry VI.) that the king might have Peter's keys and Paul's doctrine." The king wore a white robe instead of the usual purple velvet one. The dove of gold among the regalia was broken, and had to be replaced. During the solemnity there was an earthquake.

Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall; but the coronation-stone was brought from the Abbey on that occasion only, and on it sat the "gloomy brewer," when he took his place among English sovereigns. To him was presented for the first time a Bible.

The Restoration brought with it the splendid coronation of Charles II. The procession from the Tower was renewed; and there was a brand new set of regalia to replace those which had been sold in the late troubles. But all the care taken to examine records and precedents did not suffice to prevent some unseemly disputes; and among others, the king's footmen and the barons of the Cinque Ports had a desperate struggle for the canopy.

William and Mary were crowned together, and both (as was fitting on the occasion) duly invested with the symbols of sovereignty. The princess Anne, standing near the queen, said: "Madam, I pity your fatigue." The queen turned sharply with the words, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems." For the first time the Commons of England sat assembled in the Abbey during the solemnity.

At George I.'s coronation, the Order of the Knights of the Bath was founded as a permanent body. The honors of the Garter were not enough to satisfy all claimants, and Walpole desired to let the royal favors flow in a wider channel. The original number of knights was thirty-six, to correspond with the stalls in Henry VII.'s chapel; and the dean of Westminster wears his red ribbon in virtue of his office as dean of the Order.

George IV. was crowned with all that could be done to add variety and magnificence to the event of a coronation after an interval of sixty years. There was a procession under a covered way from the Abbey to the Hall, and the champion in armor flung down his gauntlet of challenge after the most approved ancient precedents. The ceremony was repeated in mimic pageantry (with a long run) at Drury Lane Theatre, where Elliston himself walked in procession as the king upon a platform expressly laid round the front of the dress circle, and is said to have entered so much into the

spirit of the part as to have wept with emotion when giving an imaginary blessing to his imaginary subjects in pit, boxes, and gallery.

The advisers of Caroline of Brunswick made their greatest mistake in permitting her to attempt to force an entry into the Abbey, in order to be present at her husband's coronation. The public repulse was ignominious, and placed her in a ridiculous position, from which she never recovered, and for the time deprived her even of the mob popularity which had been previously enjoyed by her, as a person who was supposed to have been injured by, and who at any rate was the greatest enemy of the king.

At the last coronation there was no banquet in Westminster Hall; but on many accounts the ceremony must have been peculiarly impressive. All will concur in wishing that long may it be the last.

From the glories of the coronations by which kings and queens passed into the full life of sovereignty, the transition is natural, as that from life to death, to the tombs in which their remains have been deposited within the same walls of the Abbey, and with equal if not even greater magnificence. "Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave;" and if in any place funeral pomp and gorgeous monuments can be regarded with complacency, it must surely be in such an edifice as the Abbey, and when the fleeting obsequies and more enduring memorials of stone and metal are those of a long line of the monarchs of a great and powerful country. The grave of Edward the Confessor, the founder, was the first, and the centre to which the others were attracted; but there was an interval of some length between his and the next royal deposit. The Conqueror lies at Caen; William Rufus at Winchester; Henry I. at Reading; Stephen at Faversham; Henry II. and Richard I. at Fontevrault; John at Worcester. Henry III., the second founder of the Abbey, and who raised the shrine to St. Edward, was the first king buried at Westminster since the Conquest, and near him many members of his family, in close vicinity to the shrine. Then came Edward I., with the grand inscription on his tomb: "Edwardus Primus, Scotorum malleus, hic est. 1308. Pactum serva." Dean

Stanley suggests that the "pact" to be kept was that which the dying king required of his son, that his flesh should be boiled, his bones carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was subdued, and his heart sent to the Holy Land. The tomb was without ornament and unfinished, perhaps to leave the corpse easily accessible; and once in two years the tomb was to be opened, and the wax of the cere-cloth renewed. This was done until Edward's dynasty ended with the fall of Richard II., from which time the tomb remained undisturbed until in the last century it was opened, by permission of Dean Thomas, in the presence of the Society of Antiquaries, who, we venture to think, should have known better than to countenance what seems to have been an unnecessary disturbance of the sanctity of the grave. Then was seen for the last time the mortal frame of Edward Longshanks, six feet two inches by rule and measure, no doubt duly applied to the royal remains by the aforesaid learned society, and the hammer of Scotland lay helpless against the indignity. *Expende Hannibalem*—and why not gauge the feet and inches of Edward I.? These trouble-tombs took care to remove all motive for repeating their offence, for they poured in pitch, and, as Horace Walpole wrote, boasted of having enclosed him so effectually that his ashes could not be violated again. Wales and Scotland were at last avenged, and ruin seized all that was left of the ruthless king.

Poor Edward II. was buried at Gloucester, as nearest to Berkley Castle; but his son, John of Eltham, lies in Westminster Abbey, in the chapel of St. Edward, "entre les royaux," yet "so as to leave room for the king and his successors." The tomb of Queen Philippa shows the earliest attempt at a portrait. She on her death-bed, as recorded by Froissart, said to her husband: "I ask that you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and that you lie by my side in the Abbey of Westminster." When Edward III. followed her, his effigy was sculptured, according to tradition, after a cast taken from his face; and it is said to resemble an illustrious living poet, his alleged descendant, who may be proud to be the first to have surmounted features of royal origin

with the crown of the laureate. Edward the Black Prince has his grand resting-place at Canterbury; and as that cathedral has had the loving care of a sometime Canon bestowed in describing it, all justice has been done to his sepulchral memorial in its proper place. Westminster, indeed, might well have been envious of Canterbury, if the fortunate event of the transfer of the historian from the precincts on the Stour to the cloisters on the banks of the Thames had not procured for it equal advantages.

Richard II. is said to have been peculiarly attached to the Abbey. He swore "by St. Edward," and confided a favorite ring to the guardianship of St. Edward's Shrine when he was out of England. His portrait, which formerly hung in the choir, and is now in the Jerusalem Chamber, has been already mentioned. In its unrestored state it formed one of the most valuable loans to the Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington in 1866, and has since regained its pristine beauty under the skilful hands of Mr. Richmond and Mr. Merritt. The splendid tomb of Richard's queen, Anne of Bohemia, records his affection for her, and their effigies lie on it, side by side, her hand clasped in his. But whether the body brought from Pomfret, and afterwards buried by Henry V. with state in this tomb, was in truth that of the king, appears to be open to doubt.

Henry IV. lies at Canterbury; but with Henry V. the Abbey again rose into favor. He enlarged the nave; Whittington, lord mayor of London, was the architect; and in it was celebrated the Te Deum for the victory of Agincourt, just before which the king declared by his will his intention to be buried at Westminster. His remains were brought from Vincennes with great pomp, and funeral ceremonies were performed in the presence of Parliament, both at St. Paul's and in the Abbey. A waxen figure appeared for the first time, instead of the actual exhibition of the dead king in royal attire. Room was made for the interment at the east end of the Confessor's Chapel, by clearing away the sacred relics deposited there, and the present raised chapel was erected, to the great damage of the older monuments

of Eleanor and Philippa; so little did the antiquity which now receives so much deference at our hands, regard antiquity antecedent to itself. Above are his helmet and saddle; the shield, once there, is gone. His effigy, in heart of oak, lay, plated with silver gilt, and with a head of solid silver, which had disappeared before Camden's time.

Of all the royal interments, however, the story of that of Henry VI., as told by Dean Stanley, has the most touching interest. There was an old tradition, since amply confirmed by existing archives, that the king had been seen to visit the Abbey several times (beginning twelve years before his death) to fix the place of his sepulture. On one occasion he went round the Confessor's Chapel with the abbot by torchlight, when he rejected the proposal to move the tomb of Eleanor. Another time he refused to let the tomb of Henry V. be displaced to make room for him, saying, "Nay, let him alone; he lieth like a noble prince. I would not trouble him." Finally, the spot occupied by the relics was chosen, and he said, "Forsooth, forsooth, here will we lie! Here is a good place for us." The relics were removed elsewhere, and the tomb ordered—but never built. Henry died in the Tower, and the poor "pale ashes of the house of Lancaster," first taken to Chertsey monastery, were finally placed in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, by Richard III., in consequence, it was said, of the miracles worked at his grave. The depositions of the persons who could speak to the king's visits to the Abbey when choosing the grave, in which he was never to lie, are printed in the appendix to the volume, and are most curious.

After the Civil Wars, the memory of Henry VI. was honored with saintly reverence; and there was a struggle between Chertsey, Windsor, and Westminster for the possession of his body. Windsor actually had it; Chertsey had for a time held it; but in favor of Westminster there was the clear evidence of the king's long cherished intention to be laid in the Abbey. And so the Privy Council, to whom the matter was referred, decided in favor of Westminster. Preparations were made there to receive the

prize thus awarded, and considerable expense was incurred in them; but no public transference ever took place, and as the Dean of Westminster acquiesces in the opinion that Henry VI. lies still at Windsor, and not in the building under his own care, we may accept that as the probable truth.

Few sovereigns have left so peculiar and so magnificent an architectural record of themselves as Henry VII.'s Chapel. It was to be almost another Abbey, with its own establishment of monks, and to be his chantry as well as his tomb. Dean Stanley happily points out how faithfully it responds to the break in English history of which Henry VII.'s reign is the expression. It was the close of the Middle Ages, and the end of the Wars of the Roses, and all the emblems introduced tell of this, especially the constantly repeated portcullis—the "*altera securitas*," or double safeguard of his succession. Then, too, was revived, through Owen Tudor, the ancient British element of the monarchy, and round the tomb, among the bearings of the house of Lancaster, may be seen the Red Dragon of Wales. In his reign the Constitution began to develop itself in unreceding advances, and the dawn of modern English history breaks. Within the chapel thus erected its founder was placed in all grandeur; and so, as Bacon writes, he "lieth buried at Westminster, in one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe, both for the chapel and the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond or any of his palaces."

The Abbey survived the Reformation with what must be considered as only slight injuries, considering what might have happened, and what did happen elsewhere. Henry VIII. was buried at Windsor, but Edward VI. lies in his grandfather's chapel at Westminster, and over his remains, although under Mary, was read the funeral service of the Reformed Church, then used for the first time at a royal funeral. Mary herself and Elizabeth are together in the north aisle of the same chapel. On the monument of the two sisters, whose lives had been so sundered, and whose deaths were so far apart, but at length united in the

grave, and in future hope, James I. placed the inscription, "*Regno consortes et urnâ, hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis.*" Near them lies the body of the Scots' Mary, brought from Peterborough, although the sumptuous tomb erected to her memory by her son is in the opposite aisle. And here end the royal monuments. There are personal reasons to explain this, and also the custom of doing such honor to dead rulers was dying out. Other interests and sympathies began to assert themselves. Literature, statesmanship, and distinction in war, were now to receive monumental honor, and the privileges of the Abbey were no longer to be reserved for kings and queens, their connections and immediate dependents. James I., his wife, and the children who pre-deceased him, were buried at Westminster, but without mark or tomb.

In the Civil Wars the Abbey does not appear to have suffered; and Cromwell, before his own death, as of right, took possession of it as the fitting burial-place for the family of the lord of the country. Himself, too, as Cowley says (of whom, by the way, we can hardly agree with Dean Stanley, that his fame has passed away), was "buried among kings and with more than regal splendor." His funeral cost 60,000*l.*, more by half than ever was spent before.

The faithful Herbert had conveyed the body of Charles I. from St. James' to Windsor; and the fact was proved, after some doubt had been cast upon it, by the accidental finding of the coffin in 1813. There was an intention of transferring him to the Abbey, and of employing Wren to design a tomb. But whether the money voted for the purpose was appropriated by Charles II., or whether there was any real difficulty then in discovering the body, or whether there were sound reasons of state for abandoning it, the thing was never done.

Onwards to Anne the sovereigns were interred in Westminster, with the exception of James II., who lies at St. Germain's. George I. was returned to the soil of his own Hanover. But George II. and his Caroline lie together in the centre of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and these are the last king and queen buried in the Abbey. Westminster had continued to be the accustomed

burying-place of the kings long after its palace had ceased to be a royal residence; and the same reasons which originally made it such, have since prevailed to fix Windsor as the final resting-place, as it is the principal abode in life, of the English royal family.

Thus far, under the guidance of the Dean, we have gazed at coronations or lingered among the tombs of kings—a guidance as appropriate as that of Virgil through the graves of the Inferno, or of Beatrice among the splendors and glories of Paradise. But beyond these interests are all those attaching to the memories of the throng of distinguished dead in so many varied departments of greatness, who either are buried or have their monuments in the Abbey. With modern sanitary notions it is difficult to consider the interior of a place of religious assembly for the living, as a fit place for the permanent deposit of the mouldering remains of humanity. At recent interments the rectangular aperture in the pavement, opened for a fresh grave, has seemed to some spectators almost as strange as if it had been seen in the midst of a carpeted drawing-room. But for the mound of palpable gravel and sand which surrounds the opening, it would rather suggest a stage-grave, such as that over which Hamlet muses and recalls the departed mirth of Yorick. The result, however, of the work of the pickaxe and shovel tells of a real digging into the bosom of our common mother, and indicates the actual return of earth to earth. This carries the associations again to the familiar grave cut in the living sod of the country churchyard, and with the sadly familiar tones and words of the funeral service, restores the feelings which are natural at the last Christian rite. No such thoughts as these can have occurred to those who in former times assisted at the occasions whose multitudinous memorials meet the eye on all sides, and bring to mind so many of the illustrious dead. The right of most of these to occupy precious space in the restricted limits of the Abbey can never be called in question. But is this true of all the tons of statuary marble which now cumber the floor or load the walls of the building, to be recorded within which is the choicest posthumous honor that can be at-

tained? Many of the tombs serve to perpetuate the tradition of almost forgotten celebrities, or still less commendably, the wealth and vanity only of those who erected them. Supposing actions of ejectment to be brought to try their right of possession, there are a considerable number that must fail to establish a good title to remain. To take the case of the poets only, the verdict of modern public opinion would probably go to displace several who now enjoy the honors of the Corner in company with their betters. Would it, for instance, be held enough that the office of laureate had been held by the claimant for continued Abbey room? Such names as Ben Jonson and Wordsworth only added lustre to the office they held; Davenant might claim to remain by long tenure, and from his connection with Shakspeare, although he swerved from his example, and assisted in debasing some of his finest plays. But what can be urged in favor of Shadwell, whose monument, erected by the filial piety of a son and not as a general tribute of public admiration, would seem, in the phrase of parliamentary committees, to have no *locus standi* whatever. His plays were the most licentious of a licentious age; and his slovenly style leaves the coarseness of his matter in all its natural deformity. The hero of *Mac Flecknoe*—the loathsome and contemptible Og of *Absalom and Achitophel*, ought not ever to have received honors, greater than which could not be accorded to Dryden himself.

To pursue this subject would be to hold an assize upon all the existing monuments. The proper authorities might perhaps obtain whatever powers may be necessary to commence an inquiry, and to revise the contents of the Abbey, and pass sentence of transportation upon all unworthy occupants. Such proceedings could be safely intrusted to the present Dean and Chapter. Every claim to remain would meet careful consideration, and no deserving plea would be lightly or hastily rejected. Yet, on the whole, it is probable that all will agree in the opinion, that as the Abbey has descended to us from previous generations, so it should be preserved and handed on. Righteous acts of elimination from the building might

form a precedent which in times of political excitement, or even of bad taste, might lead to highly mischievous results. Every monument is an illustration of the history or the sentiment or manners of the time when it obtained admission, and to remove any would be to destroy the continuity and sequence of records which can never be replaced.

Unrivalled indeed is the series of general tombs in the Abbey; Elizabethan magnates; heroes of the Flemish wars; the great men of the Commonwealth; the leaders of the Restoration; Revolution names of 1688; statesmen of more modern times, from Chatham to Peel and Palmerston; Indian rulers; philanthropists; the literary worthies of Poet's Corner, from Chaucer to Macaulay and Thackeray; the actors welcomed in the Abbey by the toleration of the English Church, when their continental brethren were alike proscribed by Roman Catholics and Calvinists. These ministers of art belong to a department of genius which cannot in the nature of things transmit to posterity any permanent evidence of its excellence, and it is therefore most fitting that the fame of the great actor in his life should be preserved to later times by some enduring testimonial. And so Oldfield and Bracegirdle; Pritchard and Betterton; Garrick, Siddons, and Kemble are with others all duly represented in the Abbey. Musicians, artists, men of science, physicians, fill up the glorious roll of names, and leave few to be sought elsewhere of those whom we should expect to find honored among the chief national memorials of departed greatness.

That the purposes of a Valhalla or Pantheon have not been fully realized by the inclusion of every name of national distinction, is the natural consequence of the way in which such things are done in England, by family pride or affection, or private enterprise, or by overruling public opinion, and not by the action of Government or any permanently constituted authority. Yet not many are absent. Bacon sits in stone at St. Alban's, reproduced in the chapel of his college at Cambridge, by one of the many acts of the munificence of its late Master. Sir Philip Sidney was buried in old St. Paul's, and to Wren's noblest fabric have

been consigned by modern custom our greatest military and naval heroes (Nelson and Wellington lying apart from Marlborough, who is in the Abbey), together with a contingent of men of science and letters. Scott belongs to the land into whose history and romance he has infused the life and interest they now possess, and the names of whose lakes and mountains he made household words to the civilized world. Swift was naturally, and by his previous direction, buried in his own cathedral at Dublin.

Then as we pass onwards in the volume we are conducted through the tombs of the lesser dead—the monuments of noble families, and of private individuals—with a skill which throughout prevents monotony, while every anecdote that can illustrate is at the right moment introduced; so that it is like consulting a biographical dictionary, but with all dull matter omitted. Marlborough used to say that he had read his English history out of Shakspeare's plays, and much may be done also in that way out of Scott's novels. The Dean has added another volume to our libraries, which might be used with pleasure for the same purpose.

Before quitting the survey of the tombs, attention should be especially directed to the beautiful passages in which the uncertain distribution of honors in the Abbey are discussed, and in which the toleration of the place for all genius is dwelt upon; and where the fine sentence occurs that "So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold on the affections and respect of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feelings of human nature, and in the noblest aspirations of religion, something deeper and broader than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects."

Much remains of interest in the Dean's book which we can do more than indicate. The architecture and strictly ecclesiastical history of the Abbey; the Gate-house prison, and some of its distinguished occupants; the old sanctuary; the Chapter-house—so early separated from the Abbey and applied to secular purposes, first for the meetings of the House of Commons, and afterwards, and until quite recently, as a repository for public records; the treas-

ury; the schools; the labors of Caxton and his printing press; and finally the meetings of Convocation.

Of the proceedings of the Convocation of Canterbury, since its revival, the Dean, with becoming caution, declines to speak. But others are at liberty to admire the wisdom and sagacity shown by himself at some of its later meetings, when wisdom and sagacity were greatly needed. Especially may be mentioned the very remarkable address delivered on the Capetown and Natal controversy in June, 1866. This speech has been recently printed in a separate form, but has not yet received all the attention it deserves. The matter to which it relates has obtained a fresh accession of interest from the late attempts made to violate the law of the land by an illegal and clandestine consecration of a bishop to dispute with Dr. Colenso the right to the see of Natal. Nowhere has the question been better discussed.

Chambers's Journal.

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

THE extraordinary and pitiable degradation of the human race, in the midst of the most sublime spectacles of nature, and the grandest and most beautiful creatures of the brute creation, has found no abler exponent than Sir Samuel Baker. The *Albert N'yanza*, with its record of wonderful achievement and discovery, is, in certain respects, one of the most painful and sad of books. The narrative now given by Sir Samuel Baker* of his adventures and exploits in their earlier stages, is as interesting in all respects, and without the repulsive element which made itself felt in his account of the negro tribes on the White Nile, in whose horrible condition the extreme of human suffering and the uttermost depths of human degradation are combined. In his following up of the affluents of Abyssinia, of the Atbara and the Blue Nile, there is a constant revelation of the beautiful and wonderful treasures spread in the wilderness by Nature, apparently for the delight of the brute creation, there so grand and beautiful itself. And when to the narrative of exploration

succeeds that of sporting adventure, men are seen, if not in the exercise of high functions, at least in the display of a physical prowess and courage almost beyond belief; courage which even the fatalism of the Arabs fails to explain. The magical charm of the desert, strong enough to conquer every hardship, to prevail over every fear, to banish weariness, and buckler men against suffering, is strangely brought out and realized in this narrative.

The boat-journey terminated, the adventurer and his party passed through the awful wastes of the Nubian Desert by forced marches, for the parching heat of the simoom was rapidly evaporating the water from the skins, and the track was two hundred and thirty miles in length, by which they had to thread their way to Abou Hammed, on the southern bend of the welcome Nile. Half-way across, at Moorâhd (or "Bitterwell"), there is a pool of salt and bitter water, at which the famished camels drink. Soon comes the last look at the Nile, and when Rorosko is passed by a few hours, this is the scene: "Glowing like a furnace, the vast extent of yellow sand stretched to the horizon. Rows of broken hills, all of volcanic origin, broke the flat plain. Conical tumuli of volcanic slag here and there rose to the height of several hundred feet, and in the far distance resembled the pyramids of Lower Egypt—doubtless, they were the models for that ancient and everlasting architecture; hills of black basalt jutted out from the barren base of sand; and the molten air quivered on the overheated surface, 114 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade under the water-skins, 137 degrees in the sun. Noiselessly the spongy tread of the camels crept along the sand—the only sound was the rattle of some loosely secured baggage of their packs."

Thus, for seven days, by the dead level plain of orange-colored sand, bounded by pyramidal hills, and strewn with volcanic bomb-shells, as perfectly shaped as though nature had set her self to turn out models to teach men the art of destruction; by rocks glowing with heat, through wastes where no trace of vegetation was to be found. As they journeyed on, deeper grew the desolation. "Far as the eye

* *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword-hunters of the Hamran Arabs.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

could reach were waves like a stormy sea, gray, cold-looking waves in the burning heat, but no drop of water: it appeared as though a sudden curse had turned a raging sea to stone. The simoom blew over this horrible wilderness, and drifted the hot sand into the crevices of the rocks, and the camels drooped their heads before the suffocating wind; and still the caravan crept noiselessly on." So through the fearful heat of day, and the delicious coolness of the night, to Moorāhd, a mournful spot, well known to the tired and thirsty camel, the hope of reaching which has urged him on his weary way to drink one drop before he dies. The description of this place is like that of the fabled burial-place of the elephants in Ceylon. The well is in an extinct crater, surrounded on all sides but one by precipitous cliffs three hundred feet high. The bottom is a dead flat, and forms a valley of sand two hundred and fifty yards wide. In this bosom of a crater, where once fire raged, water is found, six feet from the surface, water to which the camels rush frantically. To think of the preciousness of the camel to man in this dreadful place, to contemplate the creature's patient toil, and to read the following, is very pitiful. "The valley was a valley of 'dry bones.' Innumerable skeletons of camels lay in all directions; the ships of the desert thus stranded on their voyage. Withered heaps of parched skin and bone lay here and there, in the distinct forms in which the camels had gasped their last; the dry desert air had converted the hide into a coffin. There were no flies here, no worms to devour the carcass; but the usual sextons were the crows, though sometimes too few in number to perform their office."

Men and beasts were alike suffering when this grim resting-place was reached, but there could be no delay; they must up and on; the supply of life and that of water are commensurate there. So, on and on, over the orange-colored plain, through the gray granite chains—where the way lies alongside of dry heaps of camels' bones—to Abou Hammed, to the habitations of men, and the blessed sight of the Nile once more. Then on again to Berber, where Halleen Effendi, the ex-governor, received the

travellers, and gave them his garden to pitch their tent in. What a wonderful change, to rest a little in this beautiful oasis, where lofty date groves and shady citron and lemon trees lent cool shelter; where man had conquered the desert by irrigation, and its death-like stillness was replaced by luxuriant life; where birds sang, and ring-doves cooed in the trees. Here the governor, Halleen Effendi, and a large party waited upon the travellers, and were gravely astonished at the absurdity of the object of the expedition. "Don't go upon such an errand," said Halleen, "nobody knows anything about the Nile, neither will any one discover its source. We don't even know the source of the Atbara; how should we know the source of the great Nile?"

After a week's rest in the Effendi's garden of delight, the travellers started again, to explore the Atbara and the Abyssinian affluents, before commencing that White Nile voyage, which we all know about. And now they had to encounter the desert whirlwinds, whose force raises dense columns of sand several thousand feet high. "These," says the writer, "are not the evanescent creations of a changing wind, but they frequently exist for many hours, and travel forward, or more usually in circles, resembling in the distance solid pillars of sand. The Arab superstition invests these appearances with the supernatural; and the mysterious sand-column of the desert, wandering in its burning solitude, is to them an evil spirit." Severe forced marches brought them to the junction of the Atbara with the Nile, and though the river-bed was dry, immense reservoirs of water, hollowed out by the sudden bends of the river, were swarming with life; while beyond, around, lay the death-like desert still. The flocks of the Arabs, and the desert creatures, gazelles, hyenas, and wild asses, crowd to these pools to drink; and their waters swarm with huge fish, crocodiles of immense size, turtles, and hippopotami. Innumerable doves throng the trees, thousands of desert grouse arrive morning and evening to drink and to depart, multitudes of bright-plumed birds colonize the scanty bushes that fringe the Atbara river. Well might the writer say: "I acknowledged

the grandeur of the Nile, that could overcome the absorption of such thirsty sands, and the evaporation caused by the burning atmosphere of Nubia." For nearly twelve hundred miles from the junction of the Atbara with the parent stream to the Mediterranean, not one streamlet joined the mysterious river, neither did drop of rain ruffle its waters, unless a rare thunder-shower startled the Arabs, as they travelled along the desert. Nevertheless, the Nile overcame its enemies; while the Atbara shrank to a skeleton, bare and exhausted, reduced to a few pools, which lay like blotches along the broad surface of glowing sand. The sight of this marvel of nature must have made the explorers all the more anxious to press on to that region in which they looked to find its explanation; but great toil, and endurance, though not a little enjoyment, still lay between them and the end. At Collodabad, one hundred and sixty miles beyond the junction, Mr. Baker's sporting adventures commenced, and we are introduced to a certain rifle, which he caressingly calls "my trusty little Fletcher," and its first exploits—insignificant in comparison with those which come after—among the hippopotami. Here, too, the travellers breakfasted for the first time on hippopotamus flesh, destined henceforth to be their principal food throughout their journey. The delight of the Arabs at the slaying of the "hippo" was excessive; they swooped down upon the huge carcass like vultures, and fought over the spoil like wolves. Two of the huge, harmless brutes were killed, and their skulls placed on the slope of the bed of the river, to dry in the burning sun, while Mr. Baker went in search of other sport, hooking huge turtles, and shooting, from behind a camel, the desert-colored gazelles, of which he says, "no person who has seen them in confinement in a temperate climate can form an idea of the beauty of the animal in its native desert." Born in the scorching sun, nursed on the burning sand of the treeless and shadowless wilderness, the gazelle is among the antelope tribe as the Arab horse is among its brethren, the high bred and superlative beauty of the race.

The great event of the journey, the forerunner, almost the equal in impor-

tance of the first sight of the Albert N'yanza, was drawing near now. On the 23d June, 1861, the simoom came upon the travellers with extraordinary violence and intensity, the sky spotless, the sun scorching, the dust upreared in solid columns by the whirlwind, man and beast almost suffocated. Eagerly the coolness of the night was hailed, and gladly the wanderers lay down in their beds by the margin of the dry channel of the river. Early in the night came a sound like distant thunder, such as they had not heard for months, which increased every moment in volume. This is what the sound meant: "We were up in an instant, and my interpreter, in a state of intense confusion, explained that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant thunder was the roar of approaching water. Many of the people were asleep on the clean sand of the river's bed; these were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of my two hippopotami that were exposed to dry. Hardly had they descended, when the sound of the river in the darkness beneath, told us that the water had arrived; and the men, dripping with the wet, had just sufficient time to drag their heavy burdens up the bank. All was darkness and confusion, everybody was talking, and no one listening; but the great event had occurred, the river had arrived 'like a thief in the night.' On the morning of the 24th of June, I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river, at the break of day! The wonder of the desert! yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert. For days we had journeyed along the exhausted bed; all Nature, even in Nature's poverty, was most poor: no bush could boast a leaf, no tree could throw a shade; crisp gums crackled upon the stems of the mimosas, the sap dried upon the burst bark, sprung with the withering heat of the simoom. In one night, there was a mysterious change—wonders of the mighty Nile—an army of water was hastening to the relief of the wasted river! There was no drop of rain, no thunder-cloud on the horizon to give hope—dust and desolation yesterday;

to-day, a magnificent stream, some five hundred yards in width, and some fifteen to twenty feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert! Bamboos and reeds, with trash of all kinds, were hurried along the muddy waters. Where were all the crowded inhabitants of the pool? The prison-doors were broken—the prisoners were released, and rejoiced in the mighty stream of the Atbara.”

What a wonderful experience for the educated, cultivated Englishman—what a grand triumph of courage and endurance—what a rich reward! How strange to contemplate his companions, and think that for them it had no meaning beyond the relief of their bodily wants. They had no curiosity, no speculation as to where the waters came from; they were there, and the desert-people drank of them and rejoiced—that was all! But on this memorable night, the English traveller grasped the clue to one portion of the great mystery of the Nile, to be fully solved in the beautiful region of the Albert N’yanza. This sudden creation of a river was but the shadow of the great cause. The rains were pouring in Abyssinia—*these were the sources of the Nile!*

The long and perilous journey from the scene of this wonder to Khartoun was full of sporting adventure. The desert was exchanged—when, in November of the same year, the travellers crossed the Atbara, by an extraordinary process of floating men and camels across, by means of inflated skins (in the ever-to-be-lamented “Assyrian Court” of the Crystal Palace, the operation was to be seen in grotesque bas-relief)—for a territory where the sword and lance represent the only law; as the Basé people were always fighting with everybody, and Mek Nimmur and the Abyssinians were constantly fighting with the Egyptians. The Hamran Arabs, with their flocks, were encamped on the borders of the Settite river, above its junction with the Atbara; and Mr. Baker sent a message to their sheik, requesting him to send him some elephant-hunters, and guides into the Basé and Mek Nimmur’s country, as he intended to hunt through the whole extent. The envoy returned, accompanied by several hunters, one being the nephew of the sheik, and called “Abou Do.” This

man was an extraordinary creature; his dauntlessness, daring, and strength were unsurpassable, and his appearance furnished a curious instance of the resemblance existing between the human and the brute denizens of certain climes. The bounding activity of the antelope, and the beautiful eye of the giraffe, were to be seen in him. He was the only tall man of the party, which included an amazing little fellow called Jeli, and the famous brothers Sherrif, the most celebrated elephant-hunters of the renowned Hamran tribe. One of these, Boder, a small muscular man, had a withered left arm, caused by an elephant having driven his tusk through it, completely splitting the limb, and splintering the bone from elbow to wrist. Notwithstanding this maimed limb, which hung fourteen inches in length from the shoulder, the stiff, crippled hand resembling the claw of a vulture, Boder Sherrif was the most celebrated leader in the elephant-hunt. His was the dangerous post to ride close to the animal’s head and provoke the charge, and then to lead him in pursuit, while the others attacked him from behind. Being a very light weight, he still contrived to fill this important position; and the rigid fingers of the left hand served as a hook on which he could hang the reins. Escorted by these wonderful hunters, whose delight with his firearms was curious to behold, and quite overcame Arab reserve, the explorers set forth, and found themselves at once amidst the majestic and beautiful brute inhabitants of the African jungle. At Geera, lions roared all night around their sleeping-place, and elephants came down to drink within an hour’s march of them. The author of *The Rifle and the Hound* knew a good deal about elephants, but he had never seen the charge of the African species before; and though he killed the first elephant by the shot through the forehead, the prescribed quietus for the Indian elephant, he never killed another in that way.

The story of the long march has a strange, weird effect. The almost naked Arabs, galloping wildly, with shrieks of excitement, armed with their short swords alone, and dashing madly off in pursuit of other game in the intervals of elephant-hunting. They come upon

a troop of a hundred baboons, in a valley, gathering gum-arabic from the mimosas. "Would the lady like to have a *girrit*?" (baboon), cries Jeli; and away three hunters dash after the apes, which run before them, the young baboons riding on their mothers' backs, and looking horribly human. In a few minutes, the hunters are in the midst of them, and, still at full speed, stoop like falcons from their saddles, seize upon three half-grown baboons, and perch them, screaming, on their horses' necks. In five minutes more, they are in full chase of a fine bull antelope, or *tétel*, which Abou Do actually hunted down alone, and killed with his sword, "hamstringing him so delicately," says the writer with an admiration rather sickening to the untravelled reader, "that the keen edge of the blade was not injured against the bone." Before this creature was skinned, the peculiar cry of buffaloes was heard, and the hunters dashed down their knives, and rushed off into the mimosa bush. They saw one huge animal, and Mr. Baker fired at him. Instantly there came rushing by, with a noise like thunder, a large herd, and away went the pursuers in the cloud of dust which they raised. When Mr. Baker could follow, and catch sight of them, they were actually among the rear buffaloes of the herd, and engaged in securing by main force a young bull, twelve hands high, to which they clung like bull-dogs, and actually dragged him out and down, lashed his legs together, and brought him to the camp. This animal was a great prize, as zoological specimens were much sought after at Cassala by an agent from Italy.

They camped for some time in the valley of the Settite, on a beautiful oasis of rich verdure, where the only drawback was the society. It consisted chiefly of lions, which enjoyed the advantage of almost impenetrable jungle in the background. They fenced their camp, hollowed out a thick bush, to form a retreat in the heat of the day, collected immense stores of dry wood, cast up by the river, and prepared for the arrival of the baggage-camels, for whose guidance huge fires were lighted. The larder was splendidly furnished, so the Arabs were happy; and when "a clean cloth was laid

for dinner," their employers, too, found themselves very comfortable. The first sally from this camp witnessed a splendid fight between an enormous elephant and the hunters, of which the writer says: "No gladiatorial exhibition in the Roman arena could have surpassed it." And this is only one of many such combats, in which the preternatural sagacity of the animals is even more surprising than the mad daring, and the wonderful strength and dexterity, of the men. All prairie exploits, all Indian jungle feats, are tame in comparison with those wonderful achievements, which were daily repeated, with such slight variations as Abou Do's single-handed encounter with a wild boar, which he "nearly cut in half;" the hunting of hippopotami and crocodiles with harpoons, when the Arabs plunge naked into the river; and a few lion-hunts, with exciting incidents and invariable success. The hunters are as deadly to the rhinoceros as to the elephant, and in his case, too, rely entirely on the sword. They ride the huge, furious creatures down, and face and kill them, and each day's march adds to the treasure of elephants' tusks, rhinoceros, lion, and gazelle hides, antelope horns, ostrich plumes, and hippopotamus and buffalo heads, which they carry to the nearest town as merchandise. Laden with immense piles of these spoils of the wild creatures of the savage lands, the explorer and his party at length reached Gallabat. They had followed the Atbara for hundreds of miles—they had traced the Settite and the magnificent Boyân—and now they were to trace the Rahad. So much for the Abyssinian affluents. The phenomena they had witnessed were wonderful indeed, but still they did not suffice to account for the mighty mystery of the Nile. The solution must be sought for further on, through many more hardships, through much more deadly danger. To the Atbara, above all other rivers, the wealth and fertility of Egypt were to be attributed—it and the other affluents cause the inundation; but that is but the surplus; the magnificent reservoirs which feed Egypt by supplying the Nile were yet to be found. So, parting with his mighty hunters, and leaving behind the free life, amid the grandeur and beauty

of nature, he went on to the unknown and wretched country of the White Nile—to stand at length on the shores of the Albert N'yanza—the great problem solved, the riddle read, the marvel of the Nile more wonderful than ever, but a mystery no longer.

Leisure Hour.

SUBMERGED ISLANDS.

OUR readers will remember the sensation caused last November by the announcement that the island of Tortola had been submerged, and the relief experienced when the statement was proved to be incorrect. Tortola—one of the Virgin Islands, a cluster forming part of the West India Group—it was found had not been submerged, but the neighboring island of St. Thomas had experienced a catastrophe only less disastrous. A fearful hurricane had burst upon the island, sweeping before it every object that lay in its course. Unhappily, such an occurrence was by no means unprecedented. The little island (until recently a Danish possession, but now American) had before been similarly devastated. The year 1837 is still memorable in the history of its calamities. Then, as recently, ruined dwellings overspread the land, and shattered vessels covered the neighboring seas.

Those who have paid some attention to the influence at work on and beneath the surface of the globe, would feel but a qualified degree of surprise at the first announcement of the supposed submergence. Geology has done much to invert our notions of the relative stability of sea and land. The "ever-changing ocean" has been found to preserve a nearly uniform level;* while in relation to the land, which we are so accustomed to regard as the very type of fixity, the poet's words are amply verified—

"New worlds are still emerging from the deep,
The old descending, in their turn to rise."

When movements of the earth's crust are spoken of, the majority of persons immediately think of earthquakes. But these terrific phenomena form but one class of terrestrial fluctuations, although

* Hugh Miller has shown that the sea-level is not absolutely unchanging, as some geologists have asserted.

the suddenness of their action renders them more conspicuous and impressive than agencies which are slow and gradual in their operation. They are closely connected with the phenomena of volcanoes. The latter may be defined as openings in the earth's crust, through which the products of igneous action make their escape into the atmosphere. As Strabo sagaciously remarked, eighteen centuries ago, they act as safety-valves for the gaseous and liquid emanations of the interior, and thus tend to diminish the violence of those convulsions which even now bury in ruins the proudest works of man, and carry the solid "earth into the midst of the sea."

Some two hundred volcanic vents have been observed in different parts of the world, but they are by no means uniformly distributed. Numerous regions have been mapped out by geologists as areas of volcanic action. The region of the West Indies is one of these areas, many of the islands being themselves the products of volcanic upheavals in past ages. A volcano in St. Vincent's poured out ashes and lava early in the present century; and Jamaica and St. Domingo have often suffered from shocks of earthquake. Scarcely three weeks had passed since the hurricane at St. Thomas's, when that shattered little island was visited by a sharp but transient earthquake, thus described by a correspondent of the "Times" newspaper:—"A faint roar was heard from seaward. Houses groaned and creaked; the earth heaved, and reeled, and danced beneath us, so that we could scarcely keep our feet. I have been in several earthquakes, but never felt one of greater intensity; and the inhabitants of St. Thomas, as well as of other islands, declare that they never felt one nearly so severe." This occurred on the 18th of November last; but, happily, the actual amount of damage done was comparatively slight.

That an earthquake should have followed so rapidly upon a hurricane, seems to support the view enunciated by some geologists, including no less an authority than Sir Charles Lyell. "Many of the storms termed hurricanes," he observes, "have evidently been connected with submarine earthquakes, as is shown by the atmospheric phenomena attend-

ant on them, and by the sounds heard in the ground and the odors emitted. Such were the circumstances which accompanied the swell of the sea in Jamaica in 1780, when a great wave desolated the western coast, and, bursting upon Savanna la Mar, swept away the whole town in an instant, so that not a vestige of man, beast, or habitation, was seen upon the surface."

It has occasionally happened that one of the results of an earthquake has been permanently to alter the level of the district in which it has operated. After the great earthquake which visited the coast of South America in 1822, a portion of Chili was found to have been upheaved to a height of from three to seven feet. Reckoning the area of elevation at 100,000 square miles, Sir C. Lyell computes that this convulsion gave to the land an addition of fifty-seven cubic miles of rock. In 1837 the shore near Valdivia, more to the south, was elevated to an extent of eight feet. In February, 1835, Concepcion, another Chilian town, was thrown down, and the island of Santa Maria, distant twenty-five miles, was raised some nine feet. At Talcahuano the coast was raised about four feet in February, but appears to have subsided again to half that extent by the month of April.

In 1819 a large district at the mouth of the Indus experienced an extensive oscillation. One of the estuaries of the river was deepened in parts some ten or twelve feet. A tract of country, 2,000 square miles in extent, sank down, and the sea rushing in, it speedily became a vast lagoon. At the same time a neighboring plain rose about ten feet, converting a long strip of level ground into an artificial mound fifty miles in length, and in some parts sixteen in breadth. A further subsidence afterwards took place in the year 1845.

It will be seen that phenomena of this kind, further illustrations of which might readily be adduced, are adequate to the production of extensive and terrible convulsions. Tortola, happily, was not submerged; but several authentic instances of the appearance and subsequent disappearance of islands in mid-ocean are on record. Volcanic eruptions and earthquake movements occur at sea as well as on land, and occasionally a sub-

marine Etna or Vesuvius is seen to rise amid the watery waste, and rear its rocky crest, canopied with fire and smoke, above the surface.

To take an example not far from our own country:—Iceland is well known as a region of volcanic disturbance. In its neighborhood a volcano burst forth in the year 1783, and produced an island bordered by high cliffs, while smoke and cinders were emitted from the interior. It was claimed by the Danish monarch, and dubbed Nyœe, or the New Island; but the sea reclaimed Nyœe, so that nothing remains but a reef of rocks some fathoms below the surface. Another small island was upheaved in the year 1830.

A volcanic cone appeared in 1811 near to the island of St. Michael's, one of the Azores, and gradually rose to the height of 300 feet; but it was in a short time washed away by the action of the waves.

A more noticeable instance is that of Graham's Island, thrown up in 1831 at a point in the Mediterranean some thirty miles from Sicily, and therefore within another well-known volcanic region. It seems to have risen gradually to a height of 200 feet, with a circumference of three miles. This was its maximum size; it then began to yield to aqueous action, and by the end of the year but a slight vestige remained above the sea-level. In a short time this also disappeared. Many islands which are to us as permanent as the surrounding continents, exemplify the same structure, and point to the same mode of formation as the more transitory ones just alluded to. The Lipari Isles, north of Sicily, are of volcanic origin, and one of them, Stromboli, is still in a state of eruption, and has been so for ages; another volcano now emits only sulphureous vapors. This group was regarded in ancient fable as the abode of winds and tempests; and is celebrated by Virgil, at the opening of the "*Æneid*," as "the restless regions of the storm:—

"Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant *Æolus*, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds."

Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal,

and St. Paul's, in the Indian Ocean, exhibit a similar conformation.

Changes of level of a much more gradual kind than those which have now been detailed are in progress in some parts of Europe. The shores of the Baltic, it would seem, are undergoing a slow process of upheaval, while the western coast of Greenland is sinking; and doubtless, if observations were multiplied, these imperceptible movements would be found much more general than we might at first be inclined to suppose. These phenomena, at all events, form part of the great series of conservative and reparative agencies by which new land is continually being won from the ocean, and the balance of terrestrial nature maintained. Thus regarded, we gain an insight into the place and power of the earthquake and the volcano, and are able intelligently to recognize them as contributing to the "general good," though "partial evil" is incident to their operation.

Chambers's Journal.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.

It must ever have been a matter of wonder and speculation what was at the bottom of the so-called bottomless ocean. The least inquisitive mind must have been led to think about it when the lead-line, sounding-pole, or whatever instrument was used in ascertaining depths, showed a gradually increasing depth the further from the shore it was used, and at certain distances from land failed altogether to find bottom. The subject must have occupied the attention of the Phœnician sailor as he sailed over the "blue water" of the Bay of Biscay on his voyage to Britain, as it has occupied the attention of navigators and ocean-surveyors ever since. The men who of old went down into the sea in ships, and saw the Lord's wonders in the deep, must often have dwelt on this wonder, though they regarded it as one of those ways of the Creator which are past finding out. To a certain depth, they could go, but no further; and even when improved means of sounding were devised, and casts were taken at depths which to a previous generation would have seemed fabulous, there were always found places which defied all measuring; and the wise

and prudent were little wiser than their predecessors, whose ignorance they affected to scorn.

Now and again, special attention was drawn to this particular subject by some unusual phenomenon, or by appearances in some hitherto unexplored sea. The vibration of a submarine volcano, the sudden appearance or sudden withdrawal of an island, the collection of great masses of sea-weed in mid-ocean, these and other signs drew the serious attention of observing men, and called forth many an effort to penetrate the secrets of the ocean, but without avail. When Columbus became entangled in that vast collection of the sea-weed Sargassum, which he and his men were the first to see, his sailors maintained they must be near land of some sort, and that the weed came from the underlying rocks, which would inevitably dash them to pieces before ever they came to the shore. Columbus, puzzled as to the home of the weed, but confident that land could not possibly be near, hove the deep-sea lead, but found no bottom; and "No bottom!" has been the cry of every leadsman since Columbus's time who has endeavored to strike soundings in what is called the Sargasso Sea. But not only in the Sargasso Sea, in almost every "blue-water" spot in the world has the deep-sea line shown no bottom. Creatures whose home during life was supposed to be at the unfathomable bottom, and creatures whose eternal home after death was supposed to be there also, were seen and noted, but they were "forbid to tell the secrets of" their dwelling-house: it could not even be said for certain that they did dwell below. Poets and painters were busy with the conception of grottoes, caves, and submarine palaces, which their imagination peopled with fairies, nymphs, sirens, and other folk more or less insubstantial; while some philosophers, arguing like those who say there is no God, because they have not seen him, denied that there was any bottom to the ocean, because they had not stood upon it.

The most fanciful theories were started and insisted on by their authors; but the majority of the theories had next to no foundation on which they could be sustained, and actual experiment failed to give them any justification. One the-

ory which has been the source of much vexed controversy, and which certainly has no more than a supposition to rest on, was, that there was no depression on the earth's surface which was not compensated for by a corresponding elevation; in other words, that the world, before cooling down after its last catastrophe, was a globe of molten matter, having a uniformly smooth surface, and that any causes which operated to produce a depression or hole in that surface must at the same time have operated to produce a proportionate elevation. It is needless to examine the *pros* and *cons* of this theory very closely; suffice it to say, that resting as it did on very high authority, it caused not a little mischief: men who had obtained soundings at greater depths than the height of the highest mountain in the world were told that they must be mistaken, because the theory was opposed to their practice. The theory is now sufficiently discredited.

There were many obstacles to a proper measurement of the depths of the sea. Instruments which did well enough for ordinary soundings, failed when applied to the purposes of deep ocean surveys. Silk thread, spun yarn, and other lines failed to stand the strain caused by the haul in, or by currents "swigging" under the surface. It was also found by those not thoroughly versed in the matter, that the shock by which it is commonly ascertained that a plummet has reached the bottom, was so deadened as to be insufficiently perceptible to enable the heaver to declare surely that he had struck soundings. A variety of ingenious contrivances were resorted to. Charges of gunpowder were exploded under the water, the idea being that, when the wind and sea were still, the report would be heard at the surface by the casters, who would be able, knowing the rate at which sound travels through sea water, to reckon the distance between the top and the bottom of the ocean. But though the powder was burned, the dead mass of water above it prevented the sound from travelling.

Leads were contrived having a column of air in them; and it was thought that by the amount of compression to which the leaden case of the air-column would be subjected, the distance of the sounding could be estimated with reference to

the weight of water causing the compression. It was found, however, that in very deep water the leaden cases were stove in and destroyed, just as in deep water the cork in a bottle that is sunk is forced in by the weight of water upon it.

Registers working by clock-work, electric telegraphs, sunken torpedoes, and several other agents were proposed to effect the object; but all failed more or less when used in very deep water.

The apparatus with which the deep-sea soundings in the Atlantic Ocean were obtained consisted simply of a cannon-ball and a few pounds of common twine. The shot was made fast to the twine, and then flung overboard, and allowed to take the line as quickly as it liked off the reel. An American officer reported "no bottom" with a cast of thirty-four thousand feet. Another officer gave the same result with a line thirty-nine thousand feet in length; and the American frigate *Congress* was unsuccessful in soundings taken to a depth of line fifty thousand feet—nine miles and a half—long.

It is probable, however, that there was some cause operating to prevent the lead-line being straight "up and down;" and in most of the instances of unsuccessful soundings, the lead was hove from *the ship* instead of from a boat. On the calmest day, and in the most quiet sea, it is impossible to keep a ship quite stationary; her bulk catches the wind, however light that be; currents drift her, though no set be perceptible, and she cannot be kept exactly to one spot without being anchored, and this of course in the middle of the ocean she cannot be. With a boat, the case is very different. A little arrangement will enable the reel on which the sounding-line is wound to be served with as much convenience as on board the ship itself; and by the rowers plying their oars skilfully, the boat may be kept, on a perfectly calm day—no other should be chosen—in the same spot. In this way a true cast can be taken; and experience has shown that where no under-currents combine to drag the line and lead away from the perpendicular, as certain a cast can be taken in the deepest depths of the ocean as in the shoal waters of the Zuyder Zee. In certain

places, there are undoubtedly currents and cross-currents, even at some distance below the surface, which are liable to sway and drag, and sometimes to break the lead line; but it is also certain that in other places the depths are, comparatively speaking, undisturbed throughout their volume, and that the shock of the plummet on the bottom, by which in small soundings the cast is determined, is quite perceptible, and a sufficient guide to the fact that a cast has been completed.

In order not to waste time in hauling in again, the American officers used to cut off and let go their line as soon as they felt the bottom; but this method did not allow of specimens of the bottom being obtained, and Captain Denham (now Rear-Admiral Sir Henry M. Denham), who commanded H.M.S. *Herald* during her surveying voyage in the South Seas, contrived a method by which he not only saved his line, but obtained specimens of the bottom, and information as to the temperature of the water at different depths. His apparatus will be described later on. It may be convenient here to mention a plan adopted by Captain Denham, which other ocean-explorers would do well to imitate to the full, and all navigators as far as may be consistent with the objects of their voyage. It was one which required in the leader the greatest firmness, and the most patient disregard in those around him of a scepticism which was natural enough, and of impatience at fruitless labor and vexatious delays; but amply were the captain's firmness and patience rewarded. At intervals of five miles, the lead was hove to a depth of two hundred fathoms, and the result of the sounding was reported. The routine character of this work, the absence of positive results obtained from it, and the unlikelihood (so the men thought) of any ocean-soundings being obtained at the depth at which they were ordered to sound, combined to form a discouraging opinion upon what was deemed unnecessary labor. An almost blind obedience to a law which the captain had laid down for himself, and which was founded on the most reasonable possible basis, was given, and one day met its full reward. The never-ending cry, "No bottom," was beginning to pall on the captain's

ear, when one night about eight o'clock the leadsman heaving from his station, and giving out his portion of the customary two hundred fathoms, cried "Bottom!" immediately following up his discovery by reading off the lead-line: "Nineteen fathoms." The *Herald* was at this time in latitude $20^{\circ} 45'$ south, longitude $87^{\circ} 47'$ west. The excitement produced on board by the leadsman's report may be imagined rather than described; the man's statement was verified; there was no mistake about it; and then, it being unknown how much or how soon the water might shoal still more, the ship was hove to, and afterward kept standing off and on the place where soundings had been struck. Early next morning the mysterious spot was approached again, and again the lead touched bottom at nineteen fathoms. The *Herald* stood further on, and eventually anchored, riding as easily at her anchors as if she had been lying in Portsmouth harbor. Sails were taken in and furled, and the ship stood on an even keel. By means of the boats which were sent away, it was ascertained that the shoal on which the ship was anchored was of very considerable extent, the depth of water on it varying, but not greatly, being for the most part from thirty-two to nineteen fathoms. For a fortnight, the *Herald* anchored at several stations on this bank, and during that time Captain Denham succeeded in determining accurately the dimensions of the shoal, which was eighty miles long by twelve broad. It was named the Victoria Shoal. The exact position of it was ascertained by repeated astronomical observations at each of the anchorages, the result of them being the figures of latitude and longitude given above. Coralline was the substance of the reef, on which whales sported and grounded. Ships coming up along this track were not a little astonished to see a vessel with sails furled, royal yards crossed, and on even keel, lying head to wind—not a steamer—motionless in the middle of the ocean. At first their inmates were incredulous as to the existence of the shoal; but when they found that the *Herald* was a veritable ship at anchor—no "Phantom Ship"—and that those on board of her were not of the Ancient Mariner's crew, they took courage, and

found out for themselves the truth of what had been asserted.

Another, and not less important discovery rewarded the patience of Captain Denham, who, however, after picking up the *Victoria*, *Hotspur*, and other shoals, found a cheerful co-operation in the executive part of his crew in taking casts. Navigators have frequently reported that in certain positions, and when they were seemingly in water to which there was no bottom, their ships had suddenly "grazed over a shoal;" violent shocks had been felt, and a jar was perceived throughout the ship; glass and crockery had been broken by the concussion; sick men, and men awakened from sleep, had jumped out of their bed-places under the impression that a collision had taken place, or that a reef had been struck. The invariable adjunct to such reports, and the answer to the natural question: "Did you take soundings?" was: "We were too much frightened at the time to think of heaving the lead, and we were off the shoal, in deep water again, by the time we took a cast." Ocean charts are full of these mysterious reefs which have so scared seamen: the Equator shoals between the meridians of 21° and 22° west longitude, the Purdy shoals, and many more.

Captain Denham was enabled, by his system of continuous hand-lead with occasional deep-sea lead castings, to dissipate many of these terrors. He too "grazed over a shoal" many times, but his leads were going all the time, and at the very moment of striking, "No bottom" was the report of the leadsman. He sailed over and over the alleged Equator and Purdy shoals, and proved incontestably that they had no existence, though in the vicinity of the former he did experience the shocks which had been put down to the credit of reefs. In these places, the deep-sea lead did not touch bottom at two hundred to a thousand fathoms; the vessels which reported them as having "grazed over them" bore no external marks of having been aground, and confessedly the seamen had not taken any soundings. No vessel in the world could "graze over" a reef in mid-ocean, where even on the calmest day there is some heave and swell, causing a ship to rise and fall at

least three feet. Such a rise and fall on the top of a reef would infallibly be destruction to the stoutest vessel; she must bump and strike heavily enough to injure her seriously, if not quite to wreck her; and she could not by any means avoid going further if she came to "grazing." The only place where she could graze would be inside some lagoon or other spot where the water was perfectly still; the places where the grazed shoals were said to be were in open water. Captain Denham proved conclusively that there was no bottom at the indicated position of these shoals, and he established almost as conclusively that the shocks former voyagers had experienced, and which he himself had felt near the alleged Equator shoals, were due to the vibration of earthquakes operating at the bottom of the ocean. The same characteristics are manifested on board a ship in the act of striking as when she is encountering the shock of an earthquake; but outside, there are accidents in the one case which do not present themselves in the other—namely, serious external damage, tearing away of copper, destruction of false keel and keel, and many times complete wreck. Thus, though it may be as well for the safety of the ship (and certainly it should be done in the interests of science and of navigation), to be cautious and observant when approaching any of the places marked as shoals on the charts; to keep the hand leads going, and to cast the deeper lead as soon as possible, and to take such observations as may tend to establish or disprove the existence of a shoal, it will be found in the majority of cases that if any shock is felt, it is due to earthquake and volcanic action, and not to reefs. During the time he was determining the depths of the ocean, Captain Denham ascertained, by means of thermometers secured to his sounding-line, that whilst the temperature of the surface water might be as high as 90° , the temperature of the cold water at its greatest depth was not more nor less than 40° . This is true of the water in any latitude.

To return, however, to the consideration of the great depths of the ocean to which these unlooked-for shoals act as foils. Captain Ross, in latitude 33° 3' south, longitude 9° 1' west, got sound-

ings at a depth of three miles thirty-seven yards; Sir Edward Belcher, in latitude $0^{\circ} 4'$ south, longitude $10^{\circ} 6'$ west, got them at three miles four hundred and twenty-five yards; and Captain Adams, of the United States navy, in latitude $1^{\circ} 44'$ north, longitude $44^{\circ} 8'$ west, obtained them at six miles two hundred and twenty yards. Grave suspicion was thrown upon the accuracy of these statistics, not only by those who habitually discredit any new thing, but by those also who had been accustomed to the deceits and difficulties of marine surveying. It is believed, in the absence of positive information to the contrary, that the casts for these soundings were made from the deck of the ship. Now, as already explained, it is not possible for a ship to remain stationary at any given spot in the ocean unless she be moored or anchored; and, unless she be so, it is impossible for the lead-line to be straight up and down, at right angles to the surface of the water, and parallel with the sides of the ship. This condition is a *sine quâ non* as to accuracy, for if it be wanting, it is obvious that the amount of line taken off the reel does not represent the actual depth at the spot, but more. An angle is formed, of what character it is next to impossible to say, nor, without data as to the rate and extent of the ship's drift from the place where the lead was originally cast can the said angle be measured and allowed for.

Those naturalists who assert that there are currents at great depths under the surface of the sea, also objected that such currents might, and very likely did, sway the lead-line from its straight descent; and other less important reasons were added for supposing that implicit reliance was not to be laid upon the soundings reported. Giving the less important reasons the go-by, as being rather hypercritical, the question of the currents may be considered an open one; and it seems certain that if currents exist as stated, it must not be concluded that they are by any means universal. The case of the drift, however, is a different one, and presents a question that is not at all debatable. If the soundings were taken from the ship, and the amount of line run out before bottom was reported was taken to represent the

actual depth of the water, no allowance being made for the angle, such soundings must have been fallacious. It was owing to these difficulties, which were believed to be insuperable, that the American officers engaged in surveying the ocean gave up as hopeless the design of fathoming its depths.

Captain Denham of the *Herald*, aware of these difficulties, and disbelieving in the universality of ocean-currents at great depths, proposed to himself a plan by which the drift might be overcome, or rather evaded; and he put his plan into execution at a place where there was no surface-current, and where there was not any indication whatever of sub-surface currents. This place was in latitude $36^{\circ} 49'$ south, longitude $37^{\circ} 6'$ west—about midway between Tristan d'Acunha and Buenos Ayres, and nearly in the middle, therefore, of the South Atlantic. On the calmest possible day, a day on which the surface of the water was unruffled by wind, and was only marked by the gentlest undulation, Captain Denham resolved to try for deep ocean soundings. Two boats were lowered, in one of which the sounding-gear was placed. They were rowed to a short distance from the ship, so as to be without the influence of her attraction, and then work was commenced. An ordinary deep-sea lead was cast from the sounding-boat, until the plummet, reaching the dead-water below the stratum that is affected by wind, served as an anchor to which the boat swung. The boat's crew were ordered to lie on their oars, of which the blades were in the water to keep her steady, and her painter was made fast to the other boat, the crew of which were ordered to keep their oars moving, so as to keep the painter taut, and to check any disposition on the part of the sounding-boat to get her mooring-line out of the perpendicular. On an enormous reel rigged in the bow of the boat, and inclined a little over it, was wound "the" deep-sea lead-line, ten thousand fathoms in length. This line was one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and weighed, when dry, one pound per hundred fathoms. It had previously been tested, with the view to ascertaining its capability of bearing the weight and the strain of so much water, or rather the burden of its own weight

and that of the plummet at so great a depth. One fathom of it sustained in the air a weight of seventy-two pounds; but its own weight was a hundred pounds, increased by saturation to about two hundred, so that it was not perhaps calculated for reeling in again, and for bringing up, therefore, specimens of the bottom—though, as a matter of fact, the assistance rendered by the water in bearing the weight, so nearly enabled the line to do even this work, that it did not break till the one hundred and fortieth fathom below the water-line, when being reeled in *after* the sounding had been taken. The plummet weighed nine pounds, was eleven inches and a half long by 1·7 inch in breadth.

All the arrangements mentioned above, for the purpose of keeping the boats in one position, being complete, the process of sounding began at 8.30 A.M. Down went the line and plummet, freed from the wheel, over which a man stood, to see that no kink came to disturb the outgoing, either as to rate or quantity. The first hundred fathoms cleared out in a minute and a half; the second, in two minutes five seconds; and the time required for each hundred fathoms increased gradually, till from twenty-seven minutes fifteen seconds required to get out the first thousand, the demand grew to one hour, forty-nine minutes fifteen seconds to get out the seventh thousand. The time taken for the several thousands respectively was:

	Hour.	Min.	Sec.
First thousand.....	0	27	15
Second ".....	0	39	40
Third ".....	0	48	10
Fourth ".....	1	13	39
Fifth ".....	1	27	8
Sixth ".....	1	45	25
Seventh ".....	1	49	15

When the line had run out 7,706 fathoms, or eight and three-quarter English miles, bottom was reached; the time occupied by the line in running right out being nine hours twenty-four minutes forty-five seconds. That bottom was actually reached, there could not be any doubt, the extreme stillness of the water enabling the sounders to perceive the same indications of touch as would have manifested themselves with casts in much shallower water. Again and again the line was tried, and stop-

ped always at the same mark; several sets of hands tried the line, and each verified the report of their predecessors; the beat of the lead on the bottom was as distinctly felt as if an electric shock had been passed through the length.

Satisfied as to the accuracy, in every respect, of the sounding, Captain Denham tried to ascertain something as to the character of the bottom itself, by hauling in the lead, to which had been attached the usual quantity of grease, for specimens to adhere to. Unfortunately, the line broke before it could be pulled in, and line, lead, and the specimens attached to it were lost. The great fact had, however, been established, that there was a bottom even to the bottomless ocean, and that it was possible to fathom it, though its depth, as in this case, should be double the height of Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes. It is to be regretted that no sample of the bottom was obtained, for had it been so, it would have gone far to settle the vexed question as to the existence, or otherwise, of life at great depths; it would also have shown whether the minute particles of shell, and other properties of marine animals, found at considerable depths, and forming the pavement of the great deep, are able to find their way through water of which the specific gravity must be assumed to be greater the further down it is placed. It is obvious that no thermometers, however well guarded, would be able to endure the pressure of so great a volume; they would necessarily have shared the same fate as the plummets containing columns of air, which have already been described. No information on the subject of temperature, therefore, could be obtained. The work was hardly done, and the boats on board again, when nature, who seemed to have arranged specially for the occasion, returned to her wonted habits, and the water, which had been unruffled during the whole of the operations, was lashed with all the violence of a gale; as though the wind-giants sought to take vengeance on the bold explorers, who had read one of the deepest of ocean's secrets.

Doubt was of course thrown by those who had failed in getting soundings as to the accuracy of Captain Denham's observations, but besides that there was

no good reason to doubt it. Corroboration of it was subsequently given by a vessel, which adopted the *Herald's* plan of working from boats, and which only doubted Captain Denham's correctness because it failed to strike the bottom at fifty fathoms lower than he had cast.

The difficulty experienced in getting specimens of the bottom with the ordinary plummet, and the unsuitableness of Brooke's ingenious device to operations in very deep water, led to the introduction, by Captain Denham, of several important improvements on the ordinary lead. One was as follows: The lead, in two pieces, was fitted on to a block of heavy wood, at the end of which was a pair of closed nippers, of triangular shape, and capacious enough to hold about three ounces of sand. The nippers were opened on pressure of a spring, and in order to set this spring in motion, a rod was fitted into the wood, and projected beyond the nippers. When the lead reached the bottom, the first thing that touched the ground was the rod in connection with the spring, which being pressed, forced the nippers open; the nippers embraced as much of the bottom as they could contain, and on the lead being hauled in, closed again to their triangular form, having the specimen fast in their gripe, and quite free from any sticky substance—a great matter, when it became necessary to subject the specimen to microscopical examination.

FINANCIAL NOTABILITIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON SCENES AND LONDON PEOPLE."

WE sometimes use an odd metaphor, which is yet well understood, and speak of individuals "born with silver spoons in their mouths"—the fortunate few who inherit wealth without working for it—and now we propose to chronicle some names of persons fated to gold spoons, whether from inheritance or successful industry. Riches are a source of power. They elevate their possessors to a sort of pedestal, and, more than the bishop's lawn, the physician's cane, or the judge's wig, exercise undisputed influence. Whether wealth is equally certain to yield happiness is more doubtful. This depends on the use, not the possession

of wealth. The name "miser" is expressive. A thoroughly penurious rich man is a miserable fool, while his benevolent brother millionaire may be a kind of earthly Providence. Here are a few specimen gold spoons.

Abraham Newland, a cashier of the Bank of England, whose name for a long series of years was synonymous with a bank note, realised a large fortune. He retired in 1807, after a service of more than half a century, his last business act being to decline a pension offered him by the directors. He died within a few months, leaving funded property amounting to £200,000, and a landed estate of £1,000 per annum. This fortune was not derived from his salary. In his time Government loans were frequent. A portion was always reserved for the cashier (a Parliamentary report mentions £100,000), and the profits were often very great. The Goldsands were then lenders on the Stock Exchange. They contracted for most of the loans, and to each of the family Newland left £500 to purchase a mourning ring. It was surmised at the period that Newland made large advances to the Goldsands, and reaped proportionate profits. Mr. Newland resided for a considerable portion of his life on Highbury Place, and was remarkable for his frugal habits. He commonly walked to his duties at the Bank, only riding when the weather was unfavorable. The meanest clerk in the establishment would now hardly think of walking there. Mr. Henry Hase succeeded him as cashier, and was equally the theme of ballad singers; but he does not seem to have realised so large a fortune. Connected with this period the following anecdote is worth preserving: A banker's clerk robbed his employers of £20,000 in Bank of England notes. He disposed of them to a Dutch Jew. For six months they remained untraced. The Jew then came to the Bank and demanded payment, which was refused, on the plea that they had been stolen. The man, who was known to be immensely rich, went quietly to the Exchange, and, before a large assembly of citizens, declared that the Bank authorities had refused to honor their own bills; that, in fact, they had stopped payment. He declared he would immediately advertise the fact.

Public credit was not then above suspicion, and the money was paid. We find another strange story in some of the journals of that day. A director had occasion for £30,000—he required it to pay for landed property. He exchanged cash at the Bank for a note of that value. Returning home, and being called out, he placed the note on the chimney-piece in his counting-house, and when he came back it had disappeared. The conclusion was that it had fallen into the fire. The other bank directors believing this, gave him a second note, but took no obligation to be responsible for the first. Thirty years afterwards, the person in question having been long dead, an unknown individual presented the lost note for payment. He said it had come to him from the Continent. It was payable to bearer, and the money was obtained. The heirs of the director would not make restitution; but it was soon afterwards discovered that an architect, having purchased the director's house, had pulled it down, had found the missing note in a crevice of the chimney, and had defrauded the Bank of the money. The story is possible, but not probable. No names are given, and no sufficiently lucid explanation of the strange disappearance of the note.

In 1701, a systematic series of frauds on the public funds, by means of circulating false reports relative to the war in Flanders, were seriously detrimental to the public credit. Sir Henry Farmer, then a bank director, employed his great fortune in this unworthy manner. He maintained couriers throughout Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany. He was the first to receive news of the fall of Namur, and was presented by William III. with a diamond ring, as a reward for important intelligence. But he fabricated news, and originated various fraudulent dispatches. Prices were often lowered four, or even five per cent. in a single day, and his profits were enormous. Medina, a wealthy Jew, accompanied the Duke of Marlborough in his campaigns, and fed the avarice of that great captain by an annuity of £6,000 for the right of sending off expresses from the fields of Ramilies and Blenheim; and those victories conduced as much to fill the Hebrew's purse as to extend the national glory.

So low was public credit that Walpole's axiom, that every man had his price, was generally believed; and bribery became universal. Of five millions granted to carry on the war, only two-and-a-half reached the Exchequer. The House of Commons declared by a solemn resolution: "It is notorious that many millions are unaccounted for." Mr. Hungerford was expelled for accepting a bribe of £21; the Duke of Leeds was impeached for taking one of 5,500 guineas. The price of a Speaker—Sir John Trevor—was £2,005. Officials lent the Exchequer its own moneys in fictitious names; and out of forty-six millions raised in fifteen years, twenty-five millions were unaccounted for. Perhaps we are now almost as much astonished at the smallness of the sums then raised for public purposes, as at the wholesale frauds practised.

Thomas Guy, who founded the hospital so named, in 1724, was the son of a poor lighterman. He began life with a few shillings, and ended it with probably a million sterling. His profits were made by dealing in sailors' tickets. Charles II. paid them with inconvertible papers, which the poor men were forced to sell at any discount. The usurer at Rotherhithe robbed them of nearly the whole of their hard-earned wages. Strange that a fortune so iniquitously raised should have been devoted to so noble a purpose!

Sampson Gideon, the great Hebrew broker, and the founder of the house of Eardley, died in 1762. His name was once as familiar as Goldsmid and Rothschild now. He was a shrewd, sarcastic man, and possessed great richness of humor. "Never grant a life annuity to an old woman," he would say; "they wither, but they never die." If the proposed annuitant coughed, he would call out, "Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!"

Snow, the banker, spoken of by Dean Swift, lent Gideon £20,000. Soon after, the young Chevalier landed, and Snow piteously entreated the return of his money. Gideon procured twenty £1,000 notes, rolled them round a phial of hartshorn, and returned them to the banker. The Pretender being on his march to London, stocks were sold at any price.

Gideon went to Jonathan's, a coffee-house then much used by dealers in bullion, bought all the market, advancing every guinea he possessed, and pledging his credit for yet further purchases. His profits were enormous. "Gideon is dead," writes a contemporary, "worth more than the whole land of Canaan. He has left all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the Duke taking his name, or being circumcised." His views were liberal, for he left £2,000 to the sons of the clergy, and £1,000 to the London Hospital.

In 1785, Mathewson, thought to be of Scotch origin, appeared to be an exceedingly bold speculator; yet he acted with judgment, for he possessed £500,000 at his death. He was occasionally very eccentric. At a dinner party, he turned to a lady sitting next to him, and said: "If you, Madam, will trust me with £1,000 for three years, I will employ it advantageously." She knew him and accepted his offer. In three years to the very day Mathewson waited on the lady with £10,000, for he had increased her loan to that amount.

The names of Abraham and Benjamin Goldsmid will be long remembered, and a few old men amongst us may recollect their features. They rose from obscurity to be the chief authorities in the Alley. In 1792 they rose into importance. They were the money-brokers who competed with the bankers for the Government loans. They were unboundedly munificent. The poor of all creeds were their pensioners; one day they entertained royalty; the next they paid a visit of mercy to a condemned cell. They were for a while fortune's chief favorites. Everything prospered with them. Ultimately a tremendous reverse awaited them, and Abraham destroyed himself at his country house, Merton. Benjamin Goldsmid made a bold stand against his troubles, but his friends did not yield him the support he expected; and, after entertaining a large party at dinner, he also destroyed himself in the garden of his noble mansion in Surrey.

The Rothschilds hold a high place among financiers, and their history is interesting. Nathan Meyer Rothschild's father was a learned archæologist, and

the family have been remarkable in all the cities of the Continent. The first important success of Meyer Anselm, the head of the house, has been ascribed to his possession of the fortune of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, which he saved from the hands of Napoleon I. "The prince," said Rothschild, "gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me, and had £600,000 or more unexpectedly sent by post; and I put it to such good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and linen."

Nathan Meyer Rothschild (according to his report) came to Manchester because Frankfort was too small for the financial operations of the brothers. It showed great courage to settle there. Though absolutely ignorant of the English language, on a Tuesday he said he would go to England; and left Germany on the following Thursday. He commenced business with £20,000, and quickly tripled his capital. In 1800, finding Manchester too limited a sphere of work, he came to London. He realised vast profits; power of will and readiness of action were his characteristics. Having bought some bills of the Duke of Wellington at a discount, to which the credit of the state was pledged, he made arrangements to purchase gold to pay them. He was informed "Government needed it," and Government obtained it, but paid freely for the assistance. "It was the best business I ever did," he exclaimed; adding, "and when they got it, it was of no use, until I had undertaken to convey it to Portugal." In 1812, Meyer Anselm died at Frankfort, and Nathan Meyer Rothschild became the head of the family. Before this time foreign loans were unpopular in England, as the interest was made payable abroad in foreign coin. He introduced the payment of the dividends in London, and fixed it in sterling money—a chief cause of the success of such loans. Although termed only a merchant, the Stock Exchange was the scene of his triumphs; and, no doubt, he manipulated the public funds with shrewd skill, employing brokers to depress or raise the market, and making enormous purchases, in one day (it is affirmed) to the extent of £4,000,000. From 1819 his transactions pervaded the entire

globe. With the profits on a single loan, he bought an estate which cost £150,000. Nothing was too large for his attention—nothing too minute. Yet it is affirmed he gave extremely small salaries to his clerks. Though apparently extremely bold in speculation, he must have exercised great caution, for none of the loans with which he was connected were repudiated at his office—a fair price might be obtained for any amount of stock; and it was not uncommon for brokers to apply to Nathan Rothschild, instead of going on the Stock Exchange.

In 1824 financial operations were so all-absorbing, that what Rothschild and other capitalists did, excited as much interest as the greatest public events. Once he was outwitted by a London banker, who lent him a million and a half on the security of Consols, the price being 84. The terms were simple: if the price fell to 74, the banker might claim the stock at 70. The banker began selling Rothschild's Consols, with a large amount of his own. The funds fell, and the unexpected price of 74 was reached—of course, with a heavy loss. On another occasion his master hand was manifest. Wanting bullion, he went to the governor of the Bank to procure on loan a portion of the superfluous store; an arrangement was made, he employed the gold, his end was answered, and the time came for the return of the specie; punctual to a moment, he tendered the amount in bank notes. The necessity for bullion was urged. "Very well, gentlemen, give me the notes. I dare say your cashier will honor me with gold from your vaults, and then I can return your bullion." If he possessed important news likely to cause an advance in the price of stock, he ordered his broker to sell half a million. Capel Court rang with the news, and the funds fell; a panic ensued, and the price sank 2 or 3 per cent. Large purchases were made at the reduced rates. Then the good news was known, the funds instantly rose, and an immense profit was the result. Of course he had reversees, and had enemies, who often threatened him with personal violence. Two strangers came into his office; he fancied they were searching their pockets for pistols; he hurled a ledger at the intruders, who were only

seeking for letters of introduction. A friend said to him—

"You must be a happy man, Rothschild."

"Happy! me happy! why, just as I'm going to dine, I get a letter, saying, 'Send me £500, or I will blow your brains out!' Me happy!"

He was believed to sleep with loaded pistols under his pillow, and was in continual dread of assassination. The splendor of his residences and entertainments was extraordinary, and he was the golden idol of all ranks. His mode of letter-writing bespoke a mind wholly absorbed in accumulating wealth, and his language under excitement was rude and violent. He was a frequent subject for caricature. Huge and slovenly of figure, his lounging attitude, as he stood against his favorite pillar in the Exchange, his foreign accent, and rude form of speech, often made him the object of ridicule. Though not remarkable for extensive benevolence, Dr. Herschell declared that Mr. Rothschild had placed a large sum in his hands, for the benefit of his poorer brethren. He died at Frankfort, and his remains were brought to England for interment.

These particulars, relative to Nathan M. Rothschild, are from various sources, but especially from the daily journals, and a work called "The Chronicles of the Stock Exchange," by Jno. Francis.* Here is a story worth transcribing:—

Last century was the hanging century. A great fraud, involving forgery, had been committed on the East India Company. The day of trial was near, and the leading witness against the accused was accustomed to visit a house near the Bank, to be dressed and powdered, according to the fashion in vogue. A note was handed him, setting forth that the attorney for the prosecution wished to see him at his private house in Portland Place. On arriving he was ushered into a large room, where sat several gentlemen over their wine.

"There is a mistake," said he.

"There is no mistake," said one of them rising. "I am brother to the gentleman soon to be tried for forgery, and without your evidence he cannot be con-

* He was a bank clerk. His book went through several editions, and as his employers found no fault with his facts, they were probably true.

victed. The honor of a noble family is at stake. Your first attempt to escape will lead to a violent death. There is nothing to fear, but we must detain you till the trial is over."

The witness acquiesced; but, managing to escape, was pursued, and declared to be insane. A lady passing in a private carriage heard his story, and drove him to the Old Bailey, in time to give the necessary evidence, and consign the criminal to the scaffold.

Here is a companion tale: A stock-broker, meditating suicide, was on his way to Bankside. A stranger accosted him, who had just landed from Brussels, and informed him of the victory at Waterloo. The ruined jobber hastily returned to Capel Court, and made large purchases of stock. As the news became known, the funds rose rapidly; and his profits amounted to £20,000.

William Coutts was an Edinburgh merchant. His sons came to London, and commenced banking in the Strand; and Thomas, on the death of his brothers, became the sole proprietor. He frequently gave dinners to the principals of similar firms. A guest told him that a certain nobleman had solicited for a loan of £30,000, and had been refused. Coutts waited on the peer, and requested him to call in the Strand, when he offered to discount his acceptance for the required sum.

"But what security must I give?" said his lordship.

"I shall be satisfied with an I. O. U."

£10,000 were received, and £20,000 retained as an open account. The money was soon returned. New customers abounded, and one of them was George III.

The father of Lord Overstone was a dissenting minister at Manchester. Mr. Jones, a member of his congregation, half banker, half manufacturer, had a daughter, who became intimate with Parson Lloyd, and married him. Jones was soon reconciled to his son-in-law; but, not thinking a preacher's business lucrative, made him his partner. How he prospered need not be told. His son is now Lord Overstone.

The founders of Barclay's house were linendrapers in Cheapside. On Lord Mayor's day, 1760, George III. paid a state visit to the city. There was a

street tumult. A horse in the state carriage grew restive. The king and queen were in danger, when David Barclay, a draper, came to the rescue, saying:

"Wilt thou alight, George, and thy wife Charlotte, and see the Lord Mayor's Show?"

Presently David introduced his wife after this manner:

"King George of England; Priscilla Barclay, my wife," etc.

Barclay attended the next levee.

"What do you mean to do with your son John?" asked the king. "Send him to me, and I will give him profitable employment."

He declined the offer, but John and James became bankers in Lombard street.

John Baring was a cloth manufacturer in Devonshire. Leaving a large fortune, Francis, his second son, became a banker. He reaped large profits from government loans, and was created a baronet. He realized a fortune of £2,000,000. Alexander Baring succeeded him. His monetary operations were on a prodigious scale. On one occasion he lent the French government £1,000,000 at five per cent. He was elevated to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. In 1809 six of the Baring family were in Parliament.

Mr. Morrison, for many years a tradesman in Fore street, realized a fortune of £3,000,000. Hudson, one of our railway kings, was for a long time the golden calf of the multitude, and might, at one period, have commanded any number of millions. During the late terrible panic Overend, Gurney, and Company failed for £13,000,000; and a renowned baronet and M. P. stopped payment for above half that sum. Indeed, the figures now representing financial operations so far exceed those of former merchants and brokers, that their scale of business seems to have been comparatively small.

We have spoken of enormous financial operations here as a curious fact. By way of contrast, a few days since we were shown a penny Bank-of-England note. To facilitate some pecuniary arrangement (the transaction took place in the Bank parlor about forty years since), the words Five Pounds were crossed through, One Penny substituted, and an official signature appended. As

a great favor, this unique penny note was parted with for forty shillings.

BRIGANDAGE IN THE PONTIFICAL STATES.*

THE system of robbery and kidnapping known as brigandage—a word which in its olden sense applied chiefly to the produce of robbery, but which in its modern sense has a much wider signification—is said to have had its origin, in as far as regards the Pontifical States, in the overthrow of social institutions by the French Revolution. As is the case everywhere when liberty or license come into the foreground, the enfranchisement, as it was termed, of North Italy by General Bonaparte, having led to a general uprising throughout the peninsula, several parties surged to the surface in the Roman States, but these merged into two great divisions, the Papal and the Republican.

These two great parties were in appearance not only opposed to one another, but placed on an utterly different basis. But such is not the case, nor ever has been the case, where Rome is concerned. It is true that while the first party pretended to defend the rights of the throne, the other announced that the era of tyranny had expired in Italy, and was for ever replaced by that of liberty! But when one day the republican party planted the tree of liberty in one spot, and pillaged the houses of the priests, whom they declared then, as now, to be enemies to the wishes of the Italians, next day the papal party arrived, cut down the tree, and pillaged the houses of the more wealthy classes under the pretext that they were Jacobins. In reality, then, both parties resembled one another, and each had the same object in view—that of enriching themselves and avenging themselves upon their private enemies without troubling themselves, in the slightest degree, with the common welfare. Both alike committed many murders, and both alike became equally odious to the middle classes, who generally remain in the minority,

or in the background, in times of revolution.

At length the French came a second time, and Napoleon Bonaparte, who did not recognize that temporal power of the Pope by which his nephew holds so tenaciously, invaded Rome and Naples. The town of Terracina having ventured to oppose the progress of the French, a bandit chief, Barnabo by name, who had charge of one of the gates, offered to open it, upon the condition that the safety of himself and his band were insured. The General promised, but Terracina having fallen, and its citizens having been massacred, Barnabo and his followers were arrested and put to death, to the number of twenty-four, without any form of trial, whilst their bodies were cast into a common sewer.

Napoleon had no sympathy for Italian brigands. No mercy was shown to them, and everything that could be done to eradicate this territorial plague was carried out. It was, however, in vain. The papal brigands and the republican brigands having been obliged, in many instances, to refund their ill-gotten gains, the more resolute and courageous among them united together, irrespective of parties, to form more or less numerous bands, and to carry on the congenial avocation of kidnappers and assassins.

One of the most famous of these bandit chiefs at that epoch was Giovanni Rita, who had established his headquarters in a forest on the mountain of Sezza. He was surrounded by an armed force in 1809, but even then would have effected his escape only for his wife, who was in a cavern, the entrance to which he defended until he had killed or wounded eighteen of his assailants, when he fell from a shot in the thigh. The wily brigand then called Capucio, the leader of his assailants, to put an end to his sufferings. The latter, however, sent one of the sbirri, whom he shot dead with his pistol. The others then ran up and cut off his head, making his wife comb the tangled locks before it was carried in triumph to Frosinone. "I shall be quite willing to do that honor to my husband," said this wife of a bandit chief. "You cannot boast of having killed him, whilst if you count your flock you will find many missing." Maria Elelta, as this she-bandit was called, was sentenced to twenty-

* Le brigandage dans les Etats Pontificaux. Mémoires de Gasbaroni, rédigés par Pierre Masi, traduits par un officier d'état-major de la division d'occupation à Rome. Paris: E. Dentu.

years' imprisonment, but she was liberated on the return of Pius VII. from France.

Napoleon was determined to put a stop to the abomination if possible, but the measures which he adopted with that view were more energetic than effective. All the relatives of brigands, even to the second degree, were arrested, and transported to Corsica, Elba, or Sardinia. Whoever did not give notice of the presence of bandits was liable to the penalty of death. Finally, by a law known as the *Ristretta*, all cattle of every description—cows, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs—were placed at night-time within walled precincts, guarded by armed men. No one was even allowed to remove food from their premises under pain of death. The bandits fared well not the less, whilst the herds were decimated by disease and starvation. The transportation of relatives gave rise not only to the most painful and distressing scenes, but the brigands retaliated with increased desperation. They were headed by one Pascal Jambucci, who was surnamed "the madman of Valle Corsa." This daring bandit got possession of the person of the sous-préfet of Frosinone when travelling with an escort of dragoons, and conducting him to his lair, made such an exhibition of bread, wine, cheese, hams, tongues, and other comestibles, as to fully satisfy the préfet of the inutility of the law of *Ristretta*. He then set the functionary at liberty without exacting a ransom, and the préfet was so grateful that he annulled the law, and set many of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; but he had all the forests which bordered the highways cleared for a depth of a hundred yards.

The brigands were not always so successful. Three of them got into a window on the third story of the chateau of a Signore Salvatori, five or six miles south of Frosinone, by means of ladders. A servant overheard them, watched through a keyhole, and when they struck a light he fired, and shot the leader, one Mangiafichi. The robbers decamped, carrying away the body, which they placed on an ass, and removing both to the forest of Siserno, they buried the bandit and the donkey in the same grave—in order that the latter should tell no tales. The precautions which they

took were, indeed, as refined as the persecutions to which they were subjected were inveterate. The organization of the band was most strict. No one was admitted to the brotherhood save the strong, the healthy, and the courageous, and all who had friends or relatives suspected of being favorable to peace and order were at once rejected. A novice was not admitted unless he had previously committed one or more murders. If accepted, he was supplied with arms gratuitously, but to be afterwards accounted for. The day was passed in the mountain forest, all marches being undertaken at night, and in the most perfect silence. The chief marched first. If a house, a ford, or a bridge had to be crossed, the chief got hold of a peasant, went over first with his prisoner, and if the latter did not give notice of the presence of danger, he was at once put to death. The night was spent in kidnapping or in the robbery of booty and provisions, the peasants contributing the latter to save the first, and by break of day they withdrew to the woods, placing sentinels whilst the others slept. If any peasants, men or women, came accidentally upon their lair when engaged in cutting wood, they were detained till night—neither to the satisfaction nor the welfare of the latter. Booty upon a larger scale was obtained by sacking country-houses and mansions, or by stopping conveyances on the highway. Prisoners were uniformly removed to the mountain, and a ransom demanded. The peasantry were obliged to carry out the necessary negotiations to obtain payment of the ransom under penalty of death, and if the money was not forthcoming, first the ears and then the nose of the unfortunate prisoner were sent to their relatives to stir up their charity. No great undertaking was entered upon without the consent of a majority of the band. A sick or wounded man was left in a hut, and the band removed to carry on its depredations to some distant spot, in order to divert the attention of the authorities. The life of a bandit was so conducive to health, that few, however, fell sick, and only two—Luigi d'Angelis de Fondi and Luigi Palombi de Vallecorsa—are known to have died a natural death in a quarter of a century.

The brigands of Italy have further

even had friends not only in the country, but in the towns and cities. This will be easily understood when we consider the character of partisanship which they always give to their infamous practices. They have their armorers, their tailors, their shoemakers, and other tradesmen in the towns, and they are paid out of the profits of their booty. They have also their receivers, and the peasants are employed as commissioneraries. The town friends are only known to the chief. Even persons in authority, who have rural property, or flocks or herds, are obliged to cultivate their friendship, or, at the least, to wink at their malpractices if they wish to preserve their property.

The wife of a brigand, for example, had been put to death under the *Ristretta*, by the mayor of San-Stefano. The husband set the towns-people to watch, and learned when he was going to Frosinone. Placing himself on the way, he shot him, although he was protected by an armed escort. Jambucci, upon one occasion, carried off the *Cavaliere Magistris* from the town of Sezza, and only delivered him up for a ransom of five thousand golden crowns. In 1813, Monsignore Ugolini (recently deceased) was seized in his carriage, and as some difficulty was experienced in removing a valuable ring from his finger, it was cut off. Gaëtano, surnamed the *Calabrais*, having made prisoners of the brothers *Giuliani*, in their palace at *Rocca-Secca-di-Piperno*, he not only exacted a ransom, but put them both to death. This, which was deemed to be a cowardly act, even among brigands, excited the indignation of the whole country, for the brothers were renowned for their many charitable acts. In cases like these the prisoners were generally betrayed by their own servants, or by persons living on the premises, and who counselled extreme measures, from reasons of private enmity, or to secure themselves from detection.

In the same year, a young man of good family, *Vincenzo Panici*, having, with the assistance of four others, murdered a priest, took refuge among the bandits. The latter told him they would receive his friends, but they could not trust him, and they should put him to death. In order to propitiate the

brigands, he went off with his four companions, took up a position on the *Apian way*, and carried off the *Princess of Etruria* and her daughter, whom they grossly maltreated. This done, they went back to the brigands, who received them with a volley which broke *Panici's* shoulder. *Panici* then withdrew to his palace at *San Lorenzo*, but he was arrested by *Ugolini*, Bishop of *Frosinone*, put to death upon the spot where he had outraged the princess, and his head exposed in an iron cage on the walls of the *Torre-tre-Ponti*.

Napoleon having fallen before the allied powers in 1814, *Pius VII.* was restored to temporal power, and brigandage being "the eldest brother of revolution," the bandits were amnestied, *Jambucci* taking up his quarters at *Vallecorsa*, *Decinnove* at *Sezza*, and the *Calabrese Gaëtano* at *Sonnino*. But a quiet life no longer suited those who had tasted of the freedom of the mountain. Quarrels arose about some of the relatives of the bandit who had not been restored to their homes, and these attained to such a pitch that on Holy Thursday, 1814, *Jambucci* and his comrades massacred the mayor, *Giovanni de Rossi*, his wife and servant, and all those who had occupied positions of authority under the Emperor Napoleon. Thirteen persons fell beneath the daggers of the assassins, who then took to the woods.*

Antonio Gasbaroni, the most celebrated of all the brigands of the Papal States, was born at *Sonnino* in 1793. He was, as a boy, nothing but a common cowherd. His humble position did not, however, prevent his falling in love with a girl of rare beauty. But *Gasbaroni* had a brother named *Gennaro*, as also a brother-in-law, *Angelo de Paolis*, who had wedded his sister *Guistina*, and who had both joined the brigands to

* Murat, or Joachim Napoleon, when King of Naples, enacted very severe laws against bandits, whom he treated as enemies of the public. Alison and other historians have placed on record that the "beau sabreur" was shot in accordance with a law which he had himself enacted. But it was a law enacted against bandits, not against political offenders. The French were unable to distinguish men hung for assassinating a police constable from political offenders, and the Italians are sometimes unable to distinguish between political offenders and brigands.

avoid conscription. They had returned to their native place—Sonnino—under the amnesty of the Pope in 1814, but the father of the young girl refused to give his daughter in marriage to a man who belonged to a family of brigands. The brother went so far as to threaten him with death if he attempted to prosecute his suit. Gasbaroni at once drew his dagger, and killed the young man beneath the window of his beloved. Such was the first crime committed by Gasbaroni, and all the rest may be said to have flowed from it. We have seen that, in 1814, all the brigands of the Papal States having been amnestied by Pius VII., had returned to their homes till the outbreak of Jambucci. It was not so, however, with the brigands of the kingdom of Naples, who were anxiously awaiting the restoration of Ferdinand I. to obtain the same favor. Gasbaroni having outlawed himself by the crime of murder, had no papal band with whom to seek refuge, so he joined that which still held together on the Neapolitan territory under Domenico the Calabrese. This Domenico, brother to Gaetano and Pietro, surnamed the Calabrese brothers, of the pontifical bands, was a rough, uncultivated, and licentious brute, who ruled with the stick, was exceedingly avaricious, and ungrateful to the peasants who lent him their aid. Five other youths having joined the band from the Pontifical States, among whom Allessandro Massaroni, as daring and enterprising as Gasbaroni himself, they agreed to separate themselves from a chief of so repulsive a character, and to constitute a band of themselves, and they selected Gasbaroni as their head. Thus it happened that the latter had not been a bandit many months before he became the chief of the only band of brigands at that time existing in the Papal States. The Calabrese had vowed destruction to him and his band, as deserters, but he was shortly afterward betrayed by a peasant, Marzo by name, whose wife he had outraged, and who seduced him and seventeen of his followers to a château near Fondi, under promise of plunder, plied them with wine, and then had the place surrounded by an armed force whilst in their orgies. Several were slain in a vain attempt to escape, but Domenico

and others were captured and taken to Capua, where they were put to death. Marzo did not, however, escape the revenge of the bandits, who shot him eight years afterwards, when he ventured to return to his own country.

The other brigands who had been amnestied got on no better than Jambucci.

Gaetano, who had turned butcher at Sonnino, used to pay for his beasts with blows of a stick, and woe to those who ventured to complain. Decinmove contented himself with simply levying contributions in money from the inhabitants of Sezza, whither he had retired; this, although these amnestied brigands were actually supplied with sufficient means to procure a livelihood by the pontifical authorities. When the Austrians occupied the country in 1815, all the Neapolitan and Papal brigands were once more amnestied, and Gasbaroni and his band left the mountains to assist in supplying the Austrians, who were besieging the fortress of Gaëta, held by Joachim Murat, with provisions. He is said to have even paid a visit to the British fleet during this epoch of a recognized existence. But after the fall of Gaëta, reports were current that the pontifical authorities would not abide by the amnesty tendered by General Bianchi; so Gasbaroni had no alternative left to him but to gather together his little troop, and take once more to the mountains. Other reasons, probably, guided Gasbaroni in this determination. In order to assist in the supply of the Austrians, he had devastated the rural property of the Patrizi's near Itri—a family of such strong Jacobin tendencies, that as far back as 1799 they had organized a band in search of the royalist freebooter Fra Diavolo. He had, therefore, the hostility of many powerful families, who were opposed to the Bourbons, to encounter upon the withdrawal of the Austrians. Gasbaroni, although not of an avaricious disposition, but, on the contrary, exceedingly free with his money, was—like most strong, hardy men, with sanguinary and lustful instincts, kept under little or no control—exceedingly partial to the fair sex. It is, therefore, probable that he felt that he could give a freer vent to the worst impulses of his nature as an outlaw than as a dweller in cities, and subject to the

pains and penalties incurred by open infractions of the rules of rectitude and morality.

Love had been the cause of his first becoming a bandit, and love was the cause of his final incarceration. His passion for the fair sex had left him penniless at the end of all his exertions to provision the army of Gaëta; so no sooner had he taken to the open country, than he seized upon the person of a wealthy priest, who dwelt in the village of Campo di Miele, and from whom he exacted a ransom of two thousand crowns.

At this epoch—the last months of 1814—the pontifical government had issued edicts promising a reward of fifty crowns to whoever should kill a brigand chief, and twenty-five for every bandit slain. An amnesty was also promised to any bandit who should bring in the head of a comrade to Frosinone. To the infinite amusement of the brigands, the bells of the churches were also ordered to be rung whenever they were supposed to be in the neighborhood, to call the population to arms. Nothing answered their purpose better than letting them know their presence had been discovered. The band of Gasbaroni received continued reinforcements notwithstanding all these edicts, and, curiously enough, one of the origins of this predilection for a life of outlawry lay in a municipal proclamation against long hair and ribands in the hat—decorations attributed peculiarly to brigands, but common to most of the peasantry. One of the bravest of Gasbaroni's recruits—Decesaris of Prossedi—joined the band because he had shot the provost of that place for having insulted him by pulling his long locks. Ugolini, Bishop of Frosinone, had also issued an edict to arrest all those who had been amnestied by the Austrians, which caused many to take to the open country; whilst others, who had persevered in their faith in government, were arrested, and among them, Jambucci, Gaëtano, and Decinnove; and the latter, having attempted to escape, was shot by the gendarmes. Among others who had married and led a life of quietude for many years, and who were forced to take to the forest by the new edict, was Louis Masocco, a veteran bandit of such proved courage and well-known experience, that Gasbaroni felt

himself called upon to resign his chieftainship of the band in his favor.

This was in the month of March, 1816. It was at this epoch that Gasbaroni received his first wound. A capture had been made, the ransom asked, and a messenger sent to bring it to the hut of a charcoal-burner in the mountain. The gendarmes caught the messenger, obliged him to reveal the spot where the bandits awaited him, under a free administration of the stick, and posted themselves in the hut. The brigands, on coming down from the mountain, suspected something wrong from no charcoal-burners being about; but Gasbaroni volunteered to approach by himself. He was received by a volley which laid him, to all appearance, dead on the ground. The gendarmes then rushed forth to cut off his head; but Masocco hurried forward at the same moment with all his band. The brigadier and two gendarmes were killed, and the rest fled, leaving behind them swords, cloaks, and hats, as also the ransom. Gasbaroni, who was shot through the body, was removed to Monticello di Fondi, where, thanks to youth, a vigorous constitution, and the skill of a well-paid professional, he ultimately recovered, but he never afterwards walked so upright as he did before his wound.

The reward promised for the head of a brigand—a reward for treachery, as Bishop Fenelon long ago remarked, unworthy of a secular government, and still more so of a sovereign who is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church—induced four gendarmes to simulate an attack upon a carriage in order to be admitted into the brotherhood. Disturbed by other gendarmes, they had to separate; Gasbaroni met one, and killing him, he cast his body into a cavern in the mountain of Terracina; the other three were put to death by Massaroni's band. This effectually cured the gendarmerie of attempts at treachery.

But not so with the bands themselves, where the promised rewards did not fail to beget traitors. There were in Masocco's band two brothers named Usecca, and two others named Monacelli. One of the Monacelli being ill, an Usecca was left in the charge of him. The latter killed the sick man, and carried his

head to Frosinone, where he received the promised reward and was admitted into the gendarmerie. The brother of Monacelli insisted, in consequence, that the brother of Usecca, who remained with the band, should be put to death; and Masocco was obliged to permit the sacrifice of another bandit as an expiatory victim for the treachery of his brother.

Gasbaroni's brother, Gennaro, and his brother-in-law, Angelo de Paolis, were, we have observed, kept in confinement. Gasbaroni resolved upon setting them at liberty. To effect this, he, with Masocco's consent, separated himself from the band, and gave currency to a report that he had quarrelled with his chief, and was determined to take his life. This coming to the ears of the Bishop of Frosinone, he offered Gennaro and Angelo their liberty, if they would join Gasbaroni, and together slay the terrible Masocco. They agreed; but once free, they killed the gendarme who had first arrested them, and then hastened to Masocco, not to kill him, but to reinforce the band. Never was a bishop more signally duped. The authorities and the bandits were, indeed, perpetually at cross purposes. The same year (1816) an universal amnesty was proclaimed. All the bands were to assemble at Vallecorsa, to be emancipated by the authorities. Masocco was there with the rest, but, mistrustful of the loyalty of a priestly government, only Gasbaroni and Massaroni presented themselves as delegates of the band within the walls of the town. The authorities, who only intended to dupe the bandits, were enraged that Masocco and all his band had not fallen into the trap. They were especially annoyed that one Varoni, a bandit of especial renown for his ferocity, was not at least one of the delegates. Gasbaroni and Massaroni found in this the means of extricating themselves from a most perilous position—for they had been disarmed, and were at the mercy of the authorities. But they said they would go and bring in Varoni, and they were trusted! Masocco laughed heartily when his two lieutenants rejoined the band without their rifles, daggers, and girdles for cartridges, or patroncina, as they called them, to all of which they attached the greatest value, as tried friends, and on which they expended

large sums of money. The decoration of Gasbaroni's patroncina alone cost him fifty crowns.

Such cross purposes read really more like child's play than a struggle for life and liberty between the established authorities and a group of reckless adventurers. Decesaris and fifteen men of his band were foolish enough to accept of the promised amnesty. The consequence was that instead of being allowed to join his family—the boon he sought for in giving himself up—Decesaris found himself condemned to thirty years of galleys. He then swore that he would spare no means of evasion, and if he could only succeed, he would for the future renounce all belief in amnesties; nor was he long in finding an opportunity for carrying his oath into effect.

The French had introduced the *Ristretta*. The pontifical government adopted the same system for starving out the brigands, only they improved upon it in this way, that the cattle and sheep being gathered within the folds of a paternal government, many never found their way out of it. Not being able to capture the men, the authorities also wreaked their vengeance upon the women, one of whom was shot, for a few bullets found in her possession, another because she was detected washing some shirts of a better quality than those usually worn by the peasantry. The shepherds were likewise bastinadoed in every direction, but with no better result than to exasperate the whole country against a cruel and impotent government.

Masocco's band was now divided into three detachments: one under himself, the other two under Massaroni and Gennaro Gasbaroni. Thus divided, yet acting in concert, they killed a spy close to the gates of Vallecorsa, in order to draw out the gendarmes; but they only succeeded in shooting five of the latter. The next day a similar trick was practised at San Lorenzo, where three gendarmes and two belligerent tailors fell before their rifles. The authorities met, indeed, with nothing but bad luck. A squadron of *sbirri* was sent from Vallecorsa, and another from Sonnino the ensuing night, to surround the convent of San Manno, near Fondi, where the brigands were supposed to have taken refuge.

In the dark, and in their terror, one party fired upon the other, and a corporal and three men were killed.

In 1817 Monsignore Pacca set the example of leniency, and gave some of the female relatives of the bandits their liberty; and in 1818 Cardinal Gonsalvi invited Massoco to a conference at Terracina. The bandit chief exacted a hostage for his personal safety, and then presented himself, armed and in full bandit costume, before the cardinal minister and his followers. The bandits, as before observed, take great pride in the richness of their costume and the decoration as well as efficiency of their arms and accoutrements, and they are always very fond of displaying these in towns and villages, when they can do so with impunity. In this respect Naples and the Papal States have ever been a kind of Mexico.

Masocco was a very handsome man. Barely thirty years of age, he was tall, strong and well proportioned. He had a splendid head of dark hair, with beard to match, expressive eyes, and good face and forehead. Not only was he a remarkable man in outward appearance, but he was very intelligent, and could speak well and to the purpose. He had as a youth, indeed, been educated by an estimable priest—his *nominal* uncle. The curiosity excited by the appearance of the renowned chief of bandits at Terracina was great. After a lively discussion, the cardinal succeeded in winning over the bandit to accept an amnesty, the only conditions of which were a year's confinement in the castle of San Angelo, at Rome, where they were to be allowed to see their wives and families. Masocco accepted the conditions, and returned the next day in company with Antonio Gasbaroni, De Paolis, and the rest of the band, and they were at once transported under an escort of dragoons to the Cortile del Oglio, in the castle of San Angelo. Genaro Gasbaroni and Massaroni, annoyed that the cardinal secretary of state should have only addressed himself to Masocco, took no steps towards obtaining an amnesty; but the band known as that of the *Vellitrains*, who exercised their profession under a certain Barbone, beyond the limits of Frosinone, submitted to the same terms as had been accepted by Masocco.

Guiseppe Decesaris had escaped with three others from the dungeons of Civita Vecchia six months previously. Fortune seems to favor the daring, for not only was their escape almost miraculous, but no sooner out of prison than they stumbled upon a brigade of gendarmes bathing in a river. To seize upon their carbines and accoutrements, and to shoot the unarmed men in the water, was with the bandits the affair of a few minutes. They then made a desperate attempt to secure the person of Cardinal Fesch, uncle to Napoleon, in order to set them up in the world. Unfortunately for them they only captured a French artist in the palace of Frascati, for whose ransom the cardinal had, however, to pay five hundred crowns. This, however, with four thousand crowns derived from the capture of a merchant of the name of Felicetti, gave them a good start. They also made prisoner a certain Count Sylvestris; but as he was fat and infirm, and could not walk as fast as they wished, the wretches put him to death, after they had received five hundred crowns towards his ransom. A peasant had come into the dungeons at Civita Vecchia whilst Decesaris was there, and had grossly insulted him. No sooner free, than he sought him out and cut him to pieces. Decesaris was one of those who refused to accept the proposed amnesty. He had taken an oath to perish in the mountains, arms in hand.

Antonio Gasbaroni was in the meantime a prisoner within the walls of Fort Angelo. De Paolis, who had married his sister Guistina, was also there, with his wife and his own sister Demira. Gasbaroni, not to be alone, married the latter in the chapel of the fort. But if pleasures were to be found in confinement, so were also pains and penalties; for one Francesca Antonelli denounced Gasbaroni and De Paolis as resolved to take to the mountains at the expiration of their sentence. This he did to curry favor with the authorities. The consequence was, that whilst at the end of the year Antonelli, although his charges had been disproved, was appointed gaoler in one of the prisons of the capital, Gasbaroni was exiled to Cento, on the frontier of Modena, and De Paolis to Comacchi, amid the lagunes of the Adriatic.

As to Masocco, he was appointed

lieutenant of sbirri, or archers, in Frosinone. The price of the head of a bandit was at the same time raised to five hundred crowns, and of a chief to a thousand. Masocco devoted himself to his new duties with zeal and honesty, and his intimacy with the habits and lairs of the brigands made all the other officers look up to him. There were at that time only eighteen brigands in the mountains, twelve under Gennaro Gasbaroni, and six with Decesaris and Massaroni; but the persecution of Masocco soon obliged them to act in concert. Masocco having shot one of the brigands, cousin of Gennaro, the latter shot Masocco's sister-in-law, and his brother, in return, murdered Gennaro's child in its cradle. It must be admitted that what was termed brigandage was assuming a very desperate and despicable character.

A commissary, Rotoli by name, was deputed by the secretary of state to aid and abet Masocco, with plenipotentiary powers of amnesty and even pardon. Decesaris and Massaroni turned this very circumstance to the detriment of Masocco. They put themselves into communication with Rotoli, and said they would deliver up the band under Gennaro Gasbaroni, if the commissary would give them the aid of a few sbirri. The latter proposed, as they expected, the assistance of Masocco. It was in vain that the latter represented that the whole thing was a plot, and that it would cost him his life. The commissary insisted. He then, accompanied by Masocco, went forth from Prossedi on the night of the 15th of August to an olive-grove on the mountain. They were followed at a distance by five gendarmes, relatives of Masocco's. The commissary and Masocco, having entered the wood, found there Decesaris and Massaroni. Decesaris took the commissary aside as if to speak with him, while Massaroni entered into conversation with Masocco. At the same moment one of the band, Luigi d'Angelo, shot the chief in the side, another brigand, Panni, rushing forward to secure his double-barrelled rifle. This cost him his life; for the gendarmes, perceiving the act of treachery, discharged their carbines on the group, killing Panni, and at the same time mortally wounding the unfortunate com-

missary. This tragedy was followed by another still more lugubrious. The lieutenant of sbirri, Pietro Avarini, enraged at the death of Rotoli and Masocco, had all the relations of Decesaris and of Vittori, including their wives and children, altogether thirteen in number, old men, women, girls, and children, arrested and massacred, without trial or form of trial. No wonder that brigandage flourished when the sbirri were no better than the bandits!

The rage and exasperation of Decesaris and of Vittori, when they learnt how cruelly their wives and children had been treated, may be imagined. In the first burst of their fury they went the same night, burnt the cottages of all their relatives, and slaughtered the cattle and sheep and all living things. They then set fire to the house of the governor of Prossedi, and put five peasants to death. For some days not a night passed but one or more of the inhabitants of the place fell victims to their sanguinary and insensate rage, merely because they had done nothing to save their families from immolation. At length Massaroni, ashamed of the brutality of his colleague, got him away from the scene of massacre into the Neapolitan territory. On the way he thought that he recognized one of the officials who had been concerned in the outrage upon his children, and who was escorted by sbirri; but Decesaris never hesitated; alone he attacked the travellers, wounding some, and putting the rest of the escort to flight. As to the official himself, he is said not only to have slain him, but to have devoured his heart. Let us hope, for the sake of human nature, that this is a popular exaggeration; but the tradition that he devoured human flesh remained for ever afterwards attached to the name of Decesaris.

Long habit of brigandage not only placed the bandits of the Pontifical States in a peculiar and anomalous position with regard to the authorities, but they themselves cherished the most erroneous and perverted ideas as to the nature of their avocations. Almost all took a pride in what they considered to be indications of intelligence, courage, and heroism, overlooking the horrible atrocities of robbery, plunder, and murder. When these atrocities were made

to assume the character of a political partisanship, it only made matters worse. It was just like Fenianism in this country. The Fenians may shoot policemen, blow up or set fire to prisons and public and private buildings, murder and outrage all who are obnoxious to them, and if the guilt is brought home to them, the penalties of the law are tempered by mercy, whilst others may both openly palliate crime, preach disorder, and give themselves up to all kinds of treasonable language, without any notice being taken of them. Nay, there are some in high places who are ready to aver that no outrages can be punished till real or imaginary grievances are removed. The bandits of the Roman States had, as we have seen, their grievances also. But to defend their malpractices on account of their grievances, as was done by some in the Papal States, only attested the same disorganization of the moral sense, as is to be found among the humanitarians of our own country in the present day.

The time of retribution, however, invariably comes, and neither indifference, perversity, nor political animosities can long shield culprits from a deserved fate. Massaroni was one day leaning against a tree, humming a song, when he received a ball in the abdomen. He was removed by his comrades, and recovered after an illness which lasted a whole year. Decesaris was also shot in the month of March, 1820, in the very olive-wood on the side of the mountain of Prossedi, where Masocco had fallen. Two gendarmes had got notice of his whereabouts, and lay in ambuscade. He was walking quietly along, when four barrels were almost simultaneously discharged at him from a distance of a few paces, and the much-dreaded bandit lay a corpse at their feet. Three thousand crowns had been put upon his head, which was carried in triumph into the town; but, as usual, many were to be found who pitied the fate and regretted the death of the ferocious bandit.

Antonio Gasbaroni was, in the meantime, leading a pleasant life enough at Cento, in the Romagna. He was lodged with his wife in an hostelry, and allowed thirty sous a day. A son had been born to him during this interval of repose.

A great drawback to his happiness presented itself, however, in the contempt with which he and his wife were treated. The good people of Romagna could not appreciate the heroism of a bandit, and they only wondered that he was not hung instead of being pensioned off upon nine crowns a year. As to De Paolis, all he did at Comacchio was to gamble in public-houses. At length, the body of a fisherman who was known to have won money from the ex-bandit having been found in the town-ditch, he was removed to Ferrara. Here he established relations with another bandit, Pietro Rinaldi by name, and, purchasing guns and accoutrements, they started for Cento, where they appear to have experienced little difficulty in inducing Gasbaroni to join them.

This was on the 20th of August, 1820, and it was thus that these incorrigible rogues abandoned their wives and families, for Paolis had four children, and gave up a protected and pensioned existence to take once more to the mountains. The small band resolved to make its way by Tuscany to the Papal States. But arrived at Bologna, they found that the news of their evasion had spread over the country, and so sharp was the look-out, that Gasbaroni, being more indifferent to comfort than his companions, set off by himself, keeping to the woods and mountains till he arrived at Carpineto, in Frosinone. As to Paolis and Rinaldi, they were less fortunate. Having stumbled on their way on a carriage in which was the Countess Mariscotti, Paolis fired at the coachman, and missing him, killed the countess. For this the two bandits were arrested, and the heads of both were cut off on the Place of Bologna. Paolis ascended the scaffold smoking a cigar, but Rinaldi was far from manifesting so great an indifference to that death which he had so often inflicted on others. It is not quite certain if Gasbaroni was not one of the party, and that he fled afterwards. His wife perished from grief a week after she had been abandoned by him, but his child was removed with the widow and children of De Paolis to Rome, where it also died at an early age. As to Signora De Paolis, who was very pretty, she fell a victim to her beauty, for she was killed by a lover who had been re-

jected in favor of another. All the children perished one after another from sickness entailed by close confinement.

Gasbaroni took refuge at first in the hut of a shepherd well known to him, and where he remained until he had recovered from the fatigue entailed by his long and harassing journey. He had also lost his arms. So when he set forth from the shepherd's hut, restored to health, he had a stout cudgel as his only weapon, yet he managed with its aid to kill a spy whom he met on his way. Arrived at Terracina, he established communications with his brother Gennaro, who was at that time within the walls of the town with his band, awaiting an amnesty from Cardinal Gonsalvi. Gennaro having declined to take to the mountain, Antonio Gasbaroni was obliged to pass into the Neapolitan territory, where he joined the band under Massaroni, which only numbered at that time ten men.

Man cannot affront nature without suffering for it one day or another. Gasbaroni regretted to a degree, that would scarcely be expected of a bandit chief, his conduct towards his wife and child. The only relief he could obtain to his torture was in active employment. With the aid of only one comrade, a certain Pasquale de Girolami, who had been reduced to distress by a wound and long illness, he carried off a wealthy proprietor of Terracina, for whose ransom they obtained a thousand crowns. With this sum they were enabled to decorate their persons with cartridge girdles adorned with silver plates, with silver buttons, and gold earrings. The vanity of a brigand seems to be among the most repulsive of all vanities. But nature is the same in all, no matter under what slight differences of form it may present itself—a peculiar cut or color of garb, a waistcoat, a neck-tie, or even gold earrings.

The two bandits were thus enabled to dazzle Massaroni and his men when they returned to head-quarters, and the former was so jealous of Gasbaroni's success that he organized an expedition against the seminary of Terracina, situated on a hill outside the town. This expedition entailed the death of the father-rector, the capture of seven students, one of whom was sent home because he was

wounded, and the murder of two youths in cold blood, although their ransom (four thousand crowns) had been duly received for them as well as for the others.

In 1820 a revolution in Naples drove Ferdinand I. from the throne, and an Austrian army was sent to punish the rebels. The latter, under Prince Caracosi, established relations with the bandits, the two principal bands of which were Massaroni's, in the Pontifical, and Michele Magari's, in the Neapolitan States. They were offered the village of Monticello-di-Fondi for head-quarters, and thirty sous pay per diem, if they would only harass the Austrians as the celebrated Fra Diavolo of Itri had previously done the French. Massaroni himself was accoutred in a red uniform with a captain's epaulets. It is thus that the Italian states have in all times of trouble organized brigandage, and consequently strengthened its footing in the country. Even Garibaldi himself has in his time been denounced as a brigand, and a price of thirty thousand crowns placed upon his head.

The two bands united did not at first number more than twenty-five men; but a recognized and paid banditti was another thing, and in less than a month a hundred and twenty-five criminals and outlaws came to seek employment at Monticello. They had their chaplain and their surgeon. Such as were married and had families were joined by them, others took to themselves women of Monticello. Festivities and orgies became the order of the day. A guard was mounted, it is true, and the business of the bandits was transacted at Naples by one Antonio Mattei; but as to the rest of the outlaws, they thought of nothing but indulgence in sensual and riotous debauchery. Massaroni, whose wife, Matilda, was as much given to excesses as her husband, encouraged him in his orgies, until the wound, which we have before noticed, re-opened, and he was laid up with a dangerous illness. Gasbaroni was, if anything, still more licentious in his conduct, and he spent all his money upon vile courtesans attracted to the spot by the rumors of prodigality. Poverty soon obliged him to have recourse to the highway—a proceeding which was not precisely in the pro-

gramme of their political duties at Monticello; so government interfered, and the bandits were obliged to send four unfortunate young volunteers to be shot in their places. Even Italian consciences were shocked by such an outrage upon human nature.

When the Austrians arrived on the frontiers, the Neapolitans disappeared as if by magic, and the brigands also hastened to evacuate Monticello. Gasbaroni, who was one of the last to quit the arms of his mistress, recognized among the officers who came to take possession of the place, one whom he had known at Mola-di-Gaëta in 1815, and, entering into communication with him, he obtained through his mediation an order that Monticello should continue to be an asylum for brigands.

An anonymous letter, announcing that the village would be attacked, however, induced Gasbaroni to withdraw from it shortly afterwards, and selecting fifteen of the most enterprising youths in the place, he formed a band of his own. Among those who stood by him was a priest named Nicola Tolfa, and under his guidance a descent was effected upon the monastery of Chartreux, at Frascati, and four of the monks were led off to captivity. But Nicola Tolfa, who was also employed in negotiating the ransom, fell into the hands of the authorities, and he was condemned to perpetual seclusion, while the gendarmes, following up the band, killed one of their number and wounded one of the captive monks. All that the band got by this daring exploit was some two thousand crowns. This was very little for such men as Vittori, Feodi, Girolarni, and Minocci, all of whom belonged to Gasbaroni's band, and whose heads were, like his, valued at three thousand crowns.

Whilst Gasbaroni was thus plying his avocation on his own account, Monticello, where Massaroni had remained confined by illness, was invested on the night of the 21st of June by the united Pontifical and Neapolitan forces; most of the band made their escape, but Massaroni was captured, exposed on the Place of Fondi, and dying the same night, his head was cut off and conveyed to Frosinone. Several other brigands were either slain or made prisoners on this occasion. One of them, Mastroluga, a

man of singular ferocity, was hid in a stable, and would have escaped, but that, seeing among the sbirri a man to whom he bore a deadly enmity, he could not resist the temptation of shooting him. The rest being thus made aware of his hiding-place, rushed upon him and put him to death. It was all over, however, with what were designated as the pleasures of the enchanted Castle of Monticello; some who escaped joined the band of Magari in Naples, others returned to their homes. Mattei, whom we have before noticed as acting as secretary at Naples when the outlaws were quartered at Monticello, and who was the man who led to their extermination, was encountered by one Ugolini, a refugee from head-quarters, and was by him put to death. This Ugolini was incorporated into the sbirri, who, at that epoch, being organized into ten companies of a hundred men each, were more generally known by the name of *Centurini*.

Gasbaroni, after his exploit at Frascati, entered upon a campaign in the Abruzzi, passing on his way the towns of Arpino and Sera, where he had the audacity to display himself in the cafes without any one daring to molest him. Thence, after levying contributions from merchants and others, he took to the Apennines, near Leonessa. Here he and his band were surrounded by an armed force, but Gasbaroni, having remarked a certain anxiety among the shepherds of the vicinity, withdrew with his band into a rocky defile, whence they were enabled to drive off their assailants, with the loss of only two men wounded.

Winter coming on, and the mountains becoming clad with snow, the band was obliged to return to the maritime region of Frosinone. Government was at this moment very active in putting down brigandage. All the relatives of bandits were arrested, and their houses demolished. As to Gasbaroni, he was placarded as a "tiger who devoured the hand that fed him as well as the hand that struck him." The bandit chief, determined to show that he was not the tiger that he was represented to be, made two successive visits on the occasion of the fair at Veroli, one to the inn at Alatri, the other to the inn at the bridge of Tommacella, when

they were full of people—merchants and tradesmen, priests and soldiers, women and children—and supping with them, and treating them, left every one delighted with his affability and generosity.

The peasantry were, however, influenced by the hostility of government, and began to denounce the movements of the banditti. The latter, however, soon put a stop to this by massacring all who ventured to denounce them—Magari and his band at Reisonna, Gasbaroni in Frosinone. A favorite spot had been selected by the latter for carrying on business, and this was on the high road to Naples, between Portello, the custom-house of the Neapolitan States, and Epitafio, the custom-house of the Pontifical States. Here they stopped whatever conveyances pleased their fancy which were plying between Fondi and Terracina. Among other captives thus made was an Austrian colonel and his servant. The colonel, Gutuohsen by name, wrote for his ransom, fixed at twenty thousand crowns, to the police at Terracina and to his general at Naples. The latter replied, "Ai signori brigante di Valle-Marina"—such was the superscription of the missive—that he would send twenty thousand soldiers instead of the twenty thousand crowns demanded. The general accordingly arranged with the armed force of Frosinone that the banditti should be surrounded by the former coming over the mountains to the north, whilst a strong force of Austrians advanced, also over the hills, from the Terra di Lavoro. The bandits were thus fairly entrapped; but Gasbaroni, having perceived that the troops of the Pontifical States had put white kerchiefs around their hats, so that they should be known to the Austrians, he made his band adopt the same insignia, and they were thus enabled to pass through the Austrian lines with their prisoner unscathed. Gasbaroni, fearful, however, that the Austrians might take reprisals on their families, set the colonel free—against the wishes of Vittori and others, who were desirous of putting him to death; and the latter was ever afterwards grateful to Gasbaroni, and when a general he set some of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; and when the bandit chief was himself a prisoner at

Civita Vecchia in 1834, he visited him, and did everything in his power to relieve the privations of his captivity.

Upon another occasion, and in the same locality—that is to say, in the group of hills and valleys that come down to the shore between Fondi and Terracina—Gasbaroni attacked a whole brigade of gendarmerie who had ventured into the hills in pursuit of the bandits, and put them to flight, killing four and wounding many others.

Gasbaroni made his second campaign in the Abruzzi in the summer of 1822, and upon this occasion he lost his lieutenant, Vittori, who was shot in an ambuscade by the Neapolitan gendarmerie. Gasbaroni himself received a ball through the leg and arm in the winter of the same year, as he was stooping to pick up his rifle, not far from Terracina. He was obliged, in consequence, to lay up in a hut near Monticello. It is said that the ointment procured at Fondi for dressing his wounds was poisoned by the authorities. This having failed, a strong party was organized to capture him in his retreat, but Gasbaroni, having received intelligence of the movement, had himself transported to another mountain, whence he could contemplate at his ease the arrival of the armed force, and their useless exploration of the hut and the surrounding woods.

A third campaign was entered upon in 1823, Gasbaroni having recovered from his wounds. Nay, so perfectly had he recovered his health, that seeing one day some women busy gathering wood in the forest, he bade his band bring them in. Never was order obeyed with greater alacrity. Gasbaroni, as usual, selected the prettiest; but she was as virtuous as she was fair, and opposing force to the approaches of the bandit, Gasbaroni got into such a passion that he put the unfortunate young woman to death.

Luckily the accursed bandit was not always so sanguinarily disposed. Meeting a noble lady on horseback accompanied by only one servant, he arrested her, and demanded a ransom of two thousand crowns. But the lady declaring that her husband, although wealthy, did not like her sufficiently to pay a ransom to procure her freedom, Gasbaroni

was so much amused by the incident that he consented to set the lady at liberty on condition that she would give him information regarding the whereabouts and resources of her relatives. The lady appears to have been nothing loth, and he was enabled by these means to obtain possession of the persons of the intendant of Prince Colonna and of his son-in-law, and a ransom of two thousand crowns—a feat which, however, cost him dear.

The victims, on their liberation, set all the *sbirri* of Palestrina and Anagni on the traces of the robbers, who were caught in an ambuscade, and in the skirmish that ensued, although the *sbirri* were driven off, Gasbaroni received a third wound, this time in the back and shoulders. He was once more obliged to lay up, selecting the territory of Veroli until he was cured, after which he descended into the maritime districts, where he learned from the peasants that a plan had been organized for capturing him during the winter in the farm of Pia, a spot situated at the extremity of the Pontine marshes, not far from Terracina, and close to the high road to Frosinone, but sheltered by two deep streams and beds of reeds, and which was one of the favorite resorts of the banditti. Here they were invaded on Shrove Tuesday, 1824, by a strong force of dragoons, gendarmes, and *sbirri*. But Gasbaroni's luck did not fail him; fearing a plot, he had withdrawn to the forest of Rocca-Secca, and the rest of the band escaped by a ford over the Amazeno, which had been left unguarded, after killing one of the *sbirri*. Soon afterwards, Gasbaroni revenged himself for the treachery of the peasants of the Pia farm by putting four of them to death, and burning down the house of one of the leaders of the armed force.

These incidents happened at the epoch when Leo XII. had just succeeded to Pope Pius VII., and all attempts to conciliate the brigands were frustrated by the inveterate animosity of Gasbaroni. The latter, after massacring the peasants at Pia, withdrew to the hills of Piperno, where he stopped the diligence, but only got seven hundred crowns and a sackful of sweetmeats. The band was in return pursued by the gendarmerie, who were, however, beaten off. This done, they

took their way to the Strada d'Appia, at the entrance to which they stumbled upon an English carriage, which they stopped and plundered of eighty crowns, a gold watch, and a good deal of linen. A shepherd, upon whose person some of this linen was afterwards discovered, was hung in consequence.

In 1824, the episcopacy of Frosinone was converted into a legation, and the bishop was succeeded by Cardinal Pallotta, who removed the seat of jurisdiction to Ferentino, and at the same time relaxed the laws against brigandage. This was, indeed, the golden age of bandits. Gasbaroni and his band were enabled, under the new edict, to spend the nights in villages and country-houses, enjoying unlimited hospitality. But this happy state of things was soon put an end to by Gasbaroni's violence, he having penetrated with his band into the church of Pisterzo, on the occasion of the celebration of grand mass on Ascension-day, and massacred the governor, who had manifested great hostility to bandits. A thing incomprehensible without the Pontifical States, the archpriest, who was performing mass at the time, invited Gasbaroni and his band to dinner after the murder. Cardinal Pallotta, however, sent his commissary to Pisterzo, to levy a fine of five hundred crowns for the scenes enacted there, as also the same sum at Veroli, where Minocci and his band had been ravaging the women.

Cardinal Pallotta was succeeded by Monsignore Benvenuti, who showed much greater vigor in suppressing brigandage. Gasbaroni, after enjoying himself some time at Piperno, had taken up his quarters in the forest of Caserta, a vast wood which stretches from near Terracina to Rome, a distance of seventy miles, and is designated, according to the towns it neighbors, forest of Terracina, of San Felice, of Cisterna, of Nettuno, of Campo Morto, and of Conca. The high road, known as the Strada d'Appia, is carried along the line of demarcation between this forest and the Pontine Marshes. The first capture made was of two Austrian officers; but as no ransom was to be got, they were robbed and allowed to depart. A next exploit was the capture of a wealthy proprietor in his own mansion at Montelánico, and who was ransomed for four

thousand crowns, besides considerable booty found on the premises.

Treachery began at this epoch to manifest itself among the bandits. First, one Bracci slew another bandit named Iranelli, and took his head to Frosinone in order to pocket the reward. Next, a traitor of the name of Ciovaglia, not only carried the head of his comrade Mandatori to Frosinone, but he also denounced the movements of the banditti, and the names of their accomplices. This was followed by Olivieri and Vitori slaying the bandit Orsini, and then enrolling themselves among the sbirri. The most fatal of all betrayals was, however, that of the shepherd Vallecorsa, who, to save the life of his brother, denounced the whereabouts of Minocci and his small detachment. They were surrounded, and Minocci, Simoni, Grammana, and Percari were slain, and Feodi was grievously wounded.

It happened with Gasbaroni's band just as with Minocci's. The brother of a shepherd, named Mangiapelo, had been condemned to death for having linen taken from the English carriage on his person. Mangiapelo denounced the whereabouts of Gasbaroni in order to save his brother's life. All the available force at Frosinone was accordingly despatched in three detachments into the forest of Caserta. The consequence was that the bandits were obliged to disperse in various directions, and many fell victims to the treachery of their own comrades. Gasbaroni made his escape into the territory of Naples, with only six of his band remaining.

Disorganization of the banditti once set in, it proceeded at a quick pace. On the 15th of July, 1825, Feodi and a small detachment, betrayed by a peasant, were caught in an ambuscade by the civic guard of Naples; two of the bandits were killed, and Feodi, wounded, was made prisoner, and perished in tortures in the Place of Pastena. The system of exportation of the families of bandits had also been once more put in force, and tended to increase the already existing demoralization. Gasbaroni's last murder was that of a shepherd, who had betrayed his band at Predaporci, near Terracina. He had some time previously fallen in love with the daughter of a well-to-do peasant of Sonnino—

Gertruda Demarchis by name. His affection was returned; and the two used often to meet in the daytime, for at night the girl could not get out, the gates of Sonnino being closed. In the fervor of his new passion the veteran bandit was induced to listen to promises of amnesty held out by Monsignore Pellegrini, sent to the legation by the secretary of state with especial power to seduce the bandits from their evil ways. An interview with the prelate was arranged near Monticello. Gasbaroni stipulated at this interview that the church of Madonna della Pietà, situated close to the gates of Sonnino, should be ceded to him and to his little band until the terms of the amnesty could be arranged. This was granted; the prelate knew that all that Gasbaroni sought for was to be with his beloved Gertruda Demarchis, and he felt sure of his victim. Gasbaroni was soon afterwards joined at the church, which served as an asylum, by the rest of his band, as also by that of Magari. On the 19th of September, 1825, the prelate Pellegrini dined with the assembled bandits, eight of whom agreed, upon the faith of his promises, to lay down their arms, and to proceed to Rome under his safeguard. Gasbaroni was one of the eight.

Arrived at the capital, they were confined in Fort San Angelo, whilst Gertruda, who had been promised in marriage to Gasbaroni by the prelate, as a reward for his submission, was removed to another place. The number of prisoners was soon increased by other submissions brought about by the same fallacious promises. On the 24th of May, 1826, Gasbaroni and ten others were removed to Civita Vecchia, and they remained there until the Revolution of 1848, when they were removed, first to Rocca di Spoleto, and then to Civita-Castellana.

There were fifty brigands in Gasbaroni's band in the Pontifical States, and eight in Magari's in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1824. Out of the first-mentioned fifty, seventeen were killed or betrayed, eight by the gendarmes or their acolytes, nine by peasants; seven were betrayed by their own comrades. All the rest capitulated, and must have since died in prison. On the

18th of November, 1866, Gasbaroni was still alive, with seven only of his band and one Neapolitan; but he was racked by rheumatism contracted in damp dungeons; his beard was white as snow; his teeth were gone; and he was awaiting to appear before that judgment-seat which may be more merciful than that of men, but where he had much to account for.

(Concluded from Page 597.)

ABYSSINIA.

IN 1849 the English appear again. The three great divisions of Abyssinia were then ruled, Tigré and Samien by Ubié, Amhara by Ras Ali, and Shoa by Sahela Selassie, with none of whom had we any treaty. But in that year, through the efforts of Dr. Beke, who travelled there in 1841, and was anxious to try if a supply of laborers for our sugar-growing colonies could not be obtained from among the adventurous race of the Abyssinian Highlands, Mr. Walter Plowden was appointed British Consul at Massowah, duly accredited to Abyssinia, and a treaty was signed between England and Ras Ali in the same year. Mr. Plowden found a countryman and a former fellow-traveller, Mr. John G. Bell, in high favor at Court. He had married the daughter of a native chieftain, and adopted Abyssinian habits; and had been of great use to Ras Ali in his contest with Ubié, his only formidable rival. Tigré was in insurrection; and it seems probable that Messrs. Bell and Plowden attached themselves to Ras Ali in the belief that he was the man most likely to obtain a firm hold in the country if Ubié fell. Mr. Plowden's policy obtained the approval of his Government,—even when he meddled with Abyssinian affairs so far as to raise a body of muskeeters for the army of which his friend was commander-in-chief. This act procured him a nickname in Abyssinia, which has descended to his successor Captain Cameron. The natives, in their attempts to pronounce his name, got as far as "Buladen;" then, shortening this to "Bulad," and prefixing "Basha," they dubbed him "General Gunlock." This is a fair instance of the characteristic love of punning, to which their light-mindedness and the genius of

the language constantly tend. Their very poetry, abundant as it is, is nearly all satirical and full of verbal quibbles.

But Ubié, backed by the French, Ras Ali by the English, and Sahela Selassie in Shoa, were all soon to find their master in a young bandit chief of whose existence, perhaps, they were scarcely aware. Going back to the year 1818, we find the province of Kuara under the regency of the widow of Hailo, the recent governor of the province. She was of low birth, and the nobles resented her appointment. She was soon driven from the throne and reduced to sell kosso in the streets,—a drastic drug of universal use in Abyssinia, and recently adopted by our own medical men,—while Kassai was sent to a convent on Lake Dembea to be educated for a "debtera." He had remained there long enough to acquire so much knowledge as entitled him to be considered an accomplished man according to the Abyssinian standard, when the convent was pillaged by a marauding party, and Kassai fled to his native mountains, where he soon collected a rabble of followers. He then set out for the seat of war between Ras Ali and Ubié, determined to join the stronger party. Meeting on the way with a troop under Menena, a famous Amrazon, mother of Ras Ali, and governor of Dembea, a woman of indomitable pride and fierce temper, he attacked and defeated them, wounding and making her a prisoner. Ras Ali at once appreciated his talents, made him joint-governor of Dembea with Menena, gave him high rank in the army, and, with Menena's consent, married him to his daughter. Kassai next undertook to recover the district of Galabat and Kuara, which had been seized by the Egyptians during the disturbances after his father's death; but he was repulsed and wounded. His doctor demanded a cow for his fee before he would do anything. Kassai wrote for one to Menena, who, however, thought that he was down, and might safely be insulted; so she sent him a quarter of one, saying that it was enough for a man of his condition. As soon as ever he was able to sit in his saddle again, she paid for her message by the loss of her authority and liberty. She had few qualities to recommend her to our pity. One say-

ing describes her ideas of policy. Being remonstrated with for destroying a large portion of the palace at Gondar, which bore witness to the magnificence of the earlier kings, she said, "We have no time to leave similar traces of power; so we will destroy the works of others, which give the people ground for despising us." It is confidently said that she was known to kidnap and eat children.

On the capture of his mother, Ras Ali offered to make terms with Kassai, and obtained her release. But his son-in-law kept Gondar, declared himself Ras, and seized the tribute due from Gocho, the Governor of Shoa. Ali at once promised Gocho all the territory which he could conquer from Kassai, and war followed, in which the young adventurer was compelled again to fly to his native mountains. But in 1852 he reappeared at the head of a force sufficient to defeat Gocho, who was killed. Ras Ali fled to his kinsfolk the Gallas; and Kassai was left master of Amhara, Kuara, and Dembea. He had also taken prisoner Birru, Gocho's son, and Shoa was at his feet.

The question of supremacy now lay between him and Ubié, and was by mutual consent to be left to the decision of a council of nobles, who met at Gondar, in February, 1854. The council soon showed symptoms of favoring Ubié, the Abuna declaring himself ready to crown his patron emperor. But Kassai promised M. Jacobis, that if he, as Roman Catholic "Abuna," would crown him, the empire should profess the Catholic faith. Jacobis instantly complied; and when Salama excommunicated Kassai, he was simply told that, though French absolution was as valid as Coptic excommunication, there was room for negotiation. Salama took the hint; and a bargain was struck, by which he came over to Kassai, and the Catholics were banished. Ubié tried the fortune of a battle; but was totally defeated on the field of Dereskié, and taken prisoner. This was in February, 1855. Seven years later, he regained his liberty, on the marriage of his daughter to the conqueror, but has been again confined on some pretext unknown.

Two days after the battle, Kassai was crowned "king of the kings (Negus) of Ethiopia." He took the name

Theodore, perhaps from mere policy, perhaps himself partly deceived, in order to secure the *prestige* given by an ancient prophecy which declared that a prince of that name should restore the glories of the Ethiopic empire, and spread Christianity throughout the world. From this time he claimed descent from the original line of kings, and counted it high treason to remember his mother's lowly occupation.

Messrs. Plowden and Bell had already joined his party, for the same reason that they had attached themselves to Ras Ali, and were now his right-hand men and intimates. Mr. Bell aided him in the revision of the laws, and advised and supported him in carrying out many most needful reforms. Indeed, under this influence, he reigned so well as to appear, in the eyes of missionaries and travellers of all nations, one of the most virtuous, amiable and pious, as well as firm and judicious men who ever adorned a throne. His handsome person, charming manners, wisdom in projecting and ability in carrying out schemes for the benefit of his people, made him, in M. Lejean's opinion, one of the most remarkable men of the century. The dark traits of his character,—his pride, his violent bursts of passion, his ambition, his drunkenness, licentiousness, were kept in check by his two friends, and by his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached.

A few instances will show that his good character was not undeserved. One great necessity of the kingdom was to reduce the power of the clergy. Ecclesiastical disputes had long been the bane of the country; and the new emperor was not sorry to find an opportunity of holding them up to public ridicule. Said Pasha, of Egypt, sent his Abuna as an envoy to Gondar, in 1856, to ask for guarantees against the persecution of Mahomedanism, to which Theodore was inclined. Abuna David thought he would also do a little for himself in the way of buying slaves,—the Christians of Abyssinia being allowed to buy, but not to sell, in that trade. He took grave offence when the Emperor asked him contemptuously whether he had come to further Egyptian interests or the cause of toleration, and used his great weapon of excom-

munication. Salama at once absolved his sovereign; David was confined in a tent, surrounded by a thorny hedge, close to the similar abode of his rival; and the two dignitaries were left to have their quarrel out in the presence of the soldiery. David told Salama that his absolution was of no avail against the punishment of his superior, "and I excommunicate thee." "In Abyssinia thou art nothing, and I am supreme. I excommunicate thee," shouted back Salama; and so the wordy war went on till Theodore thought his men had learned their lesson of contempt for the Church.

The country was overrun by brigands; and Theodore issued a decree that every man should return to the occupation of his forefathers. A village of robbers came before him, and pleaded that their ancestors had all been highwaymen. Theodore offered to stock their farms if they would quietly set to work. But they left him apparently baffled by their adherence to the letter of his order. On their way home a troop of the royal cavalry taught them that there was an older law to put down violence and kill robbers.

Hitherto two modes of marriage had been recognized, the one sanctioned by the Church, and indissoluble, the other simply a civil contract, to be broken at the whim of either party. This latter connection, which was universal in the army, common throughout the country, and fashionable among the nobility, Theodore strongly discountenanced. Married himself at the altar, he enforced the ceremony on his soldiery, and favored it to the utmost of his power where he did not feel himself able to compel it.

His judges were all venal to the last degree; and he resolved to take the administration of justice into his own hand. To do this without unfairness, he brought before them a cause to which he was himself a party. They hesitated to give sentence, saying, "Your Majesty is the law." He said that, if so, he would be his own executive, and stripped them of all but their titles. Thenceforward not merely appeals, but ordinary cases were brought before him. He listened with the greatest patience and diligence, and was always accessible. Often he was waked by the lamentable

cries and howlings of suitors long before the proper State official came to arouse the palace, and drive away the hyænas from the gates, with the crack of his whip.

Theodore also began one work which alone remains, amid the ruin caused by his ungoverned savagery, to tell of the bright and hopeful beginning of his reign. It was the making roads in the neighborhood of Gondar, his capital, and of Magdala, where the State prison and the arsenal are.

Under the shadow of Mr. Plowden and Mr. Bell, the Protestants again came into favor. Dr. Krapf replaced M. Jacobis. Encouraged by the promise of the new *régime*, M. Gobat introduced a number of artisan missionaries, trained at the college founded at Basle, by Spittler, in 1840. Theodore was delighted, received them with great kindness, and sent them to Gaffat, a village near to Debra Tabor, where they worked for him in iron, built houses, made roads, and attempted to make a carriage—but forgot the wheels. In later and worse times, they were set perforce to make mortars, an art which is not instinctive: no wonder if the guns blew up. A little later, in 1860, Mr. Stern was sent out by the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, and obtained leave to undertake a mission to the Falashas, who, scattered through the central provinces, keep the Levitical ritual almost intact, so far as it is possible to do so without a temple. A Scotch mission went out about the same time, one of whose members was Mr. Staiger. Mr. Stern did not stay in the country; but came home for a couple of years, wrote a book about his journey, and returned with Mr. Rosenthal, also now in imprisonment. Mr. Flad, whose name so frequently occurs in the newspapers, was one of the first batch of artisans. It has sometimes been found difficult for missionaries of different sects to work together in a narrow field; and it is said that these rival embassies did not always live on the best terms with each other. It was a "happy family" that Theodore collected in his cage at Magdala; and if our Christian missions outlive our warlike one, doubtless greater harmony will prevail.

In spite of his good conduct, the Emperor had lost none of his appetite for

power, and broke out, from time to time, when his English friends were not at hand, into acts of diabolical cruelty. He had not been on the throne more than three years, when he set up an accusation of heresy against Shoa, and, marching against it, took the capital and its governor, and put one of his relatives in charge of the province. He was called thence to suppress a rising in Godjam, where he showed barbarous severity. It was vain, if he hoped so to overawe the rebels. For, the next year, the province again rebelled under Tedla Gualu, the governor whom he had himself placed over it, and who also traces his descent from the legitimate dynasty. This man has succeeded in making good his position from that time till the present—a period of eight years.

In 1859 the Chief of Tigré raised the standard of revolt. Not daring to risk the life of the captive, Ubié, by setting one of his sons at their head, they agreed to combine under a leader of the name of Negousyé, who had been once in high office, but had retired into private life, and was loth to make himself prominent again. But he had distinguished himself at Dereskyé, and the nobles proclaimed him Emperor against his will. This war lasted for some time with varying success, and led to results as disastrous to the conquerors as to the conquered. Consul Plowden was attacked by a body of men under Gerred, a cousin of Negousyé's, and was wounded and taken prisoner. Theodore at once ransomed him—an act of generosity which was suitably acknowledged by both the Home and the Indian Governments—but he died of his wounds. Shortly afterwards Mr. Bell, at the head of the royal troops, struck down Gerred, but was himself killed; and Theodore completed the tragedy by killing Gerred's brother, the only remaining leader of the rebels, who at once laid down their arms. But the king, maddened by grief for the loss of his friends, and of his queen, who had recently died, put 150 of the defenceless troops to the sword, and amputated the feet and hands of the other 1,500. This was the beginning of a great change in him. Thenceforth he abandoned himself to all savage impulses in war and to all vicious excesses in private life.

Strange to say, he received a formal letter of thanks from our Government for thus revenging the deaths of two British subjects. Negousyé himself soon fell into his hands, suffered amputation, and was left to die in the sun. Theodore entered Axum in triumph, and was met by the clergy of the monastery, of which the city chiefly consists. He made a grand oration to them, which reached this climax: "I have made an agreement with God. He will not come down to earth to smite me, and I shall not go up to heaven to molest Him."

Returning to Godjam, Theodore took with him the newly-appointed French Consul, M. Lejean, who tasted his severity in a twenty-four hours' arrest for a trifling breach of court etiquette. Here Captain Cameron, the successor of Mr. Plowden, also joined him, bringing in his train Mr. Bardel, who has since attained an unenviable notoriety. Disorders abounded in the interior; and M. Lejean puts into the Emperor's mouth a reflection that, finding his efforts at good government baffled by universal insubordination, he had come to know that his first idea of being a herald of peace and order was a mistake, and that really he was a rod in the hand of God. He had "Theodore, the Scourge of the Perverse," inscribed on the carriages of his cannon.

Hoping to strengthen himself by external alliances, he next despatched M. Bardel as ambassador to France, and commissioned Captain Cameron to send letters for him to England. Captain Cameron also went, at his request, to try to prevent hostilities with the Egyptians in the territory of Bogos—a mission which he combined with a journey he had been directed by the Foreign Office to take, to investigate the capabilities of the cotton districts on the western frontier. It proved an unfortunate expedition altogether. On his return to Court, he received letters from home, blaming him for mixing himself up with Abyssinian politics—though Mr. Plowden had been approved for doing the same; bidding him tell Theodore not to count on English support against Egypt; directing him to return to Massowah; and taking no notice of Theodore's letter to the Queen, or his offer

of friendly relations. Every particular of these instructions of Lord Russell's was vexatious to the King, and added to the suspicion he entertained against Cameron for having dismissed his Abyssinian attendant on the frontier, and gone to stay for some time on Turkish ground. He put him on parol till a formal answer should come to the letter, and thus prevented his return to Massowah in obedience to orders.

Meanwhile, M. Bardel returned with a letter from M. Druyn de Lhuys, but not from Napoleon himself, expressing approbation of Theodore's conduct in tolerating Catholic missions—which he had not done, but had banished them all; warning him to calculate his strength before entering on a war against Egypt; and expressing friendly sentiments. This tone of distant patronage was more than Theodore could endure. He called all the Europeans together to hear his denunciation of the French Emperor, and dismissed M. Lejean, who vainly tried to explain matters.

The French Consul sent home, and Captain Cameron out of favor, the Emperor's wrath was increased, early in September, 1863, by a difficulty about some letters which Captain Cameron sent down to Massowah, but which were seized by the governor of Woggera. The servant who went to ask for their restitution was, by royal command, beaten severely on the morning of October the 15th, 1863. That same evening, Mr. Stern, returning from a missionary journey, presented himself at Court with two servants. The time was inconvenient, and the interpreters mistranslated Mr. Stern's speech. Theodore's fury broke bounds, and the two servants were beaten to death. In great distress and excitement at the shocking scene, Mr. Stern bit his thumb. Some courtiers standing near, saw him, and represented the act to Theodore as a threat of revenge. Next day, Mr. Stern was himself seized, and beaten so severely that his life was long in danger. Captain Cameron, who wished to interfere on his behalf, was refused an audience; and Mr. Flad with difficulty got leave to attend to the sufferer. That Theodore had no personal quarrel with Mr. Stern, and felt that he had none, is obvious from his

sending to Gaffat, a fortnight later, to propose that the workmen should come to Gondar, and formally reconcile him to Mr. Stern in the Abyssinian fashion, according to which the peacemaker ceremoniously introduces the parties to each other, that they may mutually ask forgiveness. But before this could be done, fresh complications arose. Mr. Stern had written in his pocket-book, and in some letters not yet despatched, several things about Theodore likely to increase his anger—comments on his evil life, and on his bad government. He was anxious to destroy these, and asked his seeming friend, M. Bardel, to do it for him. When M. Bardel afterwards came to share the imprisonment, he confessed to having betrayed these notes to the Emperor. Another cause of offence was trumped up. Mr. Stern, in his book, told the story of Theodore's youth, not omitting mention of his mother's humble industry. Somehow or other this came to Theodore's knowledge, and gave him huge offence; and it has ever since furnished him with a topic for constant reproach and ill-will against the missionaries.

The result of this treachery of M. Bardel's was, that first all the missionaries, together with the artisans and their wives, were taken and imprisoned; and then all the Europeans who could be found, including Captain Cameron. This was at the end of October, 1863. A few days after, a sort of trial was held, and the lay missionaries were released: Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal, accused of crimes of precisely the same nature, were declared worthy of death, but were respited at the petition of the Waag-Shum Gobazye (Governor of Waag), then one of the principal men at Court; but who now, at the head of a considerable force, is in revolt against Theodore, and claims independent sovereignty. The Scotch missionaries were also set at liberty.

Two days later, on the 22nd of November, 1863, a young Irishman, Mr. Kerens, arrived at Gondar as Secretary to Captain Cameron, bringing with him presents to the Emperor. One of these chanced to be a rug, with a picture upon it of a Zouave attacking a lion, and aided by a mounted European. Theodore at once interpreted this as a studied insult: the lion must be himself, "The Lion of

the House of Judah," as his State seal entitles him; the Zouave was a Turk attacking him, while the armed European, a Frenchman, helped. "Where is the Englishman to help the lion?" he asked. Kerens was imprisoned; and Cameron, who having received a fresh order from home to go to Massowah, had asked Theodore for his dismissal, was for the first time put in chains.

Early in December, news of these transactions reached England; and the eyes of our readers have since that time been so constantly turned to Abyssinia, that it is unnecessary to detail here the sufferings of the captives and the efforts made for their release, culminating in the present expedition. It will be remembered that in 1864 a demand for their release, contained in an autograph letter from the Queen to Theodore, was made through Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, the assistant to our political resident at Aden. This gentleman, a native of Mosul, of Christian parentage and English education, who had shown ability in Mr. Layard's work at Nineveh, was thought peculiarly fitted, by his antecedents, and by his diplomatic and personal gifts, for the difficult post. At first he seemed certain of success; and a report reached us in January, 1866, that the prisoners had actually been released. But it proved that Theodore was only playing the game of the cat with the mouse; and Mr. Rassam was added to the number of the victims of his caprice. All were sent to Magdala; where, in the State prison on the top of a high rock, loaded with chains which give no respite from distress, but otherwise meeting with all varieties of treatment which the drunken caprice of their captor, or the temper of their gaolers suggest, they have now (with one exception) for years kept up health and spirits and constant communication with their friends. Their captivity is shared by all the powerful chiefs of the country upon whom Theodore has managed to lay hands, including Salama, Ubié Birru, the son of Gocho, and legitimate ruler of Shoa, and many others. The detention of these chiefs does not secure tranquillity in the country. The Waagshum Gobazye is at the head of revolt in Lasta and Waag; Tedla Gualu in Godjam; Menilek, Theodore's son-in-law, and son of the last Governor, in

Shoa; and a relative of Negousyé, named Tessu (*Qu. Kassai*) Gobazye, in Tigré; while large masses of Egyptian troops on the frontier, increased garrisons in the ports lately ceded by Turkey to Egypt, together with our own threatened invasion, combine to make Abyssinia politically as tossed and torn as the wildest of its rugged hill-ranges.

And now, what chance have we in our endeavor to bring off our countrymen? We have to do with a clever strategist and a man of bold and desperate resource; who has never risked his power by concentrating it in any one city, but has within the last two or three years entirely destroyed his capital, and now lives in a flying camp. But the troops which he commands, at best imperfectly armed, unaccustomed to resist disciplined force, and physically weak through the vegetable diet to which their fasts confine them for more than nine months in the year, are few in number, and decreasing daily through disease and the mad severity of the Emperor. Yet they are said to be capable of almost any efforts, so powerful is the devotion or fear with which the savage monarch inspires friend and foe.

It is commonly hoped that we may procure some one of the rebel chiefs to do for us what we doubt our power to do for ourselves. If, indeed, while we are making our marches, any one pretender to empire should obtain possession of our envoys—especially if it should be the Waagshum Gobazye—it is possible that we may find him more easy to treat with than Theodore; and a bribe to him would not touch our national honor. But the Turks are the *bête noir* of the Abyssinians; we are known as their allies; Egyptian troops are in Massowah; and it would take very little to unite all the contending parties in a common hatred and distrust of the "Frankis" or "Gypzis," as they call us. Our commanders have so far received help and encouragement; but its continuance must not be relied upon. Our success is not a military question; it concerns the lives of our envoys; and the chances of war in an uncivilized state are incalculable. We can destroy, but how can we conquer?

When this quarrel of ours is laid, and supposing that the country should by

any means be united under one ruler, is it capable of becoming anything like a civilized country? Its original institutions are good, could they only be carried into effect; and the people cherish a vague reverence for the ancient civilization from which they have been retrograding through centuries of disorder. More western than eastern in their social habits, whatever disgust we may feel at their feasts of raw flesh, we cannot but admit that the equality of the sexes, the general education—so far at least as reading and writing go (and M. Lejean says that in this respect Abyssinia compares favorably with France), the universal obedience to the discipline of even so vitiated a form of Christianity as they possess, their toleration and even encouragement of missionary effort, their agricultural industry,—are all good materials ready for some skilful workman, or some powerful impulse. They are clever to learn anything that does not require an arithmetical process (which is a final stumbling-block to them); they are enterprising. They have the means of commercial wealth—a soil which produces, with little artificial aid, two or even three crops in a year, four-and-twenty sorts of breadstuffs, fine indigenous breeds of cattle and horses, the most rare and valuable drugs, cotton growing in profusion, unutilized and uncultivated, but of fine staple, the tea and coffee plants wild, gold, silver, and iron of good quality, and coal in abundance, and in many cases lying on the surface. The coal, indeed, they did not know the use of, till a little was carried to Gaffat for the iron works there.

What, then, is wanting to them? A settled government and access to the sea-coast. The energies of a restless people, shut up in an isolated region from all the civilizing influences of intercourse with other nations, have turned to constant internal dissension,—energies which, in a people fond as we are ourselves of travel, undaunted by hardships, and surrounded by regions whose fertility becomes more patent to us as every fresh traveller returns from the great Nile enterprise, might have continued and prospered a great Christian power in the East, had it not been for the Turk, whose very neighborhood

seems able, and able only, to bring ignorance, misrule and decay.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADAME TALLIEN.*

NOTRE DAME DE THERMIDOR is the somewhat sensational title-page to what purports to be a biography of Madame Tallien, from the pen of M. Arsène Houssaye; and as the heroine was so hailed with acclamation by the survivors of the Terror in '94, and the tale is in itself a romance, we can more easily pardon this little affectation than the many other vices of style and construction that we find as we proceed with the work. Would that it were a history of Madame Tallien or of Tallien himself, so that we might learn something of the real characters and motives of a man and woman who played such parts on such a stage, whom destiny threw together at the critical moment, and then left to drift asunder to meet "the sombre close of that voluptuous day" under such different circumstances. But the author tells us in his preface that he has a far wider and more ambitious aim than this: no other than to write the history of the Revolution as it has not been written yet. "Where," he says, "will you find it? Not in the pages of Thiers, Michelet, Louis Blanc, Esquiros, Lamartine or Mignet; no, each of these has his prejudices, the *Moniteur* itself has its passion. J'aurai la passion de la vérité!" This is the sublime of modest assurance. Must we tell him that he has failed to produce this desideratum in history which is to supersede and surpass all that has been said already, and that instead of finding truth reflected in the clear mirror which shall present us with the facts so harmonized and grouped that we can grasp them in their relative positions and importance, we rise from the perusal of his pages bewildered and fatigued with the effort to distinguish any fact at all in that which is essentially "without form and void." The Revolution itself was an era so tremendous that, as Buffon said of it, it might be called an epoch in nature—a tremendous theme to our thinking, fit only for the

* *Notre Dame de Thermidor: Histoire de Madame Tallien.* Par Arsène Houssaye.—H. Plon, Paris. 1867.

giants to handle, and which the pigmies would do well to avoid. But it will ever be a mine of sensational writing for French authors, and if its true historian has not yet arisen, the separate biographies that from time to time appear of the different characters who prominently figured in it, may be accepted as contributions to the history of the future, compiled as they are while the traditions of living witnesses still linger with the generation that is fast passing away. So for the present let us trace the career of Theresa Cabarrus, who was born a noble Spanish lady, married a French Marquis of the *ancien régime* at sixteen, at twenty divorced him, danced the carmagnole, led the fashion when full dress meant no more clothing than the drapery of a marble muse, and when these times and the fashion thereof had passed away, wore decorous *gigot* sleeves and died a Princess of Chimay.

Her father was a man of eminence, a financier, with theories of political economy far in advance of his day, and who had introduced the system of banking into Spain. Charles IV. named him director of the royal bank, and created him, for his past public services, a Count of Castile. M. de Cabarrus gave his children a careful education, and Theresa, when he brought her to Paris at sixteen, was already a most accomplished and brilliant personage. She sang and danced divinely; she spoke three languages in perfection; she had the rarest beauty, and what is rarer still in beautiful women—fascination. Her appearance made an immense sensation in Parisian society in the *carnaval* of 1788. Who among the hosts of her admirers was to be the fortunate man who should carry off such a prize? To the astonishment of many, the proposal she accepted was that of the Marquis de Fontenay: he might have been her father, but he was handsome still, gay, witty, rich, and devoted, and he won her fancy. The wedding fêtes were magnificent, and Madame de Fontenay was not less the fashion than la belle Cabarrus, whose younger lovers continued to flutter round her, and with Mirabeau, Champfort, Rivarol, Barnave, Camille Desmoulins, and others, formed a society over which, in the allées of Fontenay and the salons of Paris, she reigned a queen—or goddess rather in

the speech of those days, when queens were going out of fashion. It was the age when, by one consent, mankind, or at least French mankind, had been converted by Jean-Jacques Rousseau to the worship of nature and virtue. The Monthyon prize for the most virtuous action had been offered with not less gravity than a somewhat similar proposal lately made to the greatest benefactors of their species in connection with the International Exhibition at Paris, when the reign of universal peace began with the most unexampled show of rifled cannon and other material of war; and though in those days Baron Grimm scoffed at “messieurs les savants,” who were to sit in judgment on the comparative degrees of virtuous actions, virtue continued much in men’s mouths. Pure white was woman’s only wear; fêtes champêtres were no longer à la Watteau but à la nature. The repast was spread on the grass, which at once transported the *convives* to Arcadia, and if an inopportune gust of wind threatened to blow away the syllabubs or the gentlemen’s perruques (as once actually happened to M. de Robespierre at Fontenay), plenty of mirth compensated for lack of comfort.

Carle Vernet, Duplessis-Bertaut, Dubucourt, and Isabey have all left portraits in different styles of the lovely Theresa, but at the moment we speak of, it was, as our author informs us, “du grand style de faire peindre sa femme par Madame le Brun,” who surely never had a fairer sitter. The artist, who was said in general to paint ladies rather as they wished to be than as they were, confessed her inability in this case to improve on nature, or even to do justice to so many charms. The sittings were long, and to enlighten their tedium M. de Fontenay brought his friends to watch the progress of the portrait, and to give their opinion of it. One day when Rivarol was one of the society assembled in the studio of the Rue St. Honoré, the flow of his witticisms was interrupted by the entrance, unannounced, of a young man unknown to all the party, who came from Panckoucke’s printing-office to beg, he said, that M. de Rivarol would have the goodness to explain the meaning of some passages in his handwriting in a pamphlet just going to press, which had

baffled master and composers alike to decipher. While they discussed the MSS. with some sharpness on Rivarol's part, the young compositor answering with indomitable coolness and ready wit, the other visitors, gathered around the easel, were displaying their powers of criticism or of flattery; one found the mouth too large, another the eyes too small, till Madame le Brun, out of patience, exclaimed that they were one and all incompetent judges, and that as Molière used to appeal to his old servant for a sincere verdict, she should now, in the absence of her domestic, ask the young man who had just come in, and who did not look like a flatterer, what was his opinion. "Sir," she said, addressing him, "I have heard so many contradictory absurdities about this portrait that I am at a loss to know in truth whether what I have done is the work of an artist or of a sign-painter?" "Madame, I will tell you." There was a long silence, while the young man, unabashed, looked from the lady to the picture again and again, but ever longest at the lady; and then, after delivering himself in the very best language of an exceedingly intelligent criticism of the likeness, in which he failed not also to convey a delicate compliment to the original, he bowed to the company and departed. This was Tallien, and Madame de Fontenay had observed that he was handsome and distinguished, if not with the graces of the *vieille cour*, yet with an extraordinary energy and self-possession; and so in old age she told the story of their first meeting. The face and figure of the future tribune bore an individuality that could not be forgotten or mistaken, and twice again Madame de Fontenay recognized him before the fateful encounter at Bordeaux, once as the secretary of her *adornateur*, Alexandre de Lameth, and once in the Convention. Who was he? The reputed son of the Marquis de Bercy's steward, by many supposed to stand in that relationship to the marquis himself, who stood god-father to him and placed him at college. But at fifteen Tallien was already the very impersonation of revolt and insubordination, and he very soon fled from rules and study. The marquis refused to do more for him, the steward threatened him with his paternal malediction. "Taisez-vous, mon

père, cela ne se fait plus dans le monde," was the incorrigible reply. The mother brought him to reason so far as to consent to seek employment in a procureur's office, and still to study Greek and Latin at home. But a few days of office work and stamped paper wearied him, and he tried at Panckoucke's, the most classical printer of the day, to find a market for his knowledge of the dead languages as a compositor. There his talent and his idleness were alike remarkable. He seems to have fluctuated between the printers and the procureurs, and to have made many friends among the briefless young *avocats* with whom he paced the Salle des Pas Perdus. Presently we find him private secretary to A. de Lameth, and of course violently imbued with the passion of the Revolution. Let us in the meantime glance briefly at the momentous events of '89 and the two following years. The States General were convened at Versailles on the 4th of May, 1789; a few stormy weeks elapse, Mirabeau, leading the Third Estate, has won both nobles and clergy (the other two) to side with it in the struggle against court and ministers who are vanquished, and on the 22d of June the Estates proclaim themselves "the National Assembly," or Constituent Assembly, met to frame the constitution of France. M. Necker's dismissal is insisted on; the excitement in Paris grows and surges in the clubs and in the streets, till it culminates on the 14th July in the fall of the Bastille. Shall we also take a glimpse at the private journal of the person most concerned in all that is passing in the first fortnight of July? It is in the handwriting of Louis XVI., then at Versailles:

Mercredi, le 1er juillet 1789, rien. Députation des États. Jeudi, 2, monté à cheval à la porte du Maine pour la chasse du cerf à Port-Royal. Pris un. Vendredi, 3, rien. Samedi, 4, chasse du chevreuil au butard. Pris un et tué vingt-neuf pièces. Dimanche, 5, vespres et salut. Lundi, 6, rien. Mardi, 7, chasse du cerf à Port-Royal. Pris deux. Mercredi, 8, pris médecine. Jeudi, 9, rien. Députation des États. Vendredi, 10, rien. Réponse à la députation des États. Samedi, 11, rien. Départ de M. de Necker. Dimanche, 12, vespres et salut. Départ de MM. de Montmorin, Saint-Priest et de la Luzerne. Lundi, 13, rien.

Is it possible that the sound of the cannon, when the Bastille fell, should not break even a lethargy like this? Scarcity, rioting, and tumults continue in Paris through the next two months; then the 5th of October sees the march of the ten thousand women to Versailles to demand bread. Something more, too, is asked, and the request is a command that cannot be disobeyed—that Louis and his family shall come to Paris, and the National Assembly with them. All through the autumn the nobility emigrate, those who have not chosen to vote away titles, honors, and rights, and to embrace the new doctrines of fraternity, liberty, and equality. 1790 sees the National Assembly still in labor-pangs till the new constitution can be brought forth. Destruction has been rapid and simple; reconstruction, with famine and discontent out of doors, is by no means so easy. Vergniaud, Barnave, Robespierre, Champfort, and Camille Desmoulins are the constituents (as they are called) who are most popular; Mirabeau, however, is the one genius who can control or guide that which men already call the Revolution. The Court catches at the hope that he may be induced to do something in the way of compromise for royal prerogative fast ebbing away, and the queen makes secret overtures to him which seem to promise some result. But the thread snaps suddenly. Death has claimed him, and a few weeks later the Royal family attempt the luckless flight to Varennes, to seek help and shelter with the stranger—a deep affront to the nation—after which their position is truly pitiable. The king has no choice but to accept the constitution brought him for signature on the 14th of September; and then the Assembly, its work accomplished, dissolves itself amid illuminations of Paris, and the new Legislative Assembly—a far more republican body than its predecessor—is elected according to the laws of the new Constitution, and sits eleven months, till it gives way to a National Convention. But long before the terrible days of September and the Convention, the young Tallien has been rising into notoriety. He is twenty-two years of age, impassioned, naturally eloquent, and though he figures in the pages of one great historian of the

period as “red-haired, gloomy Dis,” his own countrymen spoke of him as “le beau Tallien.” A somewhat theatrical air was natural to him, the air too of one who felt himself born to rise speedily above a subordinate rôle; so, from correcting the press for the *Moniteur* he has come to write in it—nay, to start a journal of his own, or, at least, a something between a journal and a placard, with which he covers the walls of Paris under the attractive title of *Journal des Sans-Culottes*, which expounds to all true citizens, their rights and duties. It was a success, and continued under other names: *L'ami des Citoyens*, and finally *Le Journal Fraternel*. In all the sections of Paris there is soon no more active spirit than Tallien. He is elected one of the Commune; he is the orator who heads its deputation to the Assembly, where his face and his eloquence were alike well known before he had a seat in it. After the 2d of September, Guy de Kersaint, the deputy for Versailles, drew back in horror at the rivers of blood that were flowing from the prisons, and resigned with the words:

“Si l'amour de mon pays m'a fait endurer le malheur d'être le collègue des panégyristes et des promoteurs de ces assassinats, je veux au moins défendre ma mémoire d'être leur complice.”

This more daring patriot took his place. What had been his complicity in the massacres since when the deed was accomplished he joined the party who were their undoubted authors? Listen to his own language when summoned before the Assembly to speak for the Commune and give account of its acts. The commissioner Truchot had spoken first, declaring most of the prisons to be now empty, about four hundred dead (no fewer than a thousand and eighty-nine perished), and all the debtors and women released. We give Tallien's own words:

On s'est d'abord porté à l'Abbaye. Le peuple a demandé au gardien les registres. Les prisonniers détenus pour l'affaire du 10 août et pour cause de fabrication de faux assignats ont péri sur-le-champ; onze seulement ont été sauvés. Le conseil de la commune a envoyé une députation pour s'opposer au désordre. Le procureur de la commune s'est présenté le premier, et a employé tous les

moyens que lui suggéraient son zèle et son humanité. Il ne put rien gagner, et vit tomber à ses pieds plusieurs victimes. De là le peuple s'est porté au Châtelet, où les prisonniers ont été immolés. A minuit environ, on s'est porté à la Force. Nos commissaires s'y sont transportés et ont fait ce qu'ils ont pu pour empêcher l'hôtel de la Force d'être pillé; mais ils n'ont pu arrêter en quelque sorte *le juste vengeance du peuple*. Car nous devons le dire, ces coups sont tombés sur des fabricateurs de faux assignats. Ce qui a excité la vengeance c'est qu'il n'y avait là que des scélérats connus.

And the Princesse de Lamballe? What was her crime? And the thirty helpless priests in one prison, and the old men and maidens of high birth, who were driven out into the slaughter-yard one after another till the swords of the murderers were blunted, and their arms weary of the work?

The Commune on the 3d accuses itself thus:

La commune de Paris se hâte d'informer ses frères de tous les départements qu'une partie des conspirateurs féroces détenus dans ces prisons a été mise à mort par le peuple; actes de justice qui lui ont paru indispensables pour retiner par la terreur les légions de traîtres cachés dans ces murs au moment où il allait marcher à l'ennemi, et sans doute la nation entière, après la longue suite de trahisons qui l'ont conduite sur le bord de l'abîme, s'empressera d'adopter *ce moyen si nécessaire au salut public*. Signé Duplain, Paris, Sergeant, L'Enfant, Jourdeuil, Marat, l'ami du Peuple.

But not Tallien. Later, when the horror and shame of this thing was more deeply felt, he tried to efface the red stain from his hand. When he had overthrown the Terror, the name of *Septembriseur* was odious to him, and he both spoke and printed an elaborate defence, in which he speaks of these deplorable events as the explosion of the popular feeling against traitors to the Revolution, whom it was impossible to leave alive in Paris, when the nation had to send all her armies to resist invasion from her enemies on the frontier. The march of the Prussians on Longwi and Verdun sealed the fate of the prisoners. His own part had been to save all the innocent that he could from the sword of the assassins. But it availed not entirely either then or now. In another tragedy, which the

world witnessed with dumb astonishment, horror, and pity, a few months later, on the question put by the president of the Convention (National Assembly no longer)—“What punishment has Louis Capet ci-devant king of the French incurred?”—his vote was death: not the famous “*la mort sans phrase*” of Sièyes. Tallien does add a phrase: “Louis Capet a fait couler le sang français.” Had no one else? On the evening of the king's execution, Tallien was elected one of the Committee of Public Safety. This Council of Ten, whose decrees are secret, swift and inexorable as those of the renowned Ten of Venice, is a dictatorship without a dictator, with Marat for a conscience. It is entirely composed of Montagnards: it governs the Convention, and proclaims the extermination of Girondins, aristocrats, and moderates. The provinces were the stronghold of the Gironde, and when they had given up the unequal contest in Paris, the chiefs, declared *hors la loi*, retreated to the large towns before their party was totally crushed. These disaffected towns must be regenerated, say Robespierre and Saint-Just—Bordeaux first of all; and the task is confined to Tallien, Proconsul of the Republic, Ysabeau, and Lacombe. The process is indicated to them by the Committee of Public Safety—prison, confiscation, and the guillotine; and there is no lack of zeal or energy on their part in carrying out these instructions to the letter. “La républic est sauvée si on continue sur le pied où nous avons mis les choses dans le Midi. Tallien et Ysabeau ont trop bien commencé pour rétrograder maintenant,” says Baudot triumphantly in the Convention. But a new influence from an unexpected quarter was to check the reign of Terror, first in Bordeaux, and finally cause the overturn of its authors in Paris. Tallien and La Cabarrus met again in Bordeaux. In the four years since her marriage, Theresa, it is said, has discovered that she is but ill-mated with M. le Marquis, who is an old libertine and desperate gamester; and divorce, as the modern solution of these domestic difficulties, has been contemplated by her. However, he is now in trouble since the publication of the terrible law against “*les suspects*,” and

her womanly instincts lead her to help him, if possible, to a place of safety. So M. and Mme. de Fontenay are at Bordeaux in this autumn of '93, not to assist at its regeneration, but *en route* for the Pyrenees, over which they hope to escape into Spain, where M. de Cabarrus will shelter them. There are various legends about the arrest of Mme. Tallien more or less incorrect; her own version of it, as related by her daughter, Mme. du Hallay, to M. Houssaye, we may presume to be the true one. She betrayed herself by a generous imprudence. They were lodging with a brother of her father's, and there she heard that 300 unfortunate Bordelaisian royalists, most of them ruined by the revolutionary tribunal, still anxious to escape with their lives, had taken their passage on board an English vessel in the harbor, but that, at the last moment, the captain had refused to sail, because all the passage-money was not forthcoming.

She was indignant, and would listen to no remonstrance, but instantly set off in search of the captain, with the 3,000 francs in her hand; paid them over to him, and instead of taking a receipt for the money which he offered her, said, "No; give me the list of your passengers," with which she returned proud and happy. Unfortunately, the captain did not sail without relating to more than one person on shore that a beautiful woman—evidently a "grande dame"—had visited him, and given him a large sum. The emigrants got off in safety, but those who were balked of their prey set themselves on the traces of the lady who had saved the aristocrats. Next evening, going to the theatre, she was attacked by the mob, and rudely handled; but her courage was equal to any emergency: she declared herself a patriot. "Look at my cocarde, and you will see. You are mistaken: those citizens who sailed yesterday were not contre-revolutionnaires." "Well, give us the list, for we know you have it." And one tried to force it out of the bosom of her dress. She repulsed him with all her strength, and taking the list, she tore it with her teeth. "I will not give it you, you may kill me first!" At this instant, Tallien stepped through the crowd, calmed them with a sign of his hand, and though he had not observed

who she was, his intention was to release the young woman from her unmanly assailants, and let her go in peace. But he was too late; his colleague Lacombe had informed himself of the whole transaction, and had given an order for the formal arrest of the citoyenne Fontenay. As that order was executed, the proconsul recognized the beautiful prisoner. He hurried to visit her in the prison, trying hard to maintain the attitude of an inflexible judge and incorruptible sans-culotte; but this enemy of the Republic had a strength mightier than he knew of. Theresa was the loveliest woman of her time, fully aware of her charms, and knowing how to use them; and now that she must either conquer this stern citizen of twenty-four or die, she pleaded for life and liberty till he, in his turn, sued for love. M. Houssaye gives us the scene drawn from his imagination: we prefer to leave it to every reader to supply according to his or hers. When it was ended, and Tallien left the prison, the gaoler, not apparently devoid of penetration, took pen and paper and despatched to Robespierre the following: "Tout le monde trahit la république; le citoyen Tallien fait grâce aux aristocrates." Yes, Theresa Cabarrus was free, and M. de Fontenay was at liberty also to cross the Pyrenees *alone*. She is to remain and be the Egeria of the Montagne, as Madame Roland had been of the Gironde, says Tallien. "I know nothing of Montagne or Gironde, I only know the people: let me serve them," she replies; and she nobly kept her word. Whether she ever really gave her heart to Tallien, or if indeed she was capable of an attachment to any one that could survive loss of power and place, the after events of her career may lead us to doubt; but if she loved power, she made a splendid use of it. She saved life. Tallien's hotel overlooked the Place de l'Échafaud at Bordeaux, and for this reason Theresa refused to inhabit it. He was ready to come to hers. "No, it is not you, but the guillotine, that must move;" and very soon it disappeared. She had subjugated Ysabeau also, and savage Lacombe almost, till the death-lists were given up to the goddess of Pardon. She used to appear in public with Tallien: sometimes driving in an open carriage, her exquisite beauty set off by Grecian draperies; at

other times, *en Amazone*, she would address the people, whose enthusiasm for her soon knew no bounds. While she assumed the attitude of the goddess of Liberty, and preached a republic of universal peace and charity, she also encouraged Tallien in the *façons de grand seigneur* that were natural to him; and his proconsulship for a time was distinguished by anything rather than republican simplicity of living. How the means for this were provided—whether the confiscations had anything to do with it—is not stated; indeed, in all matters of fact or dates in these biographies, M. Houssaye's omissions cannot be too much regretted. But there were not wanting at Bordeaux men of sterner stuff to criticise such a falling away, and to report to Robespierre. Jullien writes:

There are singular political details about La Fontenay, and Bordeaux seems to be a labyrinth of intrigue and plunder (*gaspillage*). We must restore the people to the sincere love of the real virtues of the Republic.

So Tallien is recalled, and Bordeaux must once more undergo the process of regeneration, and the Revolution continue, in the words of Vergniaud, like Saturn, "to devour her own children."

During an eventful fortnight, from the 22d of March, 1794, to the 3d of April, Tallien, recalled to Paris by Robespierre, presided over the Convention. Such was doubtless far from the intention of Robespierre in recalling him, but he found his former disciple more irrepresible since he had tasted the sweets of authority, and more eloquent than ever. Many a lance was broken between them in debate—forerunners of a strife *à l'outrance* yet to come. But the storm was to break first on other heads—Hébert, La Fayette, Dumouriez, and Pétion have been denounced as traitors to the Republic, and have fallen; but the cry is still "Plots!" More conspiracies, and the Dantonists are next suspected. Danton, the most colossal figure of the Revolution perhaps, when he hears that his turn is coming, growls out, "Ils n'oseront," and goes quietly to bed. But he was arrested before morning, with Camille Desmoulins, who, in his light mocking vein, has ventured to print in his *Vieux Cordelier* that week, "Hier il y eut un miracle à Paris—un

homme est mort dans son lit." The miracle was not repeated in his case, for he and Danton were both guillotined on the 5th of April. The same day we find Theresa Cabarrus, ci-devant Marquise de Fontenay, making a lengthy and eloquent exposition before the Convention of her republican and evangelistic views and sentiments, beginning, "Citoyens représentants, puisque la morale est plus que jamais à l'ordre du jour," etc. etc., entreating that women, now adorned with the noble title of *citoyennes*, may be allowed to find some work to do for the State in training the young and in alleviating the sufferings of the poor and the sick, and concluding:

Celle qui vous adresse en ce moment l'hommage de ses pensées est jeune, âgée de vingt ans; elle est mère, elle n'est plus épouse: toute son ambition, tout son bonheur serait d'être une des premières à se livrer à ces douces, à ces ravissantes fonctions. Daignez accueillir son vœu le plus ardent, et que par vous ce vœu devienne celui de toute la France.

This speech was pronounced in the presidency of Robert Lindet, who succeeded Tallien in the chair; it was loudly applauded, but there were perhaps some sceptics. At any rate she was not to be permitted to show the world these virtues in practice. A few days later Robespierre desires the Committee of Public Safety to arrest her, and their decree of the 3d Prairial, signed by Robespierre, Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère, orders la "nommée Cabarrus, fille d'un banquier espagnol, et femme du nommé Fontenay, ex-conseiller au Parlement de Paris, sera mise en état d'arrestation, et sera mise au secret." Robespierre dared not yet strike Tallien himself, but by this crafty and cruel blow he felt that his enemy would be tamed under his hand: meanwhile his spies watched day and night, and one emissary was sent to Theresa at La Force, to offer her liberty on condition that she would sign a declaration of Tallien's treason against the Republic at Bordeaux. "I am only twenty years old, but I would rather die twenty times," was her reply, so she remained in her dungeon.

Some say her arrest took place in a friend's house at Versailles, others that

it was at Fontenay les Roses, her ex-husband's château. In her latter days, when she was, perhaps, given to embellishing a little the sufficiently striking incidents of her life, she used to relate the circumstances much as the public went to see them dramatized in a tragi-comedy at the Gaieté in 1830. Madame de Fontenay gives a fête at Fontenay les Roses; Robespierre, with his blue coat and his perpetual bouquet, is the favored guest. She relates to him the triumphs of clemency at Bordeaux; he, moved to tears, declares that the gods are no longer athirst, that the prison doors shall be opened, and that the reign of peace and fraternal love is beginning. They embrace, they dance, and when Robespierre retires, Madame exclaims, "We are saved! He is the most just of men!" General congratulations and rejoicings, but gens d'armes break in on the scene; they have a commission, signed *Robespierre*, to arrest the hostess. She was many weeks a prisoner; first, *au secret*, at La Force, then at Les Carmes, where she shared the same cell with Joséphine Beauharnais and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, then a second time at La Force, and during all these Tallien, unable to effect her release, and trembling lest every hour might prove her last, watched the daily procession of victims, Fouquier-Tinville's *fournées*, as they were called, go from the prisons to the Barrière du Trône where Sanson's work was done, and meditated how best he might effect the deliverance of the woman he loved, and save France from the Terror that was weighing down all men's spirits. Never were there more women in the death-carts: as Thermidor approaches, the guillotine goes faster, and still no remedy is found. It is true Robespierre has proclaimed in the name of the nation that the French people believe in an *Être Suprême*, and in the immortality of the soul; but the bodies of countless citizens are thrown into pits full of quicklime, the gutters run constantly with human blood, and at Meudon, it is said, there is a tannery for human skins. Shall an *Être Suprême* look on much longer and keep silence?

In her second incarceration at La Force Theresa was not so rigidly kept *au secret*: indeed, some alleviations, probably procured by Tallien's influence,

began to be allowed her. In the evenings she was taken down into a small court of the prison to breathe the fresh air for an hour, and there one day, as she was pacing up and down, a stone suddenly fell at her feet. She instantly picked it up, and saw that a note was attached to it, but did not dare to unfold it then or attempt to read it, but had to hide it and wait through all the hours of darkness in her cell, till in the first rays of dawn she eagerly deciphered these words from Tallien: "I am watching over you; every evening you will go into the court at nine, and I shall be near you." For eight days she had this comfort, but then the gaolers were forbidden by Robespierre's police to allow her to go out any more. But she must have had a friend among them, or how did she contrive to send Tallien one most significant, though silent message? On the morning of the 4th Thermidor he saw glittering on his table a little Spanish dagger that belonged to Theresa Cabarrus, and which some unseen hand had placed there during the night. He understood its meaning, and placing it within the breast of his coat, went out. It is said that outside of the commune, as he saw four cart-loads of victims pass that day, he met Robespierre and David the painter, walking together, and that he told the former he had a request to make to him. He entreated him to let the horrid spectacle of women being put to death for political offences cease; it was unworthy of a great republic to strike such weak and defenceless beings; there was also one in particular who was unjustly arrested whom he wished to plead for; and then his courage failed him to name Theresa, and he said, with a hesitation at which Robespierre smiled mockingly, "C'est la citoyenne Beauharnais." "Je ne connais pas la citoyenne Beauharnais; d'ailleurs, nul n'est arrêté illégalement," was the reply. Tallien continued to urge on him mercy to the weaker sex, but in vain. "Les femmes, tu ne les connais pas: ce sont toutes nos ennemies; elles n'aiment que les orgies de la royauté. C'est par une femme que la république périra," turning on his heel. "C'est ton dernier mot? Eh bien, tu l'as dit, tyran et lâche, c'est par une femme que ta république périra," was Tallien's re-

joinder, when out of hearing and sight he took the dagger from his bosom, and swore on it to perish or succeed in the struggle coming on. It was no secret that Robespierre, who had reduced the Convention and the redoubtable committees to be almost the passive executors of his decrees, now aspired to the name as well as the power of dictator. His immediate adherents were, his younger brother, Couthon, Le Bas, and Saint-Just, his most enthusiastic admirer. Tallien, Barras, Fréron, Barrère, Ysa-beau, Collot d'Herbois, and Carnot, it was felt, would oppose these designs to the last; some from motives of personal ambition, some from love to the Republic, all perhaps from the feeling that in this game the losers must inevitably pay with their heads. When Saint-Just had been heard to declare to the Jacobins that the committees must, to insure the safety of the Republic, be replaced by one man of genius, patriotism, and energy, as dictator, and that that man was Robespierre, the only man capable of saving the State, they knew that the moment for action was come. Barras is the narrator of the counsels that prevailed for the next two days among the Thermidoriens, as the party was afterwards called. On the evening of the 7th Thermidor, the weather being oppressively hot, the friends dined together under the trees outside the Café Ledoyen in the Champs Élysées, while, by a curious coincidence, the two Robespierres, David, Saint-Just, and Le Bas, were similarly engaged, but in an upper room, with closed doors, at the same establishment. As the evening wore on, and dusk fell, each party left the Champs Élysées, and both found themselves at the same moment in the Place de la Révolution, close to the statue of Liberty. Barras, without consulting his friends, stepped up to Robespierre and addressed him: "I have the right to speak the truth to you at the foot of this statue. We have established a reign of Terror, in which we only frighten one another; let us cease such child's play and be men." "Why not? I make no one afraid, and I am afraid of no one," answered the would-be dictator, coldly. Tallien broke in with a violent apostrophe about the guillotine, but Barras tried to calm him, and said sev-

eral complimentary things of all that Robespierre and Saint-Just had done for their country, and Tallien likewise; if now each would make the sacrifice of private interests and passions for the common cause. David chimed in, "Yes, let us all unite to save the vessel of the State, but let Robespierre remain at the helm." "I ask nothing but peace," said the latter, "but it is only true republicans who must be the masters of the situation." "Are you not absolute master everywhere?" exclaims Tallien, angrily; "when I say you, I mean the Montagne," he added. "No," said Robespierre; "it is just there that I find most traitors." "Name them," cries Barras. "We have heard that you have a list; show it to us." And then, from an extraordinary impulse of frankness, the only one on record in his career, he pulled from his pocket the very paper. "Let it be torn now," said Fréron; "we are all to be good republicans, and we swear to suppress the guillotine." The first name on it was Tallien's; then came Barras, Fouché, Thuriot, Fréron, Rovère, then an initial C., that might mean Carnot d'Herbois, or Chénier. It seems almost incredible that the tyrant should have thus shown his hand, and the old account of the matter was that one day, when he was dining at Clichy with Barrère, Carnot, passing through the ante-room, searched the pockets of Robespierre's overcoat, and read the names of the doomed ones, forty in number, his own among them; but Barras speaks both as one of the actors and witnesses of this extraordinary scene in the Place de la Révolution. Tallien was the first to break silence: "Since you have shown us our names, you mean to efface them, because you believe that union will be strength. Tell us your programme." He harangued them in a long speech about the critical state of affairs, and proposed to take Tallien and his friends into confidence if they would unite with him in effecting the proscription of the rest of his enemies. At the last moment Tallien begged the liberty of La Fontenay. "Never," was the reply. "For her you betrayed the Republic at Bordeaux; she leads you like a child." "La Fontenay is my wife, and I will have her set free this very evening; and if blood you must have,

take our heads," shouted Tallien, and broke away from the group. He was desperate, for that afternoon Theresa had found means to send him these words, since the dagger three days before had produced no effect:—

De la Force, le 7 thermidor. La citoyenne Fontenay au citoyen Tallien, rue de la Poule. L'administrateur de police sort d'ici: il est venu m'annoncer que demain je monterai au tribunal, c'est à dire sur l'échafaud. Cela ressemble bien peu au rêve que j'ai fait cette nuit: Robespierre n'existait plus et les prisons étaient ouvertes. . . . Mais, grâce à votre insigne lâcheté, il ne se trouvera bientôt plus personne en France capable de réaliser.

Tallien had replied:—

Soyez aussi prudente que j'aurai de courage; mais calmez votre tête.

Robespierre spoke in the Convention on the 8th with all the eloquence of which he was master, describing his own services and zeal for the State, only to read in the faces of his audience that he had spoken in vain. The next day Tallien, whose eloquence was of a different sort, broke in on Saint-Just, was encouraged, went on; denounced him and his chief as traitors and murderers, and was applauded to the echo. In vain Robespierre tried to speak or to be heard; cries of "A bas le tyran!" filled the hall. His adversary has the hardihood to say, "I have armed myself with a dagger to pierce the heart of this Cromwell, if the Convention does not decree his arrest;" and he is still more applauded. The arrest is decreed without a dissentient voice, also that of Couthon, Le Bas, and Saint-Just. The bitterness of death was tasted then. It is needless to follow them to the guillotine, whose last victims they were. The Reign of Terror had expired, and Mme. Tallien left her prison, to become for a season, as Notre Dame de Thermidor, the queen and the idol of Parisian society. For now that people feel their heads to be safe on their shoulders, society is once again possible, and a *jeunesse dorée* hastens to claim its privileges. It is weary of gloom and terrorism, of talk about virtue and Sparta, it longs to feast, to dance, to ride splendid horses, to sun itself in the smile of beauty, to play high. Enormous fortunes have found their way rapidly into new hands. Magnificent hotels, with

gorgeous furniture and cellars of choicest wines, have passed to self-made men: shall they not enjoy these things? The "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" of sullen despair is gone, and now it is "Let us eat and drink and dance to-day, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, still seek new ways of killing time and spending money;" and accordingly in this reaction all Paris dances—dances as if it never could make up for lost time, dances over graves, dances with crape on the sleeve at the Bal des Victimes, where the admission is the loss of a relative by the guillotine. From the highest to the lowest, every man, woman, and child seems seized with a dancing mania: a lucrative time for fiddlers, one would say, when there are no fewer than six hundred and forty-four places for dancing in Paris. And what dancing! exclaims the older generation. No longer stately minuets, contre-danse, or quadrille, but the German waltz, in which women, far too scantily clad for former notions of decency, are whirled about in their partners' arms till they almost drop from exhaustion. If we go to the memoirs of the day, the pamphlets, the caricatures, *Les petites Affiches*, and other contemporary notices of the manners and morals of this society, it is a thing to shudder at, while at the same time it is hard to repress a smile. Perhaps the closest parallel to it might have been found in Fifth Avenue, New York, among the shoddy aristocracy at the close of the late war. In Mme. Tallien's salons naturally its aspect was somewhat different. To her great beauty she added wit and grace, and the external refinement and polish of an earlier day, and Mme. Sophie Gay, who was a frequent guest, describes her circle thus:—

Ainsi, c'est dans le salon de Mme. Tallien que s'opéra la renaissance de tout ce qui faisait autrefois la renommée et le charme des salons de Paris. Les émigrés rentrés y ramenèrent cette politesse exquise, cette conversation simple et de bon goût dont le secret commençait à se perdre. Les gens de lettres, si longtemps muets, y discutaient de nouveau sur des sujets littéraires; les artistes y retrouvaient les inspirations trop longtemps étouffées par la Terreur; les blessés de tous les partis y recevaient une douce hospitalité.

But let us look at the drawings and

engravings of the time to see how society clothed itself—a fact not without significance. *Place aux dames*. First the wig; hair was cheap while the guillotine continued in operation, and every variety of coiffure was necessary for the toilette of a woman of fashion. Mme. Tallien had thirty perruques, all blonde, à la Titus, à la Victime, &c. &c.; but one day she appeared as a brunette, and black hair instantly came into vogue. No silks or stuffs which are stiff and heavy, and conceal the form, could be endured in these classic days. Nothing but finest gauze, lawn, or muslin, innocent of starch, for the *robe à la Grecque*, which only Nancy was supposed to be able to cut and Mme. Tallien to wear in perfection. The Terror has its sans-culottes, the Directory has its sans-chemises. “Voilà plus de deux mille ans que les femmes portent des chemises; cela est d’une vétuste à périr,” writes a *journaliste des modes* of the period, and the venerable garment was discarded for a week by the *esprits forts* of the sex, when, by the example of Mme. Hamelin, the chemise became again *à l’ordre du jour*.

These transparencies are necessarily fatal to health in the severity of northern winters, but when did a Parisian belle consider any sacrifice to fashion too great? “Plus la femme est nue, plus elle est habillée,” is their motto, quoted from the Greeks: beautiful arms are bared to the shoulder, where a riband and a single cameo support the corsage; shoes and stockings give place to sandals, and the prisoner of Bordeaux and la Force used to show the guests in her salons what she called the marks of the rats’ teeth on her exquisite foot, where they could only perceive the pressure of the ruby rings on her toes. The dress of the nobler sex had been for a moment a matter of grave public deliberation, and to David the task of inventing a suitable costume for a patriot was intrusted. He had, we believe, an inspiration on the subject, which, when executed by the tailors, Talma was public-spirited enough to exhibit on his fine person, and was hooted as a lunatic in the Palais Royal on its first and last appearance. To whom, therefore, the credit of the *habit carré*, and other monstrosities of a gentleman’s costume during the Direct-

ory is due, we cannot say, but surely at no period did the male biped look more thoroughly ungainly and ridiculous. The Incroyable wore a coat “carré comme quatre planches,” with collar up to his ears, an immense cravat rolled round and round the throat, suggesting goitre or some such affliction; he carried a short knotty stick, he abjured powder, fine linen, or lace; the *culotte* was worn studiously wrinkled and ill-fitting, but while he tries to *poser* for a Hercules of strength, his latest affectation is an inability to pronounce several of the letters of the alphabet.

But from the contemplation of these passing follies it is time to return to the subject of the memoir before us: we hardly dare call her our heroine, she lacked morals for that; and though many of the anecdotes of the time were scandalous and calumnious enough, there are passages in her life where an admiring biographer is tempted to touch very slightly, if at all, on the facts of the case, or, looking at her many amiable points and wonderful power of charming, to exclaim with a poet of our day:—

Add but that other grace,
Be good: why lack what the angels vaunt?

Constancy or modesty, however, were not plants likely to flourish in the atmosphere she lived in, where marriage ties had lost all their sanctity, and divorce was resorted to so frequently and on so slight pretexts, that people were said to change their matrimonial partners as quickly as if life were but a *contre-danse*. Theresa Cabarrus was divorced both in law and in fact from her first husband when she left the prison at Bordeaux; and we are left to infer that she and Tallien became man and wife, by whatever scant ceremonies and maimed rites such bonds were then entered into, during the period of his reign there, for we have heard him call her his wife in the last interview with Robespierre. As Mme. Tallien, she was the queen of society, of the Republic, and of the Directory; but who was king? For a very short period Tallien at least was the queen’s consort, but soon it seems as if she and Barras suited one another better in tastes and inclination. Barras loved pleasure, pomp, and show; Tallien had loved the Revolution for its own sake, for action,

stir, and strife—its tumults and conspiracies were his element; now it is ebb tide with him, and Fate will soon leave him high and dry, past use or service, when Liberty and the Republic are no longer words to conjure with, and other men with other aims have become the masters of the situation. And the woman whom he had made his idol, his conscience (his Egeria, he called her), with her quick instincts, saw and felt this sooner perhaps than any one else. But in the first years after Thermidor she was still at his side in the delicious Chaumière du Cours-la-Reine, where a brilliant circle gathered round them—Barras, Fréron, Sièyes, Chénier, and Hoche were there, Ouvrard, Mme. de Staël, and the young Bonaparte; beautiful women too, for the hostess could not fear a rival even in Mme. Récamier or Mme. Visconti. When, within a few weeks after his memorable victory in the Convention, the Jacobins attacked Tallien, accusing him of treason to the Republic, and decreeing his exclusion from their body, Theresa went with Fréron and Thionville and closed the club doors, carrying off the keys in triumph—a feat which, says M. Houssaye, caused Pitt to exclaim, “This woman is capable of shutting the gates of hell itself”—a saying probably as apocryphal as the gold and intrigues of the said Pitt, which loom so large in the imaginations of Frenchmen even to this day. In '95 Tallien was at Quiberon with Hoche, and led the troops of the Republic when they successfully repulsed the landing of the *émigrés* under the English convoy of ships. He returned to find his enemies actively plotting against him, and Barras defending him in the Convention, whose end was so near at hand. Yet when that end came, and the new legislative bodies were formed, with the executive or directory of five, Barras' name is first, and Tallien's is not found among them. It is impossible not to pity this man when he woke to the fact that not only in public affairs his part was played out and his influence was gone, but that his Egeria looked on him in the light of an incumbrance, a weight to drag her down from the heights of fame and popularity, from which she resolved not to descend with him. His fortune and credit too were both gone; what

remained? He did not complain, but in June '98, when Bonaparte was preparing to sail for Egypt, he asked to be allowed to accompany him in the capacity of a scientific explorer! So the sword of the once terrible Proconsul of the Republic was exchanged for a barometer and a case of mathematical instruments, and he set out to measure the Pyramids, a sad and silent man henceforth. One letter to his wife, dated from Rosetta, M. Houssaye prints at the end of his volume: it breathes no reproaches, only the tenderest affection and remembrances of her and home. When in 1801, unable to endure the insults of General Menou, he returned to France, it was to find the Chaumière no longer home, and its mistress gone to inhabit a beautiful hotel with fabulous gardens in the Rue Babylone, of which Ouvrard had one day presented her with the key. She obtained her second divorce, and empowered Ouvrard to offer the unhappy husband the Chaumière and a pension of twelve thousand livres, which it is needless to say were rejected. He was penniless and applied to Fouché and Talleyrand: the former owed him his life, and now repaid the service with the post of Consul of France at Alicant. How long exactly it was held we know not, but we know that he lived to return poor, broken in health and almost blind, to Paris, to be visited by the Princess of Chimay, and to receive her charity. The biographer says:

Tallien avait pardonné, parce qu'il avait reconnu que c'était sa faute à lui et non sa faute à elle: il accepta une chambre au soleil et un arbre pour se mettre à l'ombre.

He loved much, so possibly he forgave much, but into his heart he allowed none to look; he had at least enough of the Roman in him to fold his mantle over all its wounds and to die in silence. He sold his books, his last possession, one by one, for he could see to read them no longer, and he had no other means of procuring bread. It is said that his condition coming to the knowledge of Louis XVIII., the king sent M. Décaze to visit him and offer a small pension which he was too poor to refuse; but he died before it came. Probably this was the last and overflowing drop in his cup

of bitterness. An old Almanach de Gotha might tell us, though her biographer does not, at what date Theresa Cabarrus contracted her third marriage with Joseph de Caraman, Prince de Chimay, an accomplished gentleman, whose exquisite violin-playing had afforded him a means of subsistence in the days of the emigration. At the Restoration he inherited large estates in France from an uncle; he was Grand d'Espagne, Premier Pair d'Hainaut, and Chamberlain to the King of the Netherlands. This, says M. Houssaye enthusiastically, "was the true marriage, her true husband, and she was the good angel of the family;" but on what vicissitudes she may have experienced in the interval he is silent—either from ignorance or discretion. Perhaps we may conjecture that for a moment before she took safe root in that princely house which she was to adorn till her death, she may have had a glimpse of a possible abyss of poverty and neglect, at least an expression in a letter of hers in the *Catalogue Charavay*, No. 252,

8 vendémiaire, an ix (1802), relative à une harpe qu'elle veut vendre, "puisque la fortune me traite depuis longtemps comme mes anciens amis,"

almost looks as if she had felt the pinch of poverty. At Chimay she organized a graceful and stately existence; artists, poets, and musicians formed her little court. She loved to *jouer la comédie* to an appreciating audience, who applauded her in the rôles of the incomparable Mdle. Mars. She kept her beauty to old age, and continued to study dress as one of the fine arts to the last: and when in the winters she used to appear in her box at the theatre in Brussels with her three daughters, she was said to look more like their sister than their mother. But there was one crook in the lot, one bitter thought that poisoned all the sweets of life. When the Prince de Chimay went to fulfil his duties at court, he went alone, for the queen could not be prevailed on to receive a lady whose antecedents had been so notorious; no diplomacy, no entreaties, not the interest of the Prince of Orange himself could effect it—a poignant humiliation, no doubt, to one who possessed a full share of her sex's vanity, with perhaps all the

ambition and love of power that usually belong to the other. Her life was prolonged to 1835, when she died at the age of sixty-three. From the contemplation of these calm, uneventful, and prosperous latter days, the imagination involuntarily turns to the death of the man with whose name her fame in the world is for ever associated, who expired ten years earlier in a humble garret near the scene of their former triumphs, blind, broken-hearted, and alone.

(Continued from page 449.)

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian.

XII.

THE city was joyful the next day, notwithstanding the firing in the night. A number of men who came from the ramparts about seven o'clock, came down our street shouting: "They are gone! There is not a single Cossack to be seen in the direction of Quatre-Vents, nor behind the barracks of the Oak-Forest! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

Everybody ran to the bastions.

I had opened one of our windows, and leaned out in my nightcap. It was thawing, the snow was sliding from the roofs, and that in the street was melting in the mud. Sorlé, who was turning up our bed, called to me: "Do shut the window, Moses! We shall catch cold from the draught!"

But I did not listen. I laughed as I thought: "The rascals have had enough of my old bars and rusty nails; they have found out that they go a good way: experience is a good thing!"

I would have stayed there till night to hear the neighbors talk about the clearing away of the Russians, and those who came from the ramparts call out that there was not one to be seen in the whole region. Some said that they might come back, but that seemed to me contrary to reason. It was clear that the villains would not quit the country at once, that they would still for a long time pillage the villages, and live on the peasants; but to believe that the officers would excite their men to take our city, or that the soldiers would be brutes enough to obey them, never entered my head.

At last Zeffen came into our room to dress the children, and I shut the window. A good fire roared in the stove. Sorlé made ready our breakfast, while Zeffen washed her little Esdras over a basin of warm water.

"Ah, now, if I could hear from Baruch, it would all be well," said she.

Little David played on the floor with Sâfel, and I thanked the Lord for having delivered us from the scoundrels.

While we were at breakfast, I said to my wife: "It has all gone well! We shall be shut up for a while until the Emperor has carried the day, but they will not fire upon us, they will be satisfied with blockading us; and bread, wine, meats, brandies, will be dearer. It is the right time for us to sell, or else we might fare like the people of Samaria when Ben-Hadad besieged their city. There was a great famine, so that the head of an ass sold for four-score pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove's-dung for five pieces. It was a good price; but still the merchants were holding back, when a noise of chariots and horses and of a great host came from heaven, and made the Syrians escape with Ben-Hadad, and after the people had pillaged their camp, a measure of fine flour sold for only a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel. So let us try to sell while things are at a reasonable price; we must seize the lucky moment."

Sorlé assented, and after breakfast I went down to the cellar to go on with the mixing.

Many of the mechanics had gone back to their work. Klipfel's hammer sounded on his anvil. Chanoine put back his biscuits into his windows, and Tribolin, the druggist, his bottles of red and blue water behind his panes.

Confidence was restored everywhere. The citizen-gunners had taken off their uniforms and the joiners had come back to finish our counter; the noise of the saw and plane filled the house.

Everybody was glad to return to his own business, for war brings nothing but blows; the sooner it is over the better.

As I carried my jugs from one to another, in the cellar, I saw the passers-by stop before our old shop, and heard them say to each other, "Moses is going

to make his fortune with the brandies; these rascals of Jews always have good noses; while we have been selling this month past, he has been buying. Now that we are shut up he can sell at any price he pleases."

You can judge whether that was not pleasant to hear! A man's greatest happiness is to succeed in his business; everybody is obliged to say: "This man has neither army, nor generals, nor cannon, he has nothing but his own wit, like everybody else; when he succeeds he owes it to himself, and not to the courage of others. And then he ruins no one; he does not pillage, or steal, or kill; while, in war, the strongest crushes the weakest and often the best."

So I worked on with great zeal, and would have kept on till night if little Sâfel had not come to call me to dinner. I was hungry, and was going up stairs, glad in the thought of sitting down in the midst of my children, when the call-beat began on the Place d'Armes, before the town-house. During a blockade a court-martial sits continually at the mayoralty to try those who do not answer to the call. Some of my neighbors were already leaving their houses with their muskets on their shoulders. I had to go up very hastily, and swallow a little soup, a morsel of meat, and a glass of wine.

I was very pale. Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children said not a word. The call-beat continued; it came down the main street and stopped at last before our house, on the little square. Then I ran for my cartridge-box and musket.

"Ah!" said Sorlé, "we thought we were going to have a quiet time, and now it all begins again."

Zeffen did not speak, but burst into tears.

At that moment the old rabbi Heymann came in, with his marten-skin cap drawn down to the nape of his neck.

"In the name of heaven let the women and children hurry to the casemates! An envoy has come threatening to burn the whole city if the gates are not opened. Fly, Sorlé! Zeffen, fly!"

Imagine the cries of the women on hearing this; as for myself, my hair stood on end.

"The rascals have no shame in them!" I exclaimed! "They have no pity on

women or children! May the curse of heaven fall on them!"

Zeffen threw herself into my arms. I did not know what to do.

But the old rabbi said: "They are doing to us what our people have done to them! So the words of the Lord are fulfilled: 'As thou hast done unto thy brother so shall it be done unto thee!'—But they must fly quickly."

Below, the call-beat had ceased; my knees trembled. Sorlé, who never lost courage, said to me: "Moses, run to the square, make haste,—they will send you to prison!"

Her judgment was always right; she pushed me by the shoulders, and in spite of Zeffen's tears I went down, calling out: "Rabbi, I trust in you—save them!"

I could not see clearly; I went through the snow, miserable man that I was, running to the town-house where the national guard was already assembled. I came just in time to answer to the call, and you can imagine my trouble, for Zeffen, Sorlé, Sâfel, and the little ones were, as it were before my eyes. What was Phalsburg to me? I would have opened the gates in a minute to have had peace.

The others did not look any better pleased than myself; they were all thinking of their families.

Our governor, Moulin, Lieutenant-Colonel Brancion, and Captains Renvoyé, Vigneron, Grébillet, with their great caps put on crosswise, these alone felt no anxiety. They would have murdered and burnt every thing for the Emperor. The governor even laughed, and said that he would surrender the city when the shells set his pocket-handkerchief on fire. Judge from this, how much sense such a being had!

They passed in review before us, while groups of the aged and infirm, of women and children, passed across the square on their way to the casemates.

I saw our little wagon go by with the roll of coverings and mattresses on it. The old rabbi was in the shaft—Sâfel pushed behind. Sorlé carried David, and Zeffen Esdras. They were walking in the mud, with their hair loose as if they were escaping from a fire; but they did not speak, and went on silently in the midst of that great desolation.

I would have given my life to go and

help them—and I must stay in the ranks. Ah, the old men of my time have seen terrible things! How often have they thought:—"Happy is he who lives alone in the world; he suffers only for himself, he does not see those whom he loves weeping and groaning, without the power to help them."

Immediately after the review, detachments of citizen gunners were sent to the armories to man the pieces, the firemen were sent to the old market to get out the pumps, and the rest of us, with half a battalion of the Sixth Light Infantry, were sent to the guard-house on the square, to form stations and supply patrols.

The two other battalions had already gone to the advance-posts of Trois-Maisons, of La Fontaine-du-Chateau,—of the block-houses, the half moons, the Ozillo farm, and the Maisons-Rouges, outside of the city.

Our post at the mayoralty consisted of thirty-two men; sixteen soldiers of the line below, commanded by Lieutenant Schnindret, and sixteen of the national guard above, commanded by Desplaces Jacob. We used Burrhus' lodging for our guard-house. It was a large hall with six-inch planks, and beams such as you find now a days only in our forests. A large, round, cast-iron stove, standing on a slab four feet square, was in the left hand corner, near the door; the zigzag pipes went into the chimney at the right, and piles of wood covered the floor.

It seems as if I were now in that hall. The melted snow which we shook off on entering ran along the floor. I have never seen a sadder day than that; not only because the bombshells and balls might rain upon us at any moment, and set everything on fire, but because of the melting snow, and the mud, and the dampness which reached your very bones, and the orders of the sergeant, who did nothing but call out: "Such and such an one, march! Such an one forward, it is your turn!" etc.

And then the jests and jokes of this mass of tilers, and cobblers, and plasterers, with their patched blouses and shoes run down at the heel, and their little helmets without visors, seated in a circle around the stove, with their rags sticking to their backs, *thouing* you like all the rest of their beggarly race: "Moses,

pass along the pitcher! Moses, give me some fire!—Ah, rascals of Jews, when a body risks his skin to save their property, how proud it makes them! Ah, the villains!” And they winked at each other, and pushed each other’s elbows, and made up faces askance. Some of them wanted me to go and get some tobacco for them, and pay for it myself! In fine, all sorts of insults, which a respectable man could endure from the rabble! —Yes, it disgusts me whenever I think of it.

In this guard-house, where we burned whole logs of wood as if they were straw, the old rags which came in soaking wet did not smell very pleasantly. I had to go out every minute to the little platform behind the hall, in order to breathe, and the cold water which the wind blew from the spout sent me in again at once.

Afterwards, in thinking it over, it has seemed as if, in the midst of all these troubles, my heart would have broken at the thought of Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children shut up in a cellar, and that these very annoyances preserved my reason.

This lasted till evening. We did nothing but go in and out, sit down, smoke our pipes, and then begin again to walk the pavement in the rain, or remain on duty for hours together at the entrance of the posterns.

Toward nine o’clock, when all was dark without, and nothing was to be heard but the pacing of the patrols, the shouts of the sentinels on the ramparts: “Sentinels, take care!” and the steps of our men on their rounds going up and down the great wooden stairway of the admiralty, the thought suddenly came to me that the Russians had only tried to frighten us, that it meant nothing; and that there would be no shells that night.

In order to be on good terms with the men, I had asked Monborne’s permission to go and get a jug full of brandy, which he at once granted. I took advantage of the opportunity to bite a crust and drink a glass of wine at home. Then I went back, and all the men at the station were very friendly; they passed the jug from one to another, and said that my brandy was very good, and that the sergeant would give me leave to go and fill it as often as I pleased.

“Yes, since it is Moses,” replied Monborne, “he may have leave, but nobody else.”

We were all on excellent terms with each other, and nobody thought of bombardment, when a red flash passed along the high windows of the hall. We all turned round, and in a few seconds the shell rumbled on the Bigelberg hill. At the same time a second, then a third flash passed, one after the other, through the large dark hall, showing us the row of houses opposite.

You can never have an idea, Fritz, of those first lights at night! Corporal Winter, an old soldier, who grated tobacco for Fribo, stooped down quietly and lighted his pipe, and said: “Well, the dance is beginning!”

Almost instantly we heard a shell burst at the right in the infantry quarters, another at the left in the Piplinger house on the square, and another quite near us in the Hemmerlé house.

I can’t help trembling as I think of it now after thirty years.

All the women were in the casemates, except some old servants who did not want to leave their kitchens; they drawled out: “Help! Fire!”

It was very evident that we were lost; only the old soldiers, crooked on their bench by the stove, with their pipes in their mouths, seemed very calm, as people may who have nothing to lose.

What was worst of all, at the moment when our cannon at the arsenal and powder-house began to answer the Russians’, and made every pane of glass in the old building rattle, Sergeant Monborne called out: “Somme, Chevreux, Moses, Dubourg, march!”

To send fathers of families roaming about through the mud, in danger, at every step, of being struck by bursting shells, tiles, and whole chimneys falling on their backs, is something against nature; the very mention of it makes me perfectly indignant.

Somme and the big inn-keeper Chevreux turned round, full of indignation also; they wanted to exclaim: “It is abominable!”

But that rascal of a Monborne was sergeant, and they dared not speak or even squint at him, and as Winter, the corporal of the round, had taken down

his musket, and made a signal for us to go on, we all took our arms and followed him.

As we went down the stairway, you should have seen the red light, flash after flash, lighting up every nook and corner under the stairs and the worm-eaten rafters; you should have heard our twenty-four pounders thundering; the old rat-hole shook to its foundations, it seemed as if it was all falling together. And under the arch below, towards the Place d'Armes, this light spread from the snow banks to the tops of the roofs, showing the glittering pavements, the puddles of water, the chimneys, and dormer-windows, and, at the very end of the street, the cavalry barracks, the sentinel in his box near the large gate:—what a sight!

"It is all over! We are all lost!" I thought.

Two shells passed at this moment over the city: they were the first that I had seen; they moved so slowly that I could follow them through the dark sky; both fell in the fosses, behind the hospital. They were too heavily loaded, luckily for us.

I did not speak, nor did the others—we kept our thoughts to ourselves. We heard the calls "Sentinels, take care!" answered from one bastion to another all around the place, warning us of the terrible danger we were in.

Corporal Winter, with his old faded blouse, coarse cotton cap, stooping shoulders, musket in belt, pipe-end between his teeth, and lantern full of tallow swinging at arm's length, walked before us and called out: "Look out for the shells! Lie down flat! Do you hear?"

I have always thought that veterans of this sort despise citizens, and that he said this to frighten us still more.

A little farther on, at the entrance of the alley where Cloutier lived, he halted.

"Come on!" he called, for we marched in file without seeing each other. When we had come up to him, he said, "There, now, you men, try to keep together! Our patrol is to prevent fire from breaking out anywhere; as soon as we see a shell pass, Moses will run up and snatch the match."

He burst into a laugh as he spoke, so that my anger was roused.

"I have not come here to be laughed at," said I; "if I am taken for a fool, I will throw down my musket and cartridge-box, and go to the casemates."

He laughed harder than ever. "Moses, preserve the respect of thy officers, or beware of the court-martial!" said he.

The others would have laughed too, but the shell-flashes began again; they went down the Rampart street, driving the air before them like gusts of wind; the cannon of the arsenal bastion had just fired. At the same time a shell burst in the street of the Capuchins; Spick's chimney and half his roof fell to the ground with a frightful noise.

"Come along! March!" called Winter.

They had all become sober. We followed the lantern to the French gate. Behind us, in the street of the Capuchins, a dog barked incessantly. Now and then Winter stopped, and we all listened; nothing was stirring, and nothing was to be heard but the dog and the cries: "Sentinels, take care!" The city seemed dead.

We ought to have gone into the guard-house, for there was nothing to be seen; but the lantern went on towards the gate, swinging above the gutter. That Winter had taken too much brandy!

"We are of no use in this street," said Chevreux; "we can't keep the balls from passing."

But Winter kept calling out: "Will you come?" And we had to obey.

In front of Genodet's stables, where the old barns of the gendarmery begin, a lane turns to the left towards the hospital. This was full of manure and heaps of dirt—a conduit in fact. Well, this rascal of a Winter turned into it, and as we could not see our feet without the lantern, we had to follow him. We went groping, under the roofs of the sheds, along the crazy old walls. It seemed as if we should never get out of this gutter; but at last we came out near the hospital in the midst of the great square piles of manure, which were heaped against the grating of the sewer.

It seemed a little lighter, and we saw the roof of the French gate, and the

line of fortifications black against the sky; and almost immediately I perceived the figure of a man gliding among the trees at the top of the rampart. It was a soldier stooping so that his hands almost touched the ground. They did not fire on this side; the distant flashes passed over the roofs, and did not come down to lighten the streets below.

I caught Winter's arm, and pointed out to him this man; he instantly hid his lantern under his blouse. The soldier, whose back was toward us, stood up, and looked round, apparently listening. This lasted for two or three minutes; then he passed over the rampart at the corner of the bastion, and we heard something scrape the wall of the rampart.

Winter immediately began to run, crying out: "A deserter! To the postern!"

We had heard before this of deserters slipping down into the fosses by means of their bayonets. We all ran. The sentinel called out: "Who is there?"

"The citizens' patrol," replied Winter.

He advanced, gave the order, and we went down the postern steps like wild beasts.

Below, at the foot of the large bastions built on the rock, we saw nothing but snow, large black stones, and bushes covered with frost. The deserter needed only to keep still under the bushes; our lantern, which shone only for fifteen or twenty feet, might have wandered about till morning without discovering him: and we should ourselves have supposed that he had escaped. But, unfortunately for him, fear urged him on, and we saw him in the distance running to the stairs which lead up to the covered ways. He went like the wind.

"Halt! or I fire!" cried Winter; but he did not stop, and we all ran together on his tracks, calling out "Stop! stop!"

Winter had given me the lantern so as to run faster; I followed at a distance, thinking to myself: "Moses, if this man is taken, thou wilt be the cause of his death." I wanted to put out the lantern, but if Winter had seen me he would have been capable of knocking me down with the butt-end of his musket. He had for a long time been hoping for the cross, and was all the time expecting to have it and the pension with it.

The deserter ran, as I said, to the stairs. Suddenly he perceived that the ladder,

which takes the place of the eight lower steps, was taken away, and he stopped, stupefied! We came nearer—he heard us and began to run faster, to the right towards the half-moon. The poor devil rolled over the snow-banks. Winter came up to him every time, and called out: "Halt! surrender!"

But he got up and began to run again.

Behind the out-works, under the draw-bridge, we thought we had lost him: the corporal called to me, "Come along! A thousand thunders!" and at that moment we saw him leaning against the wall, as pale as death. Winter took him by the collar and said: "I have you!"

Then he tore an epaulette from his shoulder: "You are not worthy to wear that!" said he; "come along!"

He dragged him out of his corner, and held the lantern before his face. We saw a handsome boy of eighteen or nineteen, tall and slender, with small, light moustaches, and blue eyes.

Seeing him there so pale, with Winter's fist at his throat, I thought of the poor boy's father and mother; my heart smote me, and I could not help saying: "Come, Winter, he is a child, a very child! He will not do it again!"

But Winter, who thought that now surely his cross was won, turned upon me furiously:

"I tell thee what, Jew, stop, or I will run my bayonet through thy body!"

"Wretch!" thought I, "what will not a man do to make sure of his glass of wine for the rest of his days?"

I have a sort of horror of that man; there are some wild beasts in the human species!

Chevreaux, Somme, and Dubourg did not speak.

Winter began to walk towards the postern, with his hand on the deserter's collar.

"If he stops," said he, "strike him on the back with your muskets! Ah, brigand, you desert in the face of the enemy! Your case is clear: next Sunday you will sleep under the turf of the half-moon! Will you come on? Strike him with the butt-end, you cowards!"

What pained me most was to hear the poor fellow's heavy sighs; he breathed so hard, from his fright at being taken, and knowing that he would be shot, that we could hear him fifteen feet off; the

sweat ran down my forehead. And now and then he turned to me and gave me such a look as I shall never forget, as if to say: "Save me!"

If I had been alone with Dubourg and Chevreux, we would have let him go; but Winter would sooner have murdered him.

We came in this way to the foot of the postern. They made the deserter pass first. When we reached the top, a sergeant, with four men from the next station was already there, waiting for us.

"What is it?" asked the sergeant.

"A deserter," said Winter.

The sergeant—an old man—looked at him and said: "Take him to the station."

"No," said Winter, "he will go with us to the station on the square."

"I will reinforce you with two men," said the sergeant.

"We do not need them," replied Winter roughly. "We took him ourselves, and we are enough to guard him."

The sergeant saw that we should have all the glory, and he said no more.

We started, our guns on our arms; the prisoner, all in tatters and without his shako, walked in the midst.

We soon came to the little square; we had only to cross the old market before reaching the guard-house. The cannon of the arsenal were firing all the time; as we were starting to leave the market, one of the flashes lighted up the arch in front of us; the prisoner saw the door of the jail at the left, with its great locks, and the sight gave him terrible strength; he tore away his collar, and threw himself from us with both his arms stretched out behind.

Winter had been almost thrown down, but he threw himself at once upon the deserter, exclaiming, "Ah, brigand! You want to run away!"

We saw no more, for the lantern fell to the ground.

"Guard! guard!" cried Chevreux.

All this took but a moment, and half of the infantry post were already there under arms. Then we saw the prisoner again; he was sitting on the edge of the stairway among the pillars; blood was running from his mouth; not more than half his waistcoat was left, and he bent forward, trembling from head to foot.

Winter held him by the nape of the neck, and said to Lieutenant Schnindret, who was looking on: "A deserter, Lieutenant! He has tried to escape twice, but Winter was on hand."

"That is right," said the lieutenant. "Let them find the jailer."

Two soldiers went away. A number of our comrades of the national guard had come down, but nobody spoke. However hard men may be, when they see a wretch in such a condition, and think, "the day after to-morrow he will be shot!" everybody is silent, and a good many would release him if they could.

After some minutes Harmantier arrived with his woollen jacket and his bunch of keys.

The lieutenant said to him, "Lock up this man!"

"Come, get up and walk!" he said to the deserter, who rose and followed Harmantier, while everybody crowded round.

The jailer opened the two massive doors of the prison; the prisoner entered without assistance, and then the large locks and bolts fastened him in.

"Every man return to his post!" said the lieutenant to us. And we went up the steps of the mayoralty.

All this had so upset me that I had not thought of my wife and children. But when once above, in the large warm hall, full of smoke, with all that set who were laughing and boasting at having taken a poor, unresisting deserter, the thought that I was the cause of this misery filled my soul with anguish; I stretched myself on the camp-bed, and thought of all the trouble that is in the world, of Zeffen, of Sâfel, of my children, who might, perhaps, some day be arrested for not liking war. And the words of the Lord came to my mind, which He spake to Samuel, when the people desired a king:

"Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them. Howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them. He will take your sons and appoint them for himself; and some shall run before his chariots. He will set them to make his

instruments of war. And he will take your daughters to be cooks and bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. He will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men. He will take the tenth of your sheep; and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day, and the Lord will not hear you."

These thoughts made me very wretched; my only consolation was in knowing that my sons Frômel and Itzig were in America. I resolved to send Sâfel, David, and Esdras there also, when the time should come.

These reveries lasted till day-light. I heard no longer the shouts of laughter or the jokes of the ragamuffins. Now and then they would come and shake me, and say, "Go, Moses, and fill your brandy jug! The sergeant gives you leave."

But I did not wish to hear them.

About four o'clock in the morning, our arsenal cannon having dismounted the Russian howitzers on the Quatre-Vents hill, the patrols ceased.

Exactly at seven we were relieved. We went down, one by one, our muskets on our shoulders. We were ranged before the mayoralty, and Captain Vigneron gave the orders: "Carry arms! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Break ranks!"

We all dispersed, very glad to get rid of glory.

I was going to run at once to the casemates when I had laid aside my musket, to find Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children; but what was my joy at seeing little Sâfel already at our door! As soon as he saw me turn the corner, he ran to me, exclaiming: "We have all come back! We are waiting for you!"

I stooped to embrace him. At that moment Zeffen opened the window above, and showed me her little Esdras, and Sorlé stood laughing behind them. I went up quickly, blessing the Lord for having delivered us from all our troubles, and exclaiming inwardly: "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever! Let the Lord rejoice in his works!"

XIV.

It is still one of the happiest moments of my life. Scarcely had I come up the stairs when Zeffen and Sorlé were in my arms; the little ones hung around my shoulders, and I felt their lovely, full lips on my cheeks; Sâfel held my hand, and I could not say a word, but my eyes filled with tears.

Ah! if we had had Baruch with us, how happy we should have been!

At length I went to lay aside my musket, and hang my cartridge-box in the alcove. The children were laughing, and joy was in the house once more. And when I came back in my old beaver cap, and my large, warm woollen stockings, and sat down in the old arm-chair, in front of the little table set with porringers, in which Zeffen was pouring the soup; when I was again in the midst of all these happy faces, with their eyes wide-open and their little hands stretched out, I could have sung like an old lark on his branch, over the nest where his little ones were opening their beaks and flapping their wings.

I blessed them in my heart a hundred times. Sorlé, who saw in my eyes what I was thinking, said: "They are all together, Moses, just as they were yesterday; the Lord has preserved them."

"Yes, blessed be the name of the Lord, forever and ever!" I replied.

While we were at breakfast, Zeffen told me about their arrival in the large casemate at the barracks, which was full of people stretched on their mattresses in every direction—the cries of some, the fright of others, the torment from the vermin, the water dropping from the arch, the crowds of children who could not sleep, and did nothing but cry, the lamentations of five or six old men who kept calling out, "Ah! our last hour has come! Ah! how cold it is! Ah! we shall never go home—it is all over!"—

Then suddenly the deep silence of all, when they heard the cannon about ten o'clock—the reports coming slowly at first, and then in rapid succession like the roar of a tempest—the flashes, which could be seen even through the screens of the gate, and old Christine

Evig telling her beads in a loud voice as if she were in a procession, and the other women responding together.

As she told me this, Zeffen clasped her little Esdras tightly, while I held David on my knees, embracing him as I thought to myself, "Yes, my poor children, you have been through a great deal!"

Notwithstanding the joy of seeing that we were all safe, the thought of the deserter in his prison at the town-house would come to me; he too had parents! And when you think of all the trouble which a father and mother have in bringing up a child, of the nights spent in soothing his cries, of their cares when he is sick, of their hopes in seeing him growing up; and then imagine to yourself some veterans sitting around a table to try him, and coolly send him to be shot behind the bastion, it makes you shudder, especially when you say to yourself: "But for me, this boy would have been at liberty; he would be on the road to his home; he would perhaps have reached the poor old people's door, and be calling out to them, 'Open! it is I!'"

Such thoughts are enough to make one wild.

I did not dare to speak to my wife and children of the poor fellow's arrest; I kept my thoughts to myself.

Without, the detachment from La Roulette, Trois-Maisons, and La Fontaine-du-Château, passed through the street, keeping step; groups of children ran about the city to find the pieces of shells; neighbors collected to talk about the events of the night—the roofs torn off, the chimneys thrown down, the frights they had had. We heard their voices rising and falling, and their shouts of laughter. And I have since seen that it is always the same thing after a bombardment; the shower is forgotten as soon as it is over, and they exclaim: "Huzza! the enemy is gone!"

While we were there meditating, some one came up the stairs. We listened, and our sergeant, with his musket on his shoulder and his cape and gaiters covered with mud, opened the door, exclaiming: "Good for you, Father Moses! Good for you!—You distinguished yourself last night!"

"Ha! what is it, Sergeant?" asked my wife in astonishment.

"What! has he not told you of the famous thing he did, Madame Sorlé? Has he not told you that the national guard Moses, on patrol about nine o'clock at the Hospital bastion, discovered and then arrested a deserter in the very act! It is on Lieutenant Schnindret's verbal process."

"But I was not alone," I exclaimed in despair; "there were four of us."

"Bah! You discovered the track, you went down into the fosses, you carried the lantern! Father Moses, you must not try to make your good deed seem less, you are wrong. You are going to be named for corporal. The court-martial will sit to-morrow at nine. Be easy, they will take care of your man!"

Imagine, Fritz, how I looked; Sorlé, Zeffen, and the children looked at me, and I did not know what to say.

"Now I must go and change my clothes," said the sergeant, shaking my hand. "We will talk about it again, Father Moses. I always said that you would end by being a famous rabbit."

He gave a low laugh as was his custom, winking his eyes, and then went across the alley and into his room.

My wife was very pale.

"Is it true, Moses?" she asked after a minute.

"He! I did not know that he wanted to desert, Sorlé," I replied. "And then the boy ought to have looked round on all sides; he ought to have gone down on the Hospital square, gone round the dunghills, and even into the lane to see if any one was coming; he brought it on himself; I did not know any thing, I——"

But Sorlé did not let me finish.

"Run, quickly, Moses, to Burguet's!" she exclaimed; "if this man is shot, his blood will be upon our children. Make haste, do not lose a minute."

She raised her hands, and I went out, much troubled.

My only fear was that I should not find Burguet at home; fortunately, on opening his door, on the first floor of the old Cauchois house, I saw the tall barber Vésenaire shaving him, in the midst of the old books and papers which filled the room.

Burguet was sitting with the towel at his chin.

"Ah! It is you, Moses!" he exclaimed, in a glad tone. "What gives me the pleasure of a visit from you?"

"I come to ask a favor of you, Burguet."

"If it is for money," said he, "we shall have difficulty."

He laughed, and his servant-woman Marie Lorient, who heard us from the kitchen, opened the door, and thrust her red head-gear into the room, as she called out, "I think that we shall have difficulty! We owe Vésenaire for three months, shaving; do not we, Vésenaire?"

She said this very seriously, and Burguet, instead of being angry, began to laugh. I have always fancied that a man of his talents had a sort of need of such an incarnation of human stupidity to laugh at, and help his digestion. He never was willing to dismiss this Marie Lorient.

In short, while Vésenaire kept on shaving him, I gave him an account of our patrol and the arrest of the deserter; and begged him to defend the poor fellow. I told him that he alone was able to save him, and restore peace, not only to my own mind, but to Sorlé, Zeffen, and the whole family, for we were all in great distress, and trusted in him to help us.

"Ah! you take me at my weak point, Moses! If it is possible for me to save this man, I must try. But it will not be an easy matter. During the last fifteen days, desertions have begun—the court-martial wishes to make an example. It is a bad business. You have money, Moses; give Vésenaire four sous to go and take a drop."

I gave four sous to Vésenaire, who made a grand bow and went out. Burguet finished dressing himself.

"Let us go and see!" said he, taking me by the arm.

And we went down together on our way to the mayoralty.

Many years have passed since that day. Ah, well! it seems now as if we were going under the arch, and I heard Burguet saying: "Hey, Sergeant! Tell the turnkey that the prisoner's advocate is here."

Harmantier came, bowed, and opened

the door. We went down into the dungeon full of stench, and saw in the right-hand corner a figure gathered in a heap on the straw.

"Get up!" said Harmantier, "here is your advocate."

The poor wretch moved and raised himself in the darkness. Burguet leaned toward him and said: "Come! Take courage! I have come to talk with you about your defence."

And the other began to sob.

When a man has been knocked down, torn to tatters, beaten till he cannot stand, when he knows that the law is against him, that he must die without seeing his friends, he becomes as weak as a baby. Those who beat their prisoners are great villains.

"Let us see!" said Burguet. "Sit down on the side of your camp-bed. What is your name? Where did you come from? Harmantier, give this man a little water to drink and wash himself!"

"He has some, M. Burguet; he has some in the corner."

"Ah, well!"

"Compose yourself, my boy!"

The more gently he spoke, the more did the poor fellow weep. At last, however, he said that his family lived near Gérardmer, in the Vosges; that his father's name was Mathieu Belin, and that he was a fisherman at Retourner.

Burguet drew every word out of his mouth; he wanted to know every particular about his father and mother, his brothers and sisters.

I remember that his father had served under the Republic, and had even been wounded at Fleurus; that his oldest brother had died in Russia; that he himself was the second son taken from home by the conscription, and that there were still at home three sisters younger than himself.

This came from him slowly; he was so enfeebled by Winter's beating, that he moved and sank down like a soulless body.

There was still another thing, Fritz, as you may think—the boy was young! and that brought to my mind the days when I used to go in two hours from Phalsburg to Marmoutier, to see Sorlé—Ah, poor wretch! As he told all this,

sobbing, with his face in his hands, my heart melted within me.

Burguet was quite overcome. When we were leaving, at the end of an hour, he said, "Come, let us be hopeful! You will be tried to-morrow.—Don't despair! Harmantier, we must give this man a cape; it is deadfully cold, especially at night. It is a bad business, my boy, but it is not hopeless. Try to appear as well as you can before the audience; the court-martial always thinks better of a man who is well-dressed."

When we were out, he said to me: "Moses, you send the man a clean shirt. His waistcoat is torn; don't forget to have him decently dressed every way; soldiers always judge of a man by his dress."

"Be easy about that," said I.

The prison doors were closed, and we went across the market.

"Now," said Burguet, "I must go in. I must think it over. It is well that the brother was left in Russia, and that the father has been in the service—it is something to make a point of."

We had reached the corner of the Rampart street; he kept on, and I went home more miserable than before.

You cannot imagine, Fritz, how troubled I was; when a man has always had a quiet conscience it is terrible to reproach one's self, and think: "If this man is shot, if his father, and mother, and sisters, and that other one, who are all expecting him yonder, are made miserable, thou, Moses, wilt be the cause of it all!"

Fortunately there was no lack of work to be done at home; Sorlé had just opened the old shop to begin to sell our brandies, and it was full of people. For eight days the keepers of ale-houses, and coffee-houses, and inns, had had nothing wherewith to fill their casks; they were on the point of shutting up shop. Imagine the crowd! They came in a row, with their jugs and little casks and pitchers. The old toppers came too, sticking out their elbows; Sorlé, Zeffen, and Safel had not time to serve them.

The sergeant said that we must put a policeman at our door to prevent quarrels, for some of them said that

they lost their turn, and that their money was as good as anybody's.

It will be a good many years before such a crowd will be seen again at a Phalsburg merchant's.

I had only time to tell my wife that Burguet would defend the deserter, and went down into the cellar to fill the two tuns at the counter, which were now empty.

Fifteen days after, Sorlé doubled the price; our first two pipes were sold, and this extra price did not lessen the demand.

Men always find money for brandy and tobacco, even when they have none left for bread. This is why governments impose their heaviest taxes upon these two articles; they might be heavier still without diminishing their use—only, children would starve to death.

I have seen this—I have seen this great folly in men, and I am astonished whenever I think of it.

My pleasure in money-getting had made me forget the deserter; I did not think of him again till after supper, when night set in; but I did not say a word about him; we were all so tired and so pleased with the day's profits that we did not want to be troubled with thinking of such things. But after Zeffen and the children had retired, I told Sorlé of our visit to the prisoner. I told her, too, that Burguet had hopes, which made her very happy.

About nine o'clock, by God's blessing, we were all asleep.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO I.—THE QUEEN.

THERE is something in the position of sovereign which seems to develop and call forth the qualities of a woman beyond that of any other occupation. The number of reigning women has no doubt been very limited, but it is curious to note how kindly the feminine mind takes to the trade of ruling whenever the opportunity occurs to it. It is, perhaps, the only branch of mental work in which it has attained a true and satisfactory greatness. The only queen regnant we know of who was nobody was our own placid Queen Anne. Such names as

those of Isabella of Castile, of Elizabeth, and Maria Theresa, are very illustrious examples of this fact. The historian cannot regard those princely personages with the condescending approbation which critics in every other branch of science and art extend to women. They are great monarchs, figures that stand fully out against the background of history in the boldest and most forcible lines; and that in very absolute contradiction to all conventional theories. The name at the head of this article is not a historical personage of the first eminence; but it is that of a very remarkable woman, who holds no insignificant rank in the long line of English sovereigns. The period is called the reign of George II.; but so long as her life lasted, it was Caroline who was the Queen.

The Guelph family, at least in its beginning, does not furnish us with any very interesting or dramatic group. The first Georges are historical characters only because they cannot help themselves—fate and the Protestant succession having been too many for them. They would without doubt have been more honored, more respectable, more at their ease in every way, had the prickly circlet, of which the fifth Harry complained, never been placed upon their homely brows. It was no doubt a painful metamorphosis for the German "Lairdie," the obscure Elector, whom nobody expected to cope with a Grand Monarque, or take up the traditions of an imperial court, to emerge out of his jolly little uncleanly Teutonic paradise, and submit himself to the caustic inspection of Whig wits and Jacobite sneers. It was the greatest sacrifice of comfort to grandeur that has been made in modern times. These royal gentlemen have been weighed in a great many balances of late years, and the result has not been flattering to them, though it has not left them altogether without credit. We do not propose to reopen the record. The little monarch, with "his right leg well forward," and his "eyes à fleur de la tête," and the "dapper George" who succeeded him, have had more than their share of discussion. But from the year 1727 to 1737 there was another monarch in England whose name was not George—a woman not unfit to take her place

among the reigning princesses. Queen Caroline is even a greater contradiction to every ordinary theory which ordinary men frame about women, than are the other sovereigns who have proved the art of government to be one of the arts within a woman's powers. Every ideal of a good wife which has ever been conceived by man makes out the model woman to be furiously jealous and vindictive over the mere suspicion of infidelity in her husband. Has not some one said that every wife is a Queen Eleanor in her heart?—and it is not only the good woman who is subject to this infirmity. The light-minded, the careless, even the guilty, show the same ruling passion. She who sins herself is not made indulgent thereby to her partner's iniquity. It is the one fault which no woman forgives. And again, the popular imagination supposes that maternity destroys all power of discrimination in a mother. She may be wounded, injured, insulted by her children; she may see them do everything that is base and miserable; she may watch them sink into the lowest depths of degradation; but she will love and believe in them still. To these two fundamental principles of a woman's nature, there is scarce a creature in Christendom who would not seal his or her adhesion. They lie beyond or above all argument. They are proved, and over again proved every day.

Queen Caroline gives a dead contradiction to both. She was an admirable wife; but her husband made her the confidante of his *amours*, and told her about his Rosamonds, and yet she never poisoned, nor thought of poisoning, one of them. She does not even seem to have been jealous. Her historians, moved by the utter impossibility, according to all preconceived notions, of such extraordinary philosophy, pick out here and there the faint little snub bestowed upon "my good Howard," to show that in her heart this instinct of nature existed warmly enough, though in constant control. But the examples do not bear out the suggestion; for it is hard if a lady, not to say a queen, may not snub her bedchamber-woman for her pleasure without any motive. And she despised and disliked her son. We are aware that to say these words is as much as to give her cause over before every domestic tribunal. Monster! does not every

one say? Yet Caroline was no monster. She was a woman and a foreigner, and yet she was more actively and urgently Queen of England than any other except Elizabeth; she was a wife, and yet she varied the form of conjugal wickedness by almost encouraging her husband in his infidelities: she was a mother, yet gave up, despised, and opposed her son. For the first of her contradictory qualities, that of power, she sins in company with other illustrious exceptions to the common theory; but in her other faults she stands alone, or almost alone.

It is a difficult task to apologize for or explain such wonderful incongruities. They contradict at once the conclusions of experience and those certainties which are intuitive and above discussion. If a woman in fiction had been created with such failings, even had she been the highest heroine of tragedy, she would have been flouted as an impossible creature. She would be false to nature. But the real woman is very true in fact, and takes no heed about being true to nature. It is the one great advantage which fact has over invention, and the historic over every other Muse. There are no unities, no consistencies, no rule of probability, to bind the free current of real life. What a poet dare not dream of, existence produces calmly, contradicting its own laws, setting aside the very principles on which its continuance and stability are founded. But the character in which such extraordinary contradictions exist cannot be a simple or superficial one. And the office of the historical student is not to defend, notwithstanding the general rage for rehabilitation, which has changed or attempted to change so many of our landmarks, but only to record, and if possible to explain.

Caroline was born the daughter of a Duke of Anspach, one of the cluster of little German houses to which, for so many generations, we have owed our royal wives and husbands. She was brought up under the care of a princess of the house of Brunswick, the mother of Frederick the Great, and the daughter of the old Electress Sophia, of a stock to all appearance both sweeter and stronger in its feminine branches than it has ever been in its men. The first event in her life is as contradictory at

the first glance to all its future tenor, as the strange qualities which distinguished her in after life are contradictory to her womanhood. It is said that she was chosen by the King of Spain as his bride, under condition of abandoning the Protestant faith and becoming a Catholic. Such a change was (and indeed we suspect is) no such dreadful matter in the German matrimonial market, where princesses are trained to bless the world. And Caroline, far from being a bigot, or disposed to exaggerate the importance of religious distinctions, shows few symptoms of any religious conviction whatever. She refused, however, this advantageous bargain. Her faith, such as it was, seems to have been more to her than the unlucky but then splendid crown which was laid at her feet. "She could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate," says Bishop Burnet. Perhaps at that early period of her existence some lingerings of childish devoutness might be in the mind of the young princess; but there can have been very little piety round her, and she showed small sign of any in her after life. The real cause of her resistance probably was that her mind, though not religious, was essentially Protestant, as a great many minds are, especially in Germany. The Protestant mind still exists and flourishes, though not always in distinct connection with a Protestant faith; and is a far less conquerable thing than any system of doctrine. In such a constitution, a determined dislike to submit to authority, to bind the spirit down to obedience, or even to profess subjection in matters with which the intellect has so much to do, is infinitely stronger than the faculty of belief. Caroline, we suspect, would have been very vague in any confession of her faith; but it is easy to perceive how difficult the profession of Catholicism would be to a woman of such a character and mind.

"Her pious firmness," adds the bishop-historian, "is likely to be rewarded even in this life with a much better crown than that which she rejected."

It was to make Great Britain happy, as all the poets twittered, that the choice was made; and she married her George shortly after, and lived with him, in the most singular version of married life perhaps ever set before the world.

for more than thirty years. To judge it or her by the rules current among ourselves at the present day would be both unjust and foolish; but happily the chroniclers of the time have left us in little doubt about the manners and customs of that babbling and talkative age. It is painful to think how little of the same kind of pleasure our descendants, a hundred years hence, will get out of us. Thanks to Sir Rowland Hill (and many thanks to him), we, as a nation, write letters no more. And somehow, notwithstanding the contradiction which statistics would throw in our face did we venture on such an assertion, there do not seem to be so many of us afloat in the world nowadays as there were in the period when Horace Walpole corresponded with his friends. There is no such hum as of a crowd breathing out of the mingled mass of society where fashion and politics rival and aid each other. In the days of the great Horace the buzz filled the air; quiet people heard it miles off, counties off; now a great *bourdonnement*, filling their ears like the sound of the waves of life in the City when you stand within the silent aisles of St. Paul's, and listen—now scraps of distinct talk, like those you catch by intervals on the skirts of every assembly—now an opening of the crowd as some one comes or goes—now a gathering of the countless mass, as some pageant forms within its enclosure. We are more listless now, and speak lower, and don't enjoy it. It is a polite whisper, or it is a slow funereal drawl, the words dropping dolefully and at intervals, like signal guns, which alone reaches us out of the crowd. And somehow there don't seem so many people about; they are climbing the Alps and crossing the seas, and lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes, and writing pretty books—perhaps; or perhaps they are only of a lower vitality, and make less noise, like the good children. When our great-grandsons write our history, they will feel the difference; for the newspapers, which none of us much believe in, will probably have made themselves utterly incredible by that time, and have ceased to be referred to. Let us hope that the New Zealander will bring over with him some old packets of yellow letters written to the first colonists. In these, and in the big mails that go to

India, the budgets of news for the boys who are out in the world, lie our only hope of domestic records in the present silent age.

The court of George II., however, lies open in a full flood of light. Not only do everybody's letters contribute toward its illumination, but the curious Memoirs of Lord Hervey, unique in history, present it before us with a remorseless and impartial distinctness. To say that we know it as well as if we had lived in it, is little. We know it infinitely better. We know what everybody said when the royal doors were closed, and minister or bishop discussed the most important of national affairs with king or queen. Had we but been about Court at the moment, the extent of our observation could not have gone further than to remark how Sir Robert looked when he left the royal presence, or if Bishop Hoadley was cheerful after his audience. And it is not a pleasant spectacle. The age was not one in which man believed in man, nor in woman either, for that matter. If wits were not sharper, the tongue at least was less under restraint. And morality, as we understand it nowadays, does not seem to have had any existence. Most people behaved badly, and nobody was ashamed of it. To be sure, a great many people behave badly at all times; but, at least, the grace of concealment, of decent hypocrisy, of outward decorum, is general in the world. There was no concealment in those days. The ruling classes lived coarsely, spoke coarsely, sinned coarsely, without any illusion on the subject. The innocent and virtuous were little less indecent than the gross and wicked. Good wives, and even spotless maidens, discussed, without any pretence of shame or attempt at secrecy, the nasty adventures going on around them. The age was depraved, but it was more than depraved—it was openly unclean. And yet many notable figures circulate in this wicked and gossiping and unsavory crowd. The wickedness and unsavoryness have been largely discussed and set forth to the fullest vantage; yet there are higher matters to discuss, into which it is possible to enter without falling absolutely into the mire. It is hideous to hear the old King talking of his favorites to his wife's unoffended ears; but

the story of their life together—of her rule, of her wisdom, her extraordinary stoicism and patience, her good sense and infinite reasonableness—is a very curious, almost unique, and often most touching tale.

There is one thing to be remarked, to begin with, as a circumstance which explains much in the life of Caroline. It is only after she had attained the fullest maturity of mind that she takes her place in history. Such a hapless passionate existence as that of Mary Stuart is over and closed forever before the age at which Caroline begins to be fully apparent to us. Therefore, naturally, her virtues and her faults are both of a different kind from those which are likely to distinguish the earlier half of life. This of itself throws a certain light upon her wonderful conjugal tolerance. She was above forty when she came to the throne of Great Britain. Before a woman comes to that age she has learned much which seems impossible to youth. In a barren soil, it is true, cultivation can do but little, and there is many a woman who is as much a fool at forty as if she had still the excuse of being in her teens. But with the greater portion of reasoning creatures maturity makes a difference. It teaches patience first of all; it teaches the absolute want of perfection that exists everywhere, even in one's self. It makes the human soul aware of its incapacity to enter altogether into another, and to be possessed of its most intimate motives; and it exalts the great objects of family peace, honor, and union, of prosperity and general respect, of sober duty, above those enthusiasms of love and perfection which are natural and seemly in youth. A young woman who had been as tolerant as Caroline would have been simply a monster. But a royal soul, on the heights of middle age, having lived through all the frets and passions of youth, without becoming a whit less natural, separates itself from much that once seemed necessary to its existence. Far be it from us to say that love perishes in the growth and progress of the mind. But love changes. It demands less, it gives more. Its gifts are not always flattering to the receiver, because it is—alas!—impossible that it should always retain the fairy glamour in its eyes, and

think all excellence centred in the object of its regard. It is a favorite theory with young people, and chiefly with women, though one to which common life gives the lie daily, that when respect is gone love dies. Love, let us be thankful, is a much more hardy and vigorous principle; it survives everything—even imbecility, even baseness. Its gifts, we repeat, are not always flattering to the receiver; instead of the sweet thoughts, the sweet words, the tender caresses, and admiring enthusiasm of its earlier days, it often comes to be pity, indulgence, even endurance, which it gives; and that with a terrible desinterestedness—"all for love, and nothing for reward," with no farther expectation of the recompense without which young love breaks its heart and dies. Old Love, by long and hard training, finds out that it cannot die; it discovers that it can live on the smaller and ever smaller footing which experience leaves it. Like a drowning creature on its one span of rock, it lives and sees the remorseless tide rising round it. It survives ill-usage, hardship, injury of every kind, even—and this is a mystery and miracle, which few can understand—in some strange way it survives contempt. Men and women continue steadily—as the evidence of our own eyes and ears will tell us—to love women and men upon whom they cannot possibly look but with a certain scorn. They are disenchanted, their eyes are opened, no halo hangs any longer over the feeble or foolish head which once looked like that of a hero. His wife has to shield the man from other people's contempt, from blame, and the penalties of misdoing. She cannot, standing so near him, shield him from her own; but her love, changed, transfigured, embittered, exists and warms him still.

The only distinct incident of Caroline's youth which has escaped oblivion is that about the offered crown which she would not buy with the sacrifice of her Protestant birthright. History is silent as to her early married life, and perhaps it is as well. How she may have struggled against her fate we cannot tell; and probably it would not be an edifying tale. She came to England in 1714, a young mother with her children, and not till some years after does she even appear as a centre of society in her new country. When the

quarrel between her husband and his father broke out openly, the Princess of Wales began her individual career. The pair did what so many heirs-apparent have done—they set up their Court in avowed opposition to the elder Court, which rarely holds its own in such a struggle. In this case it had less than the usual chance. The elder Court was dull, and coarse, and wicked. It had no legitimate queen; and no charm, either of wit or beauty, recommended its feminine oracles, who were destitute of any claim on the respect of the nation, and were openly sneered and jeered at by high and low. On the other hand, the Court of “the Waleses,” to quote the familiar phraseology of the nineteenth century, was young, gay, and bright, full of pretty women, and clever men. The Princess herself was in the bloom of her age, handsome, accomplished, and agreeable. Among her attendants were some of the heroines of the time—the “fair Lepell,” the sweet Mary Bellenden, the “good Howard,” whose names are still as familiar as if they had been shining yesterday upon an admiring world. “The apartments of the bedchamber-woman in waiting,” says Walpole, “became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties.” Pleasure of every kind and complexion was the occupation of this royal household. It had little influence in public affairs, and no place in the national economy. It was free to enter into all the gayeties of a private house, with all the splendor of a palace. Such a position, unofficial, unrestrained, without the curb either of filial or public duty, is more pleasant than safe in most cases. But the breach between the father and son was too desperate to give the Prince any power of mischief, so far as the affairs of the country were concerned. And he was not more depraved than it seems to have been considered his princely duty to be, as a man equal to the responsibilities of his position. He had a “favorite,” because, in the abominable code of the time, such an appendage was thought necessary; and George’s dull sense of his duty in this respect would be whimsical if it was not vile. But, strangely enough, he was all the time a man under the most perfect domestic management. And

more strange still, the woman who was his mistress gives even a prejudiced inquirer an impression of genuine *goodness*, sweetness, and truth, which it is hard to reconcile with her miserable position. For ten years a racket of pleasuring was kept up at Leicester Fields. The laughing Opposition jeered and jested, and made epigrams, and made love. The saucy maids of honor laughed at the little Prince to his face. They indulged in all kinds of obsolete merry-makings. They hated the King and his Dutch Queens, and his powerful Minister. When the old George ended, and the new George began, what a change was to be in the universe! Other laws, other policy, a different *régime*, with everybody in place who was out, and everybody out who was in, and a general reversal and delightful jumble of heaven and earth. So everybody believed, and so the Prince of Wales fully intended in his choleric soul. But master and servants alike reckoned without their Princess. While the racket went on around her, while her naughty little husband made love before her face, and his courtiers laughed in their sleeves, wise Caroline kept her bright eyes open—those eyes of which Walpole says, “that they expressed whatever she had a mind they should”—and looked on and pondered. She was “*cette diablesse la Madame Princesse*” to her charming father-in-law. She was in opposition, like the rest, naturally set against the powers that were. From her, even more than from her husband, might have been expected a desire to cross, and thwart, and run in the face of everything that had been before her. *Nous allons changer tout cela*. What other sentiment could be expected to rise in the breast of a clever and impatient woman, as she stood by for years and watched the Germans at St. James’s buying and selling, and the old King who had driven herself out of his palace, and kept her daughters as hostages, petting his favorite Minister? Could anybody doubt what her feelings must have been to the whole obnoxious group—King, Jezebels, Premier—who kept all influence out of her hands? And she was German, like all the others, and knew as little by nature what British policy ought to be. She must have sat still, impotent, and watched what they

were about, as she ruled her little Court, and led its pleasures, for ten long years. And the country, and the Prince, and the expectant statesmen, and even the Prime Minister himself, felt in their hearts, when the end came, how it must be.

It would be curious to inquire how it was that this woman knew better than all the people about her: how it was that she resisted the natural impulse of opposition, and all the temptations of vengeance and novel delights of power. There are various petty explanations suggested, as might have been expected. Sir Robert Walpole believed that it was his own cleverness in finding out from the first that her influence and not that of her rival was all-powerful with the King. Others considered it to be the direct court which his adversaries paid to Lady Suffolk. Caroline's conduct gives little warrant either to the one supposition or the other. A far more rational and obvious conclusion, as well as one infinitely greater and more worthy, would be that the spectator thus standing aside so long to watch with the keen interest of a future ruler the course of affairs, honestly perceived that the most skilful hand in the country was already at the helm, and made up her mind to sacrifice her prepossessions to the good of the empire. Not Prince Hal when he rebuked his ancient ally more startled and amazed his expectant followers than did the new King when, sulky and unwilling, he took his father's Minister to his counsels, and turned the comforters of his humiliation away. How "he as *King* came to consult those whom he never would speak to as *Prince*, and to admit no farther than the drawing-room at St James's those favorites who had ever been of the *Cabinet* at Leicester House; in short, how he came to pursue the very same measures in his own reign which he had been constantly censuring and exploding in his father's," is, Lord Hervey concludes, a wonder which everybody will be curious to know the reason of. Curiosity on this point has much decreased, no doubt, since he wrote; but it is as striking a political event as any in our modern history. And at this distance, when all the figures are rounded by time, and the far-off beholder has a chance of arriving at a more correct judgment than the spectator

who is on the spot and sees too much, the question is still interesting. George made this lame but wise conclusion as unwillingly as ever man did anything he could not help doing; and he did it because Caroline had been studying all the circumstances while he was amusing himself, and because she had the true wisdom, the supreme good sense, of putting her animosities in her pocket, and electing to do that which was best for the nation, as well as for the stability of her own family and throne.

When the news of the death of George I. reached England, the first act of the new King was exactly what was expected of him. He referred Sir Robert Walpole, who brought him the news, at once and ungraciously to Sir Spencer Compton, who had been his treasurer as Prince, and acknowledged partisan. Sir Robert accepted the decision as the most likely and natural one. "It is what I, as well as the rest of the world, expected would be whenever this accident happened," he said, according to Lord Hervey's report, to the new authority. "My time has been: yours is beginning." Then there came an awful pause of fate. England, which needed wary steering in those days, found herself suddenly for a breathless moment in the hands of George and Sir Spencer Compton. There is a certain grim fun in the situation, as of a couple of astounded pigmies left suddenly all at once to do a giant's work. Perhaps the King, had he been his own man, and not under lawful rule and governance, would have had courage to try it; and for a moment the crowding spectators who came to kiss hands, and those who made Leicester Fields ring with the sound of their applauses, expected it was to be so. But the second of the dwarfs was not so brave as his master. Either the joy of the triumph or the fear of responsibility overwhelmed the poor man. He had a speech to make for the King, and making King's speeches was not his *métier*.

He turned abject and dismayed to the dismissed Minister, who had just asked and received the promise of his protection. He begged like a schoolboy over his verses that Sir Robert would do it for him this time, till he got into the way of it. It was pure imbecility, or fate; for, as Lord Hervey remarks, "if

this precedent-monger had only turned to the old Gazettes published at the beginning of former reigns, he might have copied full as good a declaration from these records as any Sir Robert Walpole could give him." Such acts of folly mark the difference between the man who can and him who cannot. Sir Robert, no doubt, smiled as he retired into a room by himself, to do his rival's work. He had promised not to tell, "even to the people in the next room;" but when the new Minister had taken the speech in his own handwriting to the King, a discussion arose about it, in which again Sir Spencer appealed to his predecessor. Queen Caroline, we are told,* "a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two men, who had silently watched for a proper moment to overturn the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the King how prejudicial it would be to his affairs to prefer a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute the office." She had already given a public proof that with her the late holders of office were not disgraced. On the very day after the accession, when "all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss hands;" when the "common face of a Court was quite reversed," and "there was not a creature in office who had not the most sorrowful and dejected countenance of distress and disappointment," Caroline was the only woman in that servile crowd who took any notice of Lady Walpole—the wife of the Minister, whose "late devotees" kept her with "scornful backs and elbows" from approaching the royal presence; "but no sooner was she descried by her Majesty," writes her son, with natural triumph, "than the Queen cried aloud, 'There, I am sure I see a friend!'" An inferior mind might well have taken that little bit of vengeance on the former Court which had expelled and tabooed herself. But Caroline was either altogether superior to the temptation, or too wise, even in the first moment of triumph, to avail herself of it. All the elaborate machinery by which she ruled was already in operation to keep the tried and trusty public servant who had already managed the country for so

long, and knew its wants so well, at the head of affairs. She had the penetration to see that there was the friend and defender of whom her family stood in need.

It would be vain to attempt to say that the means by which Caroline procured her will were of the most dignified kind. They were such means as we see continually employed in private life, when a clever and sensible woman is linked (unfortunately not a very uncommon circumstance) to an ill-tempered, headstrong, and shallow man. They are means to which a pure and elevated mind would find it very hard, even impossible to stoop; but there can be little doubt that by their partial use many a family has been kept united and prosperous, and many a commonplace personage carried through the world with something like honor and credit, whose affairs would have fallen into hopeless loss and ruin had his wife suffered the natural disgust and impatience of a superior mind to move or be apparent in her. Queen Caroline, perhaps, as her stake was greater than most, carried those means of power to such a perfection as few have been able to reach.

"The Queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper," says Lord Henry, "knew how to instil her own sentiments, while she affected to receive his Majesty's. She could appear convinced while she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion, and binding his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private."

Her labors were unremitting at this grand crisis of fate. And if it be remembered how very ticklish the position was, the immense importance at once to her family and to the country of an agent so judicious and unexcitable can scarcely be overcalculated. A young dispossessed legitimate heir was growing up with all those circumstances in his favor which naturally

* Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

attend a new life. The old Pretender might have committed himself to many follies—the young Pretender was as yet unstained by any independent act. It might become at any moment the policy of one of the great Continental powers to take up the boy's cause, as indeed they were all well enough inclined to do. He had still a party in England, strong in rank, if not in much else, and a yet stronger in Scotland. The newly-imported German family, which scarcely pretended to love or sympathize with its new subjects, was totally unbeloved by them. Mere policy, and nothing else, an act of national necessity, desperation so to speak, had brought them over. They had neither traditional loyalty nor personal affection in their favor, nor the powers of mind, or even attraction of manners and appearance which win popularity. Caroline was as far sensible of this as any individual can be expected to be sensible of the disadvantages of her own immediate family. Though her life abounds in similar situations, there are none more expressive of the mingled tragedy and comedy, the curious junction of the greatest and pettiest interests, than this first scene in her life as queen. It is ludicrous, yet, if one but thinks what is involved, it becomes solemn. There is the little King strutting and storming, "losing no opportunity to declare that the Queen never meddled with his business," and strong in the notion of inaugurating a new *régime*; and the faltering unprepared new Minister who stammers, and hesitates, and turns to his rival and predecessor for instruction what to do; and burly Sir Robert standing by, not without a humorous twinkle in his eye, aware that his own interests, as well as those of the country, are at stake, yet not quite able to resist the comic features of the scene; and Caroline behind, cautiously pulling the strings that move her royal puppet, anxiously watching the changes of his temper and his countenance. Not a noble method of managing imperial business; yet without it a deadlock must have ensued, and the business could not have been managed at all.

George had formed a very different idea, as Lord Hervey informs us, of his royal duties.

"His design at his first accession to the throne was certainly, as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,

Scul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main, et voir tout de ses yeux.

"He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; and proposed what by experiment he found impracticable, to receive applications and distribute favors through no principal channels, but to hear from all quarters, and employ indifferently in their several callings those who by their stations would come under the denomination of ministers. But it was very plain from what I have just related from the King's own lips, as well as from many other circumstances in his present conduct, that the Queen had subverted all his notions and schemes, and fully possessed his Majesty with an opinion that it was absolutely necessary, from the nature of the English government, that he should have but one Minister, and that it was equally necessary, from Sir Robert's superior abilities, that he should be that one. But this work which she now (1733, five years after the accession) saw complete, had been the work of long time, much trouble, and great contrivance; for though, by a superiority of understanding, thorough knowledge of his temper, and much patience in her own, she could work him by degrees to any point where she had a mind to drive him, yet she was forced to do it often by slow degrees, and with great caution; for as he was infinitely jealous of being governed, he was never to be led but by invisible reins; neither was it ever possible for her to make him adopt her opinion but by instilling her sentiments in such a manner as made him think they rose originally from himself. She always at first gave in to all his notions, though never so extravagant, and made him imagine any change she wrought in them to be an afterthought of his own. To contradict his will directly was always the way to strengthen it; and to labor to convince was to confirm him. Besides all this he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon these occasions was a sort of iron reversed; for the hotter it was, the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression or capable of being turned, it was only when it was quite cool."

"The Queen's power was unrivalled and unbounded," Lord Hervey says at another period; and he adds, "How dearly she earned it will be the subject of future consideration in these papers." It is, indeed, the chief subject of his remarkable Memoirs, in which Caroline appears in all the intimacy of private friendship, enhanced as it is by

the absolute want of privacy that attends a royal existence. The position, as we have said, is in many respects undignified. The real rulers of the kingdom, herself and Sir Robert Walpole, have to meet each other in long secret consultations, like two conspirators. The highest designs of State, when they have been decided on between the two, have to be artfully filtered into the intelligence of the King. He has to be prepared, screwed up and down to one pitch or another, tempered to the necessary heat or coolness; they watch him with the most minute and anxious scrutiny—they propitiate him with little flatteries, with compliances and indulgences, which, as from the Queen at least, are at once unseemly and unnatural—they attend upon his humor with a servile obsequiousness that is simply bewildering. His naughty temper, his nasty ways, his wicked little tongue, are endured with steady patience. Worst of all, perhaps, poor Caroline has to submit to his company, seven or eight hours of it every day, which is evidently the greatest infliction she has to bear. The picture is miserable, dreadful, whimsical, absurd, and touching. For at the worst, when all is said, these two who have lived together so long, who have their children round them, who are not of different countries to make the manners of one repulsive to the other—two Germans, bred in the same ideas, in the same small Courts, who have come to this wonderful preferment together—must have, all errors notwithstanding, lived in such a union as few people ever attain to—a union which seems characteristic of the House of Hanover. No doubt, when it is the weakness of the woman which leans upon the man, the picture is more consistent with the arrangements of society, and more beautiful to behold as a matter of æsthetics. But when a strong, calm, enduring woman, unimpassioned yet tender, backs steadily with all her strength, all her life, the weak, unstable, and uncertain man, who, with all his imperfections, is her husband, it would be hard to refuse a certain admiration at the sight. His sacred Majesty was an intolerable little monster in many respects, yet for more than thirty years they clung to each

other, shared each other's good and evil fortunes, were cast into the shade together, and together burst into power; discussed every public matter, every domestic incident, every inclination, wicked or otherwise, in that grand committee of two which is, wherever it is to be found, the great consolation and strength of life. If the King brought little wisdom to this council, he yet brought himself, a malleable and shapeable being. The heart of the spectator melts to him a little as it becomes evident how very shapeable he was. The royal George was clay in the hands of the potter. He "strutted" out of doors; he strutted even and snubbed his wife when there was only Lord Hervey and some poor tedious German dependant looking on. But he never forsook her, or resisted the inevitable moulding which took place when they were alone. The extent of his "strutting" seems to have been extraordinary. He grew at once facetious and historical in his certainty of being master. In other reigns, he informed his courtiers, it had been otherwise. Charles I. had been governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favorites; his own father by anybody who could get at him. Then, "with a significant satisfied triumphant air," the ridiculous little monarch turned to his auditors, "And who do they say governs now?" he said, swelling with royal pride and content. One can imagine how my lords bowed, and how the muscles twitched about their courtly mouths. But neither within doors nor without was there any echo of his Majesty's complacency. There are moments in our own time when the newspapers are impertinent, and "Punch" ventures on a joke which is a little less than loyal. But speech was very free in the middle of the eighteenth century.

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;

We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, who reign,"

sang boisterously the popular muse. It was the terror of her life that he should find out that he was ruled; it was the delight of his that he was unquestionably lord and master of all.

Sir Robert Walpole's authority, thus

once established, lasted five years longer than the life of his royal mistress. The politics of the time, involved as they are with foreign affairs to an extent which seems strange in these days of non-intervention—though indeed non-intervention had already taken shape, and was a principle to which Walpole clung with much tenacity—are too elaborate to be here discussed. The greatest of all matters to England at the moment was the steady continuance of things as they were, and settlement of the new dynasty, with at least such additional power as the habit of seeing them there could give, on the throne. The country had no love to give them; but so long as it had no positive offence—so long as it was kept content, and things went on to the moderate satisfaction of the people—every day that passed safely over the heads of the new monarchs was an advantage to them. Nothing is more curious than the account of the relations between the Court, the Cabinet, and the Houses of Parliament, which is incidentally given in this narrative. Everything that was done in the country was done by Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole, in private committee assembled. The complaisant Cabinet adopted their resolutions, signed their letters, and did whatever it was told to do. The Parliament, if not always so obedient, did its spiring very gently; and when a majority was not to be had otherwise, there were always means of getting it, according to the method adopted on the Prince of Wales's rebellious demand for more money. That majority cost the King only £900, Lord Hervey tells us; and it is evident that everybody thought it a great bargain. But the country out-of-doors made itself audible and visible now and then, as in the commotion about the Excise Bill, and in that marvellous mob-episode, the Porteous Riot in Edinburgh. The one was a constitutional, the other an unconstitutional outbreak; but in both cases the people had their way, and the Court had to put up with the affront. On the whole, there seems to have been some resemblance between the blustering King and his people at this period. They were both given to illegitimate pleasures; they were both very foolish, hot-headed, and obstinate. Both of them would pull up short at a bit of a

measure which a little while afterward they would swallow whole without the least reluctance. Sir Robert managed the nation much as Caroline managed her husband. He gave in, or appeared to give in, to it by times. Then after the many-headed mass had forgotten a little, he would come back to his abandoned measure, and get it over easily. His was light work, however, in comparison with the unceasing diplomacy and weary unending strain which was made on the Queen's strength by her master. She had seven or eight hours of him every day. She had to keep on her mask, and never to forget herself or her object in her most private moments. Such martyrs there are in ordinary life, whom nobody suspects. And there are some scenes in the Queen's history, trivial and miserable and exasperating, which most people have seen reflected in little episodes of domestic history in households much less exalted than those of kings and queens.

There are several other particulars equally noticeable. We do not speak of the general coarseness of talk, though that seems to have been universal; and indeed the fact of its being universal takes to some extent the meaning out of it. It was an odious fashion, but it was a fashion. The sweet Mary Bellenden, whom Horace Walpole describes as a perfect creature, talks in her friendly letters to Lady Suffolk as we presume women of the very lowest class, short of infamy, would be ashamed to talk now—and does it as a fast girl of the present day talks slang, from mere thoughtlessness apparently, and high spirits. We remember once to have walked for five minutes down a street in Glasgow behind a group of merry mill-girls, with bare feet and *coiffures* as elaborate as if each had employed a separate *artiste*; and their talk, which, after an interval of twenty years, still haunts the horrified ear, resembled the choice phrases with which Horace Walpole's "perfect creature" sprinkles her familiar epistles. Yet she was a woman against whom scandal had not a word to say. It would be in vain, then, to expect from Queen Caroline and her Court the purity of tone which prevails in our own; nor have we any right to blame individuals for what was at once a fault and fashion

of the age. We have no intention or desire to enter into that fossil nastiness. Thank heaven! the *mode* has changed.

But it is curious also to contrast the impartial attitude so strenuously maintained by the Sovereign in our own day with the complete absorption in politics and the cares of government which distinguishes Queen Caroline, and, in a lesser degree, her husband. It was her vocation—the work of her life. She enters into every detail as if she were a Lord of the Treasury. Probably no Lord of the Treasury nowadays gives himself up so entirely to the work of ruling. Nor was there any public pretence of constitutional indifference. The Ministerial party is called the Court party without disguise; the Opposition are his Majesty's enemies. And when anything goes wrong, an insubordinate Secretary or disappointed Chamberlain does not hesitate to give the Queen a bit of his mind. Fancy Lord Carnarvon or General Peel, when circumstances went against them, rushing into the presence of our liege Lady, and making speeches to her of a dozen pages, to the effect that she is deceived in her trust, that her Prime Minister is a rogue, and that she will repent in the end! Such was the mission of Lord Stair on occasion of the famous Excise Bill, on which Sir Robert Walpole was defeated by the country in one of its wild, and to all appearance unreasonable, epidemics of resistance. The whole transaction is sufficiently interesting, if it can be got into our limited space, to be told in full.

The scheme itself was simple enough. It was an expedient to diminish the land-tax, which in the time of war had been as high as four shillings in the pound, by an excise duty upon tobacco and wine which, along with the salt duty, was to balance the subtraction of a shilling in the pound from the tax on land; and Sir Robert, we are told by Lord Hervey, expected nothing but increased popularity from the proposal. Instead of this it set the country in a blaze. "Everybody talked of the scheme as a general excise; they believed that food and raiment, and all the necessities of life, were to be taxed; that armies of excise-officers were to come into every house, and at any time they pleased; that our liberties were at an end, trade going

to be ruined, Magna Charta overturned, all property destroyed, the Crown made absolute, and Parliament themselves no longer necessary to be called." To aid this hubbub, a small party of lords, all in office, sent a messenger in the person of Lord Stair to remonstrate with the Queen. He informed her Majesty that her Prime Minister was more universally odious than any minister in any country had ever been; that he was hated by the army, hated by the clergy, hated by the city of London, and hated by the Scotch to a man (the speaker himself, and half of the party he represented being Scots lords).

"That he absolutely governs your Majesty, nobody doubts," said this astute and amiable messenger; and he proceeded to inform Caroline that the scheme was so wicked, so dishonest, and so slavish, that his conscience would not permit him to vote for it. The Queen had listened to him calmly up to this point, but here her patience failed. "When Lord Stair talked of his conscience with such solemnity, she cried out, 'Ah, my lord, *ne me parlez point de conscience; vous me faites évanouir!*'" Such was the way in which deputations conducted themselves, and were received, in those days. When her visitor, however, went on to say that the profligacy of mankind could not be so great as that the House of Commons should pass a bill so opposite to the interests of their constituents, and so opposed to their wishes, Caroline answered with the following sharp retort:

"Do you, my Lord," she asks, with a certain fine scorn, "pretend to talk of the opinion of the electors having any influence on the elected? You have made so very free with me in this conference, my lord, that I hope you will think I am entitled to speak my mind with as little reserve to you. . . . I must, therefore, once more, ask you, my lord, how you can have the assurance to talk to me of your thinking the sense of constituents, their interest or their instructions, any measure or rule for the conduct of their representatives in Parliament; or if you believe I am so ignorant or so forgetful of all past proceedings in Parliament as not to know that in the only occasion when these considerations should have biassed you, you set them all at naught? Remember the Peerage Bill, my lord. Who then betrayed the interests of their constituents? Who deprived their constituents of all chance of ever taking their

turn with those whom they then sent to Parliament? The English lords in passing that bill were only guilty of tyranny, but every Scotch lord was guilty of the last treachery; and whether you were one of the sixteen traitors, your own memory, I believe, will serve to tell you without the assistance of mine."

This stormy interview concluded with the exit of Lord Stair in "a violent passion," exclaiming, "*Madame, vous êtes trompée, et le Roi est trahi!*"

The King was occupied, one does not know how, while this was going on—eating bread and honey, perhaps—while the Queen was in her parlor with this passionate peer. But he was roused to interest when the kingdom began to heave and give forth volcanic groans. On the night of the debate, "justices of the peace, constables, and civil magistrates, were all astir to preserve the public peace; secret orders were given to the Horse and Foot Guards to be in readiness at a moment's warning." And "the mob came down to Westminster," crowding the lobby and the surrounding precincts, as we have seen it do in our own day. Notwithstanding all this commotion, the Bill was passed by a majority of sixty-one. Lord Hervey had to send word from the House how things were going, to satisfy the anxious couple at the Palace; and when he got back to St. James's "was carried by the King into the Queen's bedchamber, and there kept without dinner (poor Chamberlain!) till near three in the morning, asking him ten thousand questions, relating not only to people's words and actions, but even to their looks."

Notwithstanding the majority, however, the Bill was finally given up, after various other incidents which we cannot enter into. The anxiety of the whole "Court party" seems to have been intense. Sir Robert Walpole offered his resignation, or rather, as it seems, suggested to their Majesties that perhaps it would be proper that he should resign. "The Queen chid him extremely for having so ill an opinion of her, as to think it possible for her to be so mean, so cowardly, and so ungrateful as to accept of such an offer; and assured him that as long as she lived she would not abandon him. When Sir Robert made the same offer to the King, his Majesty

(as the Queen told me) made the most kingly, the most sensible, and the most resolute answer that it was possible for a wise, a just, and a great Prince to make to the most able and the most meritorious servant. But whether she dictated the words before he spoke them or embellished them afterwards," says the sceptical Hervey, never very enthusiastic about his royal master, "I know not." She had been "weeping plentifully" when her faithful attendant and chronicler went up to the drawing-room. One wonders if Queens and Ministers, not to speak of Kings, are as much moved at the present day when a favorite measure has to be abandoned. "The King walked about the room in great anger and disorder," and ordered poor Lord Hervey to send bulletins from the House. Sir Robert "stood some time after the House was up leaning against the table, with his hat over his eyes, and some few friends with melancholy countenances round him." The Queen, when she said, "It is over, we must give way," had the tears running down her cheeks. It is strange to hear of so much emotion all about an abortive measure which, in its own essence, was not of fundamental importance, and which came to nothing. Sir Robert was very near paying for it dearly from the insults and assaults of the mob. To show, however, the latent fire always ready to burst forth which existed in the country, it may be added that in the rejoicings made at Oxford over the defeat of Ministers, the health of James III. was publicly drunk. This was a very gaseous and harmless sort of treason, as we know now; but it looked dangerous and alarming enough then.

During the ten years of Caroline's reign, her lord made repeated visits to Hanover, during which intervals she was Queen Regent, and was at liberty to act in her own person without the trouble of influencing him. He wrote to her constantly during these absences—letters of forty or fifty pages each, Lord Hervey says; a long and close journal of all his proceedings, even of such proceedings as were unfit to be reported to any woman's ear, much less to his wife's. It was pretty Fanny's way, and there was apparently

nothing to be done but to give in to it. We repeat, a high-spirited and pure-minded woman could not have given into it; which, perhaps, only means, however, that no one could have done so who had lived into the nineteenth century and thought as we did. But Caroline was of the eighteenth century, and she did not think as we do. A mistress more or less did not matter in these days; it seemed to have been a thing taken for granted. And the Queen was a queen as much as she was a wife. She had come to her natural occupation when she ascended the new yet old throne upon which necessity and Protestantism had placed her race. She was necessary to the country—at least as much as any human creature can be said to be necessary to a world which, when they are removed, always finds it can get on reasonably well without them. The price of her high position, her unbounded influence, her reign, in short—for reign it was—was her continuance of the unswerving indulgence and support which she had always given to the King. She had borne Lady Suffolk very quietly. Nothing can be more visionary than the instances of trifling spite which she is alleged to have shown to that mild woman. Without doubt her own favorite, Mrs. Clayton, could have produced parallel passages had anybody taken the trouble to look them up. She seems, on the contrary, to have been very good to her “good Howard,” and remonstrated with her on her leaving Court, bidding her to recollect that she, like her Majesty’s self, was no longer young, and that she must learn philosophy, and not to resent the failure of her royal lover’s attention, of which she had complained—an almost incredible conversation to take place between the man’s wife and his “favorite,” yet true. “The Queen was both glad and sorry” (of Lady Suffolk’s retirement), says Lord Hervey. “Her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was *sorry to have so much more of her husband’s time thrown on her hands*, when she had already enough to make her often feel heartily weary of his company.” This is the point of view which seems to have struck the Princess Royal, who, with the frankness of the period, has also her

word to say about the domestic incident. “I wish with all my heart,” said this young lady, “that he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the *ennui* of seeing him always in her room.” Few people perhaps would venture upon the same boldness of suggestion, but yet we do not doubt there is something in poor Queen Caroline’s dismay in having more than her share of her husband’s company which will go to the hearts of many sympathetic women who know what it is. We may here quote a few instances of what the poor lady had to bear.

It was on his second visit to Hanover that George fixed his affections on Madame Walmoden, afterwards created by him Countess of Yarmouth. He had nobody to interfere with him in his nasty little Paradise; no Queen, no Minister to disturb his leisure with their projects, no house of Commons to worry him with doubtful majorities; and he enjoyed himself, it is evident, in his own refined way. He was very reluctant to return out of that Armida’s garden to the realities of life in England. His people, such as they were, were fond of him in Hanover; his Ministers were obsequious, and he was free to take his pleasure according to his fancy. When he left that Eden it was under the promise of returning some months later, a promise which he was careful to keep; and he came home possessed of such a demon of ill-temper as made the lives of the unfortunate inhabitants of St. James’s a burden to them. Nothing English pleased the King. “No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection.” He came into his splendid banishment like an east wind, biting and blighting everything; everything he saw was wrong. The Queen had caused some bad pictures to be removed out of the great drawing-room at Kensington and replaced them with good ones—an arrangement which his Majesty immediately countermanded; he snapped at his

Ministers for going into the country "to torment a poor fox that was generally a much better beast than any of them that pursued him;" he behaved to his wife with the coarsest and most invariable ill-temper, and generally made himself disagreeable to everybody.

"One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting while the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley's upon the Sacrament, in which the Bishop was very ill-treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense, and things she knew nothing about; adding, that if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense and disturbing the Government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had intended.' 'A pretty fellow for a friend!' said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait (and then the King acted the Bishop's lameness) or his nasty stinking breath—phaugh! or his silly laugh when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth?'—(and so on for a couple of pages.) . . .

"Lord Hervey, in order to turn the conversation, told the King that he had that day been with a bishop of a very different stamp. . . . who had carried us to Westminster Abbey to show us a pair of old brass gates to Henry VII.'s Chapel. . . . Whilst Lord Hervey was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'My lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a hundred plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to Merlin's Cave to complete your nonsense there' (this Merlin's Cave was a little building so christened which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond). . . . 'Apropos,' said the Queen, 'I hear the *Craftsman** has

abused Merlin's Cave.' 'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King; 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel to be in the right.'

"This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation, I know not by what transition, fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country; upon which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer, to visit her friends even in town. 'That is your own fault,' said the King; 'for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money;' The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do; to which his Majesty replied that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or other what she was to do and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Hervey, whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in country. *He knew it was not, but said it was.* He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars (private persons), it would certainly be expected from her Majesty. To which the King said, 'Then she may stay at home as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools; nor is it for you,' said he, addressing himself to the Queen, 'to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no.' The Queen colored and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than she had done before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King's wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his Majesty's ill-humor from her) said to the King, that as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people's houses. 'And what matter whether she saw a collection or not?' replied the King. 'The matter, sir, is that she satisfies her own curiosity, and obliges the people whose houses she honors with her presence.' 'Supposing,' said the King, 'she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her.' 'If the innkeepers,' replied Lord Hervey, 'were used to be well received by her Majesty in her place, I should think the Queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal.' The King then, instead of answering Lord

* The Opposition newspaper, in which King, Queen, and Minister were very roughly handled.

Hervey, turned to the Queen and with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text."

Perhaps the reader may some time in his life have assisted at a similar scene. One can imagine the furious feeble little man strutting and raging about the room, twisting every new subject, painfully started in the hope of diverting his ill-humor, into a new channel for its outlet. And the Queen, at her table by the light of her candles, anxiously talkative at first, then silent, knotting ever faster and faster, with trembling hands and tangling thread; and the courtier standing by grieved for her, yet half amused in his own person, ready to tell any fib, or make any diversion of the master's wrath upon his own head—knowing it was not, but saying it was, and telling us so with a beautiful candor. It was for want of Herrenhausen and his German enchantress that the wicked little monarch was so cross. On other occasions, he would take up one of his wife's candles as she knotted, and show Lord Hervey the pictures of his Dutch delights, which with characteristic good taste he had had painted and hung in Caroline's sitting-room, dwelling upon the jovial incident which was the subject of each with mingled enthusiasm and regret. He had vowed to go back to his love in May, and all the winter was spent in those sweet recollections and fits of temper. Nor was this all the poor Queen had to bear. Her Minister assured her coarsely and calmly that nothing was more natural; that she was herself old and past the age of pleasing; and that, in fact, there was nothing else to be looked for. He had the incredible audacity to propose to her, at the same time, that she should send for a certain Lady Tankerville, "a handsome, good-natured, simple woman," to make a balance on the side of England to the attractions at Hanover. We are not told that Lady Tankerville, whose recommendation was that she would be "a safe fool," had done anything to warrant the Minister's

selection of her. Caroline laughed, Sir Robert said, "and took the proposal extremely well." But her laugh, Lord Hervey wisely remarks, was no sign of her satisfaction with so presumptuous and injurious an address.

Lord Hervey throughout the whole seems to have been her chief support and consolation. He was with her constantly, spent the mornings with her, brought her all the news of the town, the Parliament, and what people were saying. When the Court went hunting, which was a very common ceremony, Lord Hervey, not the kind of man to care for that simple excitement, rode on a hunter she had given him by the side of the Queen's chaise; and while the noisy crowd flew past them the two discussed every movement in the country—every project of State,—every measure projected or proposed for the rule of England, as well as the involved and tangled web of wars and negotiations abroad. There is an amusing little sketch, included in the Memoirs, written by Lord Hervey for the amusement of his royal mistress, and setting forth, under a dramatic form, the manner in which the news of his death would be received by the Court, which gives, perhaps, a more distinct view of that curious royal interior than anything else which has come to our hands.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

As an embellishment to this number of the *ECLECTIC*, we present to our readers an accurate and admirable portrait of an eminent nobleman and peer of England. He has long been well and widely known for his distinguished course of life in the civil and military service of the English crown. The portrait has been engraved for our present number from a photograph from life. In the calm dignity of his position as seen in the engraving, the Earl may be regarded as resting upon his honors, after a long life of eminent usefulness in the public service. A brief biographical sketch in outline will add interest to the portrait.

The Earl of Albemarle has descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, whose heroic deeds have adorned the

historic annals of the past. Their descent was from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Guelderland. The remote ancestors appear to have been Knights of Jerusalem so far back as the year 1101. The founder of the family was Walter Van Keppel, Lord of Keppel, a town on the left bank of the river Yssel in Holland. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem, and lived about the year 1179. A long ancestry of Lord Keppel occurred before their naturalization as British subjects. The family of Keppel always bore a prominent part in the deliberations of the Assembly of Nobles from the earliest formation of the Netherlands into a republic. One of the Lords of Keppel accompanied the Prince of Orange to England in 1688, and soon after the accession of his royal master to the British throne under the title of William the Third, was created Baron Ashford, Viscount Bury, and Earl of Albemarle, which is the origin of the family titles. This nobleman was one of the Dutch favorites against whom the English in those days used to inveigh. Of all the King's followers Albemarle possessed the strongest hold on his affections. After this period the annals of England are enriched by the deeds of this noble family in the public service. In 1712 the then Lord of Albemarle was despatched by the Duke of Marlborough with thirty battalions against Arras, which he reduced to a heap of ashes by a most terrible cannonade and bombardment of the place. Lord Albemarle's pleasing manners procured for him many complimentary embassies. On the death of Queen Anne he was sent by the States-General to congratulate George the First upon his accession to the throne. That same year he attended Caroline, Princess of Wales, from Hanover to Rotterdam; and in 1717 he was nominated by the Nobles of Holland to compliment the Czar Peter on his arrival in Amsterdam. A son of Lord Albemarle was appointed colonel of the third troop of Horse Guards and governor of Virginia. A son of the second Earl of Albemarle entered the British navy in early life, and in due time became an admiral, and was offered the command of the British fleet to put down the rebellion of the American colonists in their struggle for independence; which, greatly to his honor

of head and heart, he declined, from sympathy with the colonists—as we learned from the lips of the present Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, commander of her Majesty's fleet on the coast of China, who was our fellow-passenger to Egypt last year, as well as other interesting facts in this connection, which we must omit for want of space. This brief glance at the history of this noble family can hardly fail to interest the reader.

In regard to the subject of this brief notice, we find, in the annals of the British Peerage, that George Thomas Keppel, the fifth Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Bury and Baron of Ashford—a major-general in the British army, *F.A.S.* and *F.G.S.*, was born June 13, 1799. He was educated at the celebrated Westminster School, and, on completing his studies, went at once to join the 14th regiment of the British army in Flanders, and was present at the great battle and decisive victory of Waterloo. He was engaged in the public service for several years in the Mediterranean, chiefly in the Ionian Islands. For two years he was in the Mauritius as aide-de-camp to the governor. In 1821–23, he served in India as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Hastings, who was both commander-in-chief and governor-general in that country. In 1824, Major-General Keppel made the journey from India to England, of which, in 1827, he published an interesting account. We copy the title-page: "Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Kurdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western Shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, Nijnii-Novgorod, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel. In two vols." We must beg to quote one paragraph as a specimen. He had been describing the ruins of Babylon. He says: "It has been supposed that many curious trees are to be found on the site of the Hanging gardens. This is not the case. There is not but one, and that is in the most elevated spot. It is a kind of cedar. One-half of the trunk is standing, and is about five feet in circumference. Though the body is decayed, the branches are still green and healthy, and droop like those of the willow. With the exception of one at Bus-

sorah, there is no tree like it throughout Great Arabia. The Arabs call it Athete. Our guide said that this tree was left in the hanging gardens for the purpose of enabling Ali to tie his horse to it after the battle of Hilleh. Not far from this tree we saw indications of a statue. We set our men to work, and in two hours found a colossal piece of sculpture in black marble, representing a lion standing over a man. The length of the pedestal, the height of the shoulders, and the length of the statue, measured in each of their respective parts nine feet. I would venture to suggest that this statue might have reference to Daniel in the lion's den, and that formerly it stood over one of the gates, either of the palace or the hanging gardens. It is natural to suppose that so extraordinary a miracle would have been celebrated by the Babylonians, particularly as Daniel was afterwards governor of the city." Engravings of the tree and the lion are in the letterpress.

In 1826, he was aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Wellesley, the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, whose brilliant deeds are famed over the world. In 1829-30, the Earl made a journey in European and Asiatic Turkey, of which he published an account under the following title, which we copy: "Narrative of a Journey Across the Balkan, by the two passes Selimno and Pravadi; also a visit to Azani and other newly discovered ruins in Asia Minor, in the year 1829-30. By Major the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. In two vols."

In 1831, he was returned for the county of Norfolk to the first Reformed Parliament. In 1848 he was private secretary to Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, and became afterwards Member of Parliament for Lymington.

He retired from the House of Commons shortly before his elevation to the Peerage, in 1851. In 1853 the Earl published memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham. In the able speech of the Earl, relating to the "Benefit Clubs," were valuable suggestions, some of which were adopted by Mr. Gladstone in a bill before Parliament. Another eloquent speech of the Earl, which we have read on "Harvest Homes," had the effect of doing away with an old custom in England which was greatly injurious to the morality and well-being of the laboring classes. Such, in very brief and imperfect outline, are some of the works, achievements, and public services which have adorned the life of the Earl of Albemarle.

It is full worthy of historic mention in this notice that Captain George Keppel, the uncle of the present Earl of Albemarle, was commander of the British ship of war which captured the Hon. Henry Laurens, American Ambassador to Holland, in the war of the Revolution, with a full-length portrait of General Washington, designed for the Stadtholder of Holland, which led to a war with Holland on the part of England. This admirable historic portrait of Washington, represented with his right foot resting upon the English flag, is conspicuous in the art collection of the Earl of Albemarle, at his beautiful seat at Quidenham Hall, Norfolk. A note of introduction from Admiral Keppel to his elder brother, the Earl, procured for us a kind invitation to visit his Lordship's seat; on our return to England, and view this remarkable portrait, for which we are greatly indebted to the noble Earl and the members of his family, whom we had the honor to meet.

POETRY.

THE WET SHROUD.

"Ach, Sohn! was hält dich zurück?"
"Siehe, Mutter, das sind die Thränen." ..
MUTTERTHRÄNEN.

THEY gave her back again;
They never asked to see her face;
But gazed upon her vacant place,
Moaning, like those in pain.

There was a brief hot thirst;
A thirsting of the heart for streams
Which never more save in sweet dreams
From that lost fount should burst.

There was a frightful cry,
As if the whole great earth were dead;
Yet was one arrow only sped,
One, only, called to die.

Then all grew calm as sleep;
And they in household ways once more
Did go: the anguish half was o'er,
For they had learned to weep.

They stood about her bed,
And whispered low beneath their cloud;
For she might hear them speaking loud—
She was so near, they said.

Softly her pillow pressing,
With reverend brows they mutely lay;
They scarcely missed the risen clay
In her pure soul's caressing.

Last, from their eyes were driven
Those heart-drops, lest—so spoke their fears—
Her robes, all heavy with their tears,
Might clog her flight to Heaven!

E. L. H.

SPRING.

SPRING is coming! the sweet young Spring!
Her beauty and praise let the whole earth sing!
She's tripping along from the sunny land,
With the seeds of flowers in each lily hand,
With a smile of love, and a queenly air,
And a wreath of young violets in her hair;
There's sunlight and shade on her polished brow,
And the wind kisseth roughly her pale cheek now.

O, welcome to Spring, the laughing Spring!
For joy to each heart doth her coming bring.
Old Winter has fled to his ice-fettered zone—
His sceptre is broken, demolished his throne;
And the songs and the tears which attended his
flight

Were songs of rejoicing and tears of delight.
O, there's beauty and grace in bestowing a tear
To the farewell sigh of the Winter drear!

Thrice welcome to Spring! the emerald Spring!
Let valley and hill-top the loud welcome ring!
Whilst sweet warbling songsters their tribute-
song raise,
All tongues should be vocal with heart-gushing
praise.

How rosy the mornings! how balmy the air!
The perfume of freshness is breathed everywhere;
And the dew-spangled landscape beams soft on
the sight,
Like the eyes of a maiden, pure, sparkling and
bright.

O, welcome to Spring, the life-giving Spring!
With balm and with nectar on each zephyr's wing;
She comes to the chamber of sorrow and pain,
To quicken the hopes that have languishing lain;
The current of life in the sad heart to renew,
And mantle the cheek with health's roseate hue;
To cheer the desponding to battle again,
And polish the links in life's mystical chain.

There's a spring-time of life for the frost-bound
soil;
There's a spring-time of hope for the sons of
toil;
There's a spring-time of joy for the bleeding
heart,
For the sorrow that weeps from the world apart;

Then welcome to Spring, the glorious Spring!
Her lessons of love let us thankfully sing,
Whilst hope's golden pinions with rapture unfold,
To soar to the Spring which immortals behold.
BY REV. WILLIAM FORD.

JUPITER, AN EVENING STAR.

RULER and hero, shining in the west
With great bright eye,
Rain down thy luminous arrows in this breast
With influence calm and high,
And speak to me of many things gone by.

Rememberest thou—'tis years since, wandering
star—

Those eves in June,
When thou hung'st quivering on the tree-tops
far,

Where, with discordant tune,
Many-tongued rooks hailed the red-rising moon?

Some watched thee then with human eyes like
mine,

Whose boundless gaze
May now pierce on from orb to orb divine
Up to the Triune blaze
Of glory—nor be dazzled by its rays.

All things they know, whose wisdom seemed ob-
scure:

They, sometime blamed,
Hold our best purities as things impure:
Their star-glance, downward aimed,
Makes our most lamp-like deeds grow pale and
shamed.

Their star-glance?—What if through those rays
there gleam

Immortal eyes
Down to this dark? What if these thoughts,
that seem

Unbidden to arise,
Be souls with my soul talking from the skies?

I know not. Yet awhile, and I shall know!—
Thou, to thy place

Slow journeying back, there startlingly to show
Thy orb in liquid space,
Like a familiar death-lost angel face—

O planet! thou hast blotted out whole years
Of life's dull round;
The Abel-voice of heart's-blood and of tears
Sinks dumb into the ground,
And the green grass waves on with lulling sound.

LINES UPON FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

(WHO DIED 19TH NOV. 1867).

["If we never meet again, come and see me laid under the
sod of my own native village." were his sad words, spoken
to a friend when last in New York.]

CREATIVE song was thine,
With beauty's sweetest lines,
Which soothe and charm the ear,
And win our heart betimes,
In thine own native verse.

First 'mong our native bards,
Thy fame will ever be,
Who sang of Rodman Drake,
And Burns, beyond the sea,
In thine immortal verse.

The Poet's tomb is thine,
Where each shall wend his way,
Through all the coming years,
And through the live-long day,
To read thy works anew.

Not dead, but living thou,
Living for evermore,
And living still in song,
And living as of yore,
The first of living men.

By V. W. K.

POSIES FOR WEDDING-RINGS.

THOU hast my heart, till death us part.
Let us agree.
I have obtained what God ordained.
My love is true to none but you.
As sure to thee, as death to me.
Death only parts united hearts.
As true to thee, as thou to me.
Where hearts agree there God will be.
The gift is small, but love is all.
In God and thee, my joy shall be.
God did decree our unitie.
Endless my love, as this shall prove.
Happy in thee hath God made me.
God alone made us two one.

—Moonlight.

WOMEN.

YE are stars of the night, ye are gems of the
morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the
thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in
the breast.
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the
heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In foudness a lover, in firmness a friend:
And adorn'd by the bays or enwreath'd with the
willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEBRIDES.

THE rocks of Skye were faintly burning,
As Day's red chariot westward rolled;
The wave its dashing spray was turning
To powdered rubies, dust of gold.

Alone upon those rocks, was beaming
Beauty more bright than beauteous Eve;
Such vision fancy, sweetly dreaming,
In fairyland will sometimes weave.

Slender and lithe as spring's young willow,
She stooped to gather samphire there;
The sun, half sleeping on his pillow,
Woke up to view a form so fair;

And lingered, smiling warmly, brightly,
On peach-soft cheek and rounded arms;
And as she tripped o'er rocks so lightly,
He bathed in richest beams her charms.

Back from her brow dishevell'd, glowing,
In long brown masses streamed her hair;
The breeze aside her mantle blowing,
Her tiny feet glanced white and bare.

Her eyes now rested on the ocean—
Great eyes that let out all the soul;
Her breast was like that wave in motion,
As sweetest thoughts upon her stole.

Yet naught of her own beauty dreaming,
She looked a Nereid, fairy sprite;
A lonely star, in ether gleaming,
Not more unconscious of its light.

Here life's young morning passed; the glory
Of southern climes—grand palace, tower,
To her a vague and dreamy story;
What to her heart birth, pride, or power?

The vales that boasted scanty tillage,
The venturous fisher's sail unfurled,
The wandering goats, the mud-built village,
Seemed to her untaught soul the world.

Thus she grew, nurtured 'mid the roaring
Of that great ocean never still,
Free as the eagle sunward soaring,
Wild as the wild-flower on the hill.

Now see her nimbly, goat-like springing,
As lingering day's rich smiles depart;
Now bursts she into gleesome singing,
Venting the rapture of her heart.

O Island Beauty! would the splendor,
Wealth, pomp, by distant lands possessed,
Thy reckless life more lovely render,
Or make thy simple heart more blest?

By NICHOLAS MICHELL.

—Foreign Monthly.

LOVE AND THOUGHT.

Two well-assorted travellers use
The highway, Eros, and the Muse.
From the twins is nothing hidden,
To the pair is naught forbidden;
Hand in hand the comrades go
Every nook of Nature through;
Each for other they were born,
Each can other best adorn;
They know only one mortal grief,
Past all balsam or relief,
When, by false companions crossed,
The pilgrims have each other lost.

EMERSON.

THEBES.

We sailed by Thebes, when midnight's roof
 sublime
 Hung o'er the wide, dead desert and the plain,
 Where rose the wrecks of warrior and sage,
 Vast pyramidal tomb, dotting with age,
 Huge gateway tower, stupendous colonnade,
 And long sphinx avenue, shattered and de-
 cayed,
 Tired with their lonely monumental reign,
 Wearied with endless suns and silent time.
 Ruins and stars alone loomed on the sight;
 While from infinity a thousand spheres
 Shed o'er the city's skeleton the light
 First parted from their suns maychance in
 years
 When proudly reared the River Kings on high
 Yon mountain relics of their majesty.

A POET in *Macmillan* thus sings: On I go,
 resuming where I left off. But somehow Austria
 and the song I have heard got jumbled in my
 musings:

Who is Austria? what is she?
 That all our swells commend her?
 Dogged, dull, and proud is she:
 The heavens such gifts did lend her,
 That she might destroyed be.

Say France, or Spain, or Italy,
 I own the nomenclature;
 For if I use my eyes, I see
 These actual things in nature;
 Even Russia may be said to be.

But what is Austria? Is it fair
 To name among the nations
 Some Germans who have clutched the hair
 Of divers populations,
 And, having clutched, keep tugging there?

They had their chance, for so in rough
 All nations had beginning;
 But Hapsburgs were not wise enough
 For any solid winning,
 Or else their task was overtough.

Then to Austria let us sing,
 The world cannot endure her;
 She is a doomed and used-up thing;
 No statecraft now can cure her:
 To Prussia let us garlands bring!

MR. JOHN FLOUD expresses his private feelings
 in the following verse:

I have lived so long I am weary Living,
 I wish I was dead and my sins forgiven:
 Then I am sure to go to heaven,
 Although I lived at sixes & sevens.

A portion of poor Mr. Floud's wishes was re-
 alized very suddenly. His fatal illness of a few
 hours' duration, and his death, are recorded by
 one of the marriage house-keepers. He was

seized while celebrating a wedding. The man
 who records the decease only mentions it as occa-
 sioning him the loss of some marriage-foes which
 in the ordinary course of things would have fallen
 to his share.

Ocean.—Ever restless Ocean! life-pulse of Na-
 ture! Thou, like thy great Maker, knowest
 neither sleep nor slumber. All things rest save
 Thee, and rest refresheth them, but rest would
 be to Thee what a pause would be to the heart—
 stagnation and death. And so when the wearied
 world lies with her giant limbs relaxed in repose,
 thy heave is still seen and thy throbbing still
 heard, to tell that she "is not dead, but sleep-
 eth!"

Not more naturally does the flame, kindled on
 the earth, mount up toward heaven, or the vapor
 on her bosom float skyward, than do the thoughts
 which have their origin in the contemplation of
 terrestrial things, rise by an almost natural neces-
 sity to their mighty primal Creator, "who dwell-
 eth in the heavens." So from the moving ocean
 my thoughts passed to Him whose power first
 stirred it with life:

"The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
 His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have
 scooped
 His boundless gulfs, and built his shore, thy
 breath,
 That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
 Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
 To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.
 Still, from that realm of rain, thy cloud goes up,
 As at the first, to water the great earth,
 And keep her valleys green."

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Dramatic Studies: By AUGUSTA WEBSTER.
*The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus, literally trans-
 lated into English Verse.* By AUGUSTA WEBSTER.
 Macmillan. In her original poems there is un-
 questionable power. They are for the most part
 "dramatic monologues," after Mrs. Browning:
 and it may, perhaps, be considered refreshing
 that any minor minstrel has discovered that there
 is somebody besides Mr. Tennyson worth imitat-
 ing. Mrs. Webster has chosen—it is the indo-
 lent habit of the day—blank verse as her vehicle:
 apparently the easiest, it is really the most diffi-
 cult of rhythms; and the poet would be wise
 who resolutely refrained from writing blank verse
 until he had reached the age of forty. Mrs.
 Webster's blank verse has none of the sustained
 music, the organic rhythm, which is necessary to
 make blank verse endurable. "A Preacher,"
 and "By the Looking Glass," are the poems
 which we prefer. In her rendering of the "*Pro-
 metheus Bound*," her version is both accurate
 and poetical. We quote a well-known passage,
 which is admirably translated.

"Oh marvellous sky, and swiftly winging winds,
 And streams, and myriad laughter of sea-waves,
 And universal mother earth. I call ye
 And the all-seeing sun to look on me,
 What I, a god, endure from other gods.

Yea, see racked with what tormentings
 I must wrestle through time told by thousands
 of years,
 For the new king of gods has contrived for me,
 Bondage thus shameful.
 Woe, woe! for the pain that is on me now.
 I groan, and I groan for the coming pain—
 When will the end of this evil break
 Like the dawn of a star in heaven?"

Mrs. Webster need not fear the comparison with
 Dean Milman :

"Now let the forked whorls of fire be driven
 Against me, and let the air be convulsed
 With thunder and rage of boisterous winds,
 Let the blast sway the earth to her lowest base,
 To the very roots, let it heap the sea wave
 In lashing surge on the path of heaven's stars,
 Let it, whirling me high in resistless wrath,
 Dash my body down to deep Tartarus—
 He stays me not, do what he will."

Thus the Dean of St. Paul's :

"Aye on that head the lightnings hurl,
 In sharp-edged flakes that blaze and curl,
 With thunders rend the shivering heaven,
 And blasts in frantic eddies driven!
 The earth to its foundations bare,
 Up from its roots let whirlwinds tear!
 Confound wild ocean in its wrath
 Even with heaven's stars in their empyreal path:
 And let him hurl amid the storm
 Deep, deep to Tartarus, my form;
 Plunged in the gulf of dark Necessity;
 Yet never, never can he make me die."

The Prince's Progress; and other Poems. By
 CHRISTINA ROSETTI. London: Macmillan & Co.
 No one can read Miss Rosetti's volume without
 the conviction that whatever the comparative
 rank to which she may be entitled, she takes an
 undisputed place among true poets. Whatever
 may be the indefinable criteria of poetical genius
 as distinguished from clever verse-making, they
 are unmistakable. Whatever the distinctive
 qualities of her muse, Miss Rosetti has every
 right to sing, that Wordsworth and Tennyson can
 claim; no one can imagine that her thoughts
 would be better said than sung. Her thought
 is not so profound as Wordsworth's; her form
 is not so perfect as Tennyson's; her passion is
 not so intense as Byron's; her descriptive power
 is inferior to that of Thomson; she has not the
 humor and pathos of Hood; nor does she equal
 any of these great masters in musical rhythm or
 constructive power; yet is she beyond all ques-
 tion a genuine poet. Her conceptions are fresh
 and beautiful, and are inspired by the recognition
 of underlying meanings and subtle harmonies.
 Her feeling is deep and tender, although its sad-
 ness is too predominant; and her verse is artistic
 and musical. She sings as a bird sings, because
 she must.

WE have received a copy of the *Genealogical
 Memoirs of the Huntington Family*. By Rev.
 E. B. HUNTINGTON, A.M. This is one of the
 oldest families of Connecticut, whose members
 have acted conspicuous parts in church and state
 from the early settlement of the country. It is a

book of great research and labor, and contains
 much historic information.

In Memoriam of the Hon. David L. Seymour,
 who died in October last. This neat volume is a
 beautiful tribute to the personal worth of an
 honorable man, whose life has been filled up
 with usefulness, to a great degree, in the public
 service. We knew him in Yale College, as a
 hard student, almost a half a century ago, beloved
 and respected. His laborious efforts in the State
 convention last year, we are told, shortened his life.

SCIENCE.

The Great Eclipse.—Major Tennant is going out
 to India to observe the total eclipse of August 18,
 with a special view to photography and polariza-
 tion; the cost of the expedition having been sanc-
 tioned by the Secretary of State for India. Major
 Tennant will be accompanied by three non-com-
 missioned officers of the Royal Engineers, well ex-
 exercised in photographic manipulation; so that good
 pictures of all that takes place during this almost
 unprecedented eclipse may be anticipated. The
 instruments will be set up at Guntoor or Masuli-
 patam. Thus, with the party under Lieut. Her-
 schel, which we mentioned a fortnight since, there
 will be two bodies of trained observers on watch
 for phenomena. The more the better; and it
 would be a great advantage to science if, along
 the whole line of the eclipse, from Gondar to the New
 Hebrides, where the totality begins at sunset, par-
 ties were stationed to observe the eclipse hour by
 hour, from its commencement to its close. Such a
 series of observations would perhaps settle, once
 for all, the question as to the real nature of the red
 protuberances seen around the sun.

A New Hydraulic Cement.—Many excellent hy-
 draulic cements are already known. A very sim-
 ple and effective one has recently been added to the
 number by M. Lorel. It is merely a basic hydrate
 of oxy-chloride of magnesium, and it is formed by
 adding a more or less concentrated solution of
 chloride of magnesium to magnesia. The magne-
 sia may be very conveniently obtained by adding
 quick-lime to the mother liquor, that is the residue
 in salt works, which contains chiefly chloride of
 magnesium; magnesia will precipitate, and is to
 be calcined. Double chloride of calcium and
 magnesium will remain in the liquid; and if chalk
 or lime are added, an excellent material for harden-
 ing common plaster on walls, etc., will be obtained;
 or the liquid itself may be used for moistening the
 materials in making the cement. Magnesium ce-
 ment is extremely plastic, and forms a substance
 like marble. It takes color well, and it has such
 agglutinative power, that one part of it is capable
 of uniting twenty parts sand. It is, therefore, ex-
 pected to constitute a means of rendering building
 easy, where building materials do not exist.

Printing on Glass.—Very cheap and beautiful
 products are now obtained by printing on glass;
 a large amount of the fine effect of stained glass
 being had for a very small portion of its cost. The
 inventor, M. De Mothay, uses for coloring matter
 pigments mixed with a solution of silicate, or sili-
 co-borate of potash and lead, and a solution of resin
 in turpentine. The printing is effected with roll-
 ers, and the colors are vitrified by heat, no dis-
 tortion taking place.

The Eruption of Vesuvius—The continued eruption of Vesuvius is creating considerable interest, and crowds of strangers from distant parts of the world are hastening to witness this grand effort of nature. A correspondent writes a very interesting description of the scene. He says: "Fifty miles from shore Vesuvius looks like a lighthouse, until seen through the glass, when irregular tongues of flame become visible. Twenty-five miles nearer it is seen in all its glory crowned with leaping flame and smoke, while about midway from the summit lava encircles it like a girdle of fire. To north country eyes the mountain seems to have a great bonfire on the top and a chain of coke ovens round it. So much for the sea view. Once at Naples you may drive to the foot of the mountain and then proceed on horseback. At first the road is steep and dusty, and full of stones and cinders. Then comes a tolerable bit of highway over the old lava, which is like some broad black torrent of thick mud suddenly petrified. After an ascent of about an hour and three quarters you can dismount and look down on the real lava. Last week some adventurous spirits took advantage of a lull to go partly down, and their report is that lava boils gently over the top of the crater, and, burrowing among the old lava, makes a tunnel for itself till it comes out as we saw it at the foot of the cone. There it separates into numbers of little streams about three feet deep and two feet wide. These have so little force in them that they change their direction every day, turning whenever any obstacle comes in their way. Scrambling down into the bed of the broad torrent of old lava, and walking along the smooth surface of a stream cooled since yesterday, we came close to the burning stream. It was flowing slowly on, a stream of clear red fire and the color of live coals. One of our party took a walking-stick and stirred it, bringing away a piece into which we stuck a sou. The heat was terrible. A sort of white steam, without moisture, or smoke, or blacks parching our faces, while the heat underground seemed to burn our boots. We sat and watched this for an hour, and saw a new stream break out, which had found its way under the lava for about six feet. It flowed very slowly, moving about three feet in ten minutes, and where it cooled it stood in thick leathery black folds like the corrugations of an elderly elephant's hide. We lingered until after sun-down; a single light fleecy cloud floated mysteriously toward the fiery cone—a cloud lit up by, and reflecting the shadows of the burning lava below; a mass of glowing smoke which, while converting the entire mountain into one huge pillar of fire, disguised its proportions and increased its size; a wild picture of destruction, of danger, and of desolation, recalling images of Tophet, and of the cities destroyed by fire from heaven; a standing comparison between our fleeting, petty life and the everlasting hills in the fast-deepening purple around; a longing to be silent and alone, which made the chatter of our guide, and even the grating of our horses' hoofs against the hardened lava jar harshly upon the nerves; and, above all, a solemn feeling of gratitude for the grandeur we had witnessed—were my last impressions of Vesuvius."

Ballooning.—The Aëronautical Society of Great Britain, of which the Duke of Argyle is Presi-

dent, propose to hold an exhibition of machines connected with ballooning in June. The objects to be collected are—1. Light engines and machinery; 2. Complete working aërial apparatus; 3. Models; 4. Ditto—working; 5. Plans and illustrative drawings; 6. Separate articles connected with aëronautics, including objects of interest illustrative and commemorative of previous experiments; 7. Kites or other similar apparatus proposed to be used in cases of shipwreck, traction, or in the attainment of other useful ends; 8. Painting and Drawing of cloud scenery and landscape as seen from a balloon. Four prizes are offered for various improvements in aëronautical machinery. The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society have devoted 50*l.* as a prize for "the best form of kite or other aërial arrangement, or modification thereof, for establishing a communication from a wreck on shore, or between two vessels at sea,"—the Crystal Palace Company have declared their intention of giving a prize of 50*l.* to the exhibitor of a machine to carry and be worked by a steam-engine or other motive power, which shall sustain and move itself in the air, at a height of not less than ten feet from the ground, for a period of not less than twenty minutes—the Duke of Sutherland offers a prize of 100*l.* to the inventor of a machine which, not being of the nature of a kite or balloon, shall ascend with a man to the height of 120 feet—and the Aëronautical Society offers a prize of 50*l.*, aided by the contributions of several members, to the exhibitor of the lightest engine in proportion to its power, from whatever source the power may be derived.

The natural sciences have to mourn the loss of one of their most distinguished cultivators, of a most amiable and excellent man. Prof. J. Vander Hoeven, Professor of Zoology at the University of Leyden, died on the 11th instant, at his house in Leyden. He was born at Rotterdam, on the 9th of March, 1801, and, consequently, had just completed his sixty-seventh year. He was fellow of many learned societies of his own and other countries, among the rest of the Linnean Society of London.

Molten Steel.—We read in a French contemporary that Mr. Galy Cazalat has invented an ingenious process for compressing molten steel, intended for guns, so effectually as to save all the labor of hammering. In the upper part of the mould into which the metal is run is an apparatus containing a small quantity of highly inflammable powder, which, in burning, generates gas in such quantity as to produce thereby, in a very short time, a pressure of ten atmospheres. This pressure expels the gases contained in the steel, and forces the metallic molecules in the closest union.

Palatine Hill.—Probably no ground, for its area, surpasses in archaeological interest that portion of the Palatine Hill purchased by the Emperor of France from the ex-King of Naples. It is a mine of artistic wealth, teeming with statues, altars, ornaments, and rich marbles. Signor Rosa, to whom the excavations on this site are intrusted, has just discovered a large altar, bearing an inscription stating that it was erected by Cneius Domitius Calvinus, twice Vice-Consul, *n.c.* 53 and 40. He largely decorated the Palatine with treasures, granted to him by the Senate after the sup-

pression of the Iberian insurrection. The altar is supposed to have stood before the statue of Jupiter Victor, in the temple of that name.

Ammonia Engine.—Paris scientific papers state that M. Fort's ammonia engine, which created considerable interest at the late Paris Exhibition, has been further improved, and is likely to come into practical use. Careful experiments show that while an ordinary 15-horse power steam-engine consumes 247 kilogrammes of coal in four hours, an ammonia engine uses only 107 kilogrammes, being a saving of about sixty per cent. The objection to the use of ammonia that it destroys copper, is obviated by having all the parts of the steam-engine made of iron. The ammonia used is that known as liquid-ammonia.

Degrees of Volcanic Eruptions.—Apropos of the lion Vesuvius, now in full blast, M. Claire Deville, Member of the French Academy of Sciences, who has long investigated the phenomena of volcanos, asserts that there exists a constant and certain relationship between the degrees of intensity of an eruption and the nature of the gaseous elements ejected from volcanic apertures. He states that, in an eruption of maximum intensity, the predominant volatile product is chloride of sodium, accompanied by other products of soda and potassium; in eruptions of a second degree, hydrochloric acid and chloride of iron predominate; in a third class of eruption, hydro-sulphuric acid and the salts of ammonia prevail; and in the last class nothing is ejected but steam, carbonic acid, and combustible gases. Thus, complete eruptions are of four degrees of intensity; and a great eruption, like that of Vesuvius at present, passes successively through these four phases, in proportion as it becomes weaker and weaker.

Recent Observations of the Moon.—At the meeting of the British Association at Belfast, in 1852, a committee was appointed to draw up a report on the physical character of the moon's surface as compared with that of the earth. In his address to the meeting, the President for the year dwelt forcibly on the interest that such a report would have for geologists and the cultivators of physical science generally. The moon presents to us the same appearance that the earth might be supposed to present if, stripped of all its sedimentary deposits—if, so to speak, the bones of the globe were all laid bare. These deposits were all formed beneath the ocean which covers so large a part of the earth's surface; the moon, as the observers assure us, has no ocean, and no sedimentary deposits; consequently, if we could get near enough, we might see plainly what its structure is, and learn something of the internal action by which its present configuration has been produced. The requisite condition of nearness being afforded by the telescope, we might, by a careful series of observations, draw a few inferences as to the action that has taken place within our own globe, and the nature and fashion of the surface hidden beneath our sedimentary deposits. Here was a promising field for research!—a prospect of increased and accurate knowledge of Tellus and Luna—of settling once for all the question of lunar seas and atmosphere—of throwing light on the very

primeval history of the earth, and of seeing a map constructed of its hidden configuration, and thereby ascertaining whether it presents any likeness to the moon. It is not surprising that observatories in different parts of the world promised to co-operate in the observations. The promises, however, were not fulfilled, and the hopes entertained of a speedy accomplishment of the much-desired object were disappointed. But there was one noteworthy exception. Prof. Phillips has, however, set himself to the task, and on all favorable opportunities has worked at it ever since. He has made numerous drawings of different parts of the moon's surface, and, representing the same object as seen by morning light and afternoon light, he reverses the shadows, and obtains a more accurate knowledge of the real form of mountains and craters than is possible with a single light. In a short paper read lately at the Royal Society, Prof. Phillips has embodied some of his principal results. Taken together with the drawings, it may be regarded as a report of progress, for it records the amount of work accomplished, and describes clearly the manner in which the work should be carried on. "Shadows thrown from objects on the moon (says Prof. Phillips) have exactly the same character as those observable on the earth, they are all margined by the penumbra due to the sun's diametral aspect; but in consequence of the smaller diameter and more rapid curvature of the moon's surface, the penumbral space is narrower. At the boundary of light and shade, on a broad gray level tract, the penumbral space is about nine miles broad, undefined, but perfectly sensible in the general effect, and worthy of special attention, while endeavoring to trace the minute ridges or smooth banks which make some of these surfaces resemble the post-glacial plains of North Germany, or central Ireland, or the southern parts of the United States, which, within a thousand centuries, may have been deserted by the sea."

VARIETIES.

The New York Historical Society.—At the last monthly meeting of this Society, an admirable historic paper on the Life and Times of Increase Mather was read by Prof. Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary. Prof. Smith has, we believe, no superior as an ecclesiastical historian in this country, and few anywhere else. The paper was an ample vindication of the Mathers of the olden time in their character, public life, and influence in colonial times. A previous paper had been read, reflecting severely on Cotton Mather and the Puritans in connection with the witchcraft of those days. The able vindication by Prof. Smith seemed to cover the whole ground, and shut up the mouths of gainsayers, in a clear, courteous, and satisfactory manner.

Art Galleries of William Schaus.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the beautiful galleries of William Schaus at No. 749 Broadway, fully advertised in the April edition. It will be seen by reading the advertisement how rich

and extensive is his collection of engravings and artists' materials, and how much there is to admire in the fields of art on exhibition at the rooms of Mr. Schaus. Our friends will be amply repaid by calling in to admire the works of art for themselves. The gentlemanly manager and his assistants are at the rooms.

The Academy of Design.—The forty-third annual exhibition of the New York Academy of Design was opened on the evening of April 14th to a private view of a few hundreds of invited guests. A brilliant assembly of ladies and gentlemen were present to grace the art saloons, though, by reason of the rain, the evening was adverse. A rich art enjoyment seemed to sit on the brows of all present, with a marked feeling of approbation of this, on the whole, best of the annual exhibitions of the Academy. The managers have good reason to be satisfied with their labors for the appreciation of the public. The genius of art lifts her standard higher and higher each year. The catalogues were not ready, but will be on the morrow, and the doors will be opened to the public. We have only time and room in this number for a brief notice of a few of the works. The number of good portraits is remarkable. We can only mention a few: Wm. H. Macy, a full length by Huntington; Dr. Edward Delafield, a full length by Thomas Hicks; Parke Godwin, a very strong bust picture by Le Clear; E. V. Haughwout, a full length by Huntington; Egbert Egberts, a full size by Elliott; Solon Robinson, a full size by Carpenter; a daughter of Governor Fenton, one of the happiest of Huntington's efforts; Mrs. Governor Morgan, by George A. Baker, who also has a portrait of Henry Peters Gray; Erastus Corning, one of the best of Elliott's portraits. A spirited portrait of Mr. Bryant by Frank Buchser represents him as just having written the line, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," etc. He holds the manuscript in his left hand, and his pencil in the right. We shall notice further in our next.

A very remarkable gold coin has recently been brought to this country from India. Its value and importance appear in a few words of description communicated by General A. Cunningham. "But what," he writes, "is a double gold mohur compared to the great gold Eucratides which has just been brought from Bokhara by Aga Zebalun Bokhari? It is two inches and a half in diameter, and weighs ten staters, or eleven guineas! It has the usual helmeted head on one side, with the horsemen and inscription on the reverse. The owner has refused 700*l.* for it. It is genuine, and beats all the Greek coins hitherto discovered."

Consumption of Tobacco in France.—As an appendix to your note on the consumption of tobacco in England in 1865, inserted in your "Weekly Gossip" of March 7, I send you the following curious calculations, founded on the official returns of the French Government, of the consumption of tobacco in France in 1864, the French weights and measures being converted into English. In the year mentioned the French people consumed in the form of snuff 15,398,948 lb. of tobacco, representing thirty columns, each equal to the Column Vendôme (say the Duke of York's Column). They smoked 86,881,820 lb., sufficient to construct

in a compressed mass the Arch of Triumph de l'Étoile (say a mass twice the size of our Marble Arch). Besides this, they smoked 55,000 lb. of cigars at four sous each, which laid end to end would measure 398 miles, the distance from Paris to Bayonne nearly; of three sous cigars 126,000 lb., in length 992 miles, the distance from Paris to St. Petersburg; of two sous cigars 356,000, in length 2,357 miles, the distance from Paris to Teheran; of cigars at one sou, weighing 5,469,170 lb., in length 42,725 miles, or about twice the circuit of the globe. The total consumption of tobacco in snuffing and smoking in 1864 was 58,287,950 lb., or about twenty ounces per head—nearly the same as in England, where the consumption in 1865 per head (per mouth and nostril) was twenty-one ounces. We have not the data to enable us to make similar calculations for this country; but the 49,000,000 lb. consumed in 1865 in snuff and tobacco would give at least the representation of twenty-five London Monuments, a Temple Bar and the four lines of Trafalgar Square. Our cigars laid end to end would not extend so far as the French ones, but at the least they would represent a double set of rails from the Land's End to John o'Groat's, and branch lines to our principal seaports into the bargain.

J. K.

M. DUPREZ, whose energy is one of the most remarkable manifestations in the world of music that we can call to mind, has been writing an oratorio, inspired by Michael Angelo's picture, on no less portentous a subject than "The Last Judgment." This is shortly to be performed in Paris.

Influence of the Theatre.—To the dramatic treatment of history or of truth there is clearly no objection. Shakespeare's historical plays give, as is admitted on all sides, a better idea of English history than the old chroniclers. Parables well spoken or carefully penned are dramas, and all great teachers have used them. To the reading of dramas there can be no objection, provided we recognize certain conditions. Let the principal agents be virtuous, and the sentiments pure and noble; or, if they describe character or manners, the working of passion, in fact, as found in actual life, let them be truthful; and let them be read by those who are of an age to appreciate the thought, and who are not likely to receive mischief from the descriptions. Or, if they are dramas of wit and humor, intended for amusement and relaxation, then let them be read sparingly, and be made a relaxation and not a business. Even if they portray vice, they may be cautiously read, if they render it loathsome, and if the study is likely to help the reader to such knowledge of human nature as may fit him the better for real life. Subject to these conditions, the drama is, theoretically speaking, as harmless and as allowable as a novel, or a story, or a poem. But, as we have seen, many dramas are objectionable, and violate one or other of the four conditions we have ventured to describe. To dramas as acted, however—that is, to the theatre—there are serious objections. The company, the associations, the sensuousness of the whole scene, have most of them come to be mischievous; while the plays that are most popular are often questionable in character and lowering in tendency. Congreve, indeed,

defended the theatre in this respect by defining comedy, after Aristotle, as "the imitation of what is worse in human nature." But this remark, though a learned excuse for himself, is no plea for the stage. It is the opposite, and forms one ground of our censure. And even, if, by chance, the theatre teaches great truths, it fails to impress them upon the mind. The accompaniments, as Johnson held, distract attention and weaken impression. Its best defence is that it is a recreation; and, it is added, it may be a harmless recreation. But even if particular plays be harmless, it would be much better to seek recreation in what is less sensuous, more helpful to the cultivation of true taste, less injurious to our youth, and free from the fearful risks which experience and history have shown to be connected with the stage. In all this reasoning we have purposely taken the lowest ground. No argument against the theatre has been advanced which may not be conceded on the ground of morality alone; and, in fact, every argument has been conceded by moralists, and even by playwrights. If the theatre be estimated from a religious point of view, from its tendency to promote or to hinder the tastes and aspirations of spiritual life, our judgment becomes much more decided. It is not that religion is a system of gloomy restrictions. The delights of friendship and society, the exercise of every faculty in the investigation of philosophy, in the study of literature, or in the cultivation of taste, all arts and all knowledge, are within the range of the enjoyments it allows. Nothing is forbidden but what is evil either in itself or in its influence. Nor is it that religion is not aided by whatever can adorn and refine. The most exquisite relish for the grace and beauty of life is so far from being opposed to exalted piety, that they tend, under proper regulations, to elevate and perfect one another. But, in fact, a really earnest, spiritual man has no taste for such enjoyment as the theatre presents. It affords him no relaxation or pleasure. And if, through the decay of piety, he does find enjoyment there, his whole tone of character is lowered, his consistency and power of usefulness are diminished, and at length the vigor and the influence of his spiritual life will be lost. Religious instincts are, in this case, a safe guide; and if men set them at naught, their violation will be followed by rapid deterioration and bitter experience.—*Angus's "Handbook of English Literature."*

A Wife's Power.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness or it must be unknown forever. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage, strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair.

No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can bear bad domestic influences. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and whole heart. He needs his moral in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be a place of repose, cheerfulness, peace, comfort; and his soul renews its strength again, and goes

forth with fresh vigor to encounter the troubles and labors of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

Lake of Boiling Water.—The La Crosse, Wisconsin, *Democrat*, tells the following story: "This afternoon, about 2 o'clock, the residents of the eastern part of the city were startled by a loud report, resembling the discharge of a park of the heaviest artillery. Many supposed it to be occasioned by blasting operations at the stone quarries east of the city, but the fact was soon ascertained that the explosion occurred at the artesian well that has been sunk to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet, and situated about midway between the river and the bluffs. The workmen at the well became sensible of a remarkable change going on within the bore. The drill had been working through a substratum of dark porous rock for five hours, and had been making rapid progress, when suddenly the machinery stopped, the rods became violently agitated, and a deafening explosion ensued, followed by a stream of boiling water, gushing with mighty force through the tube from the depths below. The startled workmen were blinded by clouds of steam. George Hayes, the workman in charge of the drill at the time, had a very narrow escape. He received a jet of boiling water in his neck and breast, but was partially protected by heavy woollen clothing. William Marks, another operative, was badly scalded about the feet and ankles. Patrick Cox, Andrew Parkman, and Karl Snyder, the remaining workmen, were but slightly injured. The horses became panic-stricken, and reared and plunged violently, and extricating themselves from the harness, dashed madly over the frozen prairie in the direction of the bluffs."

Precious Stones.—Mr. Crawford gives the following details with respect to the sapphire and ruby mines of Ava: "The precious stones ascertained to exist in the Burmese territory are chiefly those of the sapphire family, and the spinel ruby. They are found at two places, not very distant from each other, called Mogaut and Kyatpean, about five days' journey from the capital, in an E.S.E. direction. From what I could learn, the gems are not obtained by any regular mining operations, but by digging and washing the gravel in the beds of rivulets or small brooks. All the varieties of the sapphire, as well as the spinel, are found together, and along with them large quantities of corundum. The varieties ascertained to exist are the Oriental sapphire, the Oriental ruby or red stone, the opalescent ruby or cat's-eye ruby, the star ruby, the green, the yellow, and the white sapphires, and the Oriental amethyst. The common sapphire is by far the most frequent, but, in comparison with the ruby, is very little prized by the Burmese, in which they agree with other nations. I brought home with me several of great size, the largest weighing no less than 3630 grains, or above 907 carats. The spinel ruby is not unfrequent in Ava, but is not much valued by the natives. I brought with me to England a perfect specimen, both as to color and freedom from flaws, weighing 22 carats. The

sapphire and ruby mines are considered the property of the king; at least he lays claim to all stones that exceed in value a viss of silver, or 100 ticals. The miners, it appears, endeavor to evade this law by breaking the large stones into fragments. In the royal treasury there are, notwithstanding, many fine stones of both descriptions. The year before our visit, the king received from the mines a ruby weighing 124 grains; and the year preceding that eight good ones, but of smaller size. No stranger is permitted to visit the mines; even the Chinese and Mohammedans residing at Ava are carefully excluded."

Mont Cenis Tunnel to be Completed in Four Years.

—The prosecution of the works at the Mont Cenis Tunnel has passed into the hands of a company, having at its head the two engineers Sommeiller and Grattoui. The company undertakes to finish the tunnel in four years from the 1st of January last, and to pay a stipulated sum for every month beyond that time during which it shall not have been completed, while, on the other hand, should the work be finished before that time, the company is to receive the same amount for every month gained. It is stated that the chief difficulties lie on the Italian side of the mountain, where, in consequence of the greater hardness of the rocks, the cost of tunnelling is about £72,000 per kilometre, whereas on the French side the cost is only from £10,000 to £12,000.

Paying the Penalty in Advance.—The lease of a piece of ground at the west of London was recently offered for sale by auction, and one of the conditions of sale imposed a penalty of £1,000 on any attempt to turn it into a brickfield. The lease was sold to an American gentleman for £1,200, and on signing to complete the purchase, he handed the agent a cheque for £2,200. "The sum is only £1,200," said the man of business; "here is a mistake of £1,000." "No mistake at all," said the buyer. "I am going to turn it into a brickfield." And turn it into a brickfield he did, although threatened with innumerable actions by the residents around. The fact was, he had discovered that once a part of it had been used for that purpose, and so he could not be indicted as a nuisance by those who protested. From this very field is built a great part of the noblest metropolitan suburbs of London.

Determination.—"The longer I live," says Sir T. F. Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

Geological Changes in Italy.—The curious geological changes that have been remarked from time to time in the north of Italy, and especially on the shores of the lakes in that part of the country, are now attracting more than ordinary attention. An hotel, built many years ago at Densenzano, on the shore of the Lake Garda, is gradually sinking at the rate of six inches daily, and the ground-floor has already disappeared. The immersion is

taking place imperceptibly, and without any shock. A scientific commission from Milan has been appointed to examine and report upon the phenomenon.

The Imperial Ball at the Tuileries.—At this last ball of the season, some Americans were presented on the occasion, and among the number Mr. F. C. Chickering of New York, with Mrs. Chickering, and their niece, Miss Lilian Chickering. The ladies were most tastefully and richly dressed, the toilette of Mrs. Chickering being one of the most beautiful in the imperial salons. It was of pink silk, cut in the Pompadour style, with rows of deep *point d'Alençon* upon the skirt, over which was *tulle diamantée*. The lady's *coiffure* was formed of pink ostrich plumes, and a rich aigrette of jewels; the hair being like the dress, à la Pompadour. Miss Chickering was dressed in white, wearing one of those *toilettes de demoiselles* which the French *couturières* know so well how to render rich and yet simple. It was noticeable that whereas, on former occasions, the Parisiennes seemed to appear in less beautiful toilettes, they were resplendent at this ball. The Empress, who wore a magnificent toilette of white silk, relieved with silver, was literally ablaze with jewels. Her tiara was a shining light. Around her neck she wore a pearl *collier* of fabulous price, and the corsage of her robe was a mass of diamonds. The Princess Metternich, as usual, created a sensation, by the eccentricity of her toilette. Over a white silk skirt, she wore a tunic of green satin, trimmed with sable. Her *coiffure* was formed of green ostrich plumes and diamonds. Spite of the fact that there was fur on the dress, it seemed inconceivably light and elegant. The Misses Beckwith were at this ball, and attracted much attention by their beautiful toilettes.

Learn all you can.—Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in the stage-coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is therefore a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom we think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you some things, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are by persons of this kind, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was journeyman stone mason, and in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make up the heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a large lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

Collieries.—There are in the United Kingdom considerably above 3,000 collieries, which have a value of more than £100,000,000 sterling; and in these are employed about 320,000 men and boys.



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THE QUEEN'S BOOK.*

WE should not fulfil our duty as loyal subjects of our gracious Queen, if we did not take some part in those expressions of sympathy and delight which the appearance of her volume has called forth; neither should we do justice to our readers if we failed to place on record some estimate of the work, and to enrich our pages with a few of those passages, so simple and tender in their beauty, with which it abounds.

The volume is remarkable in many respects, and suggests many topics for study and observation. It will be convenient to arrange our remarks and quotations under two or three general heads.

I. In the first place, perhaps the most obvious characteristic of the book, and that which has most commended it to

the English public, is its simplicity and thorough homeliness. It is difficult to remember, as one travels through its pages, that it depicts the private life and habits of the sovereign of the greatest empire in the world. Scarcely a word,—certainly only a passing allusion now and then,—indicates that the writer and her family had much more to do with the stir and bustle of politics, or the state and circumstance of a splendid court, than thousands of English households. Throughout the volume, the queen is lost in the woman. The wife, the mother, the friend, the kind and considerate mistress, the dispenser of wise and kindly charities; it is in such guise as this the authoress unconsciously portrays herself; and she loses nothing by dispensing with courtly and royal conventionalities. Who has not again and again felt the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, while reading some of the matters here related of "Albert," and "Vicky," and "Bertie," and the other members of that favoured and happy family, whose holidays were enjoyed with so keen a zest, and devoted

* Leaves from the *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861*. To which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same *Journal*, giving an Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland, and Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions. Edited by ARTHUR HELPS. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1868.

to such innocent and healthful recreations? And who has not sighed to think of the cloud that has overshadowed all that brightness?

The earlier portion of the work records the chief incidents of certain marine excursions to Scotland, and among the Western Isles. There is something of state and ceremony here; something remotely suggestive of those "royal progresses" which figure so conspicuously in the story of her Majesty's predecessor, Queen Bess. Yet Victoria, even amid the splendor of royal receptions and entertainments, has immensely the advantage of Elizabeth. We wonder whether the latter kept a diary of her slow, stately, cumbrous, and most costly excursions to the country mansions of her loving subjects. Assuredly, if she did, it contained nothing of that interest in common things, and that sympathy with common people, which give such a charm to these pages. The fresh young spirit of the then youthful authoress was alive to all beautiful and healthy impressions, and derived interest from all she saw. The running of the sailors up and down the shrouds of the royal ship, "at all times of the day and night;" the man carrying up the lantern to the maintop in his mouth; the close "mutch" caps of the old Scotch women; the barefooted girls and children, "with loose-flowing hair, a great deal of it red;" the oatmeal porridge, and the Finnan haddies; and a hundred little things of a like kind, are touched upon in a way indicative of a nature that cannot be sophisticated and spoiled; a disposition to be pleased, and to make the best of everything, which is the sure sign of a true and a pure heart. The most noteworthy feature of this first trip, was the reception given to the royal pair by Lord Breadalbane. It is minutely and somewhat elaborately described; her Majesty dwells with evident delight on the firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills. "It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic." Then follows this note, striking the tenderest chords of our sympathies:

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the

3rd of October, from Dunkeld (*incognito*), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were. We got out, and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without deep emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect. Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then! I was very thankful to have seen it again. It seemed unaltered. 1866."—P. 22.

The second visit was paid to Blair Athole; and this time, "Vicky" was of the party. At Dundee the civic authorities received the royal party on landing, and a great crowd of people gave them a vociferous welcome, but the young mother's interest in her little daughter is more beautiful than anything else in the picture:

"Albert walked up the steps with me, I holding his arm, and Vicky his hand, amid the loud cheers of the people, all the way to the carriage, our dear Vicky behaving like a grown-up person, not put out, nor frightened, nor nervous. . . . About three miles beyond Dundee we stopped at the gate of Lord Camperdown's place; here a triumphal arch had been erected, and Lady Camperdown, and Lady Duncan and her little boy, with others, were all waiting to welcome us, and were very civil and kind. The little boy, beautifully dressed in the Highland dress, was carried to Vicky, and gave her a basket full of fruits and flowers. I said to Albert, I could hardly believe that our child was travelling with us, it put me so in mind of myself when I was 'the little Princess.' Albert observed that it was always said that parents lived their lives over again in their children, which is a very pleasant feeling. . . . We got out at an inn (which was small but very clean), at Dunkeld, and stopped to let Vicky have some broth. Such a charming view from the window. Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window. There never was such a good traveller as she is, sleeping in the carriage at her usual time—not put out, not frightened at noise or crowds, but pleased and amused. She never heard

the anchor go at night on board ship, but slept as sound as a top."—Pp. 46-48.

The third of these early excursions was entirely by sea, the two eldest children being of the royal party. Old Neptune does not seem to have been more ceremonious or forbearing to her Majesty than he usually is to the feeblest of her subjects. Both the Queen and the royal children suffered repeatedly from his rough handling, while the Prince Consort seems to have been a good sailor. Dartmouth, the Isles of Scilly (as the chief proprietor, Mr. Smith, resenting the *equivoque* implied in the "Scilly Islands," insists on calling them), Milford Haven (where the Queen drew a spirited sketch of a Welsh woman in one of the curious high-crowned men's hats), the Menai Straits, the Isle of Man, were all touched at in succession, and a few words are given to each; words indicating a keen enjoyment of life, and of the beauties of nature. And then we have the royal party steaming through river and loch, now on board the "Victoria and Albert," now on board the "Fairy," gazing on the endless and varied beauties of the land of "the mountain and the flood;" her Majesty taking slight sketches of points especially interesting; "Albert" landing every now and then to shoot; and "the children enjoying everything extremely, and bearing the novelty and excitement wonderfully." At Inverary they were received by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and others, "in true Highland fashion," the landing-place being all ornamented with heather. Here is a pretty sketch:

"The pipers walked before the carriage, and the highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorn, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and highland bonnet. We lunched at two with our hosts, the highland gentlemen standing, with halberds, in the room. We sent for our children, who arrived during luncheon time."—P. 81.

Then on board again, and sailing on, taking note of objects interesting for their beauty or their historical associations, and drinking deep draughts of

pleasure, and so the tour through the western lochs and isles comes to an end, the Queen remarking:

"I am quite sorry we shall have to leave our yacht to-morrow, in which we have been so comfortably housed, and that this delightful voyage and tour among the western lochs and isles is at an end—they are so beautiful, and so full of poetry and romance, traditions, and historical associations."—P. 87.

The second part of this delightful volume contains a description of the life—the holiday life—of the royal family of England, among the northern Highlands, after the Queen had selected Balmoral as a place suitable for that annual retirement from the public cares and occupations of royalty which must have been sorely needed, and which for many years was so keenly enjoyed. She does not specify the reasons which led to the selection of Balmoral; but we suspect that the uneasy life on board ship had come to detract from the pleasure of those marine excursions for which the earlier years of her married life were so famous; and, further, there can be little doubt that the entire seclusion of Balmoral, the distance from railways, and the perfect contrast to the conventional and stately splendor of court life, had very much to do in influencing the selection; not to speak of the Prince's intense love of sport, especially the difficult, but exciting, sport of "deer-stalking," for which the neighborhood afforded such splendid opportunities. The following passage from one of his letters to his cousin, shows how keenly he appreciated and enjoyed it:

"Without doubt, deer-stalking is one of the most fatiguing, but it is also one of the most interesting of pursuits. There is not a tree or a bush behind which you can hide yourself. . . . One has, therefore, to be constantly on the alert in order to circumvent them; and to keep under the hill out of their wind, crawling on hands and knees, and dressed entirely in gray."—P. 35.

Moreover, the royal pair fell in love with the Highlanders almost at first sight: "they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude, that had such a charm for us." Here, accordingly, for some fourteen

successive years the royal family spent the weeks of early autumn, climbing the mountains, organizing and accomplishing excursions to places of interest far and near, the Prince shooting, or building, or laying out the grounds, or taking Gaelic lessons from his attendants; the Queen sketching, or "working," or making the acquaintance of her humble neighbors, doing and receiving good. And so week after week the bright hours went all too quickly by, brimful of the finest pleasure, till as winter drew near, and the calls of inevitable duty grew loud and importunate, the dear home in the Highlands must be quitted, always with regret; a regret, on the Queen's part, deepening year by year, as the fruits of her noble and tasteful husband's skill and energy multiplied under her view. Here is a pleasant sketch of one of their strolls soon after they had entered upon Balmoral:

"At a quarter past eleven we drove (the three gentlemen going in another carriage) to the road along which we went with Lord Portman the other day, and up to a small path, where I mounted my pony, Albert and the others walking. The lights were most beautiful, but the heat was overpowering, and the sun. We turned to the right, when out on the moors, where I got off and walked; and we seated ourselves behind a large stone, no one but Macdonald with us, who loaded the guns, and gave notice when anything was to be seen, as he lay upon the ground. The gentlemen were below in the road; the wood was beat, but nothing came, so we walked on, and came down a beautiful, thickly-wooded glen, and, after a good deal of scrambling to get there, and to get up one side of the glen, we sat down again. We then scrambled over to the opposite side, where we again concealed ourselves; in this beat Albert shot a roe, and, I think, would have shot more, had they not been turned back by the sudden appearance of an old woman, who, looking like a witch, came along through the wood with two immense crutches, and disturbed the whole thing. Albert killed the roe just as she was coming along, and the shot startled her very much; she was told to come down, which she did, and sat below in the glen, motionless, having covered her head with her handkerchief. When two of the beaters came down and were told to take up the roe, they first saw the old woman, and started, and stared with horror, which was very amusing to see. I rode a little way afterwards, and then we seated ourselves behind a bush, in the rear of the wood, close to the distillery; but this beat brought nothing. Albert killed a young

blackcock before we came to the second beat. We were home at a quarter past three o'clock." —Pp. 114, 115.

The book abounds with such sketches as this; for much of the life in the Highlands was spent out of doors; and we seem to tread on the elastic heather, to inhale its fragrance, and to thrill with the excitement of healthy activity upon the mountains in almost every page. The royal family had few sorrows of their own among these Highland scenes. But in September, 1852, the whole household was saddened by the news of the Duke of Wellington's death. The first announcement, which came by telegraph, was discredited, and the party at Balmoral started on one of the accustomed mountain rambles. On the way, the Queen suddenly missed her watch, which had been the gift of "the dear old Duke," and sent one of the keepers back to inquire for it. He returned with news that it was safe at home, but bringing a letter from Lord Derby, confirming the sad tidings of the nation's loss. We cannot but quote the following touching and true-hearted notice of the mournful event from Her Majesty's pen. Happy the monarch who has subjects that can be so trusted, happy the faithful and loyal servant of the Crown whose worth is so appreciated!

"God's will be done! The day must have come; the Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness; but what a loss! One cannot think of this country without 'the Duke,' our immortal hero!

"In him centred almost every honor a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had; above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the sovereign; and how simply he carried these honors! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided! The Crown never possessed, and, I fear, never will, so devoted, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To us (who, alas! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends), his loss is irreparable, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great.

too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times, with the last century. Not an eye will be dry in the whole country.

"We hastened down on foot to the head of *Loch Muich*; and then rode home in a heavy shower to *Alt-na-Guithasach*. Our whole enjoyment was spoilt; a gloom overhung all of us."—Pp. 137, 138.

Gladder tidings, however, at other times, penetrated the mountain retreat. Thus, on September 10th, 1855, the royal household went almost wild with joy over the news of the fall of Sebastopol. A bonfire had been prepared the previous year when the false report of the reduction of the famous stronghold had arrived; and now, in a few minutes,

"Albert and all the gentlemen, in every species of attire, sallied forth, followed by all the servants, and gradually by all the population of the village,—keepers, gillies, and workmen,—up to the top of the cairn. We waited, and saw them light it, accompanied by general cheering. The bonfire blazed forth brilliantly, and we could see the numerous figures surrounding it—some dancing, all shouting—Ross playing his pipes, and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually; while poor old François d'Albertançon lighted a number of squibs below, the greater part of which would not go off. About three-quarters of an hour after, Albert came down, and said the scene had been wild and exciting beyond everything. The people had been drinking healths in whisky, and were in great ecstasy. The whole house seemed in a wonderful state of excitement. The boys were with difficulty awakened, and when at last this was the case, they begged leave to go up to the top of the cairn.

"We remained till a quarter to twelve; and, just as I was undressing, all the people came down under the windows, the pipes playing, the people singing, firing off guns, and cheering—first for me, then for Albert, the Emperor of the French, and the 'down-fall of Sevastopol.'"—Pp. 152, 153.

In September, 1853, the foundation-stone of the present splendid castle of Balmoral was laid by the Queen, and two years afterwards it "seemed strange, very strange," to her to drive past, indeed through, the old house, to her new and beautiful abode. Twelve months afterwards she writes, with exquisite wifely pride and tenderness:—

"Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dearest Albert's

own creation, *own* work, *own* building, *own* laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."—P. 158.

But perhaps the freshest and most interesting—certainly the most amusing—portions of the book are the accounts of what are playfully called three "Great Expeditions," in which the parties travelled *incognito*, and often were both conveyed and entertained in very primitive fashion. Indeed, to see royalty "roughing it," and so thoroughly enjoying the fun, is vastly entertaining, and puts to shame the caprices of many fastidious and "snobbish" tourists who would complain loudly of much that afforded endless amusement to the august excursionists before us. Thus:—

"About a mile from this was the ferry. There we parted from our ponies, only Grant and Brown coming on with us. Walker, the police-inspector, met us, but did not keep with us. He had been sent to order everything in a quiet way, without letting people suspect who we were; in this he entirely succeeded. The ferry was a very rude affair; it was like a boat or cobble, but we could only stand on it, and it was moved at one end by two long oars, plied by the ferryman and Brown, and at the other by a long sort of beam, which Grant took in hand. A few seconds brought us over to the road, where there were two shabby vehicles, one a kind of barouche, into which Albert and I got—Lady Churchill and General Grey into the other, a break—each with a pair of small and rather miserable horses, driven by a man from the box. Grant was on our carriage, and Brown on the other. We had gone so far forty miles, at least twenty on horseback. We had agreed to call ourselves *Lord and Lady Churchill and party*; Lady Churchill passing as *Miss Spencer*, and General Grey as *Dr. Grey*. Brown once forgot this, and called me 'Your Majesty' as I was getting into the carriage; and Grant on the box called Albert 'Your Royal Highness,' which set us off laughing; but no one observed it."—Pp. 193, 194.

Then follows a very entertaining account of the night's stay at the hotel in Grantown, of the dinner, and next morning's breakfast, and General Grey bought himself a watch in a shop for £2.

Another expedition was undertaken the next year to Invermark and Fettercairn. Here they were startled by the noise of drums and fifes, and supposed

that their secret had been betrayed. But on questioning the little maid at the Ramsay Arms, she replied, "It's jist a band," and said that it walked about in this way twice a week. "How odd!" remarks the Queen. During the night a "commercial" arrived, and was with difficulty kept out of the dining-room, which on ordinary occasions was the "commercial" room. He took tea with Grant and Brown, and asked, "What's the matter here?" to which Grant replied, "It's a wedding-party from Aberdeen." Pursuing their journey, they halted at a very small village, and the Queen, "Alice," and Lady Churchill, "went into the house of a tailor, which was very tidy, and the woman in it was most friendly, asking us to rest there, but not dreaming who we were." In Glen Muich, which was intended as a deer-forest for the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort stayed behind to give some directions to Grant as to the planting, but suddenly added, "You and I may be dead and gone before that." "In less than three months, alas!" adds the Queen, "his words were verified as regards himself. He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared."

On the "third great expedition," they found at the inn of Dalwinnie very short commons indeed.

"The inn was much larger than at Fettercairn, but not nearly so nice and cheerful; there was a drawing-room and a dining-room, and we had a very good sized bedroom. Albert had a dressing-room of equal size. Mary Andrews, a wardrobe maid, who was very useful and efficient, and Lady Churchill's maid had a room together, everyone being in the house; but unfortunately there was hardly anything to eat, and there was only tea, and two miserable starved Highland chickens, without any potatoes! No pudding, and no *fun*; no little maid (the two there not wishing to come in), nor our two people—who were wet and drying their things—to wait on us! It was not a nice supper; and the evening was wet. As it was late, we soon retired to rest. Mary and Maxted (Lady Churchill's maid) had been dining below with Grant, Brown, and Stewart, in the 'commercial room' at the foot of the stairs. They had only the remnants of our two starved chickens."—P. 226.

Once more, on the 16th of October, 1861, the party set forth, at twenty minutes to nine in the morning, and after a

"glorious day," returned home by moonlight, "much pleased and interested with this delightful expedition." "Alas!" wrote the Queen in her journal as with a presentiment of what was so soon to come, "I fear our last *great* one!" and then follows a line whose pathos no comment can enhance—"It was our last one—1867."

The third section of the work contains a few brief references to tours in England and Ireland, and yachting excursions. These are marked by the same simplicity and freshness, the same interest in all the objects that presented themselves, the same determination to be pleased, which are so conspicuous in the extracts which we have given above. There is a very pleasant account of the excursion down the English Channel in 1861. The Queen gave "Vicky" her lessons during this voyage. The scene in Mount's Bay must have been very lively:—

"Soon after our arrival we anchored; the crowd of boats were beyond everything; numbers of Cornish pilchard fishermen, in their curious large boats, kept going round and round us, and then anchored, besides many other boats full of people. They are a very noisy, talkative people, and speak a kind of English hardly to be understood."—P. 299.

Even so, your Majesty! But, with great submission, we make bold to say that the "kind of English" is more musical than most of our dialects, and that there are no other or more loyal hearts in all your Majesty's dominions than those which beat beneath the blue jerseys of the bronzed and humble fishermen of Mount's Bay.

II. Nothing is more interesting in this volume than the absence of self-consciousness, as it is called, on the part of the royal authoress. Without any intention to do so, she has drawn for us, both in the outpourings of her own heart, and in the description of her ways of life, the ideal of "a perfect woman, nobly planned." We do not think so much of the tender, and even "gushing" way in which she speaks of her husband and family, and of those scions of nobility whom she honored with her friendship; though it certainly is delightful to see in the highest lady of the land so much of ardent

and considerate affection. But the manner in which the Queen speaks of her dependants—even of the menials among them—and her allusions to her intercourse with the simple and primitive peasantry living round her highland home, are exemplary in the highest degree, and may be studied with much advantage by many in far inferior stations. She repeatedly names the personal attendants of the Prince Consort and herself, and generally to each name is attached some note expressive of the writer's esteem and consideration for the individual named, and for the family to which he or she may have belonged. Here are a few instances, taken at random :

"Now pensioned; promoted to gentleman porter in 1854. A very good servant; and a native of Galashiels."—P. 45.

"A very good man. His health obliged him to give up being a Jäger in 1848; he was then appointed a page, in which position he continued till he died, in November, 1865."—P. 58.

"A Jäger of the Prince's, who came from Fort Augustus in the West; he was remarkably tall and handsome. The poor man died of consumption at Windsor, in May, 1860. His eldest son was *attaché* to the British Legation in Japan. He died in 1866. The third son, Archie, is Jäger to the Prince of Wales, and was for a year with the beloved Prince."

"Head-keeper. He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon—nine as keeper; he was born in Braemar, in the year 1810. He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons—the second, Aleck, is wardrobe-man to our son Leopold. All are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine hale old woman of eighty years, 'stops' in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He, himself, lives in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him."—Pp. 103, 104.

We might largely multiply such notes; but it is not necessary. But what a beautiful example do they display of the spirit which masters and mistresses should cherish towards those to whose services so much of their own comfort is due. No wonder that the inferior

members of the Queen's household should be so "devotedly attached" to their royal mistress. The editor very properly calls special attention to this peculiarity, and remarks,

"Perhaps there is no person in these realms who takes a more deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the household committed to his charge than our gracious Queen does in hers, or who feels more keenly what are the reciprocal duties of masters and servants. Nor does any one wish more ardently than her Majesty, that there should be no abrupt severance of class from class, but rather a gradual blending together of all classes, caused by a full community of interests, a constant interchange of good offices, and a kindly respect felt and expressed by each class to all its brethren in the great brotherhood that forms a nation."—P. xi.

The same kindly, and, as Mr. Helps styles it, "patriarchal" feeling pervaded the Queen's relations to the peasantry in the neighborhood of Balmoral. Her chapter on "Visits to the Old Women" is so beautiful and tender, that we must give it entire. It is but a specimen of much of the same kind.

"Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill, stopped at the shops and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way, got out and walked up the hill to Balnacroft, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any, we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me. It was very touching.

"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old, quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat; she said, 'May the Lord ever attend you and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's) to visit old widow Symms, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double. She was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and

repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in the future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative, and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

"We went into three other cottages, to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old woman living next door), who had an 'unwell boy'; then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I am happy to see you looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she's sorry herself'; and, having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person. Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty, so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."—Pp. 161–163.

Yes; but it is still more "touching and gratifying" to see our royal lady taking such an interest in the humblest of her subjects, and admitting them to a friendship so considerate and condescending. And, unless rumor greatly belie her, our gracious Queen knows how to administer spiritual as well as temporal consolation to those who need it. The reign of such a monarch cannot but be a blessing to the realm.

III. There are two chapters in this book that have been a great trial to all High Churchmen. We allude to the two with the title of "The Kirk." We presume that, according to precedent, and to the views of the most orthodox Episcopalians, her Majesty should have been accompanied to Scotland by some "duly ordained" clergyman, and should have relied exclusively on his services for the celebration both of domestic and public worship. The idea of the head of the United Church of England and Ireland worshipping God in

an unconsecrated edifice, and listening to the ministry of a Presbyterian divine, is surely all but intolerable. Her Majesty, however, takes a different view of that subject, and records, just in the same simple, matter-of-course way which marks all her narrative, these visits to "the kirk," and the impressions made there upon her mind. The first occasion named was on October 29, 1854. Dr. McLeod was the preacher, and the Queen never heard "anything finer." The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. But it was in prayer that the gifted preacher won his way to that simple and loving heart:

"The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat; as also when he prayed for the 'dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted; how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings. The servants and the Highlanders, *all* were equally delighted."—Pp. 147, 148.

This is very schismatic! But the next is quite as bad. Under date Oct. 14th, 1855:—

"To kirk at twelve o'clock. The Rev. J. Caird, one of the most celebrated preachers in Scotland, performed the service, and electrified all present by a most admirable and beautiful sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, but which kept every one's attention riveted. The text was from the twelfth chapter of Romans, and the eleventh verse, 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.' He explained in the most beautiful and simple manner what real religion is: how it ought to pervade every action of our lives; not a thing only for Sundays, or for our closet; not a thing to drive us from the world; not a 'perpetual moping over good books,' but 'being and doing good,' 'letting everything be done in a Christian spirit.' It was as fine as Dr. McLeod's sermon last year, and sent us home much edified."—P. 155.

Very good doctrine undoubtedly, but what a scandal for England's Queen to be listening even to such teaching from unconsecrated lips! Surely, your Majesty, the bishops should look to this! So, if we may believe the stories of the time (which the publication of the book

has revived), thought the late Bishop of London, worthy, orthodox, high-church Dr. Blomfield. He is said to have remonstrated respectfully, but very earnestly, with the Queen for this breach of ecclesiastical propriety, but without effect. And we see the royal lady is incorrigible; for, during her recent visit to Balmoral, the royal pew in the little Presbyterian church at Crathie, has been graced with her presence Sunday after Sunday. Well, we cannot be expected to sympathize very deeply, under these mournful circumstances, with outraged Episcopalian feeling. If the Queen chooses to think that there is no greater difference between "church" and "kirk" than a different mode of spelling, and that she is in her duty by encouraging the Presbyterian Establishment in the north, rather than Episcopalian Dissent, we assuredly shall not quarrel with her. Nay, we are but too thankful that the present occupant of the throne shows herself so superior to the bigotry and sectarianism that has far too great a hold of the Church south of the Tweed which owns her as its head. Especially do we rejoice that *Scottish* Episcopacy finds no favor with our monarch when in her Highland home. The history and character of that institute from the days of the Stuarts downwards have been such as to make every true Protestant pray against any increase of its prestige, and devoutly thank God that, whatever may be the case with the Scottish aristocracy, the Queen is proof against its superstition and exclusiveness.

There are other and very agreeable reflections suggested by the perusal of this beautiful and noble book. We might dwell, for instance, on the illustrations which it incidentally supplies, of the amazing social advance which the community of the northern highlands has undergone during the last hundred years. How much more genial and refined is the picture of the character and habits of the Queen's lieges in Aberdeenshire than that which Scott draws, in the antiquity of "the auld times o' rugging and riving through the hale country, when it was ilka ane for himsell and God for us a'—when nae man wanted property if he had strength to take it, or had it langer than he had power to keep it." The last remnants of loyalty

to the fallen house of Stuart lingered long among the savage wilds of Caledonia, and many a turbulent gathering of the clans, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array," gave vent to that loyalty in semi-barbarous tumult. Society was fearfully disorganized; the blood feud existed down to within a short period of our own time; and a Highland chieftain was one of the fiercest and worst types of a feudal lord. Now all is changed. The graceful and gentle courtesies of ducal and baronial hosts are acknowledged here with hearty gratitude, as they are described with a most lively pen. And as for the peasantry of the Highlands, certainly they are, as the Queen describes them, a most lovable and noble race. Industrious, respectful, chivalrous, obliging, God-fearing; what more can monarch want from subject? It is a beautiful picture, the Queen of this mighty realm doffing the state of royalty, and going down with her husband and her children, to make holiday and be happy; beloved in Highland huts and cottages, it may be with more homely demonstrations of regard, but not with less fervor and enthusiasm, than among the silken and essenced crowd that bend and flutter in Windsor and St. James's. But we must forbear. We lay down the book with a feeling of the deepest thankfulness that so pure and refreshing a work has been given—given out of a broken heart—by our beloved and gracious Queen to her subjects. It will convey moral health wherever it goes; it will intensify the domestic affections of every family which it may enter; it has already deepened beyond expression the attachment of her people to Queen Victoria, and their pride in her, as "the mother of her people." And there are not many who will read it through with dry eyes, or fail to drop a tear of sympathy for the royal widow who leads them so tenderly through the well-remembered scenes of her happier days, and makes them sigh with her to think that "all was rapture then that is but memory now."



Fraser's Magazine.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

IN a paper on earthquakes published in this Magazine, No. 360, we endeavored to show that they are undeveloped volcanoes, the latter being, so to speak, the complement of the former: both earthquakes and volcanoes being manifestations of a common subterranean force, but acting under different conditions. For while the latter are caused by the inability of the force to break through overlying rocky matter, when the force is either greater, or the superincumbent strata less impenetrable, gaseous matters find vents at one or more points, and a volcano is produced. Thus, while earthquakes are uncompleted efforts to establish volcanoes, volcanoes lessen the power and sometimes prevent earthquakes by acting as safety valves for setting free the expansive force exerted by the heated interior of the earth on its external covering or crust.

At all times, volcanic phenomena possess great interest, and, at this period when the volcanoes of the old and new world are in a remarkable state of activity, some account of their phenomena as seen by the most recent lights of science, will probably be acceptable.

If earthquakes have always been regarded with awe, volcanoes are even more fearful manifestations of the powers attributed in the fabulous mythology of antiquity to the infernal earth-shaking sovereign 'Ennorigæus.' An examination of a map of the world showing the volcanic and earthquake districts renders it evident that there is an intimate relation between the two classes of phenomena. Both develop themselves mainly along the same zones, and earthquakes are invariably rarer and more feeble as they recede from the centres of volcanic action. According to the most recent investigations, the known active volcanoes or habitual vents of volcanic energy exceed 400. These do not, however, include mud volcanoes, the phenomena of which are very distinct from those of true volcanoes.* Ordinary volcanoes are thus classified:

	Now active	
Europe	7	4
Atlantic Islands	14	8
Africa	3	1
Continental Asia	25	15
Asiatic Islands	189	110
Indian Ocean	9	5
South Sea	40	26
America	120	56
Antarctic Land.	3	3
	<hr/> 410	<hr/> 228

The largest proportion of these volcanoes are situated in tropical regions, very few more than 30° from the equator. But they are by no means dependent on climate, many in Iceland being on the grandest scale, and others in full blast in the antarctic regions. The loftiest eruptive cones are Sahama in Bolivia, 22,350 ft.; and Aconcagua in Chili, 23,004 ft. It is a noteworthy fact with regard to volcanoes that the greater number occur either in islands or on coast-lines near the sea. Indeed the proximity of the ocean seems to be a necessary condition for the manifestation of great volcanic phenomena. The sea water probably finds access to the foci of the subterranean fires, and thereby produces enormous volumes of vapor and occasionally water, which frequently accompanies eruptions on a great scale. It was indeed suggested by Sir H. Davy that if the interior of the earth contains large quantities of the unoxidated metalloids, all the phenomena of volcanoes might be occasioned by the penetration of sea water through deep fissures. Though abandoned by its distinguished author, this hypothesis with some important modifications was entertained by the late Dr. Daubeny and other geologists. It is certain that water plays a most important part in volcanic phenomena, elastic vapors supplying the principal motive force of upheavals. Although upwards of 400 volcanoes have been noted it is probable that many more exist. For, independently of the fact that a large portion of the earth's subaërial surface has not yet been explored, the far more extensive subaqueous area doubtless contains several volcanic vents which have not yet raised an eruptive orifice visibly above the surface of the ocean. Graham's Island, which rose out of the sea from a depth of 100 feet in a few days, and attained a height of 200 ft. and

* Mud volcanoes are now, according to the highest geological authorities, considered to represent the declining stage of volcanic activity, but under conditions by no means universal.

the formation of cones and craters and the accumulation on volcanic mountains of enormous layers of matter. During the famous eruption of Cotopaxi in 1533, witnessed by the Spaniards under Sebastian de Belalcázar, the plain around the foot of the mountain was strewn through a radius of fifteen miles and more, with great fragments of rock, many of which measured as much as nine feet in diameter; and Humboldt tells us of one rock weighing upwards of 200 tons, as having been launched into the air to a height of several hundred feet during an eruption of this volcano. The force required to produce these results is almost bewildering to our senses; it may be explained however by the power of heat. Bacon long ago cast considerable light on the phenomena of volcanoes as connected with heat in his *Novum Organum*, where he says:

Heat is a motion expansive restrained and acting in its strife upon the smaller particles of bodies. But the expansion is thus modified; for while it expands all ways, it has at the same time an inclination upwards. And the struggle in the particles is modified also; it is not sluggish but *hurried* and *with violence*.*

Now, when we bear in mind that a mere scratch on the surface of our globe, which is nearly 8,000 miles in diameter (for so the depth of only one mile must be considered) brings us to a temperature of 105° , we have only to descend in imagination to the still comparatively slight depth of twenty miles to find the earth's crust red-hot, while, if the temperature continues to increase regularly according to the same law, we should come at no very great depth beyond on a liquid sea of fire.† But it is

* Bacon's Works, vol. xiv.—Spedding's translation.

† The most elaborate and reliable observations on the temperature of the earth's crust are those undertaken by Mr. W. Fairbairn during the sinking of the Astley Pit of the Dukinfield Colliery in Cheshire. The observations were carried on over a period of ten years, and were conducted with great care. The total depth attained was 2,151 feet, and the results are as follows:

The invariable temperature at a depth of $16\frac{1}{2}$ ft., 51° .

Between 693 ft. and 710 ft. the temperature was 58° .

Between 710 and 927 ft. the rate of increase was 1° for every 62.4 ft.

probable that this molten mass is at a greater distance from us than this theory would place it. Astronomical calculations tend to prove that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick, and that the coating of our globe must be extremely solid and rigid to enable our planet to preserve its figure. But the further we remove the seat of the subterranean force from us, the more must we be struck by its great power. Earthquakes are indeed terrific evidence of mysterious dynamic laws; but it is only when the subterranean expansive force breaks through the earth's crust, and after violent earth throes a volcano becomes active, that we obtain a just idea of the forces at work in nature's secret laboratory.

A grand example of the tremendous action of this force may be seen in the Monte Nuovo of the Phlegræan fields, which was formed, in September 1538, on the site of the Lucrine Lake, once famous for its oysters. The eruption continued without intermission two days and two nights, and on the third day people climbed to the top of the new hill 440 feet high, and looked into the crater 421 feet deep, within which stones were boiling up. The mountain has remained quiescent ever since that period. On the other hand, the volcano of Izalco in Central America rose suddenly to the height of 1,600 feet on February 23, 1770, and has remained since in such constant activity as to serve as a beacon to mariners. The volcano of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, is another amazing evidence of subterranean force. In 1815 it yielded ashes and scorice sufficient to form three mountains, each equal in cubic contents to Mont Blanc, or to cover the whole of Germany with scorice two feet deep.

But even more tremendous is the volcano of Mauna Loa, a huge dome-shaped mountain in Hawaii, nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, formed chiefly by the repeated outflows of a highly

Between 927 and 1,257 ft. the rate was 1° for 60 ft.

Between 1,257 and 1,839 ft. the rate was 1° for $86^{\circ} 91$ ft.

Between 1,839 and 2,055 ft. the rate was 1° for 65.6 ft.

And the mean of the whole series of observations gives 1° for every 83.2 ft.

liquid lava boiling up and cascading over the lips of a central vent at its summit. The phenomena of this volcano are on the most stupendous scale. The highest crater, which is circular, 8,000 feet in diameter, and 830 feet deep, is frequently filled by the welling up of the lava from the vents at its bottom. During one of the latest eruptions the lava stream extended sixty-five miles, and averaged four miles in width, and twelve feet in depth. Its discharge was accompanied by columns of fire, scorix of filamentous lava (called *Pele's hair*), and dense vapor which towered over the crater to the height of 800 feet for twenty days, darkening the sun and obscuring every object a few yards distant; while from the surface of the lava currents, clouds of steam rolled upwards. On this occasion it is calculated that within ten months 15,400,000,000 cubic feet of molten matter were blown out of the crater, and that the lava overflowed an area of 200,000 acres in the same period of time. The lava in this gigantic crater rarely remains long at the same level. It sometimes rises to the lip of the crater, at other times sinks entirely out of sight. The subsidence leaves irregular shelves or ledges around the walls of the crater. The eruption in 1840 of Kilawea, fifteen miles from Mauna Loa, was, if possible, more appalling. The wonderful crater of this volcano is of an irregular elliptical figure, seven miles round, and 1,430 feet deep. It became full in the latter part of 1839 of boiling lava more or less crusted over, and suddenly in 1840 the tremendous caldron was emptied by means of lateral vents. A lava stream four miles wide and thirty miles in length was formed in seventy hours, and for the space of fourteen days it plunged in a vast fiery cataract one mile wide over a precipice fifty feet in height into the sea, where it formed three islands, and killed immense numbers of fish.

Vast, however, as is this crater, it is but a tiny cup compared to those craters with which the moon's surface is crowded. The crater of Copernicus is forty-five miles in diameter, and its depth, according to computations made by aid of the most powerful modern telescopes, is no less than 11,300 feet, while the height of the wall above the

general surface of the moon is 2,650 feet. The tremendous energy of the eruptive forces which created such a volcano as this, staggers our senses, and those who have enjoyed a good telescopic survey of this lunar phenomenon doubtless well remember its unearthly grandeur. It is very remarkable, too, how greatly certain areas on the moon's surface resemble terrestrial volcanic regions. The lunar mountain Gassendi is very similar to the extinct volcanic district of Auvergne, and there is even a greater resemblance between the volcanic region of Vesuvius and the Phlegrean fields, and the Mount Maurolycus, with its numerous adjoining craters. The moon indeed, at least as respects the hemisphere which alone we are able to contemplate, presents the appearance of a burnt-out globe once imbued with volcanic life and an intense outward activity, probably with seas and an atmosphere now dried up and extinct. Strange that this orb of whose brilliance poets so sweetly sing, and whose reflected light is the charm of our nights, should in reality be a burnt-out globe. Thinking thus, may we not imagine that if our world should not be destroyed in the manner pointed out by the new meteoric theory of the sun's heat,* but become a dead planet, it may too, like the moon, shine brilliantly to other worlds, the inhabitants of which will perhaps gaze curiously on the craters and ridges—the bones, so to speak—of our globe, and speculate on what manner of people once lived upon it.

The recent eruption of Leon may be cited as a strong instance of the apparently undiminished power of subterranean force. The phenomena commenced on November 27, 1867, by a series of explosions which shook the earth throughout a large area. The volcano then discharged vast quantities of black sand, and a column of flame and smoke, which appeared from Leon to be sprinkled by meteor-like spots, rose to a height of 3,000 feet. These spots proved to be rocks from four to five feet in diameter. The discharge of sand continued until the morning of November 30, and was of such density that the surrounding country to a distance of above fifty

* See Mayer's *Dynamik des Himmels*, 1848.

miles from the volcano was covered by it. The forest for leagues around the volcano is represented as being scarred and maimed by the swift falling showers of keen edged sand and stones, and for half a mile from the cone trees are levelled with the ground. The volcano was prodigiously active for sixteen days, and now in its repose is a most instructive field for the geologist. Indeed no volcanic region presents a more interesting study than the plain of Leon. Twenty volcanic cones may be seen from the town, and the entire country rises up, as it were, in terrible evidence of what Nature can do in her hottest and fiercest wrath. No wonder that the Mexicans invoked the aid of their gods against the mysterious power of the numerous volcanoes which desolated their country. It is related that Tezozomoc, the high priest of the Mexicans, gave aloe leaves inscribed with sacred characters to persons who had to journey among the volcanoes, which were supposed to have the effect of protecting them from injury. The legend has been used by Southey in his *Madoc*:

So may ye safely pass
Between the mountains, which in endless war,
Hurtle with horrible uproar, and frush
Of rocks, that meet in battle.

But though we must go far from our country to witness volcanic phenomena on a stupendous scale, in these days of facile travel it may be said that we have a volcano almost at our door, second to few in physical interest, and surpassing all others in historical associations. Do the wells dry up, or does the earth quake in the south of Italy, you are sure to be told that the agent is Vesuvius, and indeed this volcano occupies a large and important chapter in the history of Italy. The ὄρος Οὐσούιον of Strabo and the Vesēvus of the Romans, its volcanic character is recognized by ancient geographers. But though Diodorus Siculus, who was born on the flanks of Etna about 50 B.C., writes of Vesuvius as volcanic, and Vitruvius, who lived in the Augustan age, mentions a tradition in his day that the mountain had emitted flames; Strabo, who wrote a few years later, describes it as having a truncated cone with a barren and ashy aspect full of cavern-like hollows, produced apparently by fire

which had now become extinct. All trustworthy evidence points to the conclusion that before the tremendous eruption that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum, Vesuvius was quiescent. Velleius Paterculus, and Plutarch, in his life of Crassus, give a curious account of the escape of the Thracian general Spartacus from the Romans, which incidentally throws considerable light on the condition of the mountain, A.U.C. 681. It is to the effect that Spartacus and his followers having encamped within the crater, Clodius besieged him in his strange retreat by occupying the pass leading within the crater, and thus cutting off as he supposed the only means of escape. The gladiators, however, made ladders of the vines which they found growing within the crater of such a length and so strong that they were enabled to descend "from the top of the hill to the very bottom," which we must assume to mean from the lip of the crater, which must have been nearly vertical, to the base of the cone. The Romans, adds the account, "having no suspicion of this movement, were assailed in the rear by the gladiators, who had marched round the mountain, and were put to flight, with the loss of their whole camp." This relation further leads to the inference that Somma, which now forms the north peak of the mountain, was a part of the wall of the original crater outside which the gladiators descended.

It was during the reign of Nero, A.D. 63, that Vesuvius first began to show signs that the subterranean fires were not extinguished. In that year the earth around the mountain was convulsed to such a degree that portions of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. The following year another violent earthquake injured Naples, and destroyed the theatre where Nero had been acting a few minutes before its overthrow. A succession of earthquakes followed extending over sixteen years, increasing in violence until the year 79, when they gave place to the tremendous eruption which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. The younger Pliny, in his celebrated letter on this occasion, gives an account of his uncle's death by this eruption. He tells us that the court in Pompeii adjoining the room in which his uncle was sleeping became so quickly filled with ashes that had the

sleeper tarried longer he could not have been got away alive. And when he escaped from the doomed city, the stones and ashes fell in such prodigious showers, occasioning a deeper darkness than that of the blackest night, that he and his companions became perplexed, and being further affected by the noxious vapors that poisoned the air, he fell down and died. A notable feature of this memorable eruption was the enormous volumes of steam which were blown off from the crater and which, mixed with lapillæ, fell on the surrounding country. The result was the formation of mud or volcanic alluvium which penetrated into places where neither scorix nor stones could enter, and by which Herculaneum was destroyed. The effect of this tremendous eruption was to break down the western wall of the crater and to destroy the entire side of the mountain next to the sea, leaving as the only remains of the ancient crater the little ridge on the south flank known to visitors as La Pedimentina, and that portion of the wall which under the name of Somma encircles about two-fifths of the present cone. After this tremendous paroxysm an interval of tranquillity seems to have ensued, which lasted until 203, when a second eruption took place.* Fifty-six other eruptions have occurred at various intervals ranging from one year to nearly three hundred, from the date of that which destroyed Pompeii to the present time. The most notable of these were in 472, when the villages erected on the site of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, and the ashes fell as far as Constantinople and Tripoli; in 1036 when a broad and deep stream of lava reached the sea; in 1631 when 1,800 persons were killed; in 1737 when the volcano emitted an enormous quantity of white ashes, and vapors issued from the crater and fissures of so noxious a nature that many men and beasts were killed by them; in 1766, when the mountain was

in a state of tremendous activity from March until December, vomiting enormous volcanic bombs and vast lava streams; in 1779 when the destruction of Naples was apprehended; and in 1793, when the eruption continued with scarcely any intermission, from February in that year until July 1794. This eruption was remarkable for the extraordinary height to which rocks emitted from the crater were carried, many attaining the elevation of 2,000 ft., and also for the enormous streams of lava that flowed from fifteen different sources, and joining in one stream from 12 to 40 ft. in thickness advanced 380 ft. into the sea. This current, which may still be examined at Torre del Greco, was only six hours passing from the crater to the sea, and the heat was so great that the sea water was boiling one hundred yards from the termination of the new lava promontory. Considerable loss of life occurred at Torre del Greco, which was destroyed, but although the Neapolitan Government did all in their power to induce the inhabitants to rebuild their town on a safer site, they refused to abandon the old locality. Indeed, so rooted are the citizens of Torre del Greco to their unfortunate town, that the Neapolitans have a joke on their own exemption from the misfortunes of their neighbors: "*Napoli fa li peccati, e la Torre li paga.*"

The most imposing eruption during this century occurred in October, 1822. For nearly twelve days ashes and stones fell in one continued shower. The atmosphere was so filled with these and by augitic sand, that day was converted into night. Darkness prevailed as far even as Amalfi, where the ashes fell to a depth of several inches. One mass of lava, many tons in weight, was thrown into the gardens of the Prince of Ottaviano, three miles distant. The hot aqueous vapor which issued from the crater during the eruption, diffused itself through the atmosphere, and formed, on cooling, a dense cloud which enveloped the column of ashes and fire that rose 10,000 ft. above the level of the sea. The formation of the cloud and the sudden condensation of vapor greatly increased the electric tension. Flashes of forked lightning darted in all directions from the column of ashes, while the rolling thunder might be clearly distinguished

* During this period of tranquillity we are informed that the sides of the crater became overgrown with brushwood and forest trees, and that the crater itself became the haunt of wild boars. It will be remembered by those who visited Naples some years ago that the crater of the extinct volcano of Astroni was selected by the ex-King of Naples as a preserve for his wild boars and other animals.

from the deep rumbling sounds within the volcano. In no known and recorded eruption has the play of the electric forces been so powerfully manifested as on this occasion. In the middle of the eruption the great cone suddenly fell in with a loud crash, causing the crater to assume the form of an irregular gulf three miles in circumference, and nearly 2,000 ft. in depth, the sides of which were so steep, and the quantity of hydro-sulphuric and hydrochloric acid gas emitted from them so great, that descent to the bottom of the crater was impossible.

A notable fact in the history of Vesuvius is that, with few exceptions, when it has been quiescent, Etna has been more or less active. Indeed, during the whole of the eighteenth century, the two volcanoes appear to have alternated in their actions, leading to the unavoidable inference that subterranean channels of communication exist between them. It also appears that Ischia, which, with the exception of emitting sulphur, may be said to have been tranquil for the last two thousand years, had been active during the repose of Vesuvius before the Christian era, and that the volcanic district near Naples, known as the Phlegæan fields, is always more or less active when Vesuvius is dormant. Naples, indeed, lies between two dangerous neighbors. A straight line drawn between Vesuvius and the Solfatara cuts a portion of the city, and thus were the volcanic vents of Vesuvius and the Phlegæan fields to be closed the capital of South Italy would be seriously imperilled.

The principal facts established by the eruptions of Vesuvius are that when the crater is nearly full, the volcano may be expected to be soon active, while, on the other hand, when the crater is nearly empty, no immediate eruption is to be apprehended. The diminution of the water in the springs and wells around Vesuvius also indicates an approaching eruption.

M. Claire Deville, who has made volcanic phenomena his special study, states that there exists a constant and certain relationship between the degree of intensity of an eruption and the nature of the gaseous elements ejected from volcanic apertures. According to this

theory, in an eruption of maximum intensity, the predominant volatile product is chloride of sodium accompanied by other products of soda and potassium; in those of a second degree hydrochloric acid and chloride of iron predominate; in a third class of eruption hydrosulphuric acid and the salts of ammonia prevail, and in the last class of all nothing is found but steam, carbonic acid, and combustible gases. Thus complete eruptions are of four degrees of intensity. When a great eruption like the present one of Vesuvius follows in its ordinary decreasing march it passes successively through these four different phases in proportion as it becomes weaker and weaker.

The height of the eruptive cone of Vesuvius varies considerably; the most authentic measurements made at various times vary from 3,400 to 4,327 feet. It was formerly asserted that upwards of eighty distinct minerals were to be found in the products of the great subterranean laboratory of this volcano, and though recent careful researches have reduced the number to about forty, the fact remains "that in an area of three square miles round Vesuvius a greater number of simple minerals have been found than in any spot of the same dimensions on the surface of the globe."* The minerals thrown out by Vesuvius are hornblende, augite, mica, breislakite, sodalite, magnetic iron, and leucite. Somma produces, in addition to these, many others. Mr. Sorby, well known for his microscopical examination of rocks, states that all the lavas which he has examined contain water, which leads to the inference that the vapor which they held at the time of their formation was that of water.

It has been observed that the lava ejected from Vesuvius during the eruptions of this century, and especially that of 1822, contains a very large proportion of augite.† In 1845 crystals of this mineral as large as nuts, having a vitreous lustre, were ejected, which were probably formed within the volcanic vents previous to the eruption.‡ There

* Lyell's *Principles of Geology*.

† This mineral was thus named by Pliny from the Greek αἶψα, *lustre*.

‡ Mr. Darwin defines the specific gravity of the usual component minerals of lavas as ranging, in

is perhaps no class of telluric phenomena which has more deeply engaged the attention of geologists than the mineral characteristics and constitution of lavas, but viewed by the strongest and most penetrating lights of science how little do we know of these and of the interior of a volcano. We may peer curiously down the deepest crater, but between us and our fellow-creatures at the Antipodes is a great gulf which no man can fathom, and respecting which no philosopher, however much he may yearn to discover that great "hidden ocean of truth," can give us tidings. We can only come back baffled from the feeblest flight to make the most that we can of the commonplace facts actually within our ken. Were it in the power of geologists to crack this round world of ours nut fashion, or to sever it in twain, we might increase our knowledge, though probably at the cost of our lives, but as happily these practical inquiries are impossible we can only speculate on the nature of the matter which exists beneath the crust of our planet. Dr. Daubeny, who devoted a large portion of his scientific life to researches in volcanic phenomena, brought forward the important fact of the gradual advance in the intensity of chemical processes from lesser to greater depths in the interior of the earth. However much theories may clash and speculation be at fault respecting the precise nature of the interior of our globe, we can hardly err in believing that the floods of molten lava ejected by volcanoes are portions of what was once the condition of our globe in its early igneous state. This belief not only adds greatly to the intense interest of a volcano, especially when it is vomiting fiery floods and volcanic bombs, but enables us to understand in a great measure physical phenomena on the surface of our globe, which, without this light, would be very dark and perplexing. Nor is it probable that all the matter ejected from one volcano proceeds from its own bowels alone. The covering of the three cities, Stabiae, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, under a heap of ashes and mud from 60 to 112 feet in depth, seems

felspar from 2 to 2.74; hornblende, or augite, 2.4 to 3.4; olivin, 3.2 to 3.4; quartz, 2.6 to 2.8; and, lastly, in oxides of iron, from 4.8 to 5.2 — *Volcanic Islands*.

an effort almost too gigantic for the power of a single volcano, if we did not take into consideration the vast depths and areas at which volcanic operations take place. Vesuvius has on more than one occasion ejected in a short space of time matter far exceeding in bulk the whole of the mountain, and yet the volcano is not diminished in size, for when the cone falls in, it is built up again by eruptions, and thus, whatever changes may be effected in the condition of the mountain by the eruption of this winter, they will be only temporary. This eruption commenced on November 12, 1867, and to the present time, appears to have attained its greatest violence about the middle of February, when vast sheets of lava rolled down the mountain, and the thundering of the cone shook the windows in the houses of Torre del Greco.

The most remarkable feature of this eruption is however not excessive violence, but the periodicity of the paroxysms. Indeed, so regular is this periodicity, that Professor Palmieri, head of the observatory on Vesuvius, states that he can confidently give notice at what hours the mountain may be ascended without incurring danger.

According to the most trustworthy observations Vesuvius shows the greatest activity twice daily, varying each day about half an hour; and so uniform is this variation as to have led some persons to advance the theory that the volcano acts under lunar influence. Though not absolutely endorsing this view, Professor Palmieri goes far to justify it. In one of his most recent official accounts of the eruption he observes:

The eruption of Vesuvius maintains the remarkable periodicity to which I have already drawn attention. Thus there are no novel features to be described. The hours of recurrence and duration and intensity of activity cannot fail to greatly interest the scientific world. Sir William Hamilton was the first person who drew attention to the diurnal period in a protracted eruption of this mountain. In 1855 we had an excellent opportunity of studying this phenomenon, and the daily retardation of each outflow of lava was proved beyond all doubt. The present eruption has given us an opportunity of still further confirming what was then observed.

Another remarkable feature is that the outflow of the lava has not been confin-

ed to mouths which have opened on the sides or base of the cone. In the latter part of January the lava issued from the apex of the mountain 3,450 feet above the level of the sea, and is represented to have flowed over as from a boiling cauldron as tranquilly as water from a basin which could hold no more. While frequent periodicity of outbreaks has undoubtedly had the effect of rendering the eruption of this winter less imposing than many eruptions during the past century, the result has also been the preservation of much property from destruction. All through the eruption earthquake shocks have been very frequent in and around Naples. The seismograph has registered three or four every twenty-four hours; and on January 28, when this instrument was extremely agitated, the great fall of rock at Santa Lucia occurred. Unhappily the warnings of this valuable and highly sensitive instrument were unheeded by those who occupied houses beneath the rock. Neapolitans are notorious for their contempt of volcanic dangers, and in a moment death came and claimed his victims. No wonder, bearing in mind the frequency of earthquakes at Naples, that many of the houses are propped up, crutch fashion, for without such support they would certainly fall.

It is abundantly evident that the subterranean forces in this part of Europe are not apparently on the decline, or, if they are, and that our globe is indeed cooling, the process is so slow that many generations will pass away before any appreciable change will be noted.

Certainly a volcano in a state of eruption seems a very dangerous neighbor, but when we look at the compensation afforded by the marvellous richness of the volcanic soil, we can hardly regard it in this light. We have seen how the gladiators under Spartacus found the crater of Vesuvius clothed with wild vines; at a later period, the inhabitants of Pompeii gathered chestnuts from the same locality without dreaming of their proximity to a volcano which was to give the first notice of its existence by burying their city under the products of its eruptions; and who that has visited Vesuvius forgets the flanks of Somma, covered with the rich vineyards which produce the celebrated *Lacrima Christi*

and wheat crops six feet high! Indeed, so astonishingly productive is volcanic soil, that no lurking danger can drive the inhabitants of the towns and villages on the flanks and base of this great fire-mountain from their homes.

Although it is only when a volcano is in a state of violent eruption, that its magnificence as one of the grandest spectacles on earth, can be appreciated; yet immediately after great paroxysmal activity, a volcano can often be studied to more advantage as access to the summit of the cone, and occasionally to the bottom of the crater, is then possible. The writer saw Vesuvius under the latter favorable circumstances. An eruption had cleared out the crater which had sunk to a great depth. Understanding that it was feasible to descend within a short distance of the bottom, and that the fires were very grand at night, the writer and a friend made arrangements to encamp on the mountain. With this view the services of two trustworthy guides were engaged, and also of four porters, who carried up provisions. Immediately after passing the observatory, which during all eruptions seems to bear a charmed existence,* we came upon the beds of recently discharged lava which had divided into two streams near the Crocelle Hill. The lava was tossed into weird shapes, and was still hot, while puffs of vapor issued from holes in its surface. Our progress upwards over the vast slope which might be compared to immense rugged steps of lava, seemed a realization of Milton's description of the archfiend floundering over chaos on his journey of evil to Eden. It was very interesting to ob-

* The inhabitants of the villages on the flanks of Vesuvius, ignorant of all physical laws, invariably attribute the preservation of the hermitage and observatory to San Gennaro's miraculous power, a statue of whom is kept in Resina. On the Fête of Pentecost, or, as it is poetically called, the Passover of Roses in May, the statue is carried in procession through the principal vineyards until it arrives at the Hermitage. There it is kept during the night, and on the following morning it is borne with much solemnity to the neighboring cross, where prayers are offered up, and the mountain is invoked to remain quiet during the year. And it is to the intervention of San Gennaro that the Neapolitans believe their city has frequently been saved from destruction by Vesuvius.

serve the remarkable similarity between the lava falls and a glacier. In both cases the middle portion moves faster than the sides, and here the lava was to be seen swelling in the centre of the currents, and often presenting the appearance of gigantic coils of cable. There were cracks and fissures too, very like those in a glacier, but with this difference—that while the crevasses of a glacier run generally parallel to each other, those in lava, being due to the splitting asunder of the parts in cooling, twist and twine in all directions. Between these lava falls and the old rocks, we came occasionally on curious caves locally called *ventarole*, from whence blasts of cold air issued. These *ventarole* are frequently found in connection with volcanoes. After the great eruption of 1779, several large caves or tunnels of this description existed in the grounds adjoining the *Palazzo Ottaiano*, above the town of that name. From these caves Sir William Hamilton states in his account of Vesuvius at this period, extremely cold wind issued with great force, which was used for cooling provisions and wines.

At length, but not without much stumbling over the rough lava beds and the charring of our boot soles, we stood on the lip of the crater. The scene was extremely grand. Our guides with wise forethought had conducted us up the cone on the windward side, a necessary precaution, as volumes of sulphurous exhalations rolled from the crater which would have suffocated us had we come within their influence. Occasionally as the wind swirled within the crater it scooped out the dense vapors and left the vast void nearly unobscured. We now made the circuit of the crater, a long and arduous tramp, as the lip, which averaged only six feet in width, consisted of heaped up scoriæ and lava, rendering locomotion extremely difficult, while in many places the treacherous crust was so hot as to burn our feet. The scene was one indeed of the wildest desolation, and yet though all around bore evidence of untamable fierceness, it was not without its beauties. Many of the fumarole or smoke holes presented a beautiful appearance, their edges glowing with brilliant yellows, whites and greens, produced by the condensation of sulphuric,

muriatic, and carbonic acids, combined with various alkaline, earthy, or metallic bases.

But the difficulties of proceeding round the edge of the crater were trifling compared to those attendant on the descent into it, and the climb upwards. This was choking work. More than once when eddying winds drove the sulphuretted hydrogen into our nostrils, or when we trod incautiously on the edges of fumarole, we apprehended that the crater would be our tomb. At length, half suffocated and blinded, we stood on the edge of the mysterious tube which formed the funnel of the crater. The sides were vertical, enabling us to peer far down; but no bottom was visible. The guides, however, declared that the tube was upwards of 1,000 feet deep, and judging by the time that bodies were falling before they came to rest, it is probable that the depth of this great fire-tube was not exaggerated. It was easy to detach large masses of lava and scoriæ from the edge of the tube which went thundering down until they seemed to fall in water. Columns of vapor came fitfully growling up from the tube at a velocity when unaffected by the wind of about seventy-eight feet a minute. Having remained as long as possible in what might not be unaptly likened to the jaws of hell, we scrambled out of the crater, delighted to be able to inhale comparatively pure air on its edge. Here in a state of great physical exhaustion we reposed, enjoying the magnificent view of Naples, the bay and surrounding country rendered, if possible, more lovely by a gorgeous sunset, while the guides and porters were engaged in cooking our suppers. And what a supper it was! Even Brillat-Saverin, under the circumstances, would have appreciated it. The fowls were delicious, the cutlets—cooked *à la victime*—were most tender and succulent; and our *lacrime Christi*—white be it observed—merited the high eulogy passed on this wine by the poet Chiabrera.* We lingered lovingly over it, until the evening deepened

* Chi fu de' contadini il sì indiscreto,
Ch' a sbigottir la gente
Diede nome dolente
Al vin, che sovra gli altri il cuor fa lieto?
Lacrime dunque appellarassi un riso
Parto di nobilissima vendemmia?

into night, and the sky above the cone glowed with a lurid light.

What a change had come over the scene. In Italy, where there is but little twilight, for—

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark—

night follows close on evening.

The lava, which in bright sunshine appeared of a dull black or dark brown, was now in many places incandescent, while, where it had cooled more, great red fissures like writhing fire-snakes seemed to twine amidst it. No wonder that our boot-soles had been completely charred; indeed it was only by stepping cautiously on the top of the scorixæ that locomotion without being seriously burnt was possible. In many places the fissures were at white-heat, while all round the crater the fires were more or less active. The scene was so novel and interesting that we wandered long around the crater, and over the lava slopes beneath the cone. At length, fairly worn out by fatigue and excitement, we reposed on a kind of mattress, which the guides had cleverly propped up on comparatively cool scorixæ, on the windward side of the cone. Here, while the porters kept watch in order to awake us if the wind shifted, we slept—not soundly, however—for all through the night thunder-like noises came up from the crater, occasioned by vast masses of lava and scorixæ plunging into the tube, while steam blasts hissed and seethed as they issued from deep-seated cavities—the unquiet spirits of this great fire-mountain.

C. R. WELD.

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A ROMAN ACTOR—QUINTUS ROSCIUS.

THE name of "Roscius" has become generic as applied to all renowned professors of the art histrionic. Betterton, Booth, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Talma, even the Boy Betty, and more, were called in turn, the "Roscius" of the day. Hamlet says, "Roscius was an actor in Rome;" but he says no more. Ample information, however, is within reach of all who take an interest in the question.

We may safely suffer ourselves to be

persuaded that Quintus Roscius, the Roman, was the greatest actor that ever trod the boards of a stage; and we readily believe, without persuasion, that William Shakespeare, the Englishman, was the greatest writer that ever wrote plays to be acted. Roscius died nineteen hundred and twenty-eight years ago, B.C. 60; Shakespeare's mortal life terminated, A.D. 1616, exactly two hundred and fifty-two years before the pen was handled which now repeats the dates. Yet we have more positive and accurate accounts of the remote ancient than of the comparative modern, with a chasm of so many centuries between them. What we know of Shakespeare is little better than conjecture; our acquaintance with Roscius rests on facts, most of which are recorded by contemporaries. This is no less strange than true. Cicero, a voluminous author, the most celebrated of his pupils, has left us ample details of the life of his preceptor. Macrobius, Quintilian, Horace, Plutarch, and Athenæus, have all contributed additional notices, anecdotes, and incidents. In February, 1717, the Abbé Fraguier delivered a lecture to the Academy of Belles Lettres in Paris, on the life of Roscius, in which he introduced many interesting particulars, quoting his authorities at every step. The discourse was printed in French, and translated into English, but neither original nor translation is readily accessible.

Gnatho the parasite, in Terence's comedy, prophesies that his school and name, as founder, will become so popular, that the disciples will thenceforward be called *Gnathonici*. This has not been verified by time. Roscius neither expected nor foretold that all great professors of acting would be called after him, *Roscii*; yet such is the enduring fact, and in all probability will continue so, as long as the drama maintains its influence. This is immortality. So is that of *L'Avocat Patelin* in the old comedy. Though the author is somewhat mythical, his creation has supplied the French vocabulary with its most expressive term for a wheedler or cajoler. Without doubt, posthumous fame is a grand desideratum, although some practical philosophers are inclined to prefer living notoriety. Happy is he or she who can

combine both. When Mrs. Abington returned to the stage after a temporary secession, Foote offered her an engagement on her own terms. After some coquetting, she went to Garrick. "So, Fanny," said the satirist, when he next met her, "I hear you have engaged with little Davy at two pounds a week less than you asked me." "Yes," she replied, "but he says he'll make me immortal." "I would have given you the salary," rejoined Foote, "without any charge for the immortality."

The Roscian Law (*Lex Roscia de Theatris*) passed A.U.C. 685, which prescribed that no one should sit in the first fourteen rows of the theatre, who possessed less than 400 sestertia, the income of a Roman knight, did not take its name from the actor, but from Lucius Roscius Otho, the tribune; a namesake, but no immediate relative.

It appears that Quintus Roscius was born in the district of Lanuvium, a municipal city of Latium, now, or lately called Civita Innovina; the denizens of which locality are ridiculed by Catullus in the following line: *aut Lanuvinus ater atque dentatus*; or the grimy and large-toothed Lanuvian. But genius may spring up in any soil. The Bœotians were proverbially dullards amongst the Greeks; yet that country was the birthplace of Pindar, Hesiod, Pelopidas, Epaminondas, and Plutarch.

While yet in the cradle, an event befel Roscius which was deemed a miracle. We gather the circumstance from Cicero, who relates it under the name of his brother Quintus, in the first of his two books, "De Divinatione." While the infant was quietly asleep, his nurse, in crossing the apartment with a flambeau in her hand, suddenly beheld a serpent coiled round his body. She shrieked with terror, which called in others who frightened the reptile away, and the child sustained no injury. The father consulted the soothsayers, who replied: "No one will surpass him in renown, and all will acknowledge his worth." The event was sculptured in silver, and celebrated in verse. In the second book of the above-named treatise, Cicero, as a sound academist, refutes the superstitious arguments advanced by his brother Quintus, in the first, as an adroit stoic. As for Roscius, he says, the story of the

serpent twisted round him may be a fable: but that a serpent might have been found in his cradle, is not to be wondered at, especially in that part of the country, where they are known to congregate in large bodies in the chimney-corners. As for the renown promised to Roscius by the answer of the soothsayers, I cannot but admire the condescension of the immortal Gods, who showed such great interest in theatrical amusements as to prophesy an actor's glory so long in advance, and yet gave no harbinger of Scipio Africanus. — "At my nativity," says the peppery Welchman, Glendower, to the no less impulsive Hotspur,

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundations of the earth
Shaked like a coward."

To which the incredulous Percy replies—

"Why so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been
born"

A good practical answer to a wild assumption. Gibbon says of the Heathen mythology, in a mass, "All the systems of religion were considered by the magistrate as equally useful, by the people as equally true, and by the philosopher as equally false." Cicero ranged with the latter section. He had not received the full light of revelation, but he possessed too much of the *mens divinator*, not to feel that any series of Gods, with sensual propensities and human passions, were creations of human absurdity or cunning. He was an atheist in the same sense in which Socrates was pronounced one by the orthodox senate of Athens.

It is difficult to fix with certainty the year in which Roscius was born. Here we must retreat on approximate conjecture. He must have been older than Cicero by some twenty or five-and-twenty years. When Cicero, at the age of forty-six, defended the poet Archias, Roscius had but then just died at a very advanced age—*Senex esset mortuus*. Besides, in the books "De Oratore," Roscius is spoken of as a man grown, as a perfect actor, as a master teaching his art, as a faultless model for all actors aspiring to perfection. No person could

justify such a description before the age of thirty-five or forty; and as the dialogue "De Oratore" is the narrative of a conversation between Marcus Crassus, Marcus Antoninus and others, supposed to have taken place A.U.C. 663, when Cicero, born in 648, was in his fifteenth year, it may thence be inferred that Roscius must have been born in the year of Rome 625, and that he was more than twenty years older than Cicero.

At that time, Plautus had been dead fifty-six years, and Terence thirty-one. Their works had possession of the stage, and many, which have not descended to us, then enjoyed the public admiration. Other poets were also in great repute. Eloquence had attained the loftiest heights to which it had soared before the days of Cicero. This may be ascertained by the dialogue "De Claris Oratoribus." Action, the soul of eloquence, without which, according to Demosthenes, everything is insipid, glowed with such brightness in Marcus Crassus, that Catullus said, "All other orators, compared with him, deserve nothing better than to be fed on hay." Thus it appears that although Roscius might have furnished the orators of his time with the most brilliant example to imitate, in action, yet Roscius himself, in many of these orators, was not without models of perfect declamation.

The early promise of Roscius obtained for him the fostering patronage of the most illustrious persons in Rome. His soul appears to have been devoted to acting almost from infancy, and no pains or expense were spared in giving him all that educationary aid could bring in support of natural genius. His external advantages were also, with one remarkable exception, of the highest quality. Quintus Catullus, one of the characters in the treatise "De Natura Deorum," says on this point:

"Constiteram exorientem Auroram forte salutans,
Cum subito a læva Roscius exoritur.
Pace mihi liceat, cœlestes, dicere vestra;
Mortalis visus pulchrior esse Deo."

"I stood gazing upon the rising Aurora. Roscius appeared at my left hand. Forgive me, oh immortals! if I deem the mortal brighter than the God!"

It is evident, from this verse, that Roscius was gifted with a splendid person; and singularly striking it must

have been to overcome the greatest disadvantage which can impede the efforts of an actor. "Erat" says Cotta, "sicut hodie est, perversissimis oculis;" which being literally interpreted means, He was cross-eyed; he squinted! This would appear to destroy at once what Churchill estimates as the greatest endowment of an actor:—"The stronger expression and strange powers which lie within the magic circle of the eye." "The eyes are everything," says Crassus, "and from the eyes the face derives its character." Yet here we have Roscius with a squint; and we know also that Le Kairs, the great tragedian of France, and William Lewis, the equally illustrious comedian of England, labored under the same defect.

The Romans bestowed unqualified praise on Roscius, on all occasions, even under the mask. The mask itself did not prevent them reading, in the eyes of a clever artist, the passions which inspired him. Cicero says, "Sæpe ipse vidi cum ex persona mihi ardere oculi histrionis viderentur." "I have often seen the lightning of an actor's eyes dart from behind the mask." To the eyes of Roscius, to whom this passage probably alludes, the mask was peculiarly important. It shadowed their blemish without darkening their blaze. This may be thought to confirm the supposition of Athenæus, who believes that Roscius was the first, or one of the first, to employ the mask upon the stage. Some authors say (not Cicero) that he occasionally laid it aside. Be that as it may, great art must have been requisite to hide and humor his defect. At the same time it should be remembered that in certain characters, such as parasites, panders, and rogues in their ample variety, the squinting eye, far from being a disqualification, might serve to enforce and augment their oddness. When we remember that Roscius acted comedy more frequently than tragedy, this suggestion will not be regarded as a vague surmise. Could aught but genius such as he possessed bestow the power of converting deformity to a benefit, and deriving advantage even from being born *perversissimis oculis*?

We have evidence to show that Roscius excelled equally in serious and comic characters. Except Garrick, no

modern actor can claim similar versatility. Quintilian and Plutarch may be cited against this assertion: for they speak of Roscius as a comic actor only: "Roscius citatior," says Quintilian; "Æsopus gravior fuit; quod ille comædias, hic tragædias egit:" Roscius was livelier, Æsopus was more grave; for the one acted comedy and the other tragedy. But Cicero is a better authority on this point than either Quintilian or Plutarch. He wrote while Roscius was alive; but neither Quintilian nor Plutarch flourished as authors until a century, at least, after the actor's death. Cicero quotes Roscius as sometimes playing the first parts in tragedy, sometimes as representing comic heroes; but always as the greatest actor on the stage. Plutarch and Quintilian only confirm the opinion that Roscius, either to show his varied powers, or to conceal his squinting, and even make it an auxiliary to excellence, was fond of acting comedy. The following passage shows that in both departments he was equally successful.

Cicero, in his third book, "De Oratore," under the name of Marcus Crassus, teaches by what means a speaker should prepare himself for those bursts of emotion by which he may convulse his auditors, and make their feelings keep pace with his exertions. After observing that the audience ought to be allowed breathing time; that their admiration should be suffered to refresh itself by repose; that the speaker, like the painter, should throw some portions of the picture into shade and distance, in order with more brilliancy to bring out the rest; he adds,—“Roscius never gave the following line with action or energy:

‘Nam sapiens virtuti honorem premium, haud prædam petit’—

but suffered it to drop altogether, for the sake of forcing into bold relief, by his palpitating utterance and terror-struck glance, by the sudden astonishment and agony of his frame, the succeeding verse—

‘Ecquid video! ferro septus possidet sedes sacras.’

“As for the next clause,

‘Quid petam præsidii?’

with what a languid, feeble, careless manner did he pronounce it, that he

might heighten the tumult of despair which follows:

‘O Pater! O Patria! O Priami domus!’

in which he never could have displayed half the soul and feeling, had he infused more feeling and soul into the preceding words. This golden rule was known to poets before actors understood its efficacy. Even musicians *qui fecerunt modos*, had already acknowledged its excellence by their precaution in lowering the tone of their instruments, when they would swell and soften, and vary and enrich their melody.”

This extract from Cicero seems to establish, beyond a doubt, that Roscius was an admirable tragedian, and his utterance of a tragic verse is quoted as the most perfect model for an orator. The same passage shows also that *contrast* or the well managed *chiaro-scuro* which Roscius understood so well, is one of the master-springs of acting and oratory.

It remains now to speak of his comedy: and although his excellence in it has been already proved, yet the following extract from Cicero may not be deemed irrelevant. In the second book "De Oratore," we find it written, with reference to those strokes of humor which may be employed to advantage at the Bar:—"There are certain things which can only be made to excite laughter by the drollery of the countenance, and the strangeness of the gesture. Of this description is the line in which Roscius mimics a very old man:

‘Tibi ego, Antipho, has sero, inquit; senium est quem audio.’”

And in the oration against Fannius Cherea, whom he represents as the most worthless of all reprobates, he says, "Roscius has given a portrait of this man upon the stage; he has employed his great powers in picturing him to the life; and yet the ingrate does not thank him for the marked attention! I say he has drawn his portrait, because, when Roscius acts *Ballio*, that cunning, cringing, heartless miscreant, he acts Cherea, for *Ballio* is the prototype of Cherea! And Cherea has no other reason for believing Roscius capable of the fraud and malice for which he himself is so notorious, except from his inimitable transcript of those enormities upon the

stage."—This *Ballio* is the *leno* of the comedy which Plautus called "*Pseudolus*;" one of the best, and in his own opinion, the very best of his productions.

Cicero's admiration and unlimited praises of Roscius show with what intellectual power, genius, fire, and skill, he portrayed the widely opposite characters of tragedy and comedy. Marcus Crassus, one of the characters in the first book of the dialogue "*De Oratore*," after relating a trait of Roscius, to which we shall presently recur, adds:—"Therefore, to mould the orator upon this comedian, let not anything that he does escape you; all is perfect, all beautifully graceful, all moving in harmony, all fitted to agitate and delight. Hence is it his fame has long been so great, that he who excels in any profession is now at once named *its Roscius*;" on which Antony replies to Crassus, "Nothing can be more awful (*horribile*) than your remark that every one should become, in his own line, a Roscius. The suggestion tends rather to excite despair than courage." Cicero says, elsewhere, "Roscius, for his transcendent genius and inimitable acting, deserves to be immortal." And again, in the "*De Oratore*," he makes another character say, "I am often astonished when I see actors who have the effrontery to appear upon the stage with Roscius. For who can make a movement of which Roscius does not instantly discover the defect?" Cicero himself, speaking of a conversation with Roscius relative to the lawsuit which the actor urged him to undertake in his behalf, observed, even before the judges, that he could not conceive how any one could have the temerity to attempt a gesture in his presence; "but as for those," he added, "who might venture to come forward as his rivals, they instantly lose all credit for good sense, and invite the fate to which I myself am now exposed in pleading against Hortensius."

Nothing could equal the silence and attention which Roscius uniformly commanded. Macrobius mentions one of the orations of Cicero, in which he severely reproaches the Romans for having once dared to make a noise while Roscius was on the stage. The oration quoted, which, when Macrobius

flourished, was in everybody's hands, has since, with so many other literary treasures, fallen a sacrifice to time, and to the inroads of Gotho-Vandalic barbarism.

Judging by the scanty remains of the ancient dramatists that have survived these multiplied depredations, and descended to modern times, it becomes difficult to form any adequate idea of the effect or extent of their productions; but something like an estimate of both may be arrived at when we call to mind that in the days of Terence, Rome possessed above two thousand Greek comedies, not one of which has been preserved, excepting only the scanty volume of Aristophanes.

It may not be uninteresting to turn aside here, and consider a very remarkable passage of Plato, which appears to have some bearing upon our subject. It is found at the conclusion of the "*Banquet*." Plato recounts that after the greater part of the guests had retired, Aristodemus, very late at night, found Socrates in the banqueting hall, seated between Agathon, a tragic poet, who had just gained the prize of tragedy, and Aristophanes, so well known by his comedies. Socrates, by a most powerful argument, had brought them both to an admission that a man of sterling genius, by steadily adhering to the first, great, leading principles of the art, could write either tragedy or comedy with equal success. He had no dream or vision of the Shakespeare who, eighteen centuries later, verified his reasoning by a living proof. Plato has not preserved the mode of argument by which Socrates led them to a result which he himself opposes in his book on a "*Republic*." Socrates probably instanced the tragic poets, with whom it was a custom to place after three serious pieces, a fourth, entitled the satire, in the broadest style of farce, of which "*The Cyclop*" of Euripides is a specimen. He might, too, have adduced the Greek actors, some of whom, like Roscius, excelled equally in both lines. The talent which can faithfully express character in action is equal to that which can, with similar truth, picture it in language. It is the same power exercised in a different way.

Socrates, however, took very little interest in theatrical merit of any descrip-

tion. He thought such pictures of a soul violently convulsed by the struggle of conflicting passions, ought in wisdom to be shunned, because the pleasure which they excite is seldom built on virtue. When he spoke of the drama, it was merely to inveigh against its frivolity and danger, or to lower the pride of those who thought they deserved great credit for excelling in it, by proving to them that they are entitled to much less consideration than their vanity would tempt them to believe. But Socrates was too austere and rigid for modern times and tastes.

The sage Plato banished the poets and dramatists generally from his imaginary republic; but this, as Cumberland has observed, was no more than to say, that if all men were virtuous there would be no need of satirists. Yet Plato associated with Aristophanes, and was a great admirer of his works. We find it stated also in Brumoy's Dissertation on Greek Comedy, translated by Dr. Johnson, that Plato sent a copy of Aristophanes to Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, with advice to read it diligently, if he would obtain a complete judgment of the state of the Athenian Republic; and so highly did he esteem the compositions of Sophron the actor, that the moral sentences of the latter were found under the pillow of the philosopher when he died.

This same *divine* Plato, as he was called, from his superior knowledge of truth and virtue, and of whom Cicero said he would rather be wrong with him than right with his opponents; who rejected the poets as dangerous to morality, was, nevertheless, a strange latitudinarian in more important matters. Sir Philip Sidney says ("Defence of Poetrie") "a man might ask out of what commonwealth Plato doth banish poets? In sooth thence where he himself alloweth *community of women*." The Christian enemies of the stage will, let us hope, admit that the best and greatest of their Heathen authorities has here, in a state of society intended to be perfect, allowed an indulgence which either in an ethical or political view, would be found somewhat more subversive of discipline than reading or seeing a tragedy of Euripides, Seneca, or Shakespeare. It is also worthy of remark that Plato

adopted the dramatic form of dialogue in the most instructive and agreeable of his writings. Plutarch says in his "Symposiacs,"—"Some of Plato's dialogues are purely narrative, and some dramatic." This form is used in "the" very composition which rejects plays, while in his dialogue of *Ion* he bestows on poets the extreme of panegyric, or, as Sidney again says, "Giveth high and rightly divine commendations unto poetrie." But let us return to Roscius.

The public interest required that such a master should disseminate the principles of his art. His house became a school for persons ambitious to excel, and happy indeed was its influence upon the fortunes of an actor named Eros, who having been driven from the stage, not by hisses only, *non modo sibilis*, but even personal violence, *sed etiam convicio*, fled to that place of inspiration, and found it, like some holy shrine, *sicut in aram*, a shelter from the storm. This actor, then the worst of the bad, soon emerged from his retreat, and succeeded brilliantly. To the instructions of Roscius, says Cicero, he was indebted for the change.

The style of Roscius was full of life and animation; *citator Roscius* is the term used by Quintilian, in the comparison between him and Æsopus. This expression suggests the school of Garrick and Edmund Kean rather than the more measured, solemn, and ponderous manner of the Quins and Kembles. The great maxim of Roscius appears to have been that the master-key of the art was the BECOMING or APPROPRIATE; *caput esse artis decere*. He admitted, at the same time, that the tone, sense, and feeling of the BECOMING was an innate perception, beyond the reach of rules and not to be taught; *Quod tamen unam id esse quod tradi arte non posset*. Hence it arose that he never could find a pupil perfectly to his mind. Not but that he had some who deserved praise; yet if amongst many excellences one defect appeared—and who is there without blemish?—he was disgusted. From this censure we may, perhaps, except Cicero, who, as we read in Plutarch, learned declamation from this consummate teacher. But the genius of Cicero carried him still farther. He brought eloquence into the lists against acting. Macrobius states it to

have been a well-known fact that Cicero was in the habit of measuring strength with Roscius. The orator, by the ever-changing turns of language in which he clothed the same idea, endeavoring to excel the endless variety of gesture with which the actor illustrated the same words. He adds that Roscius was impelled by this struggle to compose a book, in which he placed acting on a par with eloquence. This treatise has not reached posterity.

The native fervor and delicate taste of Roscius rendered the business of instruction irksome and disagreeable to him. He taught, says Cicero, *summo cum labore, stomacho, miseriaque*, with the greatest labor, weariness, and disgust. The reason is obvious; for, adds he, the greater a man's genius and readiness, the more toil and the less patience will he have in teaching; and what can be more irritating than vainly to attempt beating into the heads of others things which flash, as if by inspiration, into our own?

But greatly as he disliked the drudgery of teaching, the vexation of a legal process, especially for a man so unhackneyed in the tricks of law, must have been yet greater. We allude to the trial respecting one of his pupils, in which Cicero was his defender, justice and gratitude having combined to bring in defence of Roscius the voice which Roscius formed. The case stood thus:

Caius Fannius Cherea had a slave named Panurgius, who disclosed some talent for the stage. Cherea agreed with Roscius, provided he would instruct this slave, to make him common property, and equally divide the profits. Roscius soon qualified him to succeed. Thus Cherea threw into the common stock the person of his slave, whose value was then very trifling; and Roscius, on his part, contributed an education which raised the slave's price to an incalculable amount. Such was the state of things when Panurgius was assassinated, and the assassin was identified. Roscius, unwilling to encounter the tedious uncertainties of law, compromised with the murderer for his own share of property in the slave, and received a piece of land in compensation for his half of the loss. A long time afterwards Cherea, who, though expert at litigation, could not ob-

tain from the murderer the remaining portion, turned suddenly upon Roscius and demanded half of what he had received. Roscius, who had only negotiated individually, and for himself, employed Cicero to defend him. The point on which the discussion hinged was this: Can a partner singly accept indemnity for his portion of a loss to a combined partnership! Cicero proved that Roscius, who did this, was justified in so doing; he won the case and gained a verdict for his client. English law, we suspect, would have decided otherwise.

Let us now cull from this oration such passages as exhibit, in the strongest light, the admirable qualities of Roscius, and the high character which distinguished him as much amongst men as his talent placed him in the foremost rank of actors. For though Cicero, as an advocate, was in duty bound to compliment his client, yet there is a certain quality of panegyric which could not have been conceded to his profession, had not the orator's voice caught its tone from the voice of the public. Would it not also have been a mockery of Rome and a libel against truth? A prejudice rather than a prop to the cause he was defending? For instance, had Roscius not been a person of unquestioned probity, could Cicero, however warm his friendship, have sustained his cause by an argument founded on the universally acknowledged difference between the morals of this actor and Cherea, who, from his partner, had become his adversary? Would it not have been retorted, away with this disgusting parallel? Cherea may, perhaps, be what you are pleased to fancy him, but who is your vaunted Roscius? "An actor! And who is ignorant of what an actor is?" Had such been the case, Cicero would never have risked this answer to Saturius, who charged Roscius with having defrauded Cherea. "Which of these has defrauded his partner? Is it Roscius? Is it Cherea? Roscius!—What is it that you dare assert? Roscius!—Fire vanishes not sooner before the wave than calumny from his spotless character! Roscius defrauded his partner?—He, in whom, I call the gods to witness, the merit of the artist is surpassed by the integrity of the man!—whose character is more perfect than his performances!—in whom Rome pre-

fers the individual to the actor ; whose genius has led him to the stage, but whose virtues have made him worthy of the Senate ! ” Some writers, including Ainsworth, taking their own interpretation of this sentence, have assumed that Roscius *did* attain the rank of Senator. Of this we have no evidence. Cicero, then addressing Piso, the judge, went on to say—“ But do I not forget myself and act absurdly in praising Roscius to Piso ? As if I were wishing to interest you for one you know not ! Is there a person on earth of whom you think better than of Roscius ? Is there one whose life has been more blameless ? Who adds to a delicate and scrupulous uprightness, more gentleness, more urbanity, and more of those noble qualities which form the paragon ? ” Then turning towards the accuser, Saturius, “ Do not you, Saturius,” said he, “ even you, agree with Piso ? and whenever in the progress of your suit the name of Roscius has arisen, have you not distinguished it by that phrase of respect, *quem honoris causa nomino*, of whom I make honorable mention, which is only adopted towards those whom we revere, or for whom we have the most exalted friendship ? and yet it seems ludicrously inconsistent to call him honorable and worthy, whom, at the same time, you seek to prove to be dishonest and worthless ! But for this I can easily account. The praises were dictated by your conscience, the accusations by your client.”

We are inclined to think that Cicero in his line of defence trusted more to weight of character than weight of law. Throwing mud on your adversary sometimes clears a weak case. In those remote times, the liberty or rather licence of the bar appears to have rivalled that of our present free and enlightened era. So great was the friendship between Cicero and Roscius, that this feeling alone induced the orator to undertake the cause of Publius Quintus, the brother-in-law of the player. He made no scruple in this very oration of publicly repeating the reason he had assigned to Roscius for resisting his request, and the arguments which Roscius employed to vanquish his reluctance. On this occasion it was that Cicero pronounced Roscius ‘ the only actor amongst men fitted for the stage, and the only man amongst actors who

ought not to be seen there.” This passage, simple as it seems, is finished with great skill and subtilty, and may possibly be regarded merely as a flash of eloquence. Be it so. It does not the less prove that Cicero was fond of proclaiming his intimacy with Roscius, and that he felt it as an honor to himself, equal to any it could have conferred upon his friend. With this conviction, Quintus, the brother of Cicero, alluding to the tradition of the snake in the cradle, says, “ Shall we not regard as an established fact, what all Lanuvium unites in asserting of Roscius, whose friendship you consider so dear and so delightful ? ”

The passion of the Romans for theatrical amusements, rendered them boundless in their recompense of actors. And as there is nothing which may not be dignified by virtue, and persons feel a secret pride in being generous to the good, the magistrates treated Roscius with excessive liberality. His ordinary daily stipend was 1,000 denarii, or about thirty-six pounds sterling in English money. Cicero estimates his yearly income at a much higher rate, and says it exceeded £48,000. But great as were his gains, he had the rare generosity to resign them for the public good, when he thought he had received enough. At the time when Cicero undertook his defence against Cherea, he had performed gratuitously for ten years. On this point the cunning lawyer exclaims tauntingly to his adversary, whose avaricious character was notorious, “ Fannius Cherea, have you the liberality to do as much ? Would you not sooner have acted your whole soul out to amass and retain such a sum ? ” “ Hoc tu, Fanni, faceres, et si hos questus recipere posses, non eodem tempore et gestum et animam ageres ? ” The nation at large paid respect to Roscius. Even Sylla himself, when head of the state and dictator, sent him a gold ring, in testimony of his peculiar regard.

Roscius through life declared that as soon as age should impair his requisites, instead of retiring from before the public, he would accommodate his action to his powers, and temper his enunciation to the feebleness of his voice. He carried his resolution into effect, continued to act with modified exertion, attained a good old age, always accompanied by

esteem and competence, and the regrets of his fellow-actors and countrymen followed him to the grave. Few lives appear to have been more even and prosperous. Cicero, in a brief eulogium, paid the last tribute to his memory. The passage will be found in his oration for the poet Archias: "Who is there amongst us so rugged and flinty-hearted as not to have been moved and shaken when we were lately told that Roscius was no more? He died in years; but the grandeur of his genius, the charms of his personal attributes, and the purity of his character, seem to have entitled him to live forever."

The actor's calling was held in less esteem by the Romans than by the earlier and more polished Greeks. We cannot find that any professors of the histrionic art were employed under either the republic or empire as generals or ambassadors; but Roscius was not the only one who surmounted the prejudices of society, and vindicated the position of a player to the rank and consideration of a gentleman. Publius Syrus, an actor and writer of mimes, patronized by Julius Cæsar, was held in such repute, that his sayings have been recorded by all literary men from Seneca to Scaliger. Pylades was warmly patronized by Augustus, promoted, banished, and recalled. Paris, in the reign of Domitian, reached such a height of celebrity that he was put to death by that emperor out of jealousy. When Plutarch questions the importance of the Drama, and asks how a few tragedies can weigh in the balance with the great actions of warriors and statesmen, he ought to be answered that conquests and laws are subverted by the tide of time, and the progress of revolutions, but the writings of such authors as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, contain moral precepts available in all ages and to all men. From many causes the taste of the Romans in the fine arts was inferior to that of the Greeks; as a nation they never evinced the same decided partiality for the elevated walks of dramatic exhibition. Their authors were few; the only ones who have come down to us are Plautus, whose genius was of the first order of comedy; Terence, who, with all his brilliant talent, was chiefly a translator of Menander; and the trage-

dies doubtfully assigned to Seneca, which are only entitled to rank in the third or fourth class. A rapidly increasing preference for low farces, pantomimes, gladiatorial displays, and the various games of the circus, soon obscured the more legitimate portion of the Drama, although unworthily mixed up and confounded with it. If, therefore, any portion of Roman degeneracy can be laid to the account of the stage, as has been attempted, let it in justice be ascribed to an extreme indulgence in its debasing and illegitimate accessories, rather than to a fair cultivation of its purer components. *Mutato nomine*, let the mourners over the decline of the high drama, in these our own days, consider and bewail the evil tendency of unlimited licences to casinos, music-halls, &c., with the extension of theatrical privileges to any establishment under any name, that chooses to ask for them.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

A ROMAN STORY, BY E. B. LEWIS.

THE BRIGANDS.

"At what hour shall we reach Rome, Pietro?" inquired one of the inmates of an old-fashioned, yet commodious, travelling carriage, as he opened the window and addressed his valet on the box.

"By seven o'clock, your highness," replied Pietro; "we are now close to Baccano, our last stage."

"Beatrice, my love," said the same cavaliere, turning to his fair companion—a handsome woman in the bloom of youth—"you will soon be relieved from all fear."

"Thank Heaven, Francesco! I never before experienced so strange a presentiment of coming evil!" replied the lady. "My courage seems quite to have deserted me on this lonesome road."

Certainly the surrounding scenery was not of the most encouraging or cheerful description. An air of gloomy desolation characterized this portion of the papal territories. As they advanced nearer to Baccano, the postilion cracked his whip loudly and repeatedly; the usual signal to warn the proprietors of the dirty little albergo that travellers

were at hand, and fresh horses required. Unfortunately, on this, as on many previous occasions, it invoked other and wilder spirits, equally interested in such events, for a band of armed men rushed suddenly from their hiding-place in some ruins close by, much to the horror of the bewildered travellers. The brigands—for such they were—summoned the driver to halt, on peril of his life; and two of their number seized the horses' heads and stopped the carriage, while a ruffian presented himself at each door, with a pistol in one hand and a rosary in the other.

"Be not alarmed, fair lady!" said one of them, who appeared to be the captain of the gang. "Nothing is further from our intention than to put you to the slightest inconvenience; you will be free to pursue your journey when we have eased your carriage of a portion of its load. The signore will stay with us until the small sum of one thousand scudi be forthcoming to indemnify us for our trouble and risk."

The cheeks of the poor lady were blanched with terror at this announcement, and for some time she could not utter a word; but her companion, who was no other than the Principe Giustiniani and her husband, perceiving that resistance would be fatal to the safety of their lives, calmly resigned himself to what was inevitable, and directed all his efforts to recover his wife from her alarm. The bandits, meanwhile, occupied themselves with ransacking the baggage, and in appropriating whatever was valuable in the contents.

The natural courage of Beatrice, however it may have deserted her for the moment, began at length, in some measure, to triumph over her fears, and gradually to rise higher, in proportion to the desperate nature of her position. She now turned imploringly to the bandit chief, using all her eloquence to work both on his compassion and cupidity; but found him inexorable regarding the release of her companion.

"Let me, then, for the love of Heaven, be also your prisoner; but do not separate me from my husband!" she passionately urged.

"Diavolo!" replied the robber—but with something like a touch of humanity in his tone—"our rough journeys and

spare diet would ill suit a dainty lady such as you. Fear nothing, fair one; send a trusty messenger with the money, and your husband shall be restored to you."

Tears, promises, and further entreaties were vain; the princess was condemned to pursue her journey alone, while her husband was carried off by the robbers. An arrangement, however, had been arrived at with them, that the ransom should be dispatched to Baccano on the second day after the capture of the traveller.

More dead than alive, did poor Beatrice Giustiniani arrive at her palazzo. No little astonishment and curiosity were excited in the establishment by the appearance of the princess without the prince. To her faithful secretary alone—Andrea Vanozzi—did Beatrice make known the disasters that had befallen them. He was an old and favorite retainer of the Colonna family, to which she belonged; had occupied a confidential post in their employ prior to her birth, and had been enlisted in the princess's own service on her marriage.

Greatly as Vanozzi was dismayed by the startling intelligence imparted to him, he did his utmost to console and reassure his mistress.

No time was lost, as may be supposed, in raising the sum required for the ransom of the prince. On the appointed day Andrea left Rome for Baccano, and delivered the money into the hands of the messenger deputed by the robbers to receive it.

Great was the consternation, bitter the disappointment of Vanozzi, when, instead of the restoration of the captive, he was told by the messenger that, having ascertained the rank of his prisoner, the captain demanded a further sum of five hundred scudi ere he would consent to release him.

With a sorrowful heart Vanozzi returned to his mistress, and delivered his unwelcome message.

Beatrice, who had hitherto, through fear for her husband's life, preserved the secret of his capture from her friends, at once determined that further reserve would be both useless and dangerous. These renewed demands for money might be interminable, she thought, without offering any better chance of

the prince's deliverance. She therefore hastily summoned her cousin, the Cardinal Colonna, to her palazzo, acquainting him with all that had occurred, and solicited his advice and assistance.

The cardinal's first feeling of consternation and surprise at the tidings of so audacious an exploit, having in some degree subsided, he spoke thus to the princess:

"I will immediately lay the matter before his holiness; there is not a moment to be lost; the robbers must be followed up by a well-armed force, ere they have time to escape to their haunts in the mountains. There are, probably, some of them still hovering in the neighborhood of Baccano, in expectation of the additional ransom they have demanded."

"I shall rely on your zeal, my good cousin, in stimulating the holy father to the most prompt and active measures for my Francesco's deliverance," said the poor princess, with tears in her eyes, as the cardinal hastily took his departure.

In vain, however, did the good cardinal bestir himself in the matter, and as vainly did the pope send an armed force in pursuit of the robbers, every trace of them having already disappeared. The band which had committed this bold outrage was believed, from Beatrice's description, to be under the direction of a famous outlaw, upon whose head a price had been set, and who was, in reality, the unworthy representative of the noble family of Monteleone. He had been disinherited, and was under the ban of the Church, as being guilty of the abduction of a veiled nun. The princess, meanwhile, though a prey to grief and anxiety, was actively engaged in stimulating her agents in the prosecution of their inquiries amongst the peasantry, in the hope that by judiciously administered bribes she might at last gain the intelligence she so anxiously desired; but full three months had elapsed, and all that had been attempted had proved fruitless hitherto.

Meanwhile, a deep sensation had been created in Rome by this long and daring detention of a prince of the Holy See. All felt convinced, however, that the object of the robbers was to obtain

a large ransom, and that they would not, by sacrificing a life of so much importance to the state, as well as to their mercenary schemes, provoke the papal government to the most active and severe measures for the capture or destruction of the entire band.

PRINCE GIUSTINIANI'S NARRATION.

As the princess and her friends were meditating fresh schemes for the prosecution of an inquiry so important to her happiness, such efforts were rendered unnecessary by an occurrence which diffused joy throughout her household.

One evening, soon after sunset, a carriage rapidly dashed into the court-yard of the palazzo Giustiniani, and the next moment Beatrice was clasped in the arms of her husband. Some minutes elapsed ere the joy of their reunion could find utterance in words; but no sooner did the calm of returning reason succeed to the first transports of happiness, than a thousand questions were mutually exchanged, and the changes and chances which those anxious months of separation had produced were fully discussed.

The personal appearance of Giustiniani was very striking. His figure was tall and somewhat muscular, his finely developed forehead and expressive eyes betokened intelligence and penetration, while his chiselled features were rendered still more impressive by the pale, clear hue of his complexion, shaded, as it was, by rich masses of dark wavy hair. This constitutional pallor had increased during his captivity, and he looked thin and somewhat careworn.

"Francesco, love, delay not," said Beatrice, the day after his return, "to tell me how you contrived your wonderful escape. I am dying to know all that has befallen you since we parted! My woman's curiosity will brook no further delay, even on the plea of your fatigue."

She seated herself by his side as she uttered these words, and was speedily engrossed in listening to the following narrative:

No sooner (said Francesco) had the sound of your carriage-wheels become inaudible, dearest Beatrice, than, being forcibly seized by two of the brigands,

my arms were pinioned, and I was blindfolded.

I had observed the disappearance of the capitane, which must have occurred while I was bestowing a last lingering look on the vehicle that was conveying my dearest friend out of sight.

My lawless companions dragged me along between two of them at a rapid pace, and evidently over rugged ground, for many weary hours, allowing me but an occasional and very brief rest, when they gave me some stale bread-crusts and water. I did not attempt to address them, being occupied with the melancholy thought of so sudden and cruel an interruption to our happiness, and of the possible dangers of my position. Questions I knew would be vain, and would probably be productive of insolent answers; discretion was the better part of valor in such company.

At length we appeared to halt for good; the bandage was removed from my eyes, my arms were let at liberty, and I found myself in the midst of a band of twenty wild, savage-looking men. They quickly seated themselves on the floor of what, at first sight, appeared to be a cave; but, with more leisure for observation, I found it to be a dismantled Etruscan tomb. The little remaining daylight penetrated through numerous fissures, and enabled me to discern what was passing around.

In one corner, stooping over a large brazier of burning coals, was a decrepid old hag, who appeared like one of the former denizens of the tomb risen from the slumber of death to torment the living who had invaded her sanctuary.

She was in the act of cooking something in a large iron pot. An inquiry respecting the progress of her culinary labors was occasionally addressed to her by one or other of the brigands in a tone more energetic than polite, but to which she vouchsafed no answer, saving a torrent of imprecations. At length the bubbling, hissing sound emanating from the iron pot ceased, and having emptied its contents into a huge dish, she shuffled up to the circle, her palsied head shaking at every step, and placed it on the ground before them.

Ere half its contents had been devoured, she brought wine to season the repast. I had been ordered to seat my-

self with the rest, and to partake of the dinner, which would not have been unpalatable had it not been strongly flavored with garlic. The whole party, on the repast being concluded, laid themselves down on their cloaks to sleep, one of them keeping guard at the entrance of the tomb, and being relieved at intervals during the night. I had been too much agitated to sleep, and was truly thankful when the day dawned.

The brigands no sooner arose from their slumbers than they immediately proceeded to blindfold and pinion me as before. Our journey occupied the whole of the next day, until an hour before sunset. We rested only twice, and under trees, as I could judge from the rustling of the wind among the branches. We were refreshed by the same rude fare as before, flavored by the addition of a few onions. My fatigue was great when we made our next halt, and, previously to our doing so, I became aware that we were toiling up a steep ascent for a considerable time. Finally, we evidently passed through a strongly locked gate or door, and mounted a long flight of steps conducting to some kind of habitation.

My arms were again free, and my bandage being withdrawn, the brigands disappeared without giving me time to ask questions, and even ere I had a moment's leisure to look around me.

What was my surprise after their departure on observing that I was in a tolerably furnished apartment, looking out on a romantic scene. Although I had not at that moment positive means of judging to what description of building this room belonged, yet broken columns, appertaining to what had clearly been a portico in the front, convinced me that I was in an ancient temple, some portions of which had been rendered habitable by its present occupants. The dilapidated portico was on the verge of a great cascade tumbling over walls of the most rugged description, such as Salvator Rosa would have rejoiced in. Below the rocks extensive woods stretched as far as the eye could see. While musing on this wild romantic scene, the silence of which was invaded by the perpetual roar of the cascade, a slight movement shook the old worm-eaten tapestry with

which one side of the apartment or hall was hung—though evidently for use more than for ornament. It was partially raised, and a tall, remarkable-looking woman, of middle age, in the attire of a peasant of Albano, entered. In her hands she bore a tray, which was well furnished with cold meat, bread, cheese, and wine. Having placed it on a table, she invited me to partake of the viands.

"To whom, signora," I said, "am I indebted for this act of hospitality? Only two days have elapsed since I was torn from my wife and captured by brigands. I am now quite bewildered at finding myself thus suddenly released from their grasp and in a civilized habitation. May I trust that I am not a prisoner here, but that I shall speedily be permitted to return to my family?"

"Signore," she replied, "the apartment in which you now find yourself must, for the present, be the limit of your movements; but be not dismayed, you are now in good keeping, and if you do not infringe the rules laid down for your conduct you will meet with no injury, and will eventually be restored to your friends in Rome. Remember, however, that the gate by which you entered is both locked and guarded. Attempt not to escape, or you will instantly be shot?"

"And may I ask who are you, signora, who thus dictate to me the conditions of a prisoner? Tell me, I beseech you, the secret of my detention here. It is in my power if released to reward you handsomely. If you are yourself a wife, you ought then to feel for mine, who has had her husband so suddenly and forcibly taken from her."

Her countenance, which was flexible, betrayed emotion as I made this appeal to her sympathy, but she hastily quitted the room without a reply, as though fearing that compassion might tempt her to fail in the stern duty that had been imposed upon her. Day after day I repeated this and similar trials on her kindness, but some tie even more sacred to her than the promptings of humanity armed her against every snare. During the long tedious three months that I was a captive in that lonely temple, never did she utter a word that could throw a light upon the secrets of my prison-house, or encourage me in a hope of escape, while every night and

morning the robber guard visited my apartment to assure themselves of the safety of their prisoner. I frequently questioned her as to her knowledge of the bandit chief, who in manner and bearing was so superior to his companions, but she told me to expect no answer to unnecessary questions. I know not how I should have endured the monotony of my life during my sojourn in the temple, but that I had compassionately been supplied with a few books and a guitar to beguile the tediousness of my solitude. As it was the time seemed interminable.

At length, I was one night aroused by an unusual stir in one of the compartments of the temple, and as I was pondering on the cause of this disturbance some of the robbers entered my apartment, and directed me to prepare for a journey. After travelling for two nights, to my surprise, we reached the very spot near Baccano on which I had been captured, and where a carriage was in waiting.

The bandits apprised me that I was now free, and ordering me to enter the vehicle, called to the driver—who had evidently received his instructions beforehand—to proceed without delay.

He drove off rapidly, and never stopped his horse until he entered the gates of our palazzo.

There was an inconsistency in the summing up of these adventures, and here and there, as the narrative progressed, a something like embarrassment in her husband's manner, which forcibly struck Beatrice. She knew that no second ransom had been paid, although it had been demanded, and his explanation of the final circumstances attending his escape wore to her mind an air of improbability, which inspired her with an indefinable suspicion. She believed that she had not heard the whole truth, and this absence of entire confidence on the part of her husband deeply wounded her affection. She did not condescend to ask further explanation, her pride causing her to dissemble her suspicions.

BEATRICE.

BEATRICE GIUSTINIANI had barely attained her twentieth birthday at this period, and had experienced since her

marriage two years of nearly uninterrupted happiness; but after the events of her husband's captivity and return, a something approaching to mutual distrust sprang up almost imperceptibly between them.

Their union had been one of rare occurrence in Italy—a marriage of affection as well as of convenience—yet how slight a cause may engender misunderstanding and dissension between the most loving hearts! A trifle light as air, a word unkind or wrongly taken, may commence a breach, which no trials from without could have effected, while the repetition of such trivial disagreements may convert the tenderest affection into coldness and indifference.

Beatrice was a splendid woman, with the Juno-like beauty of the Roman ladies. Her form, though luxuriant, was perfect in proportion; animation of feature and stateliness of demeanor she also possessed, together with varied accomplishments. There was wanting to complete the picture that self-restraint and moral dignity which a judicious education and training can alone inculcate. She was, in short, too much the creature of violent impulses, and, much as she loved her husband, there was a latent morbid tendency to jealousy in her temperament, which, if once thoroughly aroused, was likely to prove formidable. Of this trait in her character Francesco was but too well aware; for the disposition had manifested itself somewhat painfully, both before and after marriage. He had therefore mentally resolved to redouble his prudence and reserve in all social intercourse, rather than to endanger his domestic peace by the smallest inadvertence.

The gleam of undefined suspicion which had obtruded itself into the mind of Beatrice during the progress of her husband's narrative had quickly begun, unknown to herself, to influence her deportment towards him, and she soon afterwards observed that to her he was an altered man. He was oftentimes moody, restless, and distracted in her company, and at length, far from seeming content with the happiness of domestic life, he eagerly sought every occasion to enter into the excitement and diversion of gay company abroad.

There was nothing remarkable, 'tis

true, in this self-emancipation by an Italian husband from the romantic exactions of a newly married life; but to Beatrice it was like the awakening from a delightful dream. She did not pause to consider whether any deficiency on her own part could account for this change in her husband. Hers was a proud spirit, which would not bend to those conciliatory efforts of tenderness and gentleness which so often find their way to a husband's heart when aught else fails.

Her wounded pride displayed itself in a cold and haughty reserve, which served only to widen the breach. His absences from home, on the plea of visiting his rural estates, became more frequent, and his indifference to his wife on his return more marked. Happiness had now fled from the bosom of Beatrice, and had left her the victim of suspicion and jealousy. She was not long in convincing herself that some mystery fatal to her existed in connection with the period of Francesco's capture. This idea once admitted, every trifling incident, every unguarded word, was ingeniously tortured into evidence against him, till her temper and patience being alike exhausted, she resolved to unravel the secret at all hazards. Francesco about this time apprised her that he purposed visiting their estate at Frascati on the morrow. This announcement contained nothing remarkable, as it was the regular period for him to do so on matters of business; but Beatrice at once took her resolution.

She summoned her secretary to her presence, and with an assumed calmness of demeanor, which could not effectually disguise the passion smouldering in her bosom, she thus addressed him:

"Vanozzi, you are so old and faithful a retainer of the Colonna family, that I can place great reliance on your zeal. A mission must be performed which involves my happiness and honor. I exhort you, then, as you value both, to fulfil my wishes. Follow your master to Frascati, watch his movements, ascertain how his time is occupied, and on your return faithfully report to me every particular that comes under your notice."

That an ominous cloud had for some time lowered over the domestic happiness of the family, Vanozzi had observed with pain; he was not, therefore, so much astonished as overpowered by the

sudden light thrown upon the subject through the medium of this earnest appeal.

The office imposed on him was one of the most delicate and perplexing nature, yet his sympathy and devotion to his mistress forbade any demur to commands enforced under the influence of such deeply injured feelings. Appearances, he admitted to himself, seemed both to justify the suspicions of the princess and the duty entailed upon himself, yet his kind heart revolted at the task. Having, at length, somewhat mastered his emotions, he replied :

"My services, however poor, are always at your command, noble lady. Yet I beseech you to consider that appearances are often deceitful. I trust and pray that they will prove so in this instance. Condemn not, madam, without undeniable evidence. Above all things, rely on my zeal and fidelity in the performance of my office, however painful it may be to my feelings."

THE OATH OF VENGEANCE.

For three days Beatrice awaited in mortal agony and dread the return of her husband and of her trusty agent. Her heart beat audibly when at length she heard the footsteps of Francesco mounting the marble staircase on his return to the palazzo. She almost began to regret the part she had adopted, but nevertheless exerted herself to maintain an appearance of composure, and met her husband with the same cold hauteur which had of late characterized her conduct towards him. Andrea Vanozzi did not return till the following night, and Beatrice was compelled to linger in the torments of suspense as to the result of his painful mission.

On the first favorable occasion she summoned him to her boudoir, and having closed and locked the door, she begged him to relate, without reservation, all that he had learned or witnessed at Frascati.

"Would that silence on that subject were consistent with my duty to yourself, madam," said Andrea. "I fear that you will be deeply pained by what I have to relate, though it behooves your highness to make a further investigation

into the circumstances ere you wholly condemn the prince, your husband."

Beatrice, pale as death, listened to this preamble with all the calmness of despair, and motioned to Vanozzi to communicate his narration.

"I followed the prencipe, my master," said he, "in disguise, and on a stout mule, from the commencement to the termination of his journey to his own mansion at Frascati.

"I then turned back to refresh myself, and to find stabling and fodder for my mule at the albergo of the village. This being accomplished I retraced my steps, and concealed myself in the laurel plantation, near the garden-gate. After some time, my attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps, advancing in the direction of the gate. I saw that it was his highness, who passed on to the road. Cautiously emerging from my hiding-place, I followed him at some distance, when he turned suddenly into a by-path which led towards some fields.

"Beyond these, surrounded by a garden, was a small one-storied house, or villa, the front of which was covered with creepers in full bloom. The door was opened by some one from within as the prince approached, and as quickly closed on his entrance.

"I again concealed myself amidst some bushes, and ascertained that my patron did not quit the place for several hours. The same lengthened visits were repeated daily during the remainder of his sojourn at Frascati. I could gain no other information regarding the inmates of the house, than that it had been taken by a stranger some months previously for a lady, whose only companion was an elderly servant-woman, of a very reserved and eccentric disposition, from whom it was impossible to elicit any information regarding her own or her mistress's affairs. My resolution was now taken.

"I awaited the moment of my master's departure from Frascati, and, disguising myself as a Capuchin friar, I went to the house and engaged the servant in conversation.

" 'I have travelled far,' I said to her; 'I am footsore, hungry, and thirsty; for the love of Heaven give me some bread-and-water.'

" 'I will never refuse a son of the Church,' she replied. 'Step in, holy

father, and rest in the hall, whilst you partake of the refreshment I will speedily prepare for you."

"While eating the cold meat and bread with which she supplied me, a young girl, beautiful as a vision, entered the villa from a garden at the back. She was, apparently, quite unaware as she did so of the presence of a stranger, for she started and looked surprised at the first sight of me, but on observing my garb she appeared reassured."

Beatrice trembled violently, and became pale as marble at this portion of the narration, but impatiently beckoned to Andrea to proceed.

"This charming creature, youthful and fresh as Hebe, was rather under the middle size, and slender and graceful as a sylph. Her bright golden tresses fell, in their natural unrestrained luxuriance, far below her waist; her large liquid blue eyes, fringed with long lashes much darker than her hair, beamed with an almost indefinable sweetness and modesty, and were in perfect harmony with the general softness and extreme delicacy of her other features. A skin of unrivalled fairness was relieved from insipidity by the brilliant roseate bloom of her cheek. Her dress was of muslin, of a hue and texture adapted to the fairy-like character of her beauty. Her small white hands held up the corners of a white silk apron, filled with roses, lilies, and evergreens, freshly culled from the garden. Her first surprise ended, she thus accosted me, in a sweet silvery voice:

"'Holy father, you are most welcome to the rest and food our cottage affords. You seem tired and wayworn. Whither are you travelling?'

"'Towards Rome, fair lady, on a mission to his holiness, from the superior of my monastery.'

"'May God speed you,' she answered, 'on your journey. Take with you, holy father, a slight remembrance of us,' giving me some of the fairest flowers from her apron, 'and leave us your blessing in return.'

"So saying, we exchanged salutations, and I saw her no more."

Beatrice, who had till now listened to Andrea's recital with that species of unnatural calm which but too often pre-
cedes a violent storm, could no longer repress the manifestation of her jealousy

and indignation. Rising from her seat, her eyes dilated with anger, her features convulsed by passion, "Andrea!" she exclaimed, "if you be faithful to your allegiance, you will not quit this apartment until you have taken a solemn oath to execute all my commands! My injured love and dignity, the insulted honor of my family, must be vindicated! Your master is that worst of traitors—a domestic one! He has forsaken and betrayed the wife of his bosom; from henceforth I tear his image from my heart! My outraged feelings shall be avenged, or I will die in the attempt!"

Poor Vanozzi in vain endeavored to allay the storm which he had raised in the bosom of the princess—vainly did he beseech her to pause, and to make inquiry, ere she carried out her fatal purpose. The evidence of her husband's disloyalty was to her as certain as truth itself; and Andrea, ere he was permitted to leave her presence, was persuaded to bind himself by the required oath.

THE ABBESS OF ST. URSULA.

Two days after the required oath had been taken by Vanozzi, the beautiful maiden of Frascati was engaged in tending her flowers, when two men habited in large cloaks and slouched hats descended from a carriage at a short distance from the little villa. They walked rapidly but stealthily towards the garden, and as they reached the gate one of them concealed himself amongst the trees, whilst his companion entered and advanced towards the maiden, who was in the act of gathering violets. On hearing a footstep behind her, she rose quickly from her occupation, and addressed an inquiring look towards the stranger. Her sweet smile as she did so, her ingenuous expression, and blooming though fragile beauty, were so many appeals to his interest and compassion; but he proceeded, nevertheless, to draw from beneath the folds of his mantle a sealed packet, which he presented to her, saying:

"I am the bearer of a letter to you, signorina, from the Principessa Giustini-
niani."

"From whom?" she asked, in a tone of the greatest surprise. "I know no

lady of that name; it cannot be intended for me."

"There is no mistake, rest assured," replied the messenger, with an austerity of tone and demeanor that at once imparted a disquieting influence to the heart of the fair girl.

She proceeded without further demur to open the packet so pertinaciously presented to her, and read the following lines:

"You are either the innocent victim of the basest deceit, or the accomplice of one of the most unworthy of men. Whatever may be the circumstances of your guilt, you have been the unhappy instrument of misery and dishonor to a once happy wife, and to an ancient and illustrious house.

"For injuries such as these prepare to pay the forfeit of your life! Repine not at this just decree. You owe your untimely fate to the cavaliere whose frequent visits to you are known to me, and who is no other than the Prince Giustiniani, my husband."

As the maiden perused the letter the eyes of the messenger were riveted upon her, and failed not to detect as she proceeded the astonishment, consternation, and terror which, by turns, depicted themselves on her expressive countenance; while, as the final sentence met her eye, her emotion powerfully increased, the color fled from her cheek and lip, and she fainted. The timely intervention of the messenger saved her from falling to the ground.

A severe struggle ensued in the breast of Vanozzi—for it was no other than the secretary who had brought the cruel letter—as he gazed upon the now insensible girl. The genuine surprise she had manifested on its receipt, and during her perusal of it, convinced him that she had been the dupe, not the willing victim of the Prince. Her youth and beauty, too, pleaded powerfully for her life with his naturally humane heart; while, on the other hand, his duty to his mistress and his sense of her wrongs, urged him to the performance of the oath she had elicited from him. A compromise with his conscience suggested itself for his partial absolution from that fatal vow. He resolved to fulfil the spirit though not the letter of his oath. He would remove the rival

of his mistress forever from her path by immuring her in a convent, and would thus spare the life of one whom he now believed to be more sinned against than sinning. His heart was relieved from a heavy burden when he had formed this resolution. He then gave the preconcerted signal to his companion, who came rapidly to his assistance.

"Now is the moment," he whispered to him, "to perform our task, for in another half hour the servant's mission to the village will be ended, and we must not be found here."

His companion, on this order, took from his pocket a large pair of scissors, with which he had been previously instructed to provide himself, and severed the beautiful golden tresses which formed so distinguished an ornament of the poor girl's person.

They then carried her through the garden, and, placing her in the carriage in which they had arrived, Vanozzi seated himself by her side, while his companion mounted the box. This man was one of those hired assassins who may easily be found in Italy to commit crime for the sake of gold, and who had pledged himself to carry out all the instructions which might be given him by Vanozzi, without being previously enlightened by his employer as to the full extent of the services he might be called upon to perform. The driver of the carriage was directed by Vanozzi to repair with all speed to the convent of St. Ursula, distant but a few miles from Frascati. The superior was a near relative of Vanozzi, on whose prudence he knew that he could surely rely for the preservation of his secret, as also on her proving a kind and careful guardian to the unhappy girl. The shock which had so rudely and mercilessly assailed her nerves was not easily overcome; and during her journey, a succession of alarming fainting fits had given full and anxious occupation to her companion. On their arrival at the convent Vanozzi had speedily ensured for her the assiduous care of the nuns; while, closeted with the abbess, he communicated to her the particulars of the thrilling events which had occasioned his visit, and the incarceration of the newly-arrived novice. Deeply interested in his recital, the abbess promised to draw

from the unhappy captive—for such she may well now be styled—the avowal of the nature and circumstances of her acquaintance with the prince, and to transmit the details to him.

There still remained an odious office to perform, and one which involved deception, for, at present, Andrea dared not divulge to the princess the mercy he had shown to her rival.

His impression of her innocence being strong, he ventured to hope that some reliable evidence might be brought to light to establish it; which, together with the softening influence of time on the angry and excited passions of his mistress, would enable him, at some future day, to reveal a secret which she might then hail with thankfulness and joy.

Some hours elapsed after her arrival at the convent ere the poor girl was sufficiently restored to comprehend the sad change which had taken place in her destiny.

Returning consciousness brought with it at first a dim, confused recollection of a great woe that had stricken her. When able to look around her, all that presented itself to her sight was strange and new. She had become the occupant of a small and dismal cell, which contained but few articles of furniture, and those of the simplest and rudest construction. As her eyes wandered from one object to another, in bewildering amazement, a sense of the fatal events crowded into the last few hours began to dawn upon her mind; and, as she turned her weary head upon her pillow, a sudden startling discovery of the loss she had sustained revealed the full horror of her situation. A flood of tears came at this crisis to the relief of her feelings, while the sad tenor of her thoughts was arrested by seeing the door of her cell open. A nun, clad in white garments, entering, stepped noiselessly up to her pallet, and, seating herself by her side, administered some restoratives which she had brought with her, while she began to speak words of consolation to the afflicted girl.

A tenderness and gentleness of manner, a face full of sympathy and generous pity, were not without their soothing and immediate effect on the distracted mind of the maiden.

“You see in me, my daughter,” said the nun, “the abbess of the convent of our holy St. Ursula—one whom charity has taught to be loving and merciful to the weak and erring. Your life, which has been menaced, has been mercifully spared to you through the compassion of the agent employed for its destruction. Take comfort, then, my child, and fear not for their molestation. Relieve your burdened conscience by the recital of your trials and misfortunes. Remember that we are born to sorrow and trouble in this world, but that the door of repentance and consolation is open to all. My heart warms to one so young and unhappy. I feel assured, my daughter, that you must be a victim of the wickedness of others. Nature cannot be so untrue to herself as to clothe a heart of guile in the garb of so much innocence and modesty.”

The reassuring words, the feeling tenderness and compassion of the tone and manner in which they were addressed to her, were like balm to the wounded spirit of the poor maiden. The abbess seemed to her like a ministering angel, sent to support her in her mortal conflict. Her tears, which had before been the messengers of her despair, now fell soothingly—like the gentle showers which refresh the earth in the midst of sunshine.

With a heart full to overflowing, she seized the willing hand of the good abbess between her own, and bathed it with the warm tears of gratitude, saying:

“May Heaven reward the angelic goodness which thus commiserates misfortune and judges mercifully of others! When you have heard my sad story, holy mother, you will learn that I am, indeed, a child of sorrow, and will fully, I am sure, acquit me of the crimes laid to my charge.

AGNES BEAUCHAMP'S STORY.

“My name is Agnes Beauchamp. I was born of English parents of wealth and position. I was just twelve years of age when they took me with them on a journey through Italy.

“Well do I remember, young as I then was, the pleasure and lively interest with which I embarked on a visit to the

bright land, o'er which history and nature have shed so great a charm. My father had carefully superintended the mode of my education, and I had already gained a fair stock of knowledge for my years.

"We landed at Naples, and spent several weeks in acquainting ourselves with the rare and varied objects of interest which there feast the eye and mind of the traveller. We had deferred to the last week of our sojourn there a visit to the ruins of Pæstum.

"Banditti were known occasionally, and even recently, to have attacked travellers in that neighborhood; but we reached them in safety, though with some trepidation. My father had armed himself, though he had been previously warned that any opposition, in the event of an attack, would be fraught with the most imminent peril. We were engaged in viewing the grandeur of these impressive monuments with something approaching to religious awe and veneration, when a band of armed banditti burst suddenly upon us from behind the columns of the smaller temple, and proceeded at once to seize my mother and myself. They approached my father more cautiously, seeing that he was armed, but ordered him to lay down his arms and surrender himself. This he not only refused to do, but presented his pistol at the villain who had laid violent hands on my mother, and fired. Missing his aim in the confusion and excitement of the moment, the ball struck my poor mother, and killed her on the spot. A blow, dealt at his head by a ruffian who had skulked behind him, levelled him with the earth. After witnessing this fearful scene, which for the time deprived me of consciousness, I was carried off by the brigands far away into the mountains, and delivered to their chief, whose marked superiority over his more ferocious companions could but lead to the inference that he had seen better days. He treated me with every kindness and pity, and conveying me another day's journey into the heart of the mountains, placed me under the guardianship of his wife, a kind and gentle person, who, too, seemed to love me as her own daughter. Everything that could contribute to my amusement, and tend to lessen the monotony and dulness

of a sojourn so far from the haunts of men, was procured for me. At length I became so habituated to the solitude and wild scenery in which I lived as to have become reconciled, in a great measure, to my fate, when an event occurred which lent a new interest to my existence, and which led eventually to my return to civilized life. The brigands had captured another prisoner. Never shall I forget the surprise and joy with which I hailed the advent of the interesting stranger who had been thus suddenly and unexpectedly transferred to my lonely mountain home.

"My intercourse with the captive had, however, its strict limits, which at first were vigilantly maintained by the brigand's wife; but compassion for my loneliness caused her, at times, to relax the discipline which regulated my opportunities of seeing and conversing with him.

"I endeavored to elicit the name of my fellow-prisoner, and was told by him that it was Gonzaga; but he evaded every allusion, on my part, to his history. By degrees, as we became better acquainted, I made known to him my sad adventure, and from that period the formal courtesy which he had previously observed towards me was exchanged for the manifestation of a lively interest and regard. I lent him my book and guitar to beguile the tedious hours of his solitude, but he appeared frequently melancholy and abstracted."

"Poor girl!" said the abbess, interrupting her, "surely frequent companionship under such circumstances must have elicited sympathies dangerous to your happiness!"

Agnes blushed deeply and averted her eyes from the searching glance of the superior when this observation was addressed to her, but after a brief pause, she answered:

"The delicate respect which marked the manner of Gonzaga towards me, and also a certain reserve, amounting at times to coldness, served to check the indulgence of such feelings, holy mother; but my admiration and esteem daily increased for him as I became better acquainted with his good qualities.

"Meantime my strange life and long captivity had inspired me with a romantic love of adventure. How glorious

would it be, I thought, to be the liberator of my captive friend. I nourished this idea secretly at first, but being at length prepared to run every risk in the accomplishment of my design, I imparted my purpose to Gonzaga. He eagerly encouraged me in my plans, promising me, as his deliverer and the companion of his flight, his lasting protection and friendship. An opportunity soon presented itself, which gave me hope of success. One night, while I was supposed to be asleep, I overheard a conversation between the brigand-chief and his wife.

"He told her that an English nobleman of wealth was about to start from Naples, on his route to Rome, and that he and his band were intent upon securing the rich booty he was expected to carry with him.

"By concentrating their whole force in the neighborhood of Terracina, they hoped to succeed in their daring enterprise. Meanwhile, the brigand impressed upon his wife the urgent necessity for secrecy regarding the absence of the guard from the gate, the key of which was to be deposited in a secret recess of the temple—known only to themselves—until the day of their return.

"I soon contrived to acquaint Gonzaga with this fortunate event, and our plans were forthwith concerted for our escape. It was agreed that a goatherd, who lived in a solitary hut at the foot of the mountain, was to be bribed by Gonzaga to conduct us on our journey to Baccano. Our excitement and trepidation may well be imagined when the eventful night arrived. With intense anxiety I watched and waited. No sooner was our Cerberus soundly asleep, than to seize the key and give the signal to my companion for our instant flight, were tasks which I performed without delay.

"Descending the steps with noiseless precipitation we reached the gate in safety. To unlock it was a work of some difficulty, but having finally succeeded in doing so, we ran down the steep path conducting to the foot of the mountain, and reached the humble dwelling of the goatherd, panting and out of breath with our exertion. The old man was at first alarmed with the abruptness of our entry into his hut, but Gonzaga took him aside, and communicating something of

a private nature to him, he immediately assented to become our guide.

"After many hair-breadth escapes, on the fourth day after quitting the temple we reached Baccano, where we luckily found an empty return carriage on its way to Rome. We entered it, and reached the city by daylight, and without further adventure.

"The driver was ordered to take us to a quiet street, in a retired part of the city, where dwelt a favorite and faithful attendant of the deceased mother of Gonzaga, to whose care he at once confided me, instructing her—after allowing me a few days for repose—to convey me to Frascati, and there to remain with me. I did not see him again for some weeks, after which he visited me at various intervals. He then apprised me that he had written to a powerful friend of his in England, concerning myself and my misfortunes, and hoped, eventually, to gain some clue to my remaining relatives."

The abbess had listened with profound attention to this recital, and at its close was more than ever convinced of its entire truthfulness, and of the unblemished purity of the maiden.

"You are now, my daughter," she said, "aware of the real name and rank of your generous protector; his conduct towards yourself proclaims him to be a noble-minded and virtuous man, but he has committed a grave error in withholding his confidence from his wife, and one that I fear and foresee may be productive of still more fatal results than those which have already ensued. I will, however, take immediate steps to avert as much of the evil consequences as I can. Meanwhile, my daughter, rest here tranquilly for awhile, and have faith in the mercy which forsakes not the widow and the orphan. If you have been the unhappy cause of mischief to others, you have at least consolation in the consciousness of your own innocence."

THE CASKET.

The interval of the secretary's absence on his dreadful mission had been passed by Beatrice in a delirium of feverish restlessness and impatience. Not only had the constant brooding over her own miseries excluded all consideration for

others from her thoughts, but it was continually feeding her appetite for revenge.

When Vanozzi arrived, her fears lest the accomplishment of her design should have been frustrated, made her hesitate to question him on his success. Vanozzi, however, anticipated her inquiries by drawing a packet from his vest, which he presented to her. Her countenance, which for some time past had lost its habitually radiant and joyous expression, sparkled with vindictive triumph as she received it.

"Here is the pledge, madam," said Vanozzi, "that your rival has paid the penalty of her offences! You have nothing further to fear from her machinations against your peace!"

"Heaven may forgive her, but I never will!" said Beatrice, in a tone of unbridled passion. "She has met with the just reward of her crimes, and now will I prepare for the still greater criminal, who has trampled my affection to scorn, the fitting punishment of his treason!"

So saying, and grasping convulsively the packet which she held in her hand with an air of unmitigated fury, she left the astonished Andrea to the bitterness of his own reflections.

"Can this be indeed," he soliloquized, "the once happy, dignified woman whom I proudly acknowledged as my mistress? Oh, jealousy! jealousy! how fearful are thy workings, when thou canst thus transform the gentle nature of the softer sex!"

Though Vanozzi knew something of the effects of that devouring passion on Italian blood, he was not prepared for the extent to which it might be carried in this instance.

He had anticipated that, when assured of the death of her rival, the princess would manifest some token of a relenting spirit. Least of all had he calculated on the savage exultation with which she could bear to contemplate the coming misery of her husband. The secretary as yet knew not in what manner, nor when, the final blow was to be aimed at the unsuspecting prince; but he was not destined to remain long in ignorance. The fête day of Giustiniani, to be commemorated on the morrow, was selected by Beatrice for the consummation of her vengeance. On entering his library at an early hour that

morning, he espied a package on his writing-table, addressed to him in the handwriting of his wife. It proved to be a small box of precious wood, to which the key was appended. Having unlocked it, he found that it contained an enamelled casket. His surprise was as great as his annoyance, for this very casket he had presented to Beatrice on their wedding-day. What could it mean?

Stimulated by curiosity, he pressed the spring; the lid flew open. Within was a packet and a sealed letter. His impatience increased as he opened paper after paper.

With growing anxiety he removed the last, and stared in alarm at the object which met his view—a long, thick mass of bright golden locks!

The first glimpse of the fatal gift sufficed. The owner of the severed tresses was unmistakable!

A fearful misgiving took possession of his soul. He tore open the letter, and read as follows:

"Behold the just reward of treason to a faithful loving wife! My rival has paid the penalty of her offences! Treasure, then, all that now remains to you of so unworthy a connection!"

A thrill of horror crept through the frame of Giustiniani as he realized the full meaning of these lines. His senses forsook him utterly, and he fell prostrate on the floor.

His valet, entering the library soon afterwards, found his master in this insensible condition. Every restorative failed for hours to recover him. When at length consciousness returned, reason had forsaken him, and in this hopeless state he continued for many weary months.

Meanwhile, the abbess of St. Ursula had transmitted to the secretary the particulars revealed to her by Agnes Beauchamp of her acquaintance with the prince and of her own history. These tidings, however, had unhappily reached him too late to avert the fatal consequences which the precipitate and vindictive conduct of Beatrice had produced; but no sooner did she behold the pitiable result on the husband she had fondly loved, than she was awakened to a sense of her madness. The demon within was at once quelled by

the touching spectacle before her. Her love for him, with all its tender associations, returned with its former intensity. She would now have given the world to recall her rival to life, to have spared her husband his sufferings.

Vanozzi, beside himself with grief, took immediate advantage of this frame of mind in the princess to confess to her that Agnes Beauchamp still lived. By degrees he disclosed the facts which so fully exonerated her supposed rival and the prince, while they served also to justify his own conduct.

The grief and remorse of Beatrice knew no bounds when convinced, as she now was, of the entire innocence of the objects of her vengeance. The knowledge that her rival still lived, whatever partial relief it might afford to her tortured spirit, was, alas! ineffectual to remove the sting of self-reproach from her burdened conscience. Meanwhile, the fatal passions which had so long exercised their resistless sway over her mind and actions had left their visible traces on her health and person. A terrible lesson was daily before her in the melancholy condition of her husband. The anxious watching, too, which now devolved upon her, her remorse, grief, and bitter self-humiliation, were gradually undermining her constitution. A secret conviction that her days were numbered stole upon her, and she desired to live only till the restoration of Francesco should ensure her his forgiveness.

Beatrice's wish was granted, and her devotion rewarded after a long and painful interval. She then witnessed the dawn of her husband's returning reason. Still, not a word escaped him regarding the past tragic events. It seemed as though every recollection connected with them had, during the period of his long mental aberration, faded from his memory, or that it had been absorbed in the renewed tenderness of his wife. This was, indeed, a period of probation for poor Beatrice, during which her sufferings might be said to have expiated her offences. She as yet dreaded the effect of any allusion to the subject on her husband, anxiously as she wished to assure him of the existence of Agnes. As he gained strength, Vanozzi advised her to admit to his presence the woman who had attended upon Agnes at Fras-

cati. This faithful creature had been well-nigh distracted on discovering the disappearance of her charge, but the thoughtful girl had taken early measures to relieve her fears. With the consent of the princess, she now came to the palazzo with a message from Agnes to the prince, and with a bouquet of such flowers as she had delighted in at Frascati. The sight of this woman, the message, and the flowers, were as so many tokens to Francesco that the vision which had haunted him in his sickness was the offspring of a disordered brain.

A fatal reaction took place in the health of Beatrice with a cessation of the necessity for further exertion, and she was now wholly confined to her couch. Her pale worn face and attenuated figure had already alarmed Francesco. As she felt her end approach, she summoned him to her sick chamber, and placing a paper in his hands, she addressed him in broken accents:

"When the tomb has closed over my mortal remains, my Francesco," she said, in a feeble voice, "then read this paper, and promise to fulfil my dying wish, and to forgive my errors and frailties."

Francesco supported his dying wife in his arms; his heart was too full for utterance, and as he bestowed on her a last embrace, in assurance of his love and compliance, her spirit fled without a sigh or struggle. Her last moments had been peaceful and tranquil, for she died in penitence and faith.

When the funeral rites were ended, Francesco, in the retirement of his closet, perused a document now hallowed by death. It contained a full and unreserved confession of her guilt, and ended thus:

"A broken heart, my Francesco, is all that your unhappy wife can offer as an atonement for her offences. She dies assured of your forgiveness, and has one last request to make you, that you will unite your destiny with that of the virtuous maiden who so ill deserved the fate she had prepared for her."

After such a lapse of time as feeling and decency permitted, Francesco prepared to fulfil the dying injunction of his wife, by paying his first visit to Agnes since her admission into the convent. She had felt no desire, during Francesco's illness, to quit the kind guardianship

of the abbess of St. Ursula, under whose care her health had become reinstated. Vanozzi had apprised her of all the thrilling events which had intervened. Her anxiety during the illness of the prince had been naturally great, and since the death of his wife certain tender feelings of sympathy, which in the earlier period of their acquaintance she had so effectually labored to suppress, were now paramount and bound up with her existence. Francesco, therefore, found her disposed to listen favorably to his suit. The mournful reminiscences that were inseparable from the Palazzo Giustiniani determined the prince to quit Rome for a while. After the private performance of the marriage ceremony, he carried his bride to England, where fresh happiness awaited her in the discovery of some relatives of her deceased parents. After an interval of two years, Francesco returned with his now happy wife, and took possession of his palazzo. The hand of time had softened the recollections connected with his former residence within its walls. The high-toned moral character of the prince, so far above the standard of his countrymen in general, together with his excellent temper and amiable disposition, proved the basis of lasting happiness to Agnes. All allusion to the tragic events of the past was by tacit and mutual consent carefully avoided between them, but in the quixotic sensitiveness of Francesco to the smallest suspicion derogatory to his honor, Agnes read the explanation of his former strange reserve toward Beatrice. This conduct she did not attempt to justify, but since his acquaintance with herself had been formed under such romantic circumstances, it was apparent that Francesco had doubted the ability of the jealous Beatrice to be informed of it without mistrusting his fidelity.

It was doubtless the remembrance of his error which more especially clouded the fine features of Giustiniani at times, but the sunshine of his gentle wife's presence seldom failed to disperse the gloom as rapidly as it appeared.

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THE EASTERN QUESTION.

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SERVIA is one of the few countries whose revenues exceed expenses. In all that concerns the relations of classes, local police, taxation, distribution of labor, communal organization, etc., the instincts of this little people are admirable. The present Prince Michael seems to have inherited his father's abilities and ambition. It was at his instigation that bands of the Servians scattered in Bulgaria and Roumelia appeared in arms on the southern slope of the Balkan last summer, and tried to persuade the Bulgarians to follow their example. The attempt, coinciding as it did with the struggle in Crete, might have had serious consequences but for the conflicting views of Roumans, Servians, and Greeks. All three parties would fain persuade the Bulgarians to throw off the Turkish yoke, but each of the three is equally bent upon annexing liberated Bulgaria to itself. As the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* justly says, there are both in Turkey and in Austria a number of antagonistic forces at work, the real strength and vitality of which no one can calculate, but which each faction certainly overestimates; and it is their several pretensions which hinder the Christian populations of Turkey from working out the problem of deliverance for themselves.

A recent American traveller speaks in the following terms of the Christians of Old Servia, who are still exposed to the double tyranny of the Porte and the Greek bishops: "Suffering under the galling despotism of the Turk; educating their children almost in secret; studying their national annals by stealth; practising their worship under foreign bishops; hiding their means from legal despoilers; without security of life, liberty, or property; taxed, imprisoned, and persecuted at the capricious pleasure of venal magistrates; they have still labored for education, hoped for freedom, cherished their faith, and retained those simple virtues which characterize their race."

At the time of the Turkish conquest the Bosnian nobles were disgusted with both the Greek and Latin hierarchy;

this exposed them to yield more readily to the temptation of saving their feudal privileges by apostasy. They have ever since tyrannized over the Christian half of the population to an awful degree, and the Porte made this its excuse for sending Omar Pasha in 1857 to crush them and bring them into subjection to the Central Government. In case of a religious war, Bosnia might prove a Mussulman Vendée.

Montenegro, which the *Times* is in the habit of treating as a den of robbers, and as to all intents and purposes a territory lawfully subject to the Porte, was really independent before the Turks ever set their foot in Europe, and has continued to be so through the heroism of its inhabitants. It formed part of the principality of Zeta, under the heroic family of Tsernovitch, which was contemporaneous with the Nemanitch, who ruled the greater part of the South Slavonians. When the last member of this family died, the mountain fastness became a theocracy governed by an elective bishop. In 1715, the Seraskier Achmet Pasha got rid of the chiefs by treacherously seizing them at a conference, and then overran the Black Mountain (Tsernagora, in Italian Montenegro) with an army of more than a hundred thousand men; but this was no permanent conquest; when the Turkish army had to leave the famished country, the mountaineers reasserted their independence.

At the peace of Sistow, in 1791, Russia and Austria sacrificed the Vladika, Peter the First; but he defended himself, and annihilated the army of the Pasha of Scutari. In 1815, Cattaro would have wished to be united with Montenegro, of which it is the natural harbor; but the Congress of Vienna cared little for either nature or popular will. Peter ended his long and glorious reign in 1830. Austria recognized the independence of the mountaineers by concluding a boundary treaty with Peter the Second, without consulting the Porte. The Vladika is in receipt of a Russian pension since 1839, and Prince Danilo got himself recognized as hereditary secular ruler in 1852. The valley of Grahova, which was disputed between them and the Turks in 1858, was always practically Montenegrin, as was proved by the fact that former Turkish armies

marching against the mountaineers had burned the villages of this valley upon their way. Four thousand Turks, with European arms and discipline, fell at Grahova. This campaign of 1858 was also distinguished as the first in which either party so much as thought of sparing the lives of prisoners. Abdi Pasha offered a reward for every prisoner with his head upon his shoulders.

The Montenegrins are a race of laborious cultivators, and descend armed into the plain of the Moratscha, not to rob others, but to till by main force the waste lands from which their ancestors were driven. Peter II. writing to Osman Pasha, who was himself a descendant of Christian ancestors, expressed the wish that he had been born a little later, that he might witness the coming period when all his brethren would remember the days of old, and exhibit themselves as worthy descendants of the ancient heroes of Servia. "There are assassins," he continued, "brigands and plunderers among the Montenegrins, but that is the inevitable result of the unbridled, barbarous despotism of the Turks, and of the heroic poverty of our race."

Every senator when he goes to the little parliament which meets in a convent at Cettinguen, carries his blanket to roll himself up in when he passes the night upon a naked floor, and some flour of Indian corn to make his porridge during his legislative labors. When one learns that there was a printing-press in the village of Rjeka in 1492, one realizes the difference between the state of society that exists, and that which might have been. The heroic but precarious phase of the history of the Black Mountaineers is now over. Their own sword, with Russian and French protection, has given them a recognized place among nations. But they look upon themselves, and their neighbors in the Herzegovina look upon them, as the nucleus of a future more extensive state. Some of the districts round them, though still paying tribute to the Porte, collect it themselves, and will allow no Turk to come for it. All the country bordering on Dalmatia, and even a portion of Bosnia, looks in this direction, and sings in hope what was perhaps written in despair:

"Tsernagora!
 Little lamp that burneth yet,
 Last spark of the fire
 That gleamed once
 On the altar of free Servia!"

Unfortunately there are two pretenders to the leadership of the South Slavonians, and the rivalry of the princes of Servia and Montenegro is likely to delay the emancipation of the race. An attempt was lately made to settle their conflicting claims. The Prince of Servia, who has no children by his wife, was to have adopted the Prince of Montenegro; but the negotiation failed, and a conspiracy to remove the young Prince of Montenegro, and proclaim the annexation of the country to Servia, has since been discovered. While we write, Prince Michael menaces the Porte with open war to avenge the death of the two Servians who were summarily executed by a pasha at Rustchuk this last summer, on suspicion of being emissaries sent to stir up the insurrection in Bulgaria.

As the Bulgarians are alone as numerous as the various tribes of Servians taken together, they are entitled to put in equal claims whenever the Encumbered Estates Court sits upon the Ottoman Empire. However, they do not make so much noise about them; Rouman, Greek, and Servian unite to make merry at the passive gentleness, the heavy gravity, the laborious slowness of the Bulgarian peasant, whom they compare to the buffaloes with which he ploughs. The anonymous American traveller whom we have already quoted, characterizes him more fairly:

"Unlike the Serb, the Bulgarian does not keep his self-respect alive with memories of national glory, or even with aspirations of glory to come; on the other hand, no amount of oppression can render him indifferent to his field, his home, his flower-garden, nor to the scrupulous neatness of his dwelling. How strong difference of race can tell under identical conditions of climate, religion, and government, is exemplified in towns where Greeks have been dwelling side by side with Bulgarians for centuries. The one is commercial, ingenious and eloquent, but fraudulent, dirty and immoral; the other is agricultural, stubborn and slow, but honest, clean and chaste."

The communes of the Balkan are little pastoral republics, and the laborious Bulgarian farmers are insensibly gaining

ground upon the Greeks, and pushing them southward. This race gave to the old Græco-Romans the Emperor Justinian, the celebrated Belisarius, and the Emperor Basil with his line. It is a people that, once roused, will show itself brave and invincibly tenacious; but the restlessness of the other rayas, and their evident purpose of asserting a selfish supremacy over Bulgaria, have helped to keep them quiet hitherto. During the last few years the Bulgarians have offered an unflagging resistance to the Porte's imposing Greek bishops upon them, and their state of feeling is such that the American missionaries at Constantinople are persuaded the struggle must end by the higher clergy and the richer class, who are under French influence, becoming Roman Catholics, while the body of the people will become Protestants. The children are very intelligent, and learn with zeal and docility. The timidity of the adult Bulgarian is that of shrinking, but not that of servility. He hides from the oppressors he fears, but never fawns upon them.

The Roumans or Moldo-Wallachians are the last people whom we must pass in review. If we included those of Bessarabia and Transylvania, we might reckon in all six millions and a half, undivided by any alien race, and professing the same religion, that of the Greek Church. Those under the Ottoman sceptre number four millions and a quarter, including nearly a quarter of a million of gypsies. They profess to be descended from Trajan's colonists, and speak a language derived from Latin, but it is probable they have as much Dacian as Italian blood in their veins. The costume of the inhabitants of the Carpathians is still that of the Dacian prisoners on Trajan's column at Rome. They retain many legends of the pagan Dacii, with which they associate a sort of apotheosis of Trajan. The peasants call the Milky Way, Trajan's path, and in storms they believe that the unrivalled emperor rides upon the blast.

Like all the races subject to Turkey, they have glorious remembrances, celebrated in innumerable popular songs. The dynasty of the Bessaraba, founded in Wallachia by Rodolph the Dark, A.D. 1241-1265, subsisted until the seventeenth century, but was tributary from

1462. During its best days there was nothing but a succession of bloody victories over Poles and Magyars, or bloodier defeats. The whole south-east of Europe presented for centuries the sad spectacle of nations preparing for slavery, by ever weakening each other. Stephen the Great of Moldavia, who began his reign nearly at the time of the fall of Wallachia, won forty battles, but nearly the half were gained at the expense of the Poles and Magyars. His victories over the Turks, after the death of Scanderbeg and Hunniades, made him share with his brother Rouman of Transylvania, Matthias Corvinus, the honor of being the bulwark of Europe against Mussulman invasion.

Stephen's farewell discourse to his son Bogdan, and to the chiefs who had followed him on so many hard-fought fields, when he was upon his death-bed in 1504, was committed to writing immediately, and handed down as the *Testament of Stephen*. It gives the most striking and melancholy picture of the then state of Central and Eastern Europe. The Turk, like a roaring lion, on the south of the Danube, and ready to spring over it; Wallachia already tributary; the Crimea Mahometan; three-fourths of Hungary subdued; the Poles inconstant by temperament and incapable of resistance; Germany given up to domestic troubles. He ended by advising them to come to terms with the Sultan; to die in arms if they could not obtain honorable conditions; but to consent to pay tribute if allowed to retain their civil and ecclesiastical institutions. It was thus that Roumania lost her independence, and was given over to the rapacious hands of Fanariot Greek functionaries, under whom she has been sinking lower from generation to generation, economically and morally.

The Roumans in 1856 wanted two things—the union of the two provinces, and a foreign dynasty. This was an opportunity for choosing between the policy of guarding against Russia by strengthening a Christian population, and that of playing into the hands of Russia by keeping the Christian natives down. Europe adopted the latter, handing a suppliant people over to ten years of corruption and misgovernment. Prince Couza is said to have left the

prisons full of persons who had never been accused or examined from mere negligence, and there was robbery in every department; when the trunks of his Minister of Police were opened, they contained diamonds that had been stolen from a lady more than twelve months before!

Notwithstanding the length at which we have already trespassed upon the reader's patience, we cannot refrain from referring to the parliamentary debate of May 4, 1858, upon the Danubian Principalities, because it illustrates but too well the way in which distant nations, who put their confidence in Britain, are sure to be disappointed in the hour of need, Englishmen generally being too ignorant of foreign affairs to have an opinion of their own, except in those few cases in which it is impossible to go wrong.

Mr. Gladstone moved that due weight and consideration should be given to the wishes which the people of the Principalities have expressed through their representatives. He quoted a saying of the late Mr. Buller, that to give a people representative institutions, without attending to their wishes, is like lighting a fire and stopping up the chimney. There can be no better barrier against Russia than the breasts of freemen. "This question is a small question to us. It comes in among matters of more popular and domestic interest. It little affects our happiness, our feelings, our families, and our households, or our public arrangements, whether we do anything or nothing, whether we keep faith or break it—that is, till the time of reckoning comes. At this present moment I grant it is a small question to us, but to them it is everything, and for the Conference next week the judgment of England is everything."

Lord R. Cecil: "On the continent of Europe our claims to be regarded as the champion of liberty are looked upon as hypocritical boasting. For, while we are loud in our professions, our practice is lax. There is now an opportunity, such as may never recur, of supporting those principles which we revere, of establishing those institutions to which we owe our own happiness, and of securing the freedom and welfare of our fellow-creatures. That opportunity has been

afforded in consequence of a pledge given by ourselves; if it be neglected and thrown away, the responsibility will lie upon us. All men will feel that it has been lost by our betrayal and our falsehood."

Lord J. Russell: "We do unfortunately often give encouragement to governments and peoples to think they will have the support of this country, and then when the time comes at which they expect our aid, we manifest a certain coldness and reserve; and our readiness to avoid the fulfilment of our engagements creates not only disappointment, but complaints that we have been wanting in good faith."

Lord Palmerston made merry with Mr. Gladstone's nice distinctions between sovereignty and *suzeraineté*. If we did not recognize the Sultan's sovereignty over the Moldo-Wallachians, we stultified ourselves. Why did the Government, of which Mr. Gladstone was a member, take up arms to resist the Russian encroachment, if Moldavia was not Turkish territory? (Cheers and laughter.) The Divan, known to be adverse to the union, had been sent about its business, and another, elected under the foreign influence, which was paramount, voted for it. "The union of Wallachia and Moldavia under a foreign prince means nothing less than their union under the sway of the Russian imperial family, or of some one dependent upon Russia."

Mr. Gladstone's motion was thrown out by 292 to 114. The *Times* supposed, probably with justice, that one of the chief considerations determining the vote was Lord Palmerston's statement that the prince to be set over the provinces would prove a Russian nominee. What, if members had known the real fact, that the Roumans had expressly bargained that their future prince should be chosen from some European dynasty not in their immediate neighborhood, in order to exclude dependants of Russia or Austria? What, if they had known that the Roumans had suggested that it would be well to choose a Protestant, and have his descendants remain Protestants, in order to avoid all danger of future matrimonial connections with the Imperial families of either Russia or Austria? The truth is, Russia dreaded the

proposed union, and the proposed degree of independence of the provinces, which would have made them an obstacle upon her path; all her known partisans and hirelings among the Roumans exerted themselves to the utmost against the agitation for Union. The Imperial Government itself, however, in order not to make itself hated irrevocably, affected to be an advocate of the Union. At the first Conference of Paris, the Russian plenipotentiary reserved his opinion till the others had spoken, and then pronounced in favor of the Rouman claims as soon as he had satisfied himself that his voice would not turn the scale in their favor. Lord Palmerston could not have served the Court of Petersburg better than he did, however little he meant it; it is not solution but confusion that Russia wants for any Turkish question, and his lordship weakened Russia's destined prey, while throwing the *onus* of the cruelty upon England. There is something strange in the good fortune of this Power; one of her children called her policy "wide as space and patient as time;" her despotic sway spreads like a glacier, cold, silent, and resistless; and the men who think themselves her enemies accomplish her purposes! Now that years have rolled on, and that many of the Moldavians, disgusted by the government of Bucharest, are beginning foolishly to agitate for a dissolution of the Union, Russia betrays her real wishes, and helps the malcontents.

At the first election of a Divan to express the wishes of the Moldavians, the Kaimakan Vogorides, a creature of Austria, acted in a way so arbitrary, that it would have been laughable if it were not odious. Seven-eighths of the electors were struck off the lists; the remnant were brought up to the poll by gendarmes, and voted under the lash. It was the Divan so created that Lord Palmerston took under his protection, and his insinuation that the second Divan, with opposite sentiments, was elected through foreign influence, was backed by the *Times* in that strong and positive tone which imposes on so many readers. Now the *Times* had apparently silenced its own correspondent when he began to tell the truth; at least his letters suddenly ceased. It

had been copying for months the falsehoods that appeared in the Austrian papers on the subject of the Principalities; but it was entitled to the copyright of the idea that a rabid anti-Unionist like Vogorides had intrigued in favor of the Union. No statesman in Europe, except Lord Palmerston, was prejudiced enough to entertain such an absurdity.

The *Saturday Review* somewhere says that Lord Palmerston had the habit of looking upon all created things as the raw material for a joke. We are persuaded that his lordship had no idea how cruelly he was denying the rights and wounding the feelings of the Roumans when he treated them as simple subjects of the Porte. He did not care to know inconvenient facts; and he was wanting in the sort of imagination that realizes the position of others. He ought to have been aware that, by a treaty the conditions of which had been executed for nearly four centuries, no Turk is allowed to buy or sell on the Rouman territory, or to build a mosque on it, or even to take up his abode in it. Is that a ridiculously subtle distinction, or one of the broadest and most palpable? If the members of the House had so much as remembered our own position in India, they would have understood that there is a very real, practical distinction between subject provinces and vassal states, and they would not have allowed a witty minister to laugh away, so far as in him lay, the rights to which millions fondly clung.

The perseverance and unanimity of the Roumans secured the union of the two provinces in spite of us; but we were able to put off for years the establishment of a foreign dynasty; and according to all appearances the attempt is now made under less favorable auspices than it would have been in 1857 or 1858. The red or extreme democratic party, which relies upon the mob in the towns, has got completely hold of Prince Charles, and the curse of brigandage is spreading over the country.

There is less religious bigotry and prejudice among the Roumans than among other races of the Turkish Empire; and as for Transylvania, it is the one country in Europe which can boast that there has never been a drop of blood

shed in it for religion's sake. The Moldo-Wallachians are very solicitous to obtain their ecclesiastical independence. In May, 1865, when the patriarchs of Constantinople sent a bishop to Bucharest to threaten excommunication for recent laws on civil marriage, the secularization of Church property, and the independence of the Rouman national Church, the prelate was sent to the frontier like a vagabond, escorted by the police.

We have been obliged to inflict this mass of details upon the reader in order that he may rest his judgment of the Eastern Question on the broad basis of facts, and on the real state of the populations. It will be well also to recall the project of distribution of the provinces of the Ottoman Empire that was discussed at Tilsit between Napoleon and Alexander I. sixty years ago. This project was known for many years but partially, from the passages that were overheard by M. de Méneval, Napoleon's secretary, and from the letters of Savary and Caulaincourt, who, when ambassadors at St. Petersburg, spoke to Napoleon of Alexander's references to that interview. Russia was to have Finland, and the provinces of the Danube as far as the Balkan; France was to have Albania and Greece; Austria was to be comforted with Bosnia and Serbia; Roumelia with the City of Constantinople was to be left to the Sultan. Alexander pleaded hard for the key of his house, as he called Constantinople; but Napoleon, starting up and looking at the map, exclaimed: "Constantinople! Constantinople! Never. It would be the empire of the world!"

At last, M. Thiers discovered a memorandum written for Alexander by M. de Romanzoff, detailing the interview, and which was forwarded to Napoleon in February, 1808, with new proposals. Alexander's scheme involves the total expulsion of the Turks. Austria to have Turkish Croatia, the Herzegovina, Bosnia, Serbia, and Macedonia, on condition of co-operating in the proposed march upon India (!). France to have Greece, Cyprus, Syria, Egypt, and the conquests in India. Russia to seize Constantinople with both the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. There is a tone of embarrassment in the memoir, implying a consciousness that its contents would

not be palatable. Alexander used to tell Caulaincourt he would leave the rest of Roumelia to whom they pleased, did they but give him Constantinople and a "cat's tongue" along the Straits. At the meeting of the Emperors at Erfurt, September, 1808, it was finally settled that Alexander should have the Roumans, and Napoleon nothing in the East; but the determination was to be kept secret in order not to arouse the Turks for the present. It was about this time, we believe, that Lord Gower and Mr. Wilson told Alexander, England was as ready as Napoleon to give him the Roumans.

M. Thiers says, "When the Russian Colossus will have one foot on the Dardanelles and another on the Sound, the Old World will be enslaved; liberty will have fled to America. This may be a chimera now for narrow minds," continues the historian, "but these melancholy anticipations will one day be realized. For Europe, awkwardly divided like the cities of Greece before the kings of Macedon, will probably have the same fate." Our policy in the East has been eminently calculated to prepare the fulfilment of this prediction; let us hope both that the policy may change and the prediction fail; but there is a geographical analogy between Greece and Europe, which struck us even in boyhood, and makes the warning more emphatic. Russia, like Macedonia, is the base of the Pyramid. The *Revue Moderne* for February, 1866, has shown good reasons against the authenticity of the document called the Testament of Peter the Great, but the policy sketched there is that which has been pursued and will be continued by Russia. Her ambition is that of a people, not merely of a court. The very conspirators of 1825 had a seal with the arms of the thirteen Slavonic nations. The antagonism of Russia and Western Europe is increasing. The Russianization of the peasants of the Baltic provinces by force or guile, is a new proof of her exclusiveness. We are separated by race, by religion, and by the principle of autocracy.

Alexander von Humboldt used to call the French "the most amiable of nations, and the most ignorant of geography," a designation the latter half of which is

amusingly illustrated by the short but rather pretending pamphlet which we have taken for our text. It speaks with anxiety of the rapid onward progress of Russia through Turkestan and the *Pam-janub*! Well, if the Muscovite has not crossed the Khyber Pass yet, he is making the best of his way to it; and since 1856, Affghan is one of the languages taught at the University of St. Petersburg. Meantime, before a Russian advanced guard will have need of Affghan guides and interpreters, the Russians intend, in military phrase, to secure their base of operation in the Turkish Empire. Be it by arms or diplomacy, the fate of the world will be decided in the valley of the Danube. As Talleyrand once said, "The centre of gravity is there; the Rhine has lost its old political significance."

It appears that when Alexander and Napoleon were in thought dividing the spoil of the Osmanli, they considered themselves obliged to admit Austria to a very respectable share. In truth, if we had to look outside of the Turkish Empire for an heir to its territories, a more suitable one than Austria could not be found. She is already a kind of Christian Turkey, embracing populations of different races, languages, and religions, and these precisely akin to the Roumans, Servians, Croats, &c. If the Turks were driven from Europe, one could cross the Austrian frontier at almost any point for a length of six hundred miles without perceiving from the language and aspect of the people that one had entered a different country. Nor would this great accession of power to the House of Hapsburg be a danger to the rest of Europe; such an arrangement necessarily supposes compensation given to Prussia in Germany, to England and France in the Levant, in Asia, and in Africa, and the Italian Tyrol ceded to Italy. Even Russia would allow herself to be bought off with Moldo-Wallachia, rather than make war with united Europe; nor could she try to be beforehand with us at Constantinople, if a natural fortress like Transylvania were in the hands of enemies threatening her communications. As far as the simple balance of power is concerned, it would seem really secured by such a distribution of territory. Russia, Austro-Greece, United Germany,

France, would then remain military powers practically equal, and wars of aggrandizement in Europe would apparently have ceased forever.

We have no confidence in the success of this, at first sight, promising scheme. Our objection is not its magnitude. It may deal with imperial territories and millions of people, as if they were gold pieces to be swept off the green table by the shovel of a Hapsburg banker; but the English mind has a natural distaste for these operations, and is unwilling without some overpoweringly urgent reason to consider the reconstruction of the map of the world. But in any great crisis petty tinkering measures are the most expensive. Our political education is wholesome for ourselves, but it makes us bad judges of what is to be done in cases of urgency for larger and less healthy organizations than our own, and we are apt to advise a change of diet where amputation is necessary. While we are turning the cushions and trying to keep up an equable temperature in the sick man's room, his death may surprise us unprepared.

Our objection to this scheme is that it would be unjust. It would be a renewal of the iniquities of the Congress of Vienna, a disposal of whole populations against their wills. The very relationship of the races on both sides of the frontier, which helps to give the plan its most plausible aspect, is really the strongest reason against its execution. These people know Austria too well, and the experiences of their brethren under her sway make the Slavonic Christians of the East prefer remaining as they are, with a chance of becoming one day their own masters, to being incorporated in her empire. The repugnance of the Roumans and the Greeks to the proposed changes would be still stronger. Until of late, every Turkish pasha who oppressed the Christians under his government, was sure to have the countenance of Austria. The order in which the down-trodden nations of the East hate their neighbors, is that in which they are in contact. The Fanariot Greeks are hated most, then the Turks, the Austrians, the English.

The question of right is in our eyes paramount to all considerations of expediency, but we are also convinced that

honesty is the best policy in all spheres, and that political justice will be found in practice to be identical with political expediency. Were we to repeat the misdeeds of the Congress of Vienna, our work would go to pieces as theirs is doing. However convenient it may appear to make our calculations without calling into council the millions who are most concerned in the matter, they would one day force us to reckon with them. Instead of pacifying Europe, we should have an Eastern Question still unsettled, and thirty millions of discontented Austrian subjects; that is to say, the thirteen millions now under the Turks, with the already existing seventeen millions of Austrian Slavonians, all ready to rebel at any moment Russia should give the signal.

If indeed the question could be shelved for one or two generations, and if during the interval Austria reversed all her traditions, as she seems at this moment disposed to do, then there might be some hope that the nations upon the Danube would submit with a good grace. But it is to be feared there will not be time to make the experiment: the rayas are in a hurry to be emancipated, and Austria, so far from being in a condition to claim the succession of Turkey, may have to struggle for existence at home. The fact is, there are two Eastern Questions, there are two illustrious patients. The causes that are bringing Turkey to certain dissolution are threatening Austria likewise. Prince Metternich passed his life in perpetual fear of liberal propagandism on the one hand, and Panславist propagandism on the other; the emancipation of Italy and the peaceful revolution in the principles of government at Vienna have fully justified his fear of the former, and the latter has never been so open, so aggressive, and so successful as it is now.

The numerical majority of Austrian subjects are Slavonians, and they consider themselves as sacrificed to the Germans on one hand, and the Magyars on the other. All Europe remembers how the Croats and Servians under Jellachich and Stratirowitz helped to crush the Italians, the Viennese, and the Magyars, in 1848 and 1849; it was a nationality long trodden down and forgotten, rising for the first time in the consciousness of its

strength. All these kindred races, Poles of Galicia, Czechs of Bohemia, Slovacks of Carinthia and Carniola, Croats and Serbs, consent to the separate position of Hungary, only because they are convinced that this is a step in the direction of the satisfaction of their own pretensions likewise. Francis Joseph has been reconciled to his Hungarian subjects; they are willing to bear their share of the burdens of the empire, and of debts which had not been legally contracted. At his coronation, a year ago, he stood upon a mound composed of sods from every county; when he swore to observe their ancient constitution, he put on the crown of Stephen, donned the mantle of Gisella, put his horse to full gallop, and cut the air with his sabre northward, southward, eastward, and westward. All this is archæological and picturesque in the highest degree, but the constitution thus inaugurated was restored as a matter of right and not of favor: the monarch practically confessed that he had been acting as a usurper ever since he ascended the throne, and his non-Magyar subjects jealously note every concession, that they may claim an equivalent. In Hungary there are seven languages spoken from the River Save to the Carpathians. M. de Beust has restored the De Smerling constitution on this side of the Leitha, but each subject nation looks upon the welfare of the empire at large as secondary to its individual interests and aspirations. Like the Irish, they rake up grievances of centuries ago. They look as if they had just awakened after sleeping for ages, and advance claims incompatible with each other. Nothing less will satisfy them than special ministers of their own, and diets on a footing of equality with those of Vienna and Pesth; that is—a reversal of the compromise recently effected, and the reorganization of the empire as a federal state, with five diets and as many ministers.

So completely does the feeling of nationality outweigh all other considerations, that when a deputation of the Croatian Diet held conferences last May with a deputation of the Hungarian Diet, with a view to come to an understanding, the Roman Catholic bishop of Agram proclaimed openly, that if it was necessary for a union with the other

South Slavonian races, he would not hesitate to go over with his flock to the Greek Church. The Czechs are the most resolute and noisy of all these peoples. They claim the prerogatives of the old kingdom of St. Wenceslaus, though there are two centuries and a half of proscription against them. They number about four millions and a half, being two-thirds of the population of Bohemia and Moravia, and they have accepted the advances of Russia with more eagerness than any of their brethren.

The *Gazette* of Moscow formally opened the Panslavist campaign on the seventeenth of last February in the following words:

"The new era exhibits its features at last, and it is for us Russians that it has a special meaning; it is indeed our own. It summons to life a new world that had hitherto remained in the shade, and in expectation of the fulfilment of its destinies—the Græco-Slavonic world. After centuries passed in resignation and in slavery, this world is at last on the eve of renovation, races long forgotten and long oppressed are waking into light and preparing for action. The present generation will see great changes, great facts, and great formations. Already upon the Peninsula of the Balkan, and under the worm-eaten stratum of Ottoman tyranny, there arise three groups of strong and living nationality, the Greeks, the Slavons and the Roumans. Closely connected by the unity of their faith and of their heroic destinies, these three are equally bound to Russia by the ties of religious and national life. As soon as these three groups of nations shall have been reconstituted, Russia will be revealed under a light altogether new. She will be no longer alone in the world; instead of a sombre Asiatic power, of which she has had hitherto at least the appearance, she will become a moral force indispensable to Europe. The Græco-Slavonic civilization will complete that of the Latino-Germans, which without it would remain imperfect and inert in its barren exclusiveness."

This manifesto only addressed itself directly to the Christian subjects of Turkey, but the great exhibition of Moscow soon took a wider range. At first the undertaking was called an *ethnological exhibition*; it humbly proposed to exhibit the costumes, arms, furniture of the various Slavonic groups, with the fauna and flora of the countries they inhabit, a number of photographs of persons honored by being considered characteristic types of the several branches

of the family, and finally, dissertations on scientific and administrative questions. But it gradually came to be called the *Slavonic Congress*, and speeches upon political subjects had a large place even in the public proceedings, suggestive of the still larger attention which was doubtless paid to interests of this order in private.

It is remarkable that Poland, though the most illustrious member of the Slavonic family, was not recognized by name at the exhibition; the costumes from that country were called Mazovian, Cracovian, Samogitian, Lithuanian, etc. The deputies from the districts of Austria were received in great state at the frontier, travelled in first-class carriages at the Czar's expense, and drank champagne which was universally pronounced genuine and excellent. They had places in the front row of the theatres, and fraternized in banquets at Warsaw and Wilna, to the indignation of the Poles, who said their western and southern brethren were talking sentiment over the bleeding body of unhappy Poland with the men who had murdered her.

The Emperor Alexander's words of welcome, so chosen as to be intelligible in all the Slavonic dialects, and for that reason doubtless very brief, were no sooner spoken than they were transmitted by the telegraph to Prague, Agram, and Belgrade; but this witness of ethnological unity stood in somewhat unfortunate contrast to the fact that the deputies in general were obliged to speak German, in order to understand each other freely. The most enthusiastic were the Czechs, including Palasky, author of a celebrated History of Bohemia, and who had once declared that if Austria had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent her; Saffarik also, the learned author of the Antiquities of Bohemia.

During the festivities at Moscow, the Gospel idea of *one fold and one shepherd* was a favorite illustration in every kind of decoration. A lame attempt was made to intercede for Poland, "our absent sister," but the speakers merely saved their consciences, without any earnestness, and the strength of the attraction exercised by Russia may be estimated by their practical acquiescence in her cruel tyranny. The cards delivered for admission to the exhibition, had

views of six of the principal cities of what the Moscow folks considered to be Slavonic territory, including Prague, Belgrade, and Constantinople. The most inflammatory toasts were drunk, and speeches made at the banquet of Socolniki, where the flag of Cyril and Methodius, the early Greek missionaries, spread its ample folds over the heads of the guests. "Let us be united in one compact body," shouted one speaker, "and the name of this great people will be—the giant." Another, M. Rieger of Bohemia, said, "All nations manifest their greatness upon the world's theatre in succession. It is now the turn of the Slavons. Russian brethren, it is for you to take the first place in this work of resurrection. Colossal nation! It was you who brought on the catastrophe of Napoleon, when all Europe had precipitated itself upon you, and it is for you now to take the offensive, and deliver the South Slavons from the Ottoman yoke. Let Russia accomplish her mission, and all the Slavons will bow before her. Hurrah for Russia!"

The *Russian Invalid* said that Russia was politically disinterested in all these advances made to her weaker brethren, that she only wanted to assist the Slaves in their reaction against the nationalities that are absorbing them. But the deputies were encouraged to make their complaints, and to ask for help, and were told to hope for a better future. They mourned in concert over the defeats of Kossovo and Weissenberg, which had delivered up the Serbs and Czechs to their several masters, as if they had been catastrophes of yesterday. They celebrated the battle of Sadowa, because it bid fair to prepare the emancipation of the Austria Slaves. In short, everything was said that could rouse the subjects of Turkey to immediate insurrection, and prepare those of Austria for future incorporation. And this, in an empire where the police has the control of everything, and no spontaneity is allowed, and in an age in which dreams speedily become realities, from Sicily to Schleswig-Holstein. It is all very well to talk of moral influence and ethnological sympathies, but monarchs, like husbands, should beware of strangers who profess a platonic affection for those belonging to them. It was only in 1858 that Wil-

liam I. said, "Prussia must make moral conquests in Germany!"

On the dissolution of the Congress, a permanent committee was formed "for the interests of Slavonic Unity," under the Grand Duke Constantine as its president. The Czechs are very proud of their ancient tongue, which was made the diplomatic language of Germany by the Emperor Charles IV. in his golden bull of A.D. 1336, and the literature of which has been exhumed from the grave in the present century with much difficulty, on account of the illiberal Austrian censorship. The Servians are equally enthusiastic for their dialect, so rich in poetry, ancient and modern, but which has received a uniform orthography, and has been recognized as the classic language of all the Southern Slavonians, only within the last thirty or five-and-thirty years. Both races, however, consented by their representatives at Moscow to let Russian be the common language of the whole family, and this has since been abundantly ratified in the different centres. Four editions of a Russian grammar were printed in one month at Prague last autumn. The newspaper columns were full of Russian themes. The sokols, or musical and gymnastic societies in the Slavonian districts of Austria, have adopted the Russian costume. Russian theatres are being introduced in the towns; and the national air, "God protect the Czar," is played with such zeal as a marked political demonstration, that the police at Laibach, wisely or unwisely, thought itself obliged to prohibit it. The two millions and a half of Gallician Poles are the only Slavonians among her subjects upon whom Austria can reckon as incorruptible by her rival; the two millions of Ruthenians beside them belong to the Greek Church, and their priests are chiefly educated in Russia.

All this is very serious. As men who have been supposed to enjoy tolerable health sometimes surprise their neighbors by dying sooner than well-known valetudinarians beside them, so it is not absolutely impossible that Austria may go before Turkey. There is in Turkey at least the nucleus of a people, and one that has the instinct of command. Austria is but a court; its Germans threaten to escape in one direction; its Slavonians

in another; its Hungarians are Magyars; there are no Austrians. A publicist in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Julian Klaczko, reminds the Austrian Government that Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland were one for a part of the fifteenth century, and that the reconstruction of Poland would be the radical way of resisting Russian aggression; but such a bold and truly imperial policy as this would require for its execution a genius greater than has ever glowed in the breast of a Hapsburg. And then Austria is almost bankrupt; she is like Turkey in finances as in all the rest. With the exception of the year 1817 there has been a deficit growing ever since 1781. Had she the millions that were thrown away in coercing Italy, she would now be solvent.

The Magyars have forgiven Austria; forgiven the enormities that drove four of Hungary's noblest children, Batthiany, Petefi, Teleki, Szechenyi, all of them to put an end to their own lives. This is an immense gain, but it also involves future difficulties, for Austria must eschew Magyar supremacy or she is lost, and the races that are determined to assert their independence of the Magyars are so mixed up with them that it is almost impossible to unravel the former and make them the material for distinct organizations. The Court of Vienna must in the first place satisfy the Croats and Servians, etc., without disgusting the Magyars. Its old traditional policy of reigning by dividing is telling against it, for it has now to reign by reconciling. The second condition of salvation for the empire is the carrying to the utmost the principles of liberty and self-government; it must offer such advantages as completely to outbid Russia, and outweigh the feeling of common origin. This is hard for an empire nurtured in despotism, but it is not impossible.

The condition of Europe as a whole is this—the Latins and Germans are irrevocably broken up into distinct nations, while the ninety millions of Slavonians menace us with the formation of one great aggressive empire. Europe should strain every nerve to hinder this. Turkey and Austria are the two sickly Powers, the former at least moribund, the existence of which saves us for the present. We should by all means sustain

these frail barriers as long as we can ; but we should do it in such a way as not to spoil the future of the stronger barriers that are growing up behind them. The Slavonian populations themselves had rather be their own masters than the subjects of Russia. In that lies the safety of Europe ; in their right lies our might. It is possible that there may be one day a confederacy of minor States, occupying the whole of South-eastern Europe, instead of both Austria and Turkey, doing efficiently and unassisted that which Austria and Turkey are now doing badly. We think with Mr. Gladstone that there is no barrier like the breast of freemen ; it is our materialism that hinders us from conceiving any States but big ones ; small States present this advantage, on the contrary, that once established it is always their interest that the peace of the world should be kept up.

But we must not speculate. We want an Austria so liberal as to be the model and envy of Europe, and we want to help the Christian subjects of Turkey to gradual emancipation, as far as it can be done without forcing Turkey to a death struggle. The nation in possession should have fair play ; if they can maintain themselves, it is just that they should be allowed to do so. If they cannot, then the native Christian populations must have fair play. In our eyes they are the hope of the East. They could not be transferred to Austria with either justice or safety, and if they are to be hindered from throwing themselves into the arms of Russia, they must learn to look upon united Europe as their friend.

Our exposition of facts has been inordinately long ; but our conclusions may be expressed as briefly as possible, because they suggest themselves at once while we are in the very act of surveying the facts. They may be put in M. Guizot's words. Our policy should be, "To maintain the Ottoman Empire in order to keep up the balance of power in Europe ; and where, from the force of things, from the natural course of events, some dismemberment occurs, some province detaches itself from this decaying empire, then to favor the transformation of this province into a new and independent sovereignty to take its place in

the family of States, and one day to contribute to a new balance of power."

Such a policy would after some time issue in the natural distribution of the territory of Turkey in Europe according to the various predominating populations. The boundaries of Roumania are already settled ; there would be according to circumstances either one or two Servian principalities ; Bulgaria would be extended southward over a considerable part of Macedonia and Thrace. The Greeks and Albanians would possess the whole space south of a line drawn a little below the forty-second degree of north latitude, and for military reasons should have what the Czar Alexander I. called a *cat's tongue* on the Asiatic side of both the Straits. It would have been desirable to give the keeping of such a position as Constantinople to a stronger nation than one which would then number a little under five millions ; but in politics as in all other spheres we must cut our coat according to our cloth. We are obliged to put up with Denmark, a nation of a million and a half, as guardian of the corresponding position, the Sound ; and similarly in the case of the Bosphorus we must even content ourselves with the means that are upon the spot. Most assuredly a free people of thrice the population of Denmark would be a stronger barrier against Russia than Turkey is now ; most assuredly, as St. Mark Girardin says, it would be as easy for Europe to protect a cradle as it is for it now to protect a coffin.

Geographically, Europe and Asia look towards each other. From Alexander the Great to Mahomet—that is, for nine centuries and a half—there had been peace between them. Then came a period of wasting and cruel war for eight centuries, until the Greeks, selfishly neglected by Europe, were allowed to succumb. The position is one of vital importance for the equality of the nations, and therefore for the order and happiness of the world. In ordinary times, Europe can by vigilance and determination protect the Turks against a Russian surprise ; but let any great quarrel arise in Western or Central Europe, Russia will seize the opportunity at once and take possession of Constantinople with the applause of thirty millions of Turkish and Austrian subjects. To leave matters

thus may be in accordance with all diplomatic tradition, but it is sheer stupidity, and every difficulty eluded to-day will become an increasing danger to-morrow. If a confederacy of five Powers, with more than sixteen millions of inhabitants, held the place of European Turkey, with recognized rights and liberties of their own to defend, the dangers of Panslavism would be set aside forever, and no temporary disturbances in Europe would encourage Russia to attack it.

Let us add, however reasonable it may seem to judge of the capacities of the Greeks by what they have done or left undone in Greece proper, the estimate is not the less false. The Greeks would have been wise if they had suspended all ambitious projects for a time, and given themselves wholly to the improvement of the emancipated part of their country, and to the payment of their debt. They would not then have left their country without roads, their plains undrained, and Maina and other districts in a state of utter barbarism. They should have justified their pretensions to extend their narrow limits by moral and material conquests at home. But we ought not to refuse our sympathies altogether to the dethroned monarch, who, when he has recovered one province, neglects it in a certain degree in his efforts to recover the whole. In any case we are not to judge of the energy he would display in the government of the whole by the partial failure of his intermitting efforts for the prosperity of the emancipated province, when his thoughts were elsewhere. As long as Greece remains cramped within its present dimensions, it cannot find its own resources, its army will be disproportionately large, it will be a petty focus of intrigue and dissatisfaction.

As to the immediate question of Crete, the principle we have explained would lead us of course to make it over to Greece. The Constantinopolitan correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom* said, in December, 1866:

"In my opinion, the time has not come to take up the Eastern Question as a whole, and settle it. It would now have to be done by force, and the bloodshed which would follow, in the way of massacres all over Turkey, would be terrible. The Eastern Ques-

tion can be arranged without bloodshed, and nothing but the selfish views of certain Powers leads them to urge this question now.

"But there is a special question which may be taken up at once, and which may be made the key to the whole difficulty. The Cretan Question is a practical and tangible one. If the European Powers would interfere, and secure the independence or the semi-independence of Crete, the Eastern Question would be so far in the way of settlement. If it be said that such interference would encourage other islands and other provinces to revolt, I would reply, very good: let them revolt, one by one, and one by one secure the same relative position. It would not be twenty years before the whole question would have settled itself. The Turks would gradually make up their minds to submit to fate; and European Turkey would be divided into several powerful Christian kingdoms. The Turkish Empire would thus disintegrate naturally, without any violent shock, and without exciting the fanaticism of Islam. I believe that such a settlement would be far more favorable to the religious, as well as to the social and political condition of the people, than any forcible interference on the part of the Great Powers of Europe."

The Ottoman and Egyptian armies in Crete have been wasted away by disease, and the Porte, by entertaining the thought of a cession to Egypt, has shown that it despaired of being able to retain this ravaged, famishing wilderness for itself. It is only for the example's sake that it will not consent to put Greece in possession. Four Powers have virtually consented to its doing so; the recommendation of Austria and England would be decisive. Every Province that we can separate from the Turkish Empire will escape its wreck, every province that we retain by force secures it but a momentary respite; we loosen the knot upon the neck of the hanging man, we make his suffocation a little slower, but we can neither untie nor cut the rope.

Could the Cretan insurrection be suppressed, it would be the utter ruin of Greece, whose communes have already taxed themselves to support the helpless thousands and tens of thousands cast upon their shores, and who in that case would also be filled with desperate men giving themselves up to brigandage and piracy. But this will not happen; the Cretans can keep up a perpetual war from their impregnable fastnesses, as the Mainotes did of old in the Morea. There were

Cretan deputies at the conference secretly held at Gythium by Djanim-Bey, in 1797, when General Bonaparte was encouraging the Greeks to insurrection. The late King Leopold thought Crete so necessary to Greece, that he made its cession one condition of his acceptance of the throne when it was offered to him. The Cretans rose in 1821, and did not altogether lay down their arms until 1830; and now they have nothing more to lose, and it is evident that they are determined. If we force them to accept a semi-independence, they will dissemble for a little moment, and then use it to give themselves to Greece.

In the present state of the Turkish Empire, it were much to be wished that the British Government and capitalists lost no time in constructing the Euphrates Valley Railway. Within a few years, at latest in less than ten, Varna, Galatz, and Odessa, will be in communication with the West of Europe. The result of this, from mere trade expansion, will be the formation of closer bonds between Asia and Western Europe. The Russians will within the same time have finished the line from Poti on the Black Sea to Tiflis; this must speedily be prolonged to the Caspian, and bring Teheran within a week's journey from London. The effect, as the *Saturday Review* remarks, will be, that, "by taking instantly in hand a line of railway from the Caspian to the Indus Valley, following the present route of commerce by Meshed, Herat and Candahar, we should in five or six years' time from this, have a through railway from London to India." That is to say, a railway passing through Russian territory, and opening the way for Russian armies to India. We trust the engineer who will make that railway is not yet born; but just because we do not wish the construction of the wrong road to India, we ought to anticipate it by making the right one. The way by the North of Syria and the valley of the Euphrates, would be the most direct route for Indian commerce. It would offer troops and civil travellers a route free from the intense and unwholesome heats of the Red Sea. It would offer a transit for goods to Persia, altogether out of the reach of the Russians; and if, in case of war, a Russian army reached it, the command of the Persian Gulf would

be necessary to make it a road for them to India. Were such a railway in existence at the moment of the final break-up of the Ottoman power in Asia, it would give England ground for insisting upon the appropriation of the soil it occupied, and without much political complication we should travel the whole overland route through our own possessions.

Tribune Correspondence.

"WHAT IS TURKEY!"

As the breaking up and dismemberment of the Turkish Empire cannot be far off, it must be a matter of interest to present a condensed view of the great facts which make up this vast empire of races and religions.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

Its territory is seven or eight times as large as that of France. The territories of ancient and mighty kingdoms are embraced in it—Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace, Dacia, the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, Phenice, Palestine, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Lybia, Carthage. In all these vast regions it has a population of about thirty-six millions.

But its spacious African possessions are, for the most part, vast deserts of sand. Egypt is rather a weakness than a strength. Arabia and Kurdistan are hardly subject to government. The Danubian Provinces are nearly independent. All European Turkey is following in the same track. The revolted Greek Island Crete cannot be subdued. *Asia Minor* alone is *Turkey*. It is the whole strength of Turkey. All the rest is weakness, not strength.

In order to keep the rest of the Empire together Asia Minor is drained of its men and money to an extent that is itself destructive. But we must look at the *races* that constitute the population of Turkey in order to comprehend the mystery of an Empire of 36,000,000 unable to subdue a small island of its own revolted subjects.

The population is composed of the following *eight* chief races. Although we have no exact statistics, the following estimate is the most trustworthy we can obtain, and is sufficiently exact for our purpose:

1. Then we have the Osmanlee race. They are called by Gibbon Turkmen,

whence the term Turk. They call themselves *Osmanlees* from Osman or Othman, founder of the present dynasty; whence the term Ottoman, and the usual designation "Ottoman Empire." This race is of Tartar origin. More than eight centuries ago under Toquel Bey these Turkimans or Tartars crossed the Euphrates, subverted, eventually, the empire of the Caliphs, and some centuries later (A. D. 1453) the empire of the Greeks, and made Europe tremble. It numbers, say 12,000,000 or 13,000,000, of whom 1,000,000 may be in European Turkey, and a far smaller number in Africa. It is as much a unit in religion as in blood. In eight centuries fewer of this race have swerved from the faith than can be affirmed of any other race or religion known to history. It is the ruling race; it is a strong race; it is naturally patient, has wonderful powers of endurance, not naturally cruel; when "the beast" is roused it is the *tiger*, not the *lion*.

2. We have the Arab race occupying the southern portion of Asiatic Turkey. There may be five or five and a half millions in which the Arabic is the language; those who speak it are not all Arabs. This portion of the Empire does not furnish military material in men and money sufficient for its government and defence.

3. The Kurdish race inhabiting the mountains of Kurdistan. They are a poor, wild, thievish race, separated into tribes difficult to subdue and govern. They furnish but few soldiers to the army, and may be *guessed at* as one million.

4. The Armenian race amounting, perhaps, to two and a half millions, in Asia Minor. The Armenians are an industrious and capable race. They furnish many favorite and trusted employés of government. They are equally adapted to the useful arts and to commerce. They are heavily taxed, but as a Christian race they furnish nothing to the rank and file of the army.

We shall speak of the Greeks and other races in connection with European Turkey. The first, second, and third of the above-named races are Mohammedan. But their faith has never made them a homogeneous people. They are just as separate now as they were 400 or 800 years ago. But the key to the fate of Turkey lies here in the fact that the military service of the Empire is almost

wholly performed by the Osmanlee race. The army of 300,000 is a tremendous drain upon it. Heavy taxation and every possible form of maladministration come in to increase the burden. Poverty is frightfully increasing. Maladministration, taxation, and oppression are increasing. You can hardly find an Osmanlee village or city in Asia Minor which does not show signs of dilapidation. You will find two houses tumbling down and abandoned where you will find one new one going up. I could show you whole villages in ruins, inhabited only by storks and owls. The Government finds more and more difficulty to keep up the army. Its public debt is rapidly increasing. Its finances are getting hopelessly involved. The army among the peasantry, polygamy among the wealthy, and misgovernment everywhere, are *using up* the Osmanlee or Turkish race. It has gone beyond redemption. England cannot save it. It will not need Russia to destroy it. It is slowly destroying itself. European politics may delay but cannot prevent its fall. It is gravitating downward with the silent certainty and resistless force of a great law of nature.

For the Eclectic Magazine.

THE SEYCHELLES.

BY LIEUT. COMMANDER W. W. MACLAY, U. S. N.

LEAVING Madagascar, a sail of a few degrees to the north brought us to a small group of islands close to the Equator known as the Seychelles, which are too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Away to the south-west are many small islands, for the most part uninhabited, and these, together with extensive reefs, are broken links of a chain that connect the Archipelago, of which the Seychelles form the eastern group, with Madagascar and the African coast. Malte-Brun has remarked that the part of the Indian Ocean which extends from the coast of Zanguebar to that of Malabar, and from Arabia to the Seychelles and Maldives, forms a kind of separate sea, or, as it may be called, a mediterranean sea.

An immense shoal or bank, formed of coral and sand, here stretches from north to south, for two hundred miles,

and from east to west from thirty to forty miles. Upon this plateau, the Seychelles have formed, and at one of them, the island of Mahé, we now dropped anchor.

It is the island in this archipelago chiefly visited, many of the others being little else than rocky islets rising abruptly out of the sea, and separated by narrow channels. The number of coral reefs in the harbor, extending for some distance from the shore, and lying but a little way below the surface of the water, rendered landing at one time difficult. These obstacles have been in a measure overcome by a long stone jetty built out from the land. England, in pursuance of a policy inaugurated as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, acquired possession of these islands with the capture of Mauritius, of which they are dependencies. The authority of the crown is represented in this little colony by a civil commissioner, a pleasant elderly gentleman who met us at the landing, and who I noticed, either regardless or oblivious of the changes of fashion, still adhered at this time, and in this out of the way part of the world, to knee buckles and knee breeches. Passing along the shore on my way to the town, I saw on the beach several enclosures, or pens, filled with large turtles, each weighing, as I conjectured, from one hundred to two hundred pounds. These enclosures were built near the sea, by which they were flooded at high tide, and contained a great many turtles, certainly not less than a thousand. Their flesh supplies the crews of vessels touching here with a needed luxury, and their shells enter largely into the export trade of the island.

The little unpretending town is built upon two principal streets, one running along the edge of the sea, and crossed by the other at right angles, and extending towards the range of granite hills, which occupy the centre of the island, nowhere attaining a greater height than four hundred feet. The only edifice of any pretension is the pretty little Episcopal church, a substantial structure, with thick walls, large windows, and wide doors to allow a free circulation of air, so indispensable in these hot climates. Here I heard a very good sermon in French, the language univer-

sally spoken in the island. In 1743, the French explored the Seychelles, with a view to colonization and cultivation. The island has derived its name from Mahé de Bourdonnais, a former Governor of Mauritius, under whose auspices the exploration was conducted.

This well known commander, whose name occupies so large a space in the history of the contest of the maritime European nations for commercial supremacy in India, was born of obscure parents at St. Malo, in 1699. This little seaport—the birthplace of Chateaubriand, whose tomb upon the desolate rocky point of *Petit Bè* overlooks the sea—has been distinguished for centuries as a nursery of adventurous sailors. Such was its repute in this respect in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, that usage required that the vessel which carried the flag of the Lord High Admiral should have none but natives of St. Malo among its officers, marines, and sailors. Many a boy has been made a sailor by reading Robinson Crusoe, and Bourdonnais, listening to the tales of foreign lands, which have a magic charm for the young, followed the bent of so many others of his townsmen, and went as a common sailor in a merchant ship to the South Sea when only ten years of age.

Genius, talent, capacity, force of character, or whatever else it may be called, is the monopoly of no condition, and is displayed to the highest advantage when struggling with poverty and dangers. A second voyage to the Philippines brought the friendless boy in contact with a Jesuit, who perceived his thirst for knowledge, and from whom he learned mathematics in its application to navigation. In after voyages he became a proficient in engineering, and, entering the French East India Company as a second lieutenant, he rose from rank to rank; but his name first became famous as the captain of a vessel in a small French squadron, under the command of M. de Pardaillan, which appeared before Mahé in 1725. As the commander surveyed its high hills and the formidable aspect of the entrance to its rock-defended harbor, he hesitated what to do. While in this state of mind, Bourdonnais proposed to him to construct a raft and land the troops from it

under the protection of a fire from the squadron. The place was accordingly carried by storm in this way, Bourdonnais leading the attacking party. His commander appreciated the ingenuity and daring courage of the young officer, and with a generosity rare among the French leaders at that period in these seas, he hit upon a novel expedient to express his gratitude. In giving an account of the exploit, by the substitution of one letter for another, he changed the Indian word Mahi into Mahé, the first name of La Bourdonnais, by which it has ever since been known.

So satisfactory were the reports of the expedition to which we have referred, that it was determined to plant a colony in the island of Mahé. This was not accomplished, however, until 1768, when a French settlement was formed, and the settlers devoted themselves more particularly, and with much success, to the cultivation of clove and nutmeg trees.

The greater part of the population are blacks, and, out of 6,000, there are only 600 whites, who reside for the most part in the town, or in the vicinity of the narrow gorge between the hills in which it is built. These islands are named in the old Portuguese maps the Seven Brothers, although there are some thirty in the group, Praslin, La Dique, Silhouette and Curieuse being among the largest, but inferior in population, extent, and importance to Mahé, which is sixteen miles in length and from three to five in width. Its excellent water, fine harbor, and remarkable exemption from storms, make it a resort for whalers. The climate is delightful, the range of the thermometer being between 64° and 84° Fahrenheit, and the heat so tempered by the refreshing sea breeze that it is not oppressively felt.

I made a pedestrian excursion through the island, taking the road that leads in a southern direction from the town. In general the face of the country is broken and diversified. One cannot fail to remark the number of boulders of solid granite which have been precipitated down the mountains. These present themselves in masses of from fifty to two hundred tons, and in the most fantastic forms and positions.

The island swarms with insect life.

As I walked along the road, my attention was drawn to what appeared to me a leaf lying upon the ground, but which suddenly, as if animated with a will of its own, began to move away. It proved to be one of the curiosities of these islands, a small insect called the *mouche feuille*, or fly leaf. It is about an inch and a half long, and so closely does it resemble a leaf in shape, color, and the veins or fibres on its surface, that until you see it walking around, you could not believe it was anything else. My own impressions were not singular, but are confirmed by others. The author of a recent very agreeable, gossipy work, entitled "Sketches of Scenery and Society in Mauritius," thus refers to one of these curious insects, which he saw at a horticultural show in that island: "It came from the Seychelles Islands; that is all I know about it. I cannot give its specific name. We all know that many animals, especially of the mantis family, take the form and color of their particular food or dwelling-place, often one and the same thing. A small shrub in a pot stood in the middle of a table, and I went purposely to look for this wonderful insect which had been minutely described to me. But although I bent my eyes most attentively on the plant, it was not till the creature moved that I distinguished it, so strictly was it the fac-simile of the leaf, which was a beautiful one, of a bright green, with streaks of metal-like golden yellow."

The scenery which everywhere met the eye was glowing and gorgeous even for the tropics. The road winds along the base of the range of mountains already mentioned, now over some rude bridge, spanning a stream that, rushing through an opening in the hills, finds an outlet into the harbor, and again through some avenue or grove of cocoa-nut palms, whose plume-like leaves offer a grateful shelter from the rays of the sun. Looking toward the harbor, you see the pretty little islands of St. Anne and Cave—their outlines sharply cut in the bright blue sky; the sea breaking on some distant shoal, the vessels riding quietly at anchor, formed a very picturesque scene, and one worthy of being transferred to the canvas by the pencil which gave us "Venus rising from the sea."

The fertility of the island is attested

in the number, variety, and richness of its productions. Among them are rice, coffee, tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane, maize, cucumbers, melons, pepper, the india-rubber tree, the lime, the aloe, the pineapple, the banana, the bread-fruit, the nutmeg, and the clove, while the forests contain trees the wood of which is as solid as ebony, and susceptible of as high a polish. But the tree for which the Seychelles Archipelago is chiefly famed, which is indigenous to it, and bears a fruit not found in any other part of the world, of which fabulous stories were told, and to which fabulous virtues were at one time attributed, is that variety of the cocoa-nut palm called the *cocoa-de-mer*, although it is also known under other names, as the Maldivé cocoa-nut, double cocoa-nut, *nux medica*, etc.

The cocoa-nut acquired the name of *cocoa-de-mer*, literally, cocoa of the sea, from the fact that it was picked up at sea long anterior to the discovery of the Seychelles, and was supposed, from its curious shape, to be a product of the ocean. Indeed, Rumphius speaks of it as "a wonderful miracle of nature, the most rare of marine productions." The Malays went a step further, and asserted that the palm, which bore this fruit, was often seen at the bottom of the sea, but vanished as soon as the diver swam towards it. The negro priests improved upon this story, and affirmed that "its submarine branches harbored an enormous griffin, which nightly came to shore, and seizing elephants and tigers, carried them off to its nest as a prey, and not satisfied with that, attacked such ships as came near to the spot, and devoured the luckless mariners." Immense prices were often paid for a single nut. For poisons it was deemed an antidote, and for epilepsy a cure. Among the Maldivé Islands, to which it was sometimes wafted by the currents from the place of its growth, it was considered the property of the king, and the punishment of death was inflicted upon any one in whose possession it was found. The discovery of the Seychelles dispelled these illusions, but it was long before this palm was accurately delineated and described. Even now, the fact that it produces this variety of the cocoa-nut is all that we know; but the cause we can no more explain than we can ac-

count for the medicinal virtues of a tree being at one time found in its leaves, and in another in its bark. The nut is a double cocoa-nut, and presents the appearance of two ordinary cocoa-nuts, joined together at the side, and each one weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The tree does not bear fruit until it is thirty or forty years old, and even after the fruit appears, it requires seven more years before it falls from the tree by reason of ripeness. Its immense leaves, twenty feet long by ten broad, and the towering height it attains, sometimes one hundred feet, render it one of the noblest productions of the vegetable kingdom. The age of the tree is very easily ascertained, as the new leaf, which is formed and falls annually, leaves a scar or ring, each one the representative of a year's growth. There is one of these trees in the Botanical Garden in Mauritius which has all the appearance of a young plant, although known to be between thirty and forty years old.

During the last half century, many attempts have been made to enrich the botanical collections of England by the introduction of the double cocoa-nut palm among them. Such efforts have almost uniformly proved abortive, owing to the long voyage, the want of accurate knowledge of the structure of the young plant, the mode of its growth, and the number of years (estimated at a dozen) required before it passes through what has been termed its infant state. J. Smith, a former curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, states that the only plant of this species known to him in England, is one in the Botanical Garden, Liverpool.

The lines of Waller, inapplicable to the islands which they purport to describe, are literally true of the Seychelles,

"Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same tree live,
At once they promise, and at once they give."

But even while inhaling the spice-odored air, and looking at the evergreen landscape, my mind reverted to that law of compensation by which Providence has balanced the good and ill of tropical and temperate regions. There are many things which can only be truly learned and enjoyed by an experience of their opposites. The purest joy that

stirs the heart of woman is born of sorrow. The government of others is taught in the school of obedience, and prosperity is tasted with a keener relish by those who have known the sweet uses of adversity. Our long and dreary winter, which robs even the hardy pine and fir of their verdure, and locks up the music of streams and rivulets in a prison of ice and snow, makes us note more attentively the first footsteps of spring, and imparts an added splendor to the glory of summer.

Colburn's New Monthly.

THE ENCHANTRESS;

OR, NOTES FROM KIT KELSON'S LOG.

I.

THE LAUNCH.

STRAINS of lively music sounded across the calm waters of the harbor, on which floated boats of all sizes and rigs, some rowing and others sailing, or attempting to sail, filled with eager, and gaudily if not fashionably dressed passengers; while on shore flags were streaming from numerous flag-staffs, and crowds were assembling from all directions, and taking up positions on rows of seats placed tier above tier on either side of a large vessel, resting in beautiful proportions on the stocks, her stern-post just laved by the rising tide. Bright flags fluttered above her deck, on which stood a number of persons prepared to accompany her on to the element to be her home for the future. All the vessels in the harbor were also dressed to the best of their abilities, some from truck to jib-boom and main-boom end with the whole of Marryat's signals and the ensigns of all the civilized nations of the world, while others could only sport a few tattered and coal-dust begrimed pieces of bunting at their mastheads and peaks.

But there was one group which attracted especial attention, and well worthy (I may venture to say, though I formed one of its units) it was of attention; for there stood the captain-superintendent of the dockyard and the able architect of the beautiful craft, and several post-captains and commanders and lieutenants, all in glittering uniforms; and still more likely to attract attention, there was the fair niece of the captain-superintendent,

sweet May Lascelles, and several other young ladies, who, if not to be compared to her in beauty of mind or person, were exceedingly well dressed, and very charming creatures each in her own peculiar way.

Though I saw May Lascelles for the first time on that occasion, I do not think that it will take away from the interest of my story if I confess at once that I then and there fell desperately in love with her. I mention the circumstance, for though matrimony may be looked upon as a very dull business, love at first sight, and all its consecutive consequences, cannot fail to create an interest of a more or less exciting character.

There she and her companions stood, looking up at the vast fabric before her, and the somewhat colossal figure, with streaming hair, red cheeks, and a green flowing gown, which smiled benignantly down on them. Our *Enchantress* was not to be compared to the sea-green lady with the weird or fiend-like look described by Cooper, although I have no doubt that the sculptor thought very highly of his work. She was an ordinary well-proportioned damsel, rather *embonpoint*, with a book in one hand, and a cat-o'-nine-tails, or a bundle of snakes, in the other, I could never exactly make out which.

A bottle of wine, which hung suspended by a rope at the bows, and vibrating in the air, was an object of considerable interest. First one officer, and then another, lifted it to show Miss Lascelles how she was to let it swing forcibly against the bows. I was convinced that she would not send it with sufficient strength, and so stepped forward to give her another lesson, and very nearly let the bottle go and broke it. Men were, meantime, busily knocking away the blocks and wedges, and greasing the ways. Their work was nearly done; one single blow more, and she will begin to move. The signal was given; a gun was fired; Miss Lascelles nervously grasped the bottle, and then threw it with such right good will that it was splintered into fragments, and the ruddy wine spilt against the bows, a libation to Neptune, and the name of the *Enchantress* pronounced, away glided the vessel, stately as a swan, towards the water, while deafening shouts from the

spectators rent the air—at least I have no doubt they did, for at that moment the enchantress who stood near, in all her maiden beauty, was throwing charms around me from which I was never again to be free—so I was fully convinced.

The *Enchantress* took the water in good style; guns continued firing; the people cheered again and again; and the favored few, among whom I had the happiness of being numbered, went into the captain-superintendent's house to luncheon; while the people outside, in boats and on shore, regaled themselves in a variety of ways according to their tastes.

I had not long before, for the first time, donned a brand-new lieutenant's uniform, which, resplendent in gold lace, had not yet had an opportunity of contracting that peculiar tarry bilgewater odor with which long-used naval coats are often impregnated, and I felt that I was especially well got up, and flattered myself not slightly attractive. Many of the officers present were married men, or not calculated to make way with the fairer portion of the company. Commander Puffin, for instance, though a bachelor, was round and red-nosed, and addicted to strong tobacco and old rum, with a limited addition of water. Captain Boreas had lost his wife—the widow of a color-sergeant. His voice was far from mellifluous, and some of the assertions and narratives with which he frequently indulged his auditors were of so incredible a nature that his character for veracity did not stand high. There was a tall weather-beaten Captain Tarbrush, a first-rate sailor, I believe, but a remarkably bad officer; and a Lieutenant d'Erville, who was neither sailor nor officer, but he wrote poetry, and held himself and his poetry in considerable estimation. All these, and two or three more, were bachelors; but I had no reason to consider them as formidable rivals. The other ladies present were worthy of description, but just then I had eyes and ears only for one, and I can say very little about them. There was a Lady Jane Puzzleton and an Honorable Miss Susan Dasher, and several married ladies, to which circumstance I owed the happiness I enjoyed of being able to sit next to Miss Lascelles, for her mamma, being present, acted as

lady of the house—and she, therefore, being one of the last young ladies to be led into the breakfast-room, fell to the lot of Commander Puffin, after whom came a rush of us lieutenants. I kept my eye on Puffin's bald crown, and, with an unusual flutter at the heart, made for the seat next to his fair companion. I saw that another officer was aiming at the same point; but ignoring this, and dashing on, I slipped into the chair, from which, as I instantly began an animated conversation with Miss Lascelles, I could not well be ejected. I felt triumphant and jubilant. Puffin would not, I knew, interfere with me, for he was certainly no ladies' man. I rather flattered myself that I was, and determined to make hay while the sun shone. I did make hay pretty briskly, and to some effect. Miss Lascelles laughed and smiled, and sometimes looked sad, and the tears stood in her eyes. I have no intention of repeating what I said to her, or what she said in reply. I only wished that I had mounted the swab on my right shoulder.

"Captain Puffin, I may, I find, congratulate you on your appointment to that fine craft, for I hear that you are certainly to have her," exclaimed the Honorable Susan Dasher, who, having a cousin a lord of the Admiralty, professed to know everything which took place there.

"Am I? I did not know it," answered the commander, looking round at Miss Lascelles with a marked manner. "She's an *Enchantress*, and, as she can work wonders, I suppose she has selected me."

"What reward will you bestow on me if you find that I am right?" asked the Honorable Miss Dasher, with an irresistible glance.

"I can't very well offer myself, madam, as I must own at once that I am not a marrying man; but I'll bring you home a green parrot, a big baboon, or a young hippopotamus, or an alligator, whichever you may choose," answered the captain, bowing across the table.

Miss Dasher looked daggers, and well she might, for the honest commander's speech was most unpolite; but I rather think that she had previously given him cause of offence, which he had

not forgotten. She turned away her head with a curl of her lip, and I heard her whisper to the gentleman next to her,

"I won't ask for a baboon, for the beast would remind me of him."

"It is a fact, though, Puffin," said the captain-superintendent. "You are to have the *Enchantress*, I believe; and she could not be commanded by a better man."

"Much obliged to you for the compliment, Captain Seymour; and I only hope that you and my fair vis-à-vis have been rightly informed," answered Commander Puffin, who, I suspect, knew perfectly well that they were right.

The next day he got his appointment, with directions to fit out the corvette with all possible despatch, and a few days afterwards I received mine as her second lieutenant. Simon Short, an old shipmate of mine, joined as first.

His name was no indication of his style of appearance, which could best be described as lanky. He was tall and thin, with carrotty hair and a countenance expressive of the deepest melancholy; but never was there a countenance which less exhibited the character of the mind within, for he was a fellow of infinite wit and humor, brimful of good-nature and kindness of heart, and, I may say, revered and loved by all youngsters as he was respected by his equals and superiors. It spoke much in Puffin's favor that he had had the discernment to select him, and that Short had consented to accept the appointment. The surgeon, a Welshman, Owen Jones by name, the master, Thomas Smith, and the purser, or paymaster as he would now be called, John Brown, made up our mess. Their characteristics will come out as I proceed. They were one and all something out of the common way.

We had a pretty large berthful of young gentlemen, several of whom were older than I was, and one old mate, Dick Hose, had a head as white as snow and a nose——But similes are odious. The gunner, boatswain, and carpenter deserve honorable mention. The dockyard people proceeded with their work with unusual rapidity; I wished that they had been much slower. Captain Seymour had been an old shipmate of my father's, and gave me a standing invita-

tion to his house, of which I did not fail to avail myself. I had an excuse for going, that I might report the daily progress of the ship, in which it might be presumed that Miss Lascelles would take an especial interest. I was very proud when she, and her mother, and Captain Seymour, and a host of other people, including the Honorable Miss Dasher, came on board, and admired the fittings of the craft. I thought that they turned a pleased look especially at my cabin, for I certainly had done it up in a very natty style. At length the *Enchantress* was reported ready for sea. All the officers had joined, and we had picked up a very tolerable crew. Captain Puffin was a favorite with all who knew him, so that many good men had joined for his sake, and I had got together several former shipmates, two or three of them thorough old sea-dogs, lions afloat, but literally babies, as far as sense went, ashore. Invariably each time they had been paid off they had been fleeced by the same people and in the same way, and when I found them their worldly possessions consisted of the clothes on their backs, a clasp-knife, and an empty tobacco-box, though a fortnight before they could not have had much less than fifty pounds apiece in their pockets.

The most important question now asked on board was the station for which we were destined. Some said it was India, some the Pacific, others the West Indies, and the washerwomen assured us it was the coast of Africa. The latter industrious personages are generally right, though how they get their information I am at a loss to say. They were, to our sorrow we found, right in this instance. I had, in my vanity, a latent hope that when I should tell Miss Lascelles she would faint, or cry, or look very melancholy. She did neither one thing nor the other. She opened her large blue eyes in a way I had never seen them opened before, with surprise, I believe, at my rueful countenance, and answered, calmly,

"Oh! I thought that it had been the West Indies. They are both warm stations, but I suppose that you will not mind the heat. Naval officers must be pretty well inured to freezing at one time and roasting at another."

How my heart sank within me. Not a word of sympathy, not an approach to sentiment. Still her voice was as sweet and she was looking as enchanting as ever. I wish that she could but have croaked or frowned ever so little, or said something rude ; it would have been an excuse to me for getting angry, for quarrelling, if possible. Anything would have been better than that calm, sweet indifference. Oh, it was horrible !

“Certainly we poor wretches are pretty well tried one way and another,” I answered, brusquely. “If there were an expedition fitting for the North Pole, to remain away for five or six years, I would volunteer immediately ; and, as it is, I dare say that I shall find my way up the Niger, and perhaps to Timbuctoo. It matters little whether or not I ever return.”

She looked up quickly with an expression of surprise in her sweet countenance, for she had before been looking down, and said :

“It matters much, I should think, to those who are interested in your welfare, and to yourself too, with a noble career before you. You disparage your profession if you do not believe that.”

It was now my turn to look up, and, puppy that I was, I expected to discover some emotion in her countenance, but it was as calm as before ; there might have been a slightly increased roseate tinge on her cheek, but no indifferent eye would have detected it, and her mamma coming in prevented me from replying. I left the house knowing that I had in her, and Mrs. Lascelles, and her worthy uncle sincere friends, but as much in the dark as ever with regard to her feelings towards me. I saw her again, but it was only for a short time to take leave, and that afternoon the order came down for us to proceed at once to sea. The capstan was manned—the drummer and fifer, who represented our band, struck up “The girl I left behind me”—the topsails were loosed—gun after gun was fired to recall all absentees—the stewards of the respective messes were seen hurrying off laden with fresh provisions—the boats were hoisted in—the last from the shore arrived with John Brown, the purser—merrily round went

the capstan—shrilly sounded the boat-swain’s whistle. “The anchor is away !” I sung out. “In sight !” I cried. It was catted and fished ; the topsails were sheeted home, and, with a fine breeze, we stood down channel, bound out to that most detestable of British dependencies, Sierra Leone.

II.

THE SLAVER.

Our employment was to be slave-hunting, compared to which the chase of a cunning fox or lordly stag is the tamest of tame work—cream-cheese to butter-milk.

As soon as we got into the latitude where slavers might possibly be fallen in with we kept a bright look-out. Short was indefatigable. It would be no fault of his if we did not make prizes. He nominally only kept the morning watch, that he might have the satisfaction of superintending the operation of holystoning and washing decks, stowing hammocks, scraping down masts, and in other ways putting the ship into order after the work of the night, as a nurse washes and dresses her charges, and turns them out fresh and blooming for inspection. But he was constantly on deck day and night ; at all odd hours ; the men believed that he never slept more than ten minutes together, and many an hour he spent aloft, spy-glass in hand, sweeping the horizon for a sail, if haply he could find a suspicious one after which we might make chase. His example animated the rest of us, and his vigilance kept the men wide awake and attentive to their duty.

But we discovered a truth of which all people do not seem to be aware—that it is impossible to find what is not there. Night and day we kept a bright look-out, but nothing was seen till we sighted the bold and picturesque coast of Sierra Leone, and soon after dropped our anchor in the harbor of Free Town. I have never been more surprised at the appearance of a place of which I have formed a previous conception than I was at this. Before us, at the base of a series of serrated heights, appeared a large, neat, and well laid-out town, with stores, and shops, and vessels, and canoes, and boats of all descriptions at

anchor before it. Black skins predominated both afloat and on shore; a black regiment was parading on the quay with a very good band, black boatmen were pulling about the harbor, and black porters were hurrying to and fro on the beach; indeed, I should say that the descendants of Ham must find it a far more agreeable residence than do their brethren with white faces. Of these latter, however, there are a good many officials, merchants, and traders; but though some get acclimatized, and live on, the climate is evidently not suited to the constitutions of Europeans. I knew very little about Sierra Leone till I went there, and as probably many of my readers may not know more, I will describe it. The province consists of a mountainous peninsula, nearly thirty miles long from north to south, and rather less in width. It is bounded on the north and east by the bay and river of Sierra Leone, and on the other two sides by the Atlantic. The rugged mountain range which forms its backbone, sloping down to the river on one side and to the sea on the other, varies in height from two to three thousand feet, and is clothed with trees, now, however, partially cleared away to make room for the villages of the liberated blacks. Free Town, backed by a superb amphitheatre of hills, is situated on the south side of the river, and contains some seventeen thousand inhabitants, while the whole province contains nearly seventy thousand. The province was purchased by the English from certain negro claimants towards the end of the last century, and some hundred blacks, mostly runaway slaves from the Southern States of America, with a few white people, were sent there. They were followed by a party of Maroons from Jamaica, but a large portion died from disease, a still larger were cut off in an attack made on them by some of the neighboring tribes, and when a still further supply of colonists arrived, many of them whites, and the colony had begun to flourish, they were visited by a French man-of-war, which plundered them of all their most valuable property, and reduced them to the greatest extremity. In the memorable year of 1807, when the slave trade was declared piracy, a squadron was sent out to put it down,

and the province was handed over by the company which had at first superintended its colonization to the British government. All the blacks captured by the English ships of war on board the slavers were brought here, land was given them, and every assistance to enable them to provide for themselves. This they have not been slow in doing, and the numerous thriving villages and well-cultivated fields attest their industry. They have proved themselves adepts in commercial pursuits, especially in retail business, though many have become possessed of several thousand pounds, and their credit stands well among the merchants of London and Liverpool. Colored men of education have come over from the West Indies and taken a leading part in the government of the province, schools have been established, and nearly the whole of the rising generation have attended them, and have received a sound moral and intellectual training, while the Church Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Missionary Society have, through their missionaries, widely disseminated religious knowledge among all classes. There is a college established by the Church Missionary Society, where some twenty or more young negroes, or men of color, are studying Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and most of the higher branches of the natural sciences. Among the liberated blacks the lower class live in the country as agriculturists, or act as water-carriers and porters in the town; the next above them are generally small hawkers or artisans, tailors, shoemakers, masons; a third live in comfortable frame-houses, nicely furnished, and are mostly shopkeepers, while the upper class, who have become wealthy merchants, live in two-storied houses, furnished with mahogany chairs, tables, and sofas, pier-glasses, and floor-cloths. Their mode of proceeding in business matters gives them a great advantage over the white dealers. They are strictly honest in their transactions with each other, and by clubbing together they are able to make large purchases, at a low rate, of articles which they retail out and sell to traders from the interior or distant places along the coast. Altogether, from what I saw and heard of the dark-skinned inhabitants of Sierra Leone, I

came over to the opinion that the negro possesses qualities which make him as fit as are his white brethren to undertake all the ordinary pursuits of life, and I left the place with my sympathies enlisted strongly in blackie's favor, and eager to assist in liberating as many of their race as possible, and placing them in a position where they might enjoy far greater advantages than had they remained in their native territories, no thanks to the slave-dealers and slave-carriers; but out of their detestable evil I discovered that much good might come.

Once more we were under weigh, standing to the southward, in which direction we had a far greater chance of falling in with slavers than we had hitherto enjoyed. We had been several days at sea, steering south, and had sighted only three steady-going merchantmen. Smith, in which opinion he was supported by Brown, boldly declared that, thanks to the vigilance of the squadron, the slave-trade had been knocked on the head, and that probably we should not capture a prize.

"Have patience, my boys, and we'll see what we can do," observed Short. "We know of at least twenty slave vessels expected out on the coast from various ports in South America and Cuba, and it will be hard if we don't put a stop to the career of some of them."

I should have said that we had received on board at Sierra Leone two gentlemen, for the benefit of whose health a cruise had been recommended. One, a government official, was a friend of the skipper's, and was berthed in his cabin; the other, a merchant, an enterprising middle-aged gentleman with a bald pate, who had seen a good deal of the world and the ups and downs of life, a cousin of Short's, was our guest. I do not know where our friend Dick Larkin had not been or what he had not been. He had been to sea in his youth in the merchant service, in later years had been supercargo of a large ship, and was not a bad sailor. He had been a lawyer and doctor, and I am not certain that he had not tried his hand at preaching; at least, he now and then indulged us with a lecture—a regular weathercock, or a rolling-stone, as he used to describe himself—but, withal, a very good fellow, with talent, and, all had to acknowledge, with right feeling, in which point he was no weathercock.

NEW SERIES.—Vol. VII., No. 6.

Our official shipmate, as we used to call him, the Honorable Samuel Froth, was also a fellow of talent; his chief complaint was chronic impecuniosity, he asserted, and his creditors would, I suspect, have endorsed the statement from practical experience of its truth. He had been a yachting man, and was fond of enlarging on the beauty and fast-sailing qualities of his yachts and the number of his yachting friends. He was a great talker and something, if not a good deal, of an author, so that he was also good natured and obliging; always in spirits, and never put out, we found him a most agreeable addition to our limited society.

We ran down the coast under easy sail till we got to the latitude of that snug little island, Fernando Po, nestling cozily in the Bight of Biafra, a spot rather too warm and moist to be pleasant, and then, furling all sails, we allowed the corvette to dip her sides into the smooth shining undulations, which rose ever and anon from under her keel, and rolled on towards the unseen coast.

We were aware that the slave-dealers had agents at Free Town, and that our arrival and the probable date of our departure would be made known to them, and we hoped by delay to throw them out of their calculation, and lead them to suppose that we had gone farther to the southward. Our passengers did not particularly like the fun of this rolling about on the ocean to no purpose, as it appeared.

"I say, Puffin, can't you do something to steady this ship of yours just while we have dinner, at all events?" exclaimed Mr. Froth. "What do you say to casting three anchors out of the stern? Wouldn't that have a good effect?"

"That they would foul themselves to a certainty, and that we should have much trouble in taking them up again," gravely answered Puffin, who did not find out that his friend was joking.

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Froth, bursting out into a fit of laughter. "You see, my dear Larkin, it isn't to be done. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' is a trite saying, but painfully true. I've had to acknowledge it with many a wry face throughout life. Besides, to say the truth, sea-sickness often does a man good."

"Very unpleasant way to have good done to one, though," groaned out poor Larkin, who was really very sick, if his yellow and unusually woe-begone countenance was any index of his inside. "I wish some other way had been invented, that's all."

"So there is, my dear fellow. Plenty of ways," put in the Honorable Sam. "A dose of ipecacuanha, for instance, or a piece of fat bacon, or an invitation to dine with a Fiji Islander or New Zealander."

"Hold, hold—enough! You've effected what many a storm that I have encountered on the wide ocean has been unable to bring about," exclaimed Larkin, rushing to the gangway.

"A sail on the starboard bow," cried the look-out aloft.

The ship happened at the moment to have her head towards the north-east.

"Ay, ay," answered Mr. Short, slinging his glass over his shoulder, prepared to mount the rigging. "She is bringing up a breeze with her," he exclaimed, as he stood on the topmast cross-trees, after he had taken a steady glance at her through the tube.

He very quickly descended. The fact of a strange sail being in sight was announced to the commander, who instantly appeared on deck, and all hands stood ready to make sail directly the corvette should be discovered by the stranger. On came the latter, evidently ignorant of the lion in her way. Many a visit was paid to the mast-head, and there was but one opinion, that she was not a man-of-war nor an honest trader. The excitement would have been greater had we been less powerful, and had it been likely that she would show fight. She drew nearer and nearer. Still her course was not altered.

"They must be keeping a bad look-out aboard her," observed the commander, "or they must mistake us for a friend."

A large ship, and a very fast one, was expected on the coast about this time. The stranger was a remarkably large schooner, and probably well armed, yet she would not for a moment attempt to resist a British ship of war of the size of the *Enchantress*. Our great wish was to get the breeze. We could see it forming a long line as it turned up the

surface of the water in its advance, already ahead of the stranger. Now a cat's paw played for an instant close to us and quickly vanished; another swept the polished mirror-like ocean. The dog-vane blew out. The pennant at the mast-head began to move.

"She sees us now, and suspects us too," exclaimed the skipper, from the main rigging, from which he was watching the stranger with his glass. He came on deck and shouted, "All hands make sail! Away aloft, lads!"

In two minutes the corvette was under a crowd of snowy canvas, bowling away in chase of the schooner, which had hauled her wind, and was now standing about north-west. We lay up closer than she did, and in another hour it was evident that we were overhauling her fast. We had sighted her at about three bells in the forenoon, so that we had a good many hours of daylight before us. We had little doubt that we should capture her. The *Enchantress* behaved beautifully. In two hours more we had got her almost within range of our guns. Every eye on board was turned toward the schooner. She mounted ten guns, and had a strong crew on board. Would she attempt resistance? In case she should, we were prepared for her, and of course there could not be a moment's doubt as to the result. Larkin rather hoped that there would be a fight, observing:

"I've seen many curious sights, but I never saw anything of that sort."

But Froth curled up his lip at the notion.

"You see, my dear fellow, I've no fancy for such work," he remarked. "It may be all very right for Short and Kelson to be shot at. But I make it a rule never to undertake what I am not paid for."

"Hillo! what are the fellows about?" cried Jones, who had borrowed my glass. "Why, they are heaving something overboard. A human being, as I am a man!"

"I've seen that trick played before; but we'll save the poor wretch, and catch the scoundrel slavers into the bargain," cried the captain.

And he forthwith gave directions to Short to have one of the quarter-boats provided with provisions, sails, a com-

pass, and arms, and ready to lower at a moment's notice. The mate who had charge of her was directed to follow in our course, and to pick up any of the poor wretches hove overboard.

We stood on till we were up to the negro, who, lashed to a spar, was still struggling for life. The ship was then thrown suddenly up into the wind, and as soon as she had lost sufficient way the boat was lowered. Immediately filling again, she stood after the chase. We had lost some of our distance, but hoped soon to regain it. As was to be expected, the slaver, seeing that we had the weakness to heave-to in order to pick up one black, thought that we should do so again to pick up others. A second negro was hove overboard with parts of a broken oar under his arms. The boat was coming up fast, and we hoped would be in time to save him, so we stood on. I shall not forget the look of horror and despair in the countenance of the poor negro as we passed by him. He possibly had not observed the boat coming to his rescue. Still the slaver had hopes that we should again heave-to, and another slave was hove overboard lashed to a spar. He held out his hands imploringly to us as he saw the corvette approaching. We pointed to the boat coming up. I was standing in the mizzen rigging, and as my eye glanced down casually into the water, I saw a dark fin rise up, as it were, from the depths of ocean, and a pair of fierce eyes a little way beyond it, the body of the creature being scarcely distinguishable. The fin moved rapidly on in the direction of the negro. I held my breath. The catastrophe I dreaded took place. A piercing shriek came across the water. The hapless negro was drawn suddenly under, in spite of the spars which had buoyed him up, and an ensanguined spot, which the bright rays of the sun made visible at that distance, alone marked where he had just been. I hoped that the slavers had seen what had occurred, that it might prevent them from uselessly throwing away the lives of the unfortunate beings they had in their power.

For some time it seemed to have that effect. Then finding that we were overhauling them, the villains cast another unfortunate wretch into the sea. All we could do as we passed was to heave

a piece of a spar or a broken grating to support him till the boat came up; but that would not keep his legs out of the way of the voracious sharks. I dared not look to see what was his fate. I could only hope that the boat would pick him up before the sharks had discovered him. Larkin was in a state of great agitation at what he saw, and would, I fully believe, have jumped overboard to try and save the poor fellow's life if he had not been held back by Froth.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, don't agitate yourself!" exclaimed the latter. "It is possible that they feel as much as white men, though that is to be doubted, and, at all events, they are used to it."

The *Enchantress* fully kept up her character, and must have astonished the slaver by the way we overhauled him. He soon saw that he must yield or fight, and come off victorious, or, at all events, cripple us, so as to get away. The odds were fearfully against him. Still he kept dropping his "black bait," as Froth insisted on calling the poor negroes, on the chance of our stopping to pick them up. The wind might change or drop, and the light schooner would have a better chance of moving through the water than the heavier corvette. So enraged were our men at the cruel expedient to which the slavers had resorted to help their escape, that I believe, had our crew had their will, they would have hove every Spaniard, or Portuguese, or Brazilian they could have found after their victims. The wind freshened. This was in our favor.

"I'd give a year's pay rather than that fellow should escape us!" cried Short.

Considering that my gallant superior had nothing else to live on, the expression was a proof of the ardor of his feelings. Still the schooner was beyond the range of our shot. There was a possibility of her getting away. Our foremost gun was got ready. Short himself at last went forward.

"I think that we may wing the fellow," he said, addressing the gunner. "We shall be sure of him if we can knock away a few spars."

"Shall I fire, sir?" asked the gunner.

Short sung out to the captain that he thought the schooner was within range.

"Fire, then," was the answer. "Aim at his rigging."

There was a report and a puff of white smoke in the pure blue air, through which the iron missile went flying, but it did no damage, though it passed close to the schooner's mast.

"Try again," said the first lieutenant.

The gunner's eye was out of practice, for the shot flew still wider of its mark. Once more the gun was run in and loaded.

"Now I will try what I can do!" exclaimed Short, who had been eager from the first to have a shot, as a means of venting his indignation at the slaver's cruelty. A cheer burst from the throats of our crew. Down came the schooner's main-topsail. It hung overboard, and slightly impeded his progress; but as he was dead before the wind the loss of the spar made but little difference at the time, and it was quickly hauled on board. It showed us, however, what we might do. The next shot went through the fellow's foretop-gallant-sail. We continued firing as fast as we could, but as we had to yaw each time, this prevented our coming up with him as fast as we might have done.

The order, therefore, was given to cease firing. We were now to trust to our heels. They served us well. We bounded buoyantly over the waves in a manner delightful to seamen, though undoubtedly very trying to the Honorable Mr. Froth. At last the slaver hauled down the Brazilian flag which she carried at her peak, and directly after shortened sail. We did the same, keeping a watchful eye on her, however, for it was more than probable that she would make sail again as we drew near, and firing a broadside into our rigging, endeavor to get away to windward. Such tricks had often been played successfully with our cruisers. Commander Puffin, however, knew very well what he was about. As we got up with the schooner and prepared to heave to, he shouted through his speaking-trumpet, ordering the slaver to lower every stitch of canvas, making a signal to the same effect with his hand. He seemed at first not to understand the order, but a shot across his bows made him very quickly obey it. As soon as the corvette's way was deadened, a boat was lowered, and I went in her with a well-

armed crew to take possession of our prize. A rather refined-looking young gentleman received me with a polite bow on the quarter-deck. He was quite the hero of a young lady's romance; but the rest of the people I saw around were as villanous a set of cut-throats as I ever came across, and there was that in the young captain's eye and mouth which would have made me greatly mistrust his professions wherever I had met him. When I told him that he must go on board the corvette, he made no demur, but seemed rather in a hurry to obey my orders, as did all the officers. Another boat now arrived alongside to assist in conveying them, with some of the men who were to form the prize crew. As the prize was an important one, Puffin directed me to take charge of her. Before leaving the ship, I had given directions to my servant to pack up such things as I might require. As it was already late in the day, I was in a hurry to get rid of the slave crew and to make all necessary arrangements before dark. Instead, therefore, of at once opening the hatches and attending to the slaves in the hold, I thought it best to get rid first of the officers and crew.

As the boats, therefore, came alongside, I told them to get in, an order they obeyed with surprising alacrity. Directly they were gone I bethought me that I would go below and run my eye over the cabin to see if there was anything wanting, which I might wish to send for. At least, to the best of my recollection, that was the reason which made me go below. As I was passing a side cabin, the door of which was closed, I fancied that I saw a ray of red light passing through a chink. I opened the door, when, for a moment, I confess that my breath came quickly, my heart throbbed with an unusual sensation. There were several casks, with the appearance of which I was well acquainted, full of black grains, and in the centre of one of them burnt a candle with a cauliflower head, ready to drop off into the black substance below. "Heaven have mercy on us!" I ejaculated. It WAS GUNPOWDER!—a store sufficient to blow the schooner and everybody on board into eternity. I might have called for a bucket of water and

drowned the candle and the powder, but delay might be fatal. Prompt, energetic action was required. Any moment the little hot ball at the top of the wick might fall. I walked steadily forward, with my hands ready to press the flames between them. There must be no violent movement; the slightest breath might blow off that little mass of fire. Steady, now. I stood over the powder, placing my hands in the form of a cup round the candle. Slowly I pressed them together, till I was sure that I had the whole mass of light between my palms—what mattered the burning they got—then I sprang back with the candle dangling by the wick, and flew up the companion-ladder, butting my head against that part of the human body which descends first on board ship, belonging to my friend Larkin, whom I sent by the concussion up on deck again almost as fast as if the powder had exploded; and there he lay, sprawling and spluttering, not being able to make out why he had been so summarily ejected from the cabin. At length he was assisted to his feet by one of the prize crew, who stood gazing with looks of astonishment, utterly unable to account for my scared expression of countenance and unusual actions.

“Why, was it you, Kelson, who just now turned your head into a catapult, and treated me as if I were a mere missile to hurl at a foeman’s head?” exclaimed Larkin, with imperturbable good humor. “I came on board to see what a slaver is like, and——”

“You were very nearly gaining some terrible experience on the subject,” I answered, interrupting him, and holding out my greased hands with the black wick and the end of the candle crushed between them. “What do you think of that? Do you see those black grains sticking round that candle? What are they, think you?”

“Gunpowder!” exclaimed Larkin, his ruddy countenance becoming of pallid hue as he guessed before I told my story what had happened. When I had finished my account, the men were so indignant that they proposed requesting Captain Puffin to heave all the officers of the slaver overboard without trial.

“That’s the only way as how, sir, we can give them their deserts; hanging is too good for them, and if they lives on, such rogues are sure to be doing more mischief,” said the chief speaker of the crew, a red-bearded boatswain’s mate, Dick Budd by name, who was always put forward as having more brass than his messmates.

I replied that as soon as we had put the schooner a little to rights, and got rid of the gunpowder, I would return on board the corvette and report the treacherous conduct of the slaver’s officers. The first thing we did was to heave all the powder overboard. It was providential that the slavers had not placed the candle in the magazine, where it might not have been perceived, and we and all the poor Africans below would in an instant have been sent where I shudder to think of. Having got rid of the powder, and ascertained that there were no more slow matches burning about the vessel, I commenced what is always the most trying operation on first capturing a slaver—opening the hold. This had been closed-in during the chase to prevent any risk, should the slaves break loose, of their coming on deck. Larkin was very eager to look down it, little dreaming of what he was to see and smell; had he, I suspect that he would not have been quite so ready to inspect those regions of darkness. The schooner all this time was hove to, it must be understood, close to the corvette. The crew, of course, were armed. We could not tell, from the tremendous noise below, whether any of the slaves had broken loose or not, and if so, whether they might not rush on deck and attack us as soon as the hatches were off. We therefore stood by, ready for such a contingency. I gave the order to lift the hatch. Faugh! With the chorus of yells, and sbrieks, and groans which ascended, there arose an odor which sent poor Larkin reeling backwards almost as fast as I had just before propelled him forward. I was nearly knocked over with the horrible effluvium, and even the strong-stomached boatswain’s mate drew back with a look of disgust. When we could once more approach the edge of the foetid-smelling pit, the sight which met our eyes was fearful in the extreme. The hold was closely packed

with human beings, chained to the deck. Some had wrenched themselves partly clear from the manacles which confined their limbs, others were still struggling frantically to get free, while numbers had died in the effort, and their companions had no means of escaping from the contact of their dead bodies. A few of the stronger ones had broken altogether loose, and now sprang up on deck, and the slavers having told them that our custom was to kill all the blacks we took, and eat them, would have jumped overboard had we not prevented them. We had two negroes with us who could speak the dialect of a large portion of them. It was not without much difficulty that these men at length tranquilized their minds, and assured them that we came as friends, and would assuredly send them back to Africa. We now by degrees got the living ones up, and ranged along the deck in rows. To save my own men I picked out a dozen of the most intelligent and strongest-looking of the negroes, and directed them to bring up the bodies of the dead. In a short time three dozen corpses were handed up, and, after due examination, hove overboard. I observed the eye of one of them wink, I thought; she was a young woman, a handsome-looking creature, though black as jet. I fanned her face and poured a few drops of brandy-and-water down her throat. In a few minutes she revived, but, judging from the expression of her countenance, it did not seem that she considered I had rendered her any essential service. It took some time to clear out the hold of its accumulated filth, and to fumigate it thoroughly. While these cleansing processes were going on I signalled for an officer to come on board to take charge, while I visited the corvette.

"What brings you back, Kelson?" asked Captain Puffin, in astonishment.

I asked him what he thought of the prisoners I had sent him.

"Decent quiet fellows for a slaver's crew. Their captain especially is a remarkably well-mannered young man," he answered.

"A great scoundrel, notwithstanding that," I remarked; and told him of the plot I had discovered and frustrated to blow up the schooner.

"The atrocious scoundrel!" cried the

captain. "I have a great mind to hang him forthwith at the yard-arm. We will send for him, and ask him what he has to say for himself."

Our elegant young acquaintance was soon brought in between two marines, heavily handcuffed. Mr. Allan, a half-caste young man, who was rated as captain's clerk and acted as interpreter, was told to tax the captain with his guilt. He did not deny it for a moment, but shrugged his shoulders, and turning to me, said:

"You acted cleverly to save yourselves. It is a wonder you were not all blown up. I thought that you would have been."

"Oh! you are an impudent scoundrel!" observed Puffin; a remark which was duly translated.

The Spaniard smiled and bowed, as if he had been paid a compliment.

"We must take him for trial to Sierra Leone," said Puffin. "It is a pity we cannot hang him and his companions off-hand. Some such summary mode of proceeding would tend considerably to make slaving unpopular. I should like to hang every white man taken on board a slave-ship with slaves on board."

"I am afraid the slavers might occasionally retaliate if they got any of us into their power," I observed.

"The fortune of war, Kelson. That possibility should not stand in the way," he observed.

"Certainly not, sir," I said. "Any further commands?"

"No. A pleasant passage," he answered. "Keep a sharp watch over the slaves. They may prove treacherous, though I hope they will be quiet."

On reaching the slaver I found Larkin walking the deck.

"I thought that you would have been glad enough to get out of this craft," I observed.

"So I should under some circumstances, but the fact is, my dear Kelson, I think it is shabby to desert you," he answered. "I conclude that the *Enchantress* will be up a few days after us, and in the mean time I shall have occupation in settling a matter or two on shore."

At nightfall all the blacks were sent below with the exception of about fifty, who were allowed to remain on deck at a time under charge of sentries. Dur-

ing the day I allowed a hundred to be always on deck, and by this means, I believe, preserved the lives of many who would otherwise have died.

III.

A BLOW-UP, AND NOTES ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE next morning we were alone on the waste of waters with our black cargo of living souls. In spite of our care, three died during the night; I believe, however, that it was in consequence of their previous suffering. We had fine weather, but light winds, and made but little progress. Larkin seemed perfectly happy on board, contrary to my expectation, and made himself thoroughly at home, spinning no end of amusing yarns for my benefit and for that of my second in command, Tommy Minton, one of the sharpest of sharp young midshipmen.

It used to be said that the fool of the family was always sent to sea; in his case the tribe he belonged to must have been a very clever one if he deserved that appellation. I would sooner have trusted him in a case of emergency than many of his seniors, though he was very young, and there was not much of him. Two days after leaving the corvette a strange sail was seen on our weather bow, standing across our course. As we drew nearer we made her out to be a large schooner very similar to the prize. She seemed desirous of speaking us, for directly after we made her out she altered her course and stood towards us. As we drew near each other we perceived that the stranger was a larger and even more powerful vessel than the *Andorinha*. She was probably, too, from her general appearance, engaged in the same pursuits. We sent the gang of blacks below, and hoisted Brazilian colors. We had guns enough to fight her, should she attack us, with every prospect of success unless she should attempt to run us aboard, but we had not men enough to work the vessel and the guns at the same time. I consulted with the interpreter. He thought that a dozen or two of the blacks might be entrusted on deck to help us to pull and haul, and work the guns, and that, at all events, they would assist in repelling boarders. The matter was put before them. They at once

comprehended what they were expected to do, and grinned with delight at the proposal. They had themselves been warriors—some of them had been chiefs—they were pleased to fight for their liberators. My plan was to exhibit no sign of fear, not to attack, but if attacked to avoid being boarded. Larkin, as before, was full of fight. He undertook, with one seaman and four blacks, to work a couple of guns—that is, one on either side. We neared the enemy; as we did so, we hauled down the Brazilian, and hoisted the English flag. Her decks were crowded with men very much in appearance like the fellows we had turned out of the *Andorinha*, cut-throats all, only there were more of them. When they saw my men at their guns there seemed to be some confusion among them, as if some wanted to fight and others to get clear. I at once determined to show them that I was in earnest, so I fired a shot across the bow of their craft, for of course I had no right to attack them unless they first attacked me, or I had reason to believe that there were slaves on board, or that she was fitted up as a slaver. I was in hopes that we were clear of her, for she hauled her tacks on board, as if about to leave us. Presently, however, she bore again in chase. Seeing that an action was inevitable, I determined to rid myself of as many of my opponents as possible, that should the enemy board we might have the fewer to contend with. Each gun was, therefore, loaded with langrage, and I ordered my men to aim so as to sweep the deck of our opponents.

“How do you feel, eh?” asked Larkin, as I passed him while he stood at his gun with his coat off, and his sleeves tucked up. “Rather curious, eh? I don’t much like the thought of sending so many villains out of the world on a sudden as I must do if I aim properly.”

“It will not do to think about that; and, at all events, they bring on their fate by their own misdeeds,” said I.

The enemy was now fast closing with us with the evident intention of boarding, hoping to overwhelm our crew by superior numbers. I waited till the muzzles of our guns almost touched, and then gave the word to fire. Never was a broadside better delivered. Shrieks,

cries, and groans followed it. A third of the slaver's crew must have been laid low. Only two or three of her guns went off, and instead of running alongside she sheered off, as if she had had more than enough of it. I, on this, instantly went about, so as to bring my other broadside to bear. This time I ordered my men to aim at the slaver's rigging. They had been well practised at their guns, and there were two very fine long brass pieces, which, directed by a skilful shot, were likely to do damage. They did not disappoint us. The fore-topmast was badly wounded, and the jaws of the main-gaff, while the schooner received other minor damages. She fired at us in return but slowly, but her guns were ill served, and did us no harm. We could, I believe, have taken her, but, as we could not make her crew walk the plank, a punishment they richly deserved, I did not know what to do with them. My crew could do no more than work the prize, and we should have been utterly unable to guard a fresh batch of prisoners, to man a large vessel, and to look after the negroes. I therefore contented myself with sailing round and round the enemy, and doing her spars and rigging as much damage as I possibly could. Her crew, after firing a few more shots at us, had evidently had enough of our quality, and fled below. I suspected from this that she had no slaves on board, but was probably a vessel laden with stores to supply the slavers with stores and goods suited to the African market, come out from the Brazils. Often it is said that they get their goods out of regular traders from Liverpool, sent to the coast for the express purpose of supplying them, the merchants well knowing the objects for which the goods are purchased. We heard of another class of vessels, fitted out by speculative and not over-scrupulous individuals, hoisting any flag which might be most suitable for their purpose at the time. They supply themselves with goods from Liverpool, and then lie in wait for a full slaver. Their vessels being powerful and well-armed, they take possession of her—or rather her living cargo—and give her supercargo the choice of receiving payment in goods, or of being, with everybody on board, sent to the bottom. To which

of these classes our friend belonged we could not tell, and he was not likely to inform us. Having knocked away all his spars and wounded his masts, we left him, hoping that the *Enchantress* might fall in with him and take possession. Not a soul was on deck. We had just fired a last broadside, when the crew suddenly rushed up from below, several leaping overboard, and swimming towards us. We were wondering at the cause of this strange proceeding, when the masts were seen suddenly to ascend like rocket-sticks. Up went the decks; there was a loud roar; sheets of flame burst forth; the sides burst out; and while the hull disappeared beneath the waves, an avalanche of broken spars, splinters, ropes, blocks, and all sorts of things from below came rattling and hissing down, many of them falling on our deck. The slavers had treated themselves, whether intentionally or by accident, as their friends had intended to treat us. We instantly hove-to and lowered a boat, that we might pick up the men who had leaped overboard, but short-handed as we were, that operation was not performed as rapidly as it would have been on board the *Enchantress*. I heard Larkin utter an exclamation of horror, and looking in the direction he pointed, I heard a shriek, and saw a man's arms lifted up for a moment above the waters, while he was being dragged down to the depths below. Another and another unhappy wretch followed, with a similar scream of agony and horror. I know no sound like it, as when a strong man is grasped suddenly by the arms of death. Our people hurried off in the boat, but by the time they reached the spot where the swimmers had been seen, a few still ensanguined marks on the water were the only traces of them remaining. Once more we made sail, saddened, but thankful that we had escaped so great a danger.

"This is what people bring on themselves. All these horrors and suffering they would escape if they would but try and do their duty," observed Larkin.

In about ten minutes he was as merry and talkative as ever. We had a tolerably pleasant passage to Sierra Leone.

The *Enchantress* came in soon after. The captain and crew of the *Andorinha*

were tried for the attempt to blow her up, but as there was no proof who placed the candle in the powder, and the captain's own words were not found sufficient, they were all acquitted. They were, however, kept in prison some time, and then sent off in a vessel to the Brazils, with a large party of slave-dealers and their clerks, who had been turned out of Galinas. It has been asserted that the squadron on the coast has been of little service in suppressing the slave-trade. Now, I will give a short account of what took place while we were on the coast. There had been for some years a very extensive trade carried on with the interior, up the Sherbro river from Sierra Leone. The tribes, however, inhabiting the banks of the river, instigated by the slave-dealers at Galinas, went to war with each other, and as they took to plundering the canoes when manned by people of a hostile tribe, of course the trade was very soon stopped. The object of the slave-dealers in fomenting war is that they may obtain the prisoners taken on either side.

The commodore and captain D., who was a man who saw the importance of striking at the root of an evil, determined to put a stop to the war, and so to cut off the slave-dealers' supplies. Captain D., therefore, with a strong force of friendly natives, ascended the Sherbro to communicate with the chiefs at war with each other. He showed them the folly of their proceeding; that they were destroying each other and gaining nothing; and he then pointed out the advantages they might obtain by legitimate trading. They listened to him respectfully, and promised faithfully to follow his advice. Having succeeded thus far, he was encouraged to proceed, and on a second visit he got them to sign a treaty with the Queen of England, in which they undertook by every means in their power to assist in suppressing the slave-trade. While he was up the river on this occasion, he discovered that the slave-dealers at Galinas supplied themselves with the goods they required for their trade from Sierra Leone by means of the inland water communication which exists between the river Sherbro and the river Galinas. They thus made null the efforts of the British squadron, which had cut off their sup-

plies by sea. To this trade, of course, it became necessary at once to put a stop. Eight large canoes were at that time waiting to convey goods and provisions to Galinas. The chiefs of the Galinas, instigated by the slave-dealers, had made enemies of all the surrounding tribes, especially of those inhabiting the country to the east of their territory. They had also, trusting to the slave-trade, ceased to cultivate their lands or to carry on any legitimate commerce. The consequence was that they depended entirely on the supplies which they could procure from Sierra Leone with the dollars paid to them by the slave-dealers by the water communication of which I have just spoken. Captain D. at once saw that the chiefs of the Galinas as well as their evil counselors, the slave-dealers, were in his power. He applied forthwith to the Governor of Sierra Leone to stop the canoes, but the queen's judge-advocate decided that such would be an unlawful proceeding.

What we naval officers thought about that does not matter. Captain D. immediately started up the river and explained to the chiefs, with whom he had just concluded a treaty, that as the goods in the canoes were for the purpose of carrying on the slave-trade, it was their duty, in accordance with the spirit of the treaty, to seize them, and that they might have them for their pains. This mode of proceeding was of course suited to their tastes, and was a very effectual mode of starving the Galinas people into reason. The canoes were seized, and when a second fleet arrived they were treated in the same way. It was done very quietly, and very completely, so that the Galinas people could get no food, and the slave-dealers no goods to pay for the slaves brought them. They had already a thousand or more at the barracoons, ready for shipment; but so strict a blockade was maintained that they could not get them off. They were therefore compelled to disperse them through the country that they might obtain food. The chiefs at length were starved into the belief that friendship with the English was better than with the slave-dealers. They therefore sent a letter to Captain D., asking him to

allow the canoes to return with provisions, or they should die. His reply was, that they should have peace and friendship with England and the provisions they required, if they would sign a treaty agreeing to have nothing to do with the slave-trade, if they would deliver up all the slaves belonging to the slave-dealers in their territories, and turn the slave-dealers themselves out of them. As the slaves were no longer of any value, but were rather consuming the few provisions they possessed, and as the slave-dealers could no longer pay them, they very readily agreed to these terms. The slave-dealers, who were mostly Spaniards, and their clerks, Brazilians, numbering together sixty people, were in great dismay on hearing of these proceedings, having no ships to take them off, and knowing that if they were driven to the country to the eastward they would all be murdered. They, therefore, humbly petitioned Captain D. that they might be taken away and conveyed to Sierra Leone. This he agreed to do, and afterwards allowed them to charter a vessel in which to return to the Brazils. He ascertained that there were upwards of a thousand slaves up the country belonging to the slave-dealers, and that the chiefs owed them for goods advanced about six thousand, so that whatever profit they formerly might have made, their business must of late have been a losing one. The Galinas chiefs very faithfully fulfilled their agreement. The slaves received, who were taken from a distance, were sent by their own wish to Sierra Leone, with the exception of about two hundred, who belonged to the tribes friendly to the English. These were returned to their own country. Every slave was questioned as to whence he came, what had been his destination, and what he wished to do.

The good faith kept by the chiefs in these transactions is much to their credit. Captain D. found it necessary to be on shore for some weeks at Galinas, and, unwilling to expose his own men to the dangers of the climate, he sent to a friendly chief for a guard of a hundred and fifty men. They, with their chief, immediately came up, and the same number followed shortly after. Though in an enemy's country, they were guilty

of no plundering or other disorderly act, and behaved in all respects as well as the most disciplined troops. They remained with him for eight weeks, receiving no pay or other recompense, having even brought their own provisions. These services were rendered by the chief and his people simply to show their sincerity and attachment to the English. Had the slaves not been removed, the Brazilians would before long, of course, have sent a vessel to try and carry them off. They would also naturally be desirous of returning to obtain the balance due to them. Now, however, the chiefs, who would be glad of an excuse not to pay them, would say, that having entered into an agreement with the English, they could no longer allow any slaves to pass through their country. The loss in money to the slave-dealers could not have been short of 250,000*l.*—that is, supposing they had landed the slaves they expected to have received.

In twelve months, including part of 1847 and 1848, there were imported into the Brazils twenty thousand slaves, not a third of the number carried across before the squadron was placed on the coast. But suppose the squadron was withdrawn, instantly more lands in the Brazils would be brought under cultivation, the demand for slaves would increase, wars would be encouraged in Africa, legitimate commerce would be overthrown, speculators of all sorts would rush into the trade, all sorts of vessels would be employed, many of them unseaworthy, and the miseries of the poor slaves—all the horrors of the middle passage—would be increased fourfold.

No sooner were matters arranged at Galinas than several small merchants from Sierra Leone, some of whom were liberated slaves, came down and settled there, and, in a few weeks, it was ascertained had exported the produce of the country—country cloths, ground nuts, palm oil, and other articles—to the value of 2,000*l.* I have mentioned these facts, taken from my log, because they are interesting in themselves. They show the service the squadron renders to the cause of civilization and humanity and to English commerce when under the command of intelligent officers, and they show that the Africans of that

region, at all events, are possessed of more intelligence and superior moral qualities than we are in general ready to give them credit for. Once more we were at sea with our friends Larkin and Froth still on board, and, from what we had seen and heard, from the captain down to the smallest boy, more eager than ever to catch the slavers, and to put a stop to the slave trade.

This is only the commencement of my log. If anybody wishes to read more of it, and how I again met a certain young lady who shall at present be nameless, I shall be happy to give a further portion; if not, we'll pipe to dinner, and drink each other's good healths in the liquor which suits us best.

Translated for the *EXOTIC* from the French of
Erickman-Chatrian.

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

(Continued from page 626.)

XV.

You can believe, Fritz, that I did not sleep much that night, notwithstanding my fatigue. The thought of the deserter tormented me. I knew that if he should be shot, Zeffen and Sorlé would be inconsolable always; and I knew, too, that after three or four years the vile race would say: "Look at this Moses, with his large brown cloak, his cape turned down over the back of his neck, and his respectable look—well, during the blockade he caused the arrest of a poor deserter, who was shot: so much you can trust a Jew's appearance!"

They would have said this, undoubtedly; for the only consolation of villains is to make believe that everybody is as bad as themselves.

And then, how often should I reproach myself for this man's death, in times of misfortune or in my old age, when I should not have a minute's peace! How often should I have said that it was a judgment of the Lord, that this deserter was taking vengeance upon me!

So I wanted to do immediately all that I could, and by six o'clock in the morning I was in my old shop in the market with my lantern, selecting epaulettes and my best clothes. I put them in a napkin and took them to Harmantier at day-break.

The special council of war, which was

called—I do not know why—the *Ventose* council, was to meet at nine o'clock. It consisted of a major (president), four captains, and two lieutenants. Monbrun, the captain of the foreign legion, was to be reporter, and Brigadier Duphot, recorder.

It was astonishing that the whole city knew about it beforehand, and that by seven o'clock the Nicaises, and Pigots, and Vinatiers, etc., had left their rickety barracks and had already filled the whole mayoralty, the arch, the stairway, the large hall above, laughing, whistling, stamping, as if it were a bear-fight at Klein's "Ox."

You do not see, now-a-days, such people, thank God! men have become more gentle and humane. But after all these wars, a deserter met with less pity than a fox caught in a trap, or a wolf led by the muzzle.

As I saw all this, my courage failed; all my admiration for Burguet's talents could not keep me from thinking:

The man is lost! Who can save him, when this crowd has come on purpose to see him condemned to death, and led to the Glacière bastion?

I was overwhelmed by the thought.

I went trembling into Harmantier's little room, and said to him: "This is for the deserter; take it to him from me." "That is good," said he.

I asked him if he had confidence in Burguet. He shrugged his shoulders, and said: "We must have examples."

The stamping outside continued, and when I went out there was a great whistling in the balcony, the arch, and everywhere, and shouts of "Moses! hey, Moses! this way!"

But I did not turn my head, and went home very sad.

Sorlé handed me a summons to appear as a witness before the court-martial, which a gendarme had just brought; and till nine o'clock I sat meditating behind the stove, thinking of excuses for the prisoner.

Sâfel was playing with the children; Zeffen and Sorlé had gone down to sell our brandy.

A few minutes before nine, I started for the town-house, which was already so crowded that, had it not been for the picket at the door, and the gendarmes scattered within the building, the witnesses could hardly have got in.

Just as I came up-stairs, Captain Monbrun was beginning to read his report. Burguet sat opposite, with his head leaning on his hand.

On the wall at the right it was written in large letters that any witness who did not tell the truth, should be delivered to the council, and suffer the same penalty as the accused. This made one consider, and I resolved at once to conceal nothing, as was right and sensible. The gendarme also informed us that we were forbidden to speak to each other.

After a quarter of an hour Winter was summoned, and then, at intervals of ten minutes, Chevreux, Dubourg, and myself.

When I went into the court-room, the judges were all in their places; the major had laid his hat on the desk before him; the recorder was mending his pen. Burguet looked at me calmly. Without they were whistling, and the major said to the brigadier:

"Inform the public that if this noise continues, I shall have the mayoralty cleared."

The brigadier went out at once, and the major said to me:

"National-guard Moses, make your deposition. What do you know?"

I told it all simply. The deserter at the left, between two gendarmes, seemed more dead than alive. I would gladly have acquitted him of everything; but when a man fears for himself, when old officers in full dress are scowling at you as if they could see through you, the simplest and best way is not to lie. A father's first thought should be for his children! In short, I told everything that I had seen, nothing more or less, and at last the major said to me:

"That is enough; you may go."

But seeing that the others, Winter, Chevreux, Dubourg, remained sitting on a bench at the left, I did the same.

Almost immediately five or six good-for-nothings began to stamp and murmur, "Death! Death!" The president ordered the brigadier to arrest them, and in spite of their resistance they were all led to prison. Silence was then established in the court-room, but the stampings without continued.

"Reporter, it is your turn to speak," said the major.

This reporter, who seems now before

my eyes, and whom I can hear as if he were speaking, was a man of fifty, short and thick, his head in his shoulders, his nose long, thick, and very straight, his forehead very wide, with black shining hair, thin moustaches, and bright eyes. While he was listening, his head turned right and left, as if on a pivot; you could see his long nose and the corner of his eye, but his elbows did not stir from the table. He looked like one of those large crows which seem to be sleeping in the fields at the close of autumn, and yet see everything that is going on around them.

Now and then he raised an arm, as if to draw back his sleeve, as advocates have a way of doing. He was in full dress, and spoke terribly well, in a clear and strong voice, stopping and looking at the people to see if they agreed with him; and if he saw even a slight grinace, he began again at once in some other way, and, as it were, obliged you to understand in spite of yourself.

As he went on very slowly, without hurrying or forgetting anything, to show that the deserter was on the road when we arrested him, that he not only had the intention of escaping, but was already outside of the city, quite as guilty as if he had been found in the ranks of the enemy—as he clearly showed all this, I was angry because he was right, and I thought to myself, "Now, what do you want to have said in reply?"

And then, when he said that the greatest of crimes is to abandon one's flag, because one betrays at once his country, his family, all that has a right to his life, and makes himself unworthy to live; when he said that the court-martial would follow the conscience of all who had a heart, of all who held to the honor of France; that he would give a new example of his zeal for the safety of the country and the glory of the emperor; that he would show the new recruits they could think of nothing but the performance of duty and obedience to discipline—when he said all this, with terrible power and clearness, and I heard from time to time, behind us, a murmur of assent and admiration, then, Fritz, I thought that the Lord alone was able to save that man!

The deserter sat motionless, his arms folded on the desk, and his face upon them. He felt, doubtless, as I did, and every one in the room, and the court itself. Those old men seemed pleased as they heard the reporter express so well what they had themselves thought for a long time. Their faces showed their satisfaction.

This lasted for more than an hour. The captain sometimes stopped a second to give his audience time to reflect on what he had said. I have always thought that he must have been attorney-general, or something more dangerous still to deserters.

I remember that he said, in closing, "You will make an example! You will be of one mind. You will not forget that, at this time, firmness in the court is more necessary than ever to the safety of the country."

When he sat down, such a murmur of approbation arose in the room that it reached the stair-way at once, and we heard the shouts outside, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The major and the other members of the council looked smilingly at each other, as if to say, "It is all settled. What remains is a mere formality!"

The shouts without increased. This lasted more than ten minutes. At last the major said:

"Brigadier, if the tumult continues, clear the town-house! Begin with the court-room."

There was silence at once, for every one was curious to know what Burguet would say in reply. I would not have given two farthings for the life of the deserter.

"Counsel for the prisoner, you have the floor!" said the major, and Burguet rose.

Now, Fritz, if I had an idea that I could repeat to you what Burguet said, for two hours, to save the life of a poor conscript; if I should try to depict his face, the sweetness of his voice, and then his heart-rending cries, and then his silent pauses and his expostulations—if I had such an idea, I should consider myself as a being full of pride and vanity!

No; nothing finer was ever heard. It was not a man speaking; it was a mother, trying to snatch her babe from

death! Ah! what a great thing it is to have this power of moving to tears those who hear us! But we ought not to call it talent, but heart.

"Who is there without faults? Who does not need pity?"

This is what he said, as he asked the council if they could find a blameless man; if evil thoughts never came to the bravest; if they had never, for even a day or a moment, had the thought of running away to their native village, when they were young, when they were eighteen, when father and mother and the friends of their childhood were living, and they had not another in the world. A poor child without instruction, without knowledge of the world, brought up at hazard, thrown into the army—what could you expect of him? What fault of his could not be pardoned? What does he know of country, the honor of his flag, the glory of his majesty? Do not these great ideas come to him later in life?

And then he asked those old men if they had no son, if they were sure that, even at that moment, that son were not committing an offence which was liable to the punishment of death. He said to them:

"Plead for him! What would you say? You would say, 'I am an old soldier. For thirty years I have shed my blood for France. I have grown gray upon the battle-fields, I am riddled with wounds, I have gained every rank at the point of the sword. Ah, well! take my epaulettes, take my decorations, take everything; but save my child! Let my blood be the ransom for his offence! He does not know the greatness of his crime; he is too young; he is a conscript; he loved us; he longed to embrace us, and then go back again—he loved a maiden. Ah! you, too, have been young! Pardon him. Do not disgrace an old soldier in his son.'"

"Perhaps you could say, too, 'I had other sons. They died for their country. Let their blood answer for his, and give me back this one—the last that I have left!'"

"This is what you would say, and far better than I, because you would be the father, the old soldier speaking of his services! Well, the father of this youth

could speak like you. He is an old soldier of the Republic. He went with you, perhaps, when the Prussians entered Champaigne. He was wounded at Fleurus! He is an old comrade in arms! His oldest son was left in Russia!"

And Burguet turned pale as he spoke. It seemed as if grief had robbed him of his strength, and he were about to fall. The silence was so great that we heard breathing throughout the court-room. The deserters sighed. Everybody thought, "It is done! Burguet need say no more! It must be that he has gained his cause!"

But all at once he began again in another and more tender manner. Speaking slowly, he described the life of a poor peasant and his wife, who had but one comfort, one solitary hope on earth—their child! As we listened we saw these poor people, we heard them talk together, we saw over the door the old chapeau of the times of the Republic. And when we were thinking only of this, suddenly Burguet showed us the old man and his wife learning that their son had been killed, not by Russians or Germans, but by Frenchmen. We heard the old man's cry!

But it was terrible, Fritz! I wanted to run away. The officers of the council, several of whom were married men, looked before them with fixed eyes, and clenched hands; their gray moustaches shook. The major had raised his hand two or three times, as if to signify that it was enough, but Burguet had always something still more powerful, more just, more grand to say. His plea lasted till nearly eleven, when he sat down. There was not a murmur to be heard in the three rooms nor outside. And the reporter on the other side began again, saying that all that signified nothing, that it was unfortunate for the father that his son was unworthy, that every man clung to his children, that soldiers must be taught not to desert in face of the enemy; that, if the court yielded to such arguments, nobody would ever be shot, discipline would be utterly destroyed, the army could not exist, and that the army was the strength and glory of the country.

Burguet replied almost immediately. I cannot recall what he said; my head could not hold so many things at once:

but I shall never forget this, that about one o'clock, the council having sent us away that they might deliberate—the prisoner meanwhile having been taken back to his cell—after a few minutes we were allowed to return, and the major, standing on the estrade where conscriptions were drawn, declared that the accused Jean Balin was acquitted, and gave the order for his immediate release.

It was the first acquittal since the departure of the Spanish prisoners before the blockade; the rowdies, who had come in crowds to see a man condemned and shot, could not believe it; several of them exclaimed: "We are cheated!"

But the major ordered Brigadier Descannes to take the names of these brawlers, so that they should be seen to; then the whole mass trampled down the stairs in five minutes, and we, in our turn, were able to descend.

I had taken Burguet by the arm, my eyes full of tears.

"Are you satisfied, Moses?" said he, already quite his own joyous self again.

"Burguet!" said I, "Aaron himself, the own brother of Moses, and the greatest orator of Israel, could not have spoken better than you did; it was admirable! I owe my peace of mind to you! Whatever you may ask for so great a service I am ready to give to the extent of my means."

We went down the stairs; the members of the council following us thoughtfully, one by one. Burguet smiled.

"Do you mean it, Moses?" said he, stopping under the arch.

"Yes, here is my hand."

"Very well!" said he, "I ask you to give me a good dinner at the *Ville-de-Metz*."

"With all my heart!"

Several citizens, Father Parmentier, Cochois the tax-gatherer, and assistant Muller, were waiting for Burguet at the foot of the mayoralty steps, to congratulate him. As they were surrounding and shaking hands with him, Sâfel came and rushed into my arms; Zeffen had sent him to learn the news. I embraced him, and said joyously: "Go, tell your mother that we have won! Take your dinner. I am going to dine at the *Ville-de-Metz* with Burguet. Make haste, my child!"

He started running.

"You dine with me, Burguet," said Father Parmentier.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayor, I am retained by Moses; that will be at another time."

And, with our arms around each other, we entered Mother Barrière's large corridor, where the odor of good roasts was still perceived in spite of the blockade.

"Listen, Burguet," said I; "we are going to dine alone, and you shall choose whatever wines and dishes you like best; you know them better than I do."

I saw his eyes sparkle.

"Good! good!" said he, "it is understood."

In the large dining-hall the war-commissioner and two officers were dining together; they turned round, and we saluted them.

I sent for Mother Barrière, who came at once, her apron on her arm, as smiling and chubby as usual. Burguet whispered a couple of words in her ear, and she instantly opened the door at the right, and said:

"Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! You will not have to wait long."

We went into the square room at the corner of the square, a small, high room, with two large windows covered with muslin curtains, and the porcelain stove well heated, as it should be in winter.

A servant came to lay the table, while we warmed our hands upon the marble.

"I have a good appetite, Moses; my pleading is going to cost you dear," said Burguet, laughing.

"So much the better; it cannot be too dear for the gratitude I owe you."

When the table was ready, we sat down, opposite each other, in soft, comfortable arm-chairs; and Burguet, fastening his napkin to his button-hole, as was his custom, took up the bill of fare. He pondered over it a long time; for you know, Fritz, that if nightingales are good singers, they have the sharpest beaks in creation. Burguet was like them, and I was delighted at seeing him thus meditating.

At last he said to the servant, slowly and solemnly:

"This and that, Madeleine, cooked so and so. And such a wine to begin with, and such another at the end."

"Very well, M. Burguet," replied Madeleine, as she went out.

Two minutes afterwards she brought us a good pot-pie. During a blockade this was something greatly to be desired; three weeks later we should have been very fortunate to have got one.

Then she brought us some Bordeaux wine, warmed in a napkin. But you do not suppose, Fritz, that I am going to tell you all the details of this dinner? although I remember it all, with great pleasure, to this day. Believe me, there was nothing wanting, meats nor fresh vegetables, nor the large well-smoked ham, nor any of the things which are dreadfully scarce in a shut-up city. We had even salad! Madame Barrière had kept it in the cellar, in earth, and Burguet wished to dress it himself with olive oil. We had, too, the last juicy pears which were seen in Phalsburg, during that winter of 1814.

Burguet seemed happy, especially when the bottle of old Lironcourt was brought, and we drank together.

"Moses," said he with softened eyes, "if all my pleas had as good pay as you give, I would resign my place in college; but these are the first honors I have received."

"And if I were in your place, Burguet," I exclaimed, "instead of staying in Phalsburg, I would go to a large city. You would have plenty of good dinners, good hotels, and the rest."

"Ah! twenty years ago, this might have been good advice," said he, rising, "but it is too late now. Let us go and take our coffee, Moses."

Thus it is that men of great talents often bury themselves in small places, where nobody values them at their true worth; they fall gradually into their own ruts, and disappear without notice.

Burguet never forgot to go to the coffee-house at about five o'clock, to take his part at card-playing with the old Jew Solomon who lived by it. Burguet and five or six citizens fully supported this man, who took his beer and coffee twice a day at their expense, to say nothing of the crowns he pocketed for the support of his family.

So far as the others were concerned, I was not surprised at this, for they

were fools! but for a mind like Burguet I was always astonished at it; for, out of twenty deals, Solomon did not let them win more than one or two, with the risk before his eyes of losing his best practice, by discouraging them altogether.

I had explained this fifty times to Burguet; he assented, and kept on all the same.

When we reached the coffee-house, Solomon was already there, in the corner of a window at the left—his little dirty cap on his nose, and his old greasy frock hanging at the foot of the stool. He was shuffling the cards all by himself. He looked at Burguet out of the corner of his eye, as a bird-catcher looks at larks, as if to say:

"Come! I am here! I am expecting you!"

But Burguet, when with me, dared not obey the old man; he was ashamed of his weakness, and merely made a little motion of his head while he seated himself at the opposite table, where coffee was served to us.

The comrades came soon, and Solomon began to fleece them. Burguet turned his back to them; I tried to divert his attention, but his heart was with them; he listened to all the throws, and yawned in his hand.

About seven o'clock, when the room was full of smoke, and the balls were rolling on the billiard tables, suddenly a young man, a soldier, entered, looking round in all directions.

It was the deserter.

He saw us at last, and approached us with his regulation cap in his hand. Burguet looked up and recognized him; I saw him turn red; the deserter, on the contrary, was very pale; he tried to speak, but could not say a word.

"Ah, my friend!" said Burguet, "here you are, safe!"

"Yes, sir," replied the conscript, "and I have come to thank you for myself, for my father, for my mother!"

"Ah!" said Burguet, coughing, "it is good! it is good!"

He looked tenderly at the young man, and asked him softly, "You are glad to live?"

"Oh! yes, sir," replied the conscript, "very glad."

"Yes," said Burguet, in a low voice,

looking at the clock; "it would have been all over since five. Poor child!"

And suddenly beginning to use the *thou* he said, "Thou hast had nothing with which to drink my health, and I have not another sous. Moses, give him a hundred sous."

I gave him ten francs. The deserter tried to thank me.

"That is good!" said Burguet, rising. "Go and take a drink with thy comrades. Be happy, and do not desert again."

He made as if he would follow Solomon's playing; but when the deserter said, "I thank you, too, for her who is expecting me!" he looked at me sideways, not knowing what to answer, so much was he moved. Then I said to the conscript, "We are very glad that we have been of assistance to you; go and drink to the health of your advocate, and behave yourself well."

He looked at us for a moment longer, as if he were unable to move; we saw his thanks in his face, a thousand times better than he had been able to utter them. At length he slowly went out, saluting us, and Burguet finished his cup of coffee.

We meditated for some minutes upon what had passed. But soon the thought of seeing my family seized me.

Burguet was like a soul in purgatory. Every minute he got up to look on, as one or another played, his hands crossed behind his back; then he sat down again with a melancholy look. I should have been very sorry to plague him longer, and, as the clock struck eight, I bade him good evening, which evidently pleased him.

"Good-night, Moses," said he, leading me to the door. "My compliments to Madame Sorlé and Madame Zeffen."

"Thank you! I shall not forget it."

I went, very glad to return home, where I arrived in a few minutes. Sorlé saw at once that I was in good spirits, for, meeting her at the door of our little kitchen, I embraced her joyfully.

"It is all right, Sorlé," said I, "all just right!"

"Yes," said she, "I see that it is all right!"

She laughed, and we went into the room where Zeffen was undressing David. The poor little fellow, in his shirt, came

and offered me his cheek to kiss. Whenever I dined in the city, I used to bring him some of the dessert, and, in spite of his sleepy eyes, he soon found his way to my pockets.

You see, Fritz, what makes grandfathers happy is to find out how bright and sensible their grandchildren are.

Even little Esdras, whom Sorlé was rocking, understood at once that something unusual was going on; he stretched out his little hands to me, as if to say, "I like biscuits too!"

We were all of us very happy. At length, having sat down, I gave them an account of the day, setting forth the eloquence of Burguet, and the poor deserter's happiness. They all listened attentively. Sâfel, seated on my knees, whispered to me, "We have sold three hundred francs' worth of brandy!"

This news pleased me greatly: when one makes an outlay, he ought to profit by it.

About ten o'clock, after Zeffen had wished us good-night, I went down and shut the door, and put the key underneath for the sergeant, if he should come in late.

While we were going to bed, Sorlé repeated what Sâfel had said, adding that we should be in easy circumstances when the blockade was over, and that the Lord had helped us in the midst of great calamities.

We were happy and without fear of the future.

XVI.

Nothing extraordinary occurred for several days. The governor had the plants and bushes growing in the crevices of the ramparts torn away, to make desertion less easy, and he forbade the officers being too rough with the men, which had a good effect.

At this time, hundreds of thousands of Austrians, Russians, Bavarians, and Wurtembergers, by squadrons and regiments, passed around the city beyond range of our cannon, and marched upon Paris.

Then there were terrible battles in Champagne, but we knew nothing of them.

The uniforms changed every day around the place; our old soldiers on

top of the ramparts recognized all the different nations they had been fighting for twenty years.

Our sergeant came regularly after the call-beat, to take me upon the arsenal bastion; citizens were there all the time, talking about the invasion, which did not come to an end.

It was wonderful! In the direction of St. Jean, on the edge of the forest of La Bonne Fontaine, we saw, for hours at a time, cavalry and infantry defiling, and then convoys of powder and balls, and then cannon, and then files of bayonets, helmets, red, and green, and blue coats, lances, peasants' wagons covered with cloth—all these passed, passed like a river.

On this broad white plateau, surrounded by forests, we could see everything, to the depths of the gorges.

Now and then some Cossacks or dragoons would leave the main body, and push on galloping to the very foot of the glacis, in the lane *des Dames*, or near the little chapel. Instantly one of our old marine artillerymen would stretch out his gray moustaches upon a rampart musket, and slowly take aim; the bystanders would all gather round him, even the children, who would creep between your legs, fearless of balls or shells—and the Biscaien would go off!

Many a time I have seen the Cossack or Uhlan fall from his saddle, and the horse rush back to the squadron with his bridle on his neck. The people would shout with joy; they would lean over the slope and look down, and the gunner would rub his hands and say, "One more gone!"

At other times these old men, with their ragged cloaks full of holes, would bet a couple of sous as to who should bring down this sentinel or that vidette, on the Mittelbronn or Bigelberg hill.

It was so far that they needed good eyes to see the one they designated; but these men, accustomed to the sea, can discern everything as far as the eye can reach.

"Come, Paradis, there he is!" one would say.

"Yes, there he is! Lay down your two sous; there are mine!"

And they would fire. They would go on as if it were a game of ninepins. God knows how many men they killed.

for the sake of their two sous. Every morning about nine o'clock I found these marines in my shop, drinking to the Cossack, as they said. The last drop they poured into their hands, to strengthen the nerves, and started off with rounded backs, calling out:

"Hey! good-day, Father Moses! The kaiserlick is very well!"

I do not think that I ever saw so many people in my life as in those months of January and February, 1814; they were like the locusts of Egypt! How the earth could produce so many people I could not comprehend.

I was naturally greatly troubled on account of it, and the other citizens also, as I need not say; but our sergeant laughed and winked.

"Look, Father Moses!" said he, pointing from Quatre-Vents to Bigelberg—"all these that are passing by, all that have passed, and all that are going to pass, are to enrich Champagne and Lorraine! The Emperor is down there, waiting for them in a good place—he is going to fall upon them! The thunderbolt of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Wagram, is all ready—it can wait no longer! Then they will file back in retreat; but our armies will follow them, with our bayonets in their backs, and we shall go out from here, and flank them off. Not one shall escape. Their account is settled. And then will be the time for you to have old clothes and other things to sell, Father Moses! He! he! he! How fat you will grow!"

He was merry beforehand about it; but you may suppose, Fritz, that I did not count much upon those uniforms that were running across the fields; I would much rather have had them a thousand leagues away.

Such are men—some are glad and others miserable from the same cause. The sergeant was so confident that sometimes he got the better of me, and I thought as he did.

We would go down the Rampart street together; he would go to the cantine where they had begun to distribute siege-rations, or perhaps he would go home with me, take his little glass of cherry water, and explain to me the Emperor's grand strokes since '96 in Italy. I did not understand anything about it, but I made believe that I un-

derstood, which answered all the purpose.

There came heralds, too, sometimes on the road from Nancy, sometimes from Saverne or Metz. They raised, at a distance, the little white flag; one of their trumpets sounded and then withdrew; the officer of the outpost inspected the herald and bandaged his eyes, then he went without escort through the city to the governor's house. But what these heralds told or demanded never transpired in the city; the council of defence alone were informed of it.

We lived fastened within our walls as if we were in the middle of the sea, and you cannot believe how that weighs upon one after a while, how depressing and overpowering it is not to be able to go out even upon the glacis. Old men who had been nailed for ten years to their arm-chairs, and who never thought of moving, were oppressed by grief at knowing that the gates remained shut. And then every one wants to know what is going on, to see strangers and talk of the affairs of the country—no one knows how much he needs these things until he has had experience like ours. The meanest peasant, the lowest man in Dagsburg who might have chanced to come into the city, would have been received like a god; everybody would have run to see him and ask him for the news from France.

Ah! those are right who hold that liberty is the greatest of blessings, for it is insupportable being shut up in a prison—let it be as large as France. Men are made to come and go, to talk and write, and live together, to carry on trade, to tell the news; and if you take these from them, you leave nothing desirable.

Governments do not want to understand this simple matter; they think that they are stronger when they prevent men from living at their ease, and at last everybody is tired of them. The true power of a sovereign is always in proportion to the liberty he can give the people, and not to that which he is obliged to take away. The allies had learned this from Napoleon, and thence came their confidence.

The saddest thing of all was that, towards the end of January, want began to be felt. I cannot say that money was scarce, because a centime never went out

of the city, but everything was dear; what three months before was worth two sous now cost twenty! This has often led me to think that the scarcity of money is one of the fooleries invented by scoundrels to deceive the weak-minded. What else can make money scarce? You are not poor with two sous, if they are enough to buy your bread, wine, meat, clothes, etc.; but if you need twenty times more to buy these things, then not only are you poor, but the whole country is poor. There is no want of money when everything is cheap; it is always scarce when the necessities of life are dear.

So, when people are shut up as we were, it is very fortunate to be able to sell more than you buy. My brandy sold for three francs the quart, but at the same time we needed bread, oil, potatoes, and their prices were all proportionately high.

One morning old Mother Quéru came to my shop and wept; she had eaten nothing for two days! and yet that was the least thing, said she; she missed nothing but her glass of wine, which I gave her gratis. She gave me a hundred blessings and went away happy. A good many others would have liked their glass of wine! I have seen old men in despair because they had nothing wherewith to pay for it; they even gave ashes for pay; some at this time even had a plan for burning the leaves of the large walnut-tree by the arsenal, which was much approved of.

Unfortunately, all this was but the beginning of want; later we learned to fast for the glory of his majesty.

Toward the end of February, it became cold again. Every evening they fired a hundred shells upon us, but we became accustomed to all that, till it seemed quite a thing of course. As soon as the shell burst everybody ran to put out the fire, which was an easy matter, since there were tubs full of water in every house.

Our guns replied to the enemy; but as after ten o'clock the Russians fired only with flying pieces, our men could aim only at the place of their firing, which was changing continually, and it was not easy to reach them.

Sometimes the enemy fired incendiary balls; these are balls pierced with three

nails in a triangle, and filled with so powerful a fire that it could be extinguished only by throwing the ball under water, which was done.

We had as yet had no fires; but our outposts had fallen back, and the allies drew closer and closer around the city. They occupied the Ozillo farm, Pernette's tile-kiln, and the Maisons-Rouges, which had been abandoned by our troops. Here they intended to pass the winter pleasantly. These were Wurtemberg, Bavarian, and Baden troops, and other landwehr, who replaced in Alsatia the regular troops which had left for the interior.

We could plainly see their sentinels in long, grayish blue coats, flat helmets, and muskets on their shoulders, walking slowly in the poplar alley which leads to the tile-kiln.

From thence these troops could any moment, on a dark night, enter the fosses and even attempt to force a postern.

They were in large numbers and denied themselves nothing, having three or four villages around them to furnish their provisions, and the great fires of the tile-kiln to keep them warm.

Sometimes a Russian battalion relieved them, but only for a day or two, being obliged to continue its route. These Russians bathed in the little pond behind the building, in spite of the ice and snow, of which it was full.

All of them, Russians, Wurtembergers and Baden men, fired upon our sentinels, and we wondered that our governor had not stopped them with our balls. But one day the sergeant came in joyfully, and whispered to me, winking:

"Get up early to-morrow morning, Father Moses; don't say a word to any one, and follow me. You will see something that will make you laugh."

"That is good, sergeant!" said I.

He went to bed at once, and long before day, about five o'clock, I heard him jump out of bed, which astonished me more than if I had heard the call-beat.

I rose softly. Sorlé sleepily asked me: "What is it, Moses?"

"Go to sleep again, Sorlé," I replied; "the sergeant told me that he wanted to show me something."

She said no more, and I finished dressing myself.

Just then the sergeant knocked at the

door; I blew out the candle, and we went down. It was very dark.

We heard a faint noise in the direction of the barracks; the sergeant went towards it, saying: "Go up on the bastion; we are going to attack the tile-kiln."

I ran up the street at once. As I came upon the ramparts I saw in the shadow of the bastion on the right our gunners by their pieces. They did not stir, and all around was still; matches lighted and set in the ground gave the only light, and shone like stars in the darkness.

Five or six citizens, unarmed like myself, stood motionless at the entrance of the postern. The usual cries, "Sentinels, take care!" were answered around the city; and without, from the part of the enemy, we heard the cries "*Verda!*" and "*Souïda!*"*

It was very cold, a dry cold, notwithstanding the fog.

Soon, from the direction of the square in the interior of the city, a number of men went up the street: if they had kept step the enemy would have heard them from the distance upon the glacis; but they came pell-mell, and turned near us into the postern stair-way. It took full ten minutes for them to pass. You can imagine whether I watched them, and moreover I could not recognize our sergeant in the darkness.

The two companies formed again in the fosses after their defiling, and all was still.

My feet were perfectly numb, it was so cold; but curiosity kept me there.

At last, after about half an hour, a pale line stretched behind the bottom-land of Fiquet, around the woods of La Bonne Fontaine. Captain Rolfo, the other citizens and myself, leaned against the rampart, and looked at the snow-covered plain, where some German patrols were wandering in the fog, and nearer to us, at the foot of the glacis, the Wurtemberg sentinel stood motionless in the poplar alley which leads to the large shed of the tile-kiln.

Everything was still gray and indistinct; though the winter sun, as white as snow, rose above the dark line of firs. Our soldiers stood motionless, with grounded arms, in the covered ways. The

"*Verdás!*" and "*Souïdas!*" went their rounds. It grew lighter every moment.

No one would have believed that a fight was preparing, when six sounded from the mayoralty, and suddenly our two companies, without command, started, shouldering arms, from the covered ways, and silently descended the glacis.

In less than a minute, they reached the road which stretches along the gardens, and defiled to the left, following the hedges.

You cannot imagine my fright when I found that the fight was about to begin. It was not yet clear daylight, but still the enemy's sentinel saw the line of bayonets filing behind the hedges, and called out in a terrible way: "*Verda!*"

"Forward!" replied Captain Vigneron, in a voice like thunder, and the heavy soles of our soldiers sounded on the hard ground like an avalanche.

The sentinel fired, and then ran up the alley, shouting I know not what. A score and a half of landwehr, who formed the outpost under the old shed used for drying bricks, started at once; they did not have time for repentance, as they were all massacred without mercy.

We could not see very well at that distance, through the hedges and poplars, but after making way with the post, the firing of the musketry and the horrible cries were heard even in the city.

All the unfortunate landwehr who were living in the Pernette farm-house—a large number of whom were undressed, like respectable men at home so as to sleep more comfortably—jumped from the windows in their pantaloons, in their drawers, in their shirts, with their cartridge-boxes on their backs, and ranged themselves behind the tile-kiln, in the large Seltier meadow. Their officers thrust and ordered them about in the midst of the tumult.

There must have been six or seven hundred of them there, almost naked in the snow, and, notwithstanding their being thus surprised, they began a running fire which was well sustained, when our two pieces on the bastion began to take part in the contest.

Oh! what carnage!

Looking down upon them, you should

* Who goes there?

have seen the bullets hit, and the shirts fly in the air! And, what was worst for these poor wretches, they had to break ranks, because, after destroying everything in the tile-kiln, our soldiers went out to make an attack with their bayonets.

What a situation!—just imagine it, Fritz, for respectable citizens, merchants, bankers, brewers, innkeepers—peaceable men, who wanted nothing but peace and quietness.

I have always thought, since then, that the landwehr-system is a very bad one, and that it is much better to pay a good army of volunteers, who are attached to the country, and know that their pay, pensions, and decorations come from the nation and not from the government; young men devoted to their country like those of '92, and full of enthusiasm, because they are respected and honored in proportion to their sacrifices. Yes, this is what they ought to be—and not men who are thinking of their wives and children.

Our balls struck down these poor fathers and husbands by the dozen. To add to all these abominations, two other companies, sent out by the council of defence from the posterns of the guard and of the German gate, and which came up, one by the Saverne road, and the other by the road of Petit-Saint-Jean, now began to spread out, and closed ranks behind them, firing upon them in the rear.

It must be confessed that these old soldiers of the Empire had a diabolical talent for stratagem! Who would ever have imagined such a stroke!

On seeing this, the remnant of the landwehr disbanded on the great white plain like a whirlwind of sparrows. Those who had not had time to put on their shoes did not mind the stones or briars or thorns of the Fiquet bottom; they ran like stags, the stoutest as fast as the rest.

Our soldiers followed them like hunters, stopping not a second except to make ready and fire. All the ground in front, up to the old beech in the middle of the meadow of Quatre-Vents, was covered with their bodies.

Their colonel, a burgomaster doubtless, galloped before them on horseback, his shirt flying out behind him.

If the Baden soldiers, quartered in the village, had not come to their assistance, they would all have been exterminated. But two battalions of Baden men mustered at the right of Quatre-Vents, our trumpets sounded the recall, and the four companies joined in the alley *des Dames* to await them.

The Baden soldiers then halted, and the last of the Wurtembergers passed behind them, glad to escape from such a terrible destruction. They could well say: "I know what war is—I have seen it at the worst!"

It was now seven o'clock—the whole city was on the ramparts. Soon a thick smoke rose above the tile-kiln and the surrounding buildings; some sappers had gone out with faggots and set it on fire. It was all burned to cinders; nothing remained but a great black place, and some rubbish behind the poplars.

Our four companies, seeing that the Baden soldiers did not mean to attack them, returned quietly, the trumpet leading.

Long before this, I had gone down to the square, near the German gate, to meet our troops as they came back. It was one of the sights which I shall never forget; the post under arms, the veterans hanging by the chains of the lowered drawbridge; the men, women, and children pushing in the street; and outside, on the ramparts, the trumpets sounding, and answered by the echoes of the bastions and half-moon; the wounded, who, pale, tattered, covered with blood, came in first, supported on the shoulders of their comrades; Lieutenant Schnindret, in one of the tile-kiln arm-chairs, his face covered with sweat, with a bullet in his abdomen, shouting with thick voice and extended hand, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" the soldiers who threw the Wurtemberg commander from his barrow to put one of our own in it; the drums under the gate beating the march, while the troops, with arms at will, and bread and all kinds of provisions stuck on their bayonets, entered proudly in the midst of the shouts: "*Hurra for the Sixth Light Infantry!*" These are things which only old people can boast of having seen!

Ah, Fritz, men are not what they once were! In my time, others paid the cost of war. The Emperor Napoleon had that

virtue; he ruined not France, but his enemies. Now-a-days we pay for our own glory.

And, in those times, the soldiers brought back booty, sacks, epaulettes, cloaks, officers' sashes, watches, etc., etc.! They remembered that General Bonaparte had said to them in 1796: "You need clothes and shoes; the Republic owes you much, she can give you nothing. I am going to lead you into the richest country in the world; there you will find honors, glory, riches!" In fine, I saw at once that we were going to sell glasses of wine in large quantities.

As the sergeant passed I called to him from the distance, "Sergeant!"

He saw me in the crowd, reaching out my arms joyfully; he gave me his hand, exclaiming: "It is all right, Father Moses; it is all right!"

Everybody laughed.

Then, without waiting for the end of the procession, I ran to the market to open my shop.

Little Sâfel had also understood that we were going to have a profitable day, for, in the midst of the crowd, he had come and taken hold of my coat-tails, and said: "I have the key of the market; I have it; let us make haste! Let us try to get there before Frichard!"

Whatever natural bent a child may have, it shows itself at once; it is truly the Lord's gift.

So we ran to the shop. I laid out my goods, and Sâfel remained with them while I went home to eat a morsel, and get a good quantity of sous and small change.

Sorlé and Zeffen were at their counter selling small glassfuls. Everything went well as usual. But a quarter of an hour later, when the soldiers had broken ranks and put back their muskets in their places at the barracks, the crowd was so great, at my shop in the market, of those wishing to sell me coats, sacks, watches, pistols, cloaks, epaulettes, etc., that without Sâfel's help I never could have got out of it.

I had got all these things, so to speak, for nothing. Men of this sort never trouble themselves about to-morrow; their only thought was to live well from one day to another, to have tobacco, brandy, and the other good things which are never wanting in a garrisoned town.

That day, in six hours' time, I furnished my shop anew with coats, cloaks, pantaloons, and thick boots of genuine German leather, of the first quality, and I bought things of all sorts—nearly fifteen hundred pounds' worth—which I afterwards sold for six or seven times more than they cost me. All those landwehr were well-to-do, and even rich citizens, with good, substantial clothes.

The soldiers, too, sold me a good many watches, which Goolden the old watchmaker did not want, because they were taken from the dead.

But what gave me more pleasure than all the rest, was that Frichard, who was sick for three or four days, could not come and open his shop. It makes me laugh now to think of it. It gave the rascal that green jaundice which never left him as long as he lived.

At noon Sâfel went to fetch our dinner in a basket; we ate under the shed so as not to lose custom, and could not leave for a minute till night. Scarcely had one band gone away, before two and often three others came at once.

I was sinking with fatigue, and so was Sâfel; nothing but our love of trading sustained us.

Another pleasant thing which I recall is that, on going home a few minutes before seven, we saw at a distance that our other shop was full. My wife and daughter had not been able to close the counter; they had raised the price, and the soldiers did not even notice it, it seemed such a simple matter; so that not only the French money which I had just given them, but also Wurtemberg florins came to my pocket.

Two trades which help each other along are an excellent thing, Fritz: remember that! Without my brandies I should not have had the money to buy so many goods, and without the market where I gave ready money for the booty, the soldiers would not have had wherewith to buy my brandy. This shows us plainly that the Lord favors orderly and peaceable men, provided they know how to profit by good opportunities.

At length, as we could not do more, we were obliged to close the shop, in spite of the protestations of the soldiers, and defer the business till to-morrow.

About nine o'clock, after supper, we

all sat down together around the large lamp, to count our pennies. I made rolls of three francs each, and on the chair next me the pile reached almost to the top of the table. Little Sâfel put the white pieces in a wooden bowl. It was a pleasant sight to us all, and Sorlé said: "We have sold twice as much as usual. The more we raise the price the better it sells."

I was going to reply that still we must use moderation in all things—for these women, even the best of them, do not know that—when the sergeant came in to take his little glass. He wore his regulation cap, and carried across his cape a kind of bag of red leather, which hung upon his thigh.

"He, he, he!" said he, as he saw the rolls. "The devil! the devil! You ought to be pleased with this day's work, Father Moses?"

"Yes, not bad, sergeant," I joyfully replied.

"I think," said he, as he sat down and tasted the little glass of cherry-water, which Zeffen had just poured out for him, "I think that after one or two sorties more, you will pass colonel in the shop regiment. So much the better; I am very glad of it!"

Then, laughing heartily, he said,

"He, Father Moses! see what I have here; these rascals of kaiserlicks deny themselves nothing."

At the same time he opened his bag, and began to draw out a pair of mittens furred with fox-skin, then some good woollen stockings, and a large knife with a horn handle and blades of very fine steel. He opened the blades:

"There is everything here," said he, "a pruning-knife, a saw, small knives and large ones, even to a file for nails."

"For finger-nails, sergeant!" said I.

"Ah! that would not be strange," said he. "This big landwehr was as nice as a new crown-piece. He would be likely to file his finger-nails. But wait!"

My wife and children, leaning over us, looked on with eager eyes. Thrusting his hand into a sort of portfolio in the side of the bag, he drew out a handsome miniature, surrounded with a circle of gold in the shape of a watch, but larger.

"See! What ought this to be worth?"

I looked, then Sorlé, then Zeffen, and Sâfel. We were all surprised at a work of such beauty, and affected too, for the miniature represented a fair young woman and two lovely children, as fresh as rose-buds.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked the sergeant.

"It is very beautiful," said Sorlé.

"Yes, but what is it worth?"

I took the miniature and examined it.

"To any one else, sergeant," said I, "I should say that it was worth fifty francs; but the gold alone is worth more, and I should estimate it at a hundred francs; we can weigh it."

"And the portrait, Father Moses?"

"The portrait is worth nothing to me, and I will give it back to you. Such things do not sell in this country; they are of no value except to the family."

"Very well," said he, "we will talk about that, by and by."

He put back the miniature in the bag.

"Do you read German?" he asked.

"Very well."

"Ah, good! I am curious to hear what this kaiserlick had to write. See, it is a letter! He was keeping it doubtless for the baggage-master to send it to Germany. But we came too soon. What does it say?"

He handed me a letter addressed to Madame Roedig, Stuttgart, No. 6 Bergstrasse. That letter, Fritz, here it is. Sorlé has kept it; it will tell you more about the landwehr than I can."

"BIEGELBERG, Feb. 25, 1814.

"DEAR AURELIA: Thy good letter of January 29th reached Coblenz too late; the regiment was on its way to Alsatia.

"We have had a great many discomforts, from rain and snow. The regiment came first to Bitché, one of the most terrible forts possible, built upon rocks up in the sky. We were to take part in blockading it, but a new order sent us on farther, to the fort of Lutzelstein, on the mountain, where we remained two days at the village of Pétersbach, to summon that little place to surrender. The veterans who held it having replied by cannon, our colonel did not judge it necessary to storm it, and, thank God! we received orders to go and blockade another fortress, surrounded by good villages which furnish us pro-

visions in abundance; this is Phalsburg, a couple of leagues from Saverne. We replace, here, the Austrian regiment of Vogelgesang, which has left for Lorraine.

"Thy good letter has followed me everywhere, and it fills me now with joy. Embrace little Sabrina and our dear little Henry for me a hundred times, and receive my embraces yourself, too, thou dear, adored wife!

"Ah! when shall we be together again in our little pharmacy? When shall I see again my vials nicely labelled upon their shelves, with the heads of Esculapius and Hippocrates above the door? When shall I take my pestle, and mix my drugs again after the prescribed formulas? When shall I have the joy of sitting again in my comfortable arm-chair, in front of a good fire, in our back shop, and hear Henry's little wooden horse roll upon the floor, Henry whom I so long for? And thou, dear, adored wife, when wilt thou exclaim: 'It is my Henry!' as thou seest me return crowned with palms of victory."

"These Germans," interrupted the sergeant, "are blockheads as well as asses! They are to have palms of victory! What a silly letter!"

But Sorlé and Zeffen listened as I read, with tears in their eyes. They held our little ones in their arms, and I, too, thinking that Baruch might have been in the same condition as this poor man, was greatly moved.

Now, Fritz, hear the end:

"We are here in an old tile-kiln, within range of the cannon of the fort. A few shells are fired upon the city every evening, by order of the Russian general, Berdiaiw, with the hope of making the inhabitants decide to open the gates. That must be before long; they are short of provisions! Then we shall be comfortably lodged in the citizens' houses, till the end of this glorious campaign; and that will be soon, for the regular armies have all passed without resistance, and we hear daily of great victories in Champagne. Bonaparte is in full retreat; field-marshal Blucher and Schwartzberg have united their forces, and are only five or six days' march from Paris——"

"What? What? What is that?

What does he say?" stammered out the sergeant, leaning over towards the letter. "Read that again!"

I looked at him; he was very pale, and his cheeks shook with anger.

"He says that generals Blucher and Schwartzberg are near Paris."

"Near Paris! They! The rascals!" he faltered out.

Suddenly, with a bad look on his face, he gave a low laugh and said:

"Ah! thou meanest to take Phalsburg, dost thou? Thou meanest to return to thy land of sauerkraut with palms of victory. He! he! he! I have given thee thy palms of victory!"

He made the motions of pricking with his bayonet as he spoke, "One—two—hop!"

It made us all tremble only to look at him.

"Yes, Father Moses, so it is," said he, emptying his glass by little sips. "I have nailed this sort of an apothecary to the door of the tile-kiln. He made up a funny face—his eyes starting from his head. His Aurelia will have to expect him a good while! But never mind! Only, Madame Sorlé, I assure you that it is a lie. You must not believe a word that he says. The Emperor will send them back." Don't be troubled."

I did not wish to go on. I felt myself grow cold, and I finished the letter quickly, passing over a good deal which contained no information, only compliments for friends and acquaintances.

The sergeant himself had had enough of it, and went out soon afterwards, saying, "Good-night! Throw that in the fire!"

Then I put the letter aside, and we all sat looking at each other for some minutes. I opened the door. The sergeant was in his room at the end of the alley, and I said, in a low voice:

"What a horrible thing! Not only to kill the father of a family like a fly, but to laugh about it afterwards!"

"Yes," replied Sorlé. "And the worst of it is that he is not a bad man. He loves the Emperor too well, that is all!"

The information contained in the letter caused us much serious reflection, and that night, notwithstanding our

stroke of good fortune in our sales, I woke more than once, and thought of this terrible war, and wondered what would become of the country if Napoleon were no longer its master. But these questions were above my comprehension, and I did not know how to answer them.

The Saturday Review.

MODERN MOTHERS.

No human affection has been so passionately praised as maternal love, and none is supposed to be so holy or so strong. Even the poetic aspect of the instinct which inspires the young with their dearest dreams does not rank so high as this, and neither lover's love nor conjugal love, neither filial affection nor fraternal, comes near the sanctity or grandeur of the maternal instinct. But all women are not equally rich in this great gift; and, to judge by appearances, English women are at this moment particularly poor. It may seem a harsh thing to say, but it is none the less true—society has put maternity out of fashion, and the nursery is nine times out of ten a place of punishment, not of pleasure, to the modern mother. Two points connected with this subject are of growing importance at this present time—the one is the increasing disinclination of married women to be mothers at all; the other, the large number of those who, being mothers, will not, or cannot, nurse their own children. In the mad race after pleasure and excitement now going on all through English society the tender duties of motherhood have become simply disagreeable restraints, and the old feeling of the blessing attending the quiver full is exchanged for one expressive of the very reverse. With some of the more intellectual and less instinctive sort, maternity is looked on as a kind of degradation; and women of this stamp, sensible enough in everything else, talk impatiently among themselves of the base necessities laid on them by men and nature, and how hateful to them is everything connected with their characteristic duties. This wild revolt against nature, and specially this abhorrence of maternity, is carried to a still greater extent by American women, with grave national consequences resulting; but though we

have not yet reached the Transatlantic limit, the state of feminine feeling and physical condition among ourselves will disastrously affect the future unless something can be done to bring our women back to a healthier tone of mind and body. No one can object to women declining marriage altogether in favor of a voluntary self-devotion to some project or idea; but, when married, it is a monstrous doctrine to hold that they are in any way degraded by the consequences, and that natural functions are less honorable than social excitements. The world can get on without balls and morning calls, it can get on too without amateur art and incorrect music, but not without wives and mothers; and those times in a nation's history when women have been social ornaments rather than family home-stays have ever been times of national decadence and of moral failure.

Part of this growing disinclination is due to the enormous expense incurred now by having children. As women have ceased to take any active share in their own housekeeping, whether in the kitchen or the nursery, the consequence is an additional cost for service, which is a serious item in the yearly accounts. Women who, if they lived a rational life, could and would nurse their children, now require a wet-nurse, or the services of an experienced woman who can "bring up by hand," as the phrase is; women who once would have had one nurse-maid now have two; and women who, had they lived a generation ago, would have had none at all, must in their turn have a wretched young creature without thought or knowledge, into whose questionable care they deliver what should be the most sacred obligation and the most jealously-guarded charge they possess. It is rare if, in any section of society where hired service can be had, mothers give more than a superficial personal superintendence to nursery or schoolroom—a superintendence about as thorough as their housekeeping, and as efficient. The one set of duties is quite as unfashionable as the other, and money is held to relieve from the service of love as entirely as it relieves from the need of labor. And yet, side by side with this personal relinquishment of natural duties, has grown up, perhaps as an instinctive compensation, an amount of

attention and expensive management specially remarkable. There never was a time when children were made of so much individual importance in the family, yet in so little direct relation with the mother—never a time when maternity did so little and social organization so much. Juvenile parties; the kind of moral obligation apparently felt by all parents to provide heated and unhealthy amusements for their boys and girls during the holidays; extravagance in dress, following the same extravagance among their mothers; the increasing cost of education; the fuss and turmoil generally made over them—all render them real burdens in a house where money is not too plentiful, and where every child that comes is not only an additional mouth to feed and an additional body to clothe, but a subtractor by just so much from the family fund of pleasure. Even where there is no lack of money, the unavoidable restraints of the condition, for at least some months in the year, more than counterbalance any sentimental delight to be found in maternity. For, before all other things in life, maternity demands unselfishness in women; and this is just the one virtue of which women have least at this present time—just the one reason why motherhood is at a discount, and children are regarded as inflictions instead of blessings.

Few middle-class women are content to bring up their children with the old-fashioned simplicity of former times, and to let them share and share alike in the family, with only so much difference in their treatment as is required by their difference of state; fewer still are willing to share in the labor and care that must come with children in the easiest-going household, and so to save in the expenses by their own work. The shabbiest little wife, with her two financial ends always gaping and never meeting, must have her still shabbier little drudge to wheel her perambulator, so as to give her an air of fine-ladyhood and being too good for work; and the most indolent house-keeper, whose work is done in half an hour, cannot find time to go into the gardens or the square with nurse and the children, so that she may watch over them herself and see that they are properly cared for. In France, where it is the fashion for mother and *bonne* to be

together both out of doors and at home, at least the children are not neglected nor ill-treated, as is too often the case with us; and if they are improperly managed, according to our ideas, the fault is in the system, not in the want of maternal supervision. Here it is a very rare case indeed when the mother accompanies the nurse and children; and those days when she does are nursery gala days, to be talked of and remembered for weeks after. As they grow older, she may take them occasionally when she visits her more intimate friends; but this is for her own pleasure, not their good, and is quite beside the question of going with them to see that they are properly cared for. It is to be supposed that each mother has a profound belief in her own nurse, and that when she condemns the neglect and harshness shown to other children by the servants in charge, she makes a mental reservation in favor of her own, and is very sure that nothing improper or cruel takes place in *her* nursery. Her children do not complain, and she always tells them to come to her when anything is amiss; on which negative evidence she satisfies her soul, and makes sure that all is right, because she is too neglectful to see if anything is wrong. She does not remember that her children do not complain because they dare not. Dear and beautiful as all mammas are to the small fry in the nursery, they are always in a certain sense Junos sitting on the top of Mount Olympus, making occasional gracious and benign descents, but practically too far removed for useful interference; while nurse is an ever-present power, capable of sly pinches and secret raids, as well as of more open oppression—a power, therefore, to be propitiated, if only with the grim subservience of a Yezidi, too much afraid of the Evil One to oppose him. Wherefore nurse is propitiated, failing the protection of the glorified creature just gone to her grand dinner in a cloud of lace and a blaze of jewels; and the first lesson taught the youthful Christian in short frocks or knickerbockers is not to carry tales down stairs, and by no means to let mamma know what nurse desires should be kept secret. A great deal of other evil, besides these sly beginnings of deceit, is taught in the nursery; a great deal of vulgar thought,

of superstitious fear, of class coarseness. As, indeed, how must it not be when we think of the early habits and education of the women taken into the nursery to give the first strong indelible impressions to the young souls under their care? Many a man with a ruined constitution, and many a woman with shattered nerves, can trace back the beginning of their sorrow to those neglected childish days of theirs when nurses had it all their own way because mamma never looked below the surface, and was satisfied with what was said instead of seeing for herself what was done. It is an odd state of society which tolerates this transfer of a mother's holiest and most important duty into the hands of a mere stranger, hired by the month, and never thoroughly known. Where the organization of the family is of the patriarchal kind—old retainers marrying and multiplying about the central home, and carrying on a warm personal attachment from generation to generation—this transfer of maternal care has not such bad effects; but in our present way of life, without love or real relationship between masters and servants, and where service is rendered for just so much money down, and for nothing more noble, it is a hideous system, and one that makes the modern mother utterly inexplicable. We wonder where her mere instincts can be, not to speak of her reason, her love, her conscience, her pride. Pleasure and self-indulgence have indeed gained tremendous power, in these later days, when they can thus break down the force of the strongest law of nature, a law stronger even than that of self-preservation.

Folly is the true capillary attraction of the moral world, and penetrates every stratum of society; and the folly of extravagant attire in the drawing-room is reproduced in the nursery. Not content with bewildering men's minds, and emptying their husbands' purses for the enhancement of their own charms, women do the same by their children, and the mother who leaves the health, and mind, and temper, and purity of her offspring in the keeping of a hired nurse takes especial care of the color and cut of the frocks and petticoats. And always with the same strain after show, and the same endeavor to make a little

look a mickle. The children of five hundred a year must look like those of a thousand; and those of a thousand must rival the *tenue* of little lords and ladies born in the purple; while the amount of money spent in the tradesman class is a matter of real amazement to those let into the secret. Simplicity of diet, too, is going out with simplicity of dress, with simplicity of habits generally; and stimulants and concentrated food are now the rule in the nursery, where they mar as many constitutions as they make. More than one child of which we have had personal knowledge has yielded to disease induced by too stimulating and too heating a diet; but artificial habits demand corresponding artificiality of food, and so the candle burns at both ends instead of one. Again, as for the increasing inability of educated women to nurse their children, even if desirous of doing so, that also is a bodily condition brought about by an unwholesome and unnatural state of life. Late hours, high living, heated blood, and vitiated atmosphere are the causes of this alarming physical defect. But it would be too much to expect that women should forego their pleasurable indulgences, or do anything disagreeable to their senses, for the sake of their offspring. They are not famous for looking far ahead on any matter, but to expect them to look beyond themselves, and their own present generation, is to expect the great miracle that never comes.

Bentley's Miscellany.

SIMSON'S HISTORY OF THE GYPSIES.*

So common is the feeling in the minds of people residing in the British Isles that the gypsies do not—in fact, cannot—exist in a civilized state, that it amounts almost to an instinct. And yet it would puzzle most of such people to give an intelligible reason for such an opinion. That the tribe, in a more or less mixed state as regards blood, and in very large numbers, does exist in positions disconnected from the use of a tent, and that the descendants of such hold themselves to be gypsies, are facts that can admit of no contradiction. An Englishman has no difficulty in understanding what is

meant by a civilized American Indian, or a civilized negro, or a civilized man of almost any particular race, no matter whether he lives by himself or among more civilized races; why, then, should he feel any difficulty in understanding what is meant by a civilized gypsy? Perhaps no Englishman has ever doubted the fact of there being gypsies in Spain who do not follow the tent; why, then, doubt the existence of such in Great Britain? No one is likely to believe that if a common native were to "play gypsy," he would thereby really be a gypsy. So, then, as it is not the style of life, or the dress, or the character that makes a gypsy, what is it that does? So little do people know of what, in the essential meaning of the word, a gypsy is, that it is almost presumptuous for them to form an opinion for themselves, to say nothing of enunciating one for public instruction. What is wanted is an actual, positive, personal knowledge of the tribe; and this, we think, is very minutely and very maturely given in the book in question.

What I have said of its almost being an instinct that gypsies do not, and cannot exist in a civilized state in Great Britain, is really one of the most vulgar of "vulgar errors." What would an intelligent man think if he were asked to give an opinion as to what Indians or negroes should do to cease to be Indians or negroes? And what would be his opinion of what a gypsy should do to cease to be a gypsy? The gypsy-tribe has been in England since, at least, the time of Henry VIII.; so that its members, at the present day, may well call themselves Englishmen. And what should we ask them to do to become more Englishmen than they are already? That is, what should they do to "cease to be gypsies?"

That gypsies should marry with gypsies is so natural as to admit of no doubt or surprise; that the issue between the gypsy and common native should follow the gypsy connection (without reference to any particular character or habits) is as natural, and is a matter of fact. The doubter of this fact would feel a difficulty in intelligibly defining what this half or mixed breed should do to be a gypsy, or what he should do *not* to be "one of them."

The subject of the gypsies may well claim a little of the public attention, for there are few classes of readers to whom it does not present points of interest in a less or greater degree. Unfortunately, what the author said was and is true: "The fact is, the gypsies have hitherto been so completely despised, and held in such thorough contempt, that few ever thought of or would venture to make inquiries of them relative to their ancient customs and manners." To which is added: "What our author says is equally applicable to the entire subject of the tribe. And we see here how admirably the passions—in this case the prejudice and incredulity—of mankind are calculated to blind them to facts, perhaps to facts the most obvious and incontestable. What is stated of the gypsies in this work generally should be no matter of wonder; the real wonder, if wonder there should be, is that it should not have been known to the world before."—p. 268. The incredulity here spoken of is apparently the means, under a beneficent Providence, by which the singular gypsy nation is shielded from the almost unearthly prejudice of their fellow-creatures.

Of all the ways in which the gypsies have hoaxed other people, the manner in which they have managed to throw around themselves a sense of their non-existence in a civilized state, to the minds of others, is the most remarkable. A reason for this is to be found in the "Notices" of Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd in *Blackwood's Magazine*. "The community, familiar from infancy with the general character and appearance of these vagrant hordes, have probably never regarded them with any deeper interest than what springs from the recollected terrors of a nursery tale, or the finer associations of poetical and picturesque description." This nursery knowledge of a gypsy is doubtless very superficial, yet is such that people have the greatest difficulty in throwing it off when they grow up. It is of this nature: to-day there may be ten thousand gypsies in the country; to-morrow none (should it so happen that they have left the tent and divested themselves of the gypsy toggery); and next day there may be ten thousand again. This "Bo-peep" idea of a gypsy

has taken such a hold of the public mind, that when Mr. Hoyland commenced making inquiries into the condition of the tribe, he addressed circulars to the sheriffs for information, and got from no less than thirteen Scotch sheriffs the answer, "No gypsies within the county." On this it is remarked, "A report of this kind was nearly as good as would be that of a cockney as to there being no foxes in the county, because, while riding through it on the stage, he did not see any!" A reason for this is also to be found in *Blackwood's* "Notices," for in these it is said: "Men of letters, while eagerly investigating the customs of Otaheite or Kamschatka, and losing their tempers in endless disputes about Gothic and Celtic antiquities, have witnessed with apathy and contempt the striking spectacle of a gypsy camp, pitched, perhaps, amidst the mouldering entrenchments of their favorite Picts and Romans."

In the same work it is said: "The reader will be pleased to divest himself of the childish prejudices, acquired in the nursery and in general literature, against the name of gypsy, and consider that there are people in Scotland, occupying some of the highest positions in life, who are gypsies; not indeed gypsies in point of purity of blood, but people who have gypsy blood in their veins, and who hold themselves to be gypsies, in the manner which I have to a certain extent explained in the preface, and will more fully illustrate in my disquisition on the gypsies." Before any one can say that such is not a fact, he should interrogate every person on the island whether or not he is "one of them." And even that would not be sufficient; for a person is not necessarily a gypsy because he says so; nor would he not be one merely because he said he was not. And likewise he should give his reasons for not "subscribing" to the facts presented in the volume before venturing to style them "mystery-mongering," like *All the Year Round*, and "wild speculations," according to *Blackwood's Magazine*. What is said of John Bunyan can be applied to all civilized gypsies: "If Bunyan's father was a gypsy, we may reasonably assume that his mother was one likewise, and, consequently, that Bunyan was one himself,

or, as Sir Walter Scott expresses it, a 'gypsy reclaimed.' A gypsy being a question of race, and not a matter of habits, it should be received as one of the simplest of elementary truths, that once a gypsy always a gypsy." "As the Jews during their pilgrimage in the wilderness were protected from their enemies by a cloud, so have the gypsies in their increase and development been shielded from theirs by a mist of ignorance, which, it would seem, requires no little trouble to dispel."

In *All the Year Round*, for 17th March, 1866, under the heading of "An Immense Gypsy Party," appeared a rather curious notice of Mr. Simson's work. The writer says: "Another craze, hitherto not general, but which, if believed in, will throw over society a delightful, if slightly maddening, amount of mystery, has been put forth, in a certain book, written by a Scottish enthusiast, by which it appears that both Scotland and England are penetrated through and through with gypsy blood, and that men and women, whom we had all along taken for douce and honest Anglo-Saxons, or at the least Celts of the true breed, are nothing better than gypsies." "We pause a moment before we subscribe. . . . to the close and almost universal interfiltration of the Anglo-Saxon by the gypsy blood—unseen, unknown, and unsuspected. Our lady's-maids may be gypsies, with fair hair and blue eyes, 'chattering gypsy' secretly to other 'romany managies,' likewise cunningly disguised; soldiers and sailors may meet other 'nawkens,' or gypsies, like themselves, in the enemy's camp, and cry 'Zincali! zincali!' as at the discovery of a brother but we do not believe it. Nothing is easier than to make up a mystery it is all one to the mystery-monger, provided he can weave his webs with the faintest show of reason." And in strange contradiction thereto he says: "It has been infinitely to the advantage of society that they have become reclaimed and civilized, and are only now to be regarded as a mystery and a secret, a strange unspoken infusion of foreign blood and secret customs, all kept in the dark, and known only to the initiated." And in as strange contradiction to that, he continues: "As it is not even known how many gypsies, pure,

undefiled, and confessed, are now living in Great Britain—some saying eighteen, and others thirty-six thousand—we may be excused if we somewhat doubt the accuracy of statements which cannot be proved nor tested by any modern methods known to us.”

In an investigation like the present, we have none of the difficulties to be encountered in one having reference to an antediluvian or pre-adamite subject, but rather the facilities of one that entered England so recently as the sixteenth century. So that, why should there be any difficulty in ascertaining, most accurately, everything connected with gypsydom? The work in question sets out with the assertion: “It is what it professes to be—a history, in which the subject has been stripped of everything pertaining to fiction, or even coloring; so that the reader will see depicted, in their true character, this singular people, in the description of whom, owing to the suspicion and secrecy of their nature, writers generally have indulged in so much that is trifling, and even fabulous.” Language like that, taken in connection with the very minute circumstantiality of the edifice reared on so solid or legal and historical foundation, may well have shaken the critic before committing himself to his assertion that the work is a ‘craze,’ a ‘mystery-mongering,’ which ‘we don’t believe.’

In opposition to all that it contains, we have the following from the *Penny Cyclopædia*: “In England the gypsies have much diminished of late years, in consequence of the enclosure of lands and the laws against vagrants.” And the following from a very late number of *Chambers’s Journal*: “As the wild cat, the otter, and the wolf, generally disappear before the advance of civilization, the wild races of mankind are, in like manner and degree, gradually coming to an end, and from the same causes. The waste lands get enclosed, the woods are cut down, the police becomes yearly more efficient, and the pariahs vanish with their means of subsistence. In England there are, at most, fifteen hundred gypsies. Before the end of the present century they will, probably, be extinct over Western Europe.” In some “Notices of the Scottish Gypsies,” mainly by Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick

Shepherd, to be found in the early numbers of *Blackwood’s Magazine*, we have the following: “The progress of time, and increase both of the means of life and the power of the laws, gradually reduced this dreadful evil within more narrow bounds. . . . Their numbers are so greatly diminished, that instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher, it would now, perhaps, be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.” And of Billy Marshall, a gypsy chief: “Who were his descendants I cannot tell; I am sure he could not do it himself, if he were living. It is known that they were prodigiously numerous; I dare say numberless.” And yet this writer gravely says that “they are in some risk of becoming extinct!” In reference to these “Notices”—commonly strung loosely together, without any apparent research or real personal knowledge of the subject, Mr. Simson says: “It is perfectly evident that Sir Walter Scott, in common with many others, never realized the idea, in all its bearings, of what a gypsy was, or he never could have imagined that those only were of the gypsy race who followed the tent.” To which *Blackwood’s Magazine* for May, 1866, true to its ultra-conservative instincts, replies: “Very few persons indeed can have realized it as set forth in this book,” which, to his mind, contains “so much wild speculation, and so many unsupported assertions, which are made to pass for arguments.”

The question, “Who are the gypsies?” may, and I dare say always will, remain a subject for discussion, and naturally so; for, as Mr. Simson says in the work: “With the exception of the Jews, we have no certainty of the origin of any people; in every other case it is conjecture; even the Hungarians know nothing of their origin; and it is not wonderful that it should be the same with the gypsies.” The questions of interest that admit of so definite a solution as to be reduced to a positive science, are, What are the gypsies? Where do they go to? And what becomes of them? In other words, “The pivot on which the real interest in the gypsies, during the past, the present, and the future, turns, is the phenomenon of the occasional amalgamation of other blood with theirs, their

settlement, and the civilization, perpetuity, and increase of the people, maintaining their identity in the world, notwithstanding their having no religion peculiar to themselves, like the Jews. In conducting an inquiry like the one mentioned, a simple regard to facts is the sole legitimate object of contemplation; it not being even necessary to understand *why* or *how* a phenomenon exists, to believe that it *does* exist. For example: no one professes to understand how it is that the Jews exist in their scattered state, yet no one denies, or even doubts, their existence on that account. In the present volume, it may be said that the reasons given for the existence of the gypsies in a civilized state are amply sufficient to explain, connect, and substantiate the various facts discovered."

Blackwood's Magazine.

A GREAT CHAPTER IN HISTORY.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE PAPACY.

THE case of a selfish landlord, who had an eccentric taste for peacocks, commanding by a clause in a lease a tenant, who was under obligations to him, to keep one of these showy but deleterious fowls in his fruit-garden that he might occasionally admire it, would illustrate the present position of France as regards Italy and the Pope. The selfish landlord will at no price have the peacock in his own garden, on account of the mischief he does to the peaches; and France, though greatly admiring the Pope, is not ready to offer him Provence as a residence, though she insists on his being quartered for her delectation in the heart of Italy. And yet the Pope's title to the territory of Avignon is just as indefeasible, historically, as that by which he holds the remnant of the estate of the Church in Italy. But it was necessary for the unification of France that the Papal domain should be incorporated in the kingdom, therefore it was incorporated. It is equally necessary for the unification of Italy that the Pope should cease to be a king in her midst, but he continues to be so, because, as M. Thiers avows with cynical frankness, it is the will of France, and France is strong while Italy is weak. And M. Thiers doubtless re-

presents a considerable class of Frenchmen, who do not in their hearts care a straw about the Pope or the Catholic Church, but look upon religion, in general, as on the whole a bore, yet, while claiming the utmost freedom of thought and practice for themselves, have no objection to the women and children who belong to them believing in an infallible authority, even at the expense of marital and parental influence, for, after all, the arrangement saves trouble. By the zealous adoption of the view of M. Thiers the majority of the French Chamber has entirely thrown off the mask as regards the Papacy, and put the case in such a form, that their peculiar views will find little sympathy beyond the limits of the French Empire. It is not because she "loves Rome more," but Italy less, that France makes herself the champion of the temporal power. She cannot bear, as M. Thiers admits, to see an independent state of 25,000,000 of inhabitants consolidated in her neighborhood. A dependent state of the same population ready to follow her leadership would have been another matter. But Italy has become to a certain degree independent of France, through the awkward fact that another nation of 40,000,000 inhabitants has, for aggressive and defensive purposes, organized itself on the French frontier. France is thoroughly angry with Prussianized Germany, and especially on account of Bismark's alliance with Italy, which she looks upon, not altogether without reason, as her own creation; and Italy, as the weaker power, must be made to feel her anger. Though there is doubtless a substratum of sincere Catholic belief in the party that supports the Pope, yet to the majority of the friends of intervention it would seem to be a matter of indifference what principle the Pope represented; and were the Dalai Llama installed at Rome, he would serve equally well as an excuse for planting a sword in the soil of Italy, pointing in the direction of her heart, upon which the first trip in policy would cause her to fall. In all this we see the triumph of the selfish patriotism of democracy over the intentions of the French Emperor. No doubt the Emperor was sincere when he said that he wished to see Italy free from the Alps

to the Adriatic; but in insisting on exacting a *quid pro quo* for Solferino he showed that France would allow him to do nothing for Italy gratuitously. The French nation would not suffer that he should spend its blood and treasure on an idea, and, above all, in giving to another nation that freedom which its own government denies it at home.

The Roman question has been, and is, the main difficulty of the French Empire, and unless Louis Napoleon can find some solution that will set it finally at rest, the rule of his dynasty is likely enough to end with his life, if not before. He is placed in the dilemma of either alienating from him all the intelligent classes of France, or of offending the still more powerful majority whose votes raised him to power, and who are mainly composed of a peasantry as completely priest-ridden as any in the world. He is like a coachman, who has the misfortune of driving a pair of horses of untoward temper, one given to bolting, and the other to rearing and jibbing. He cannot rein in the one, Revolution by name, without throwing the other, called Reaction, into some viciously chosen position that hinders the progress of the carriage; he cannot use the whip and slacken the rein to Reaction without setting Revolution into a hand-gallop. To have driven the pair so long without accident is the greatest imaginable credit to him. If he snubs the Liberals and persecutes the Press, M. Veuillot at once begins to sing pæans to the advent of a new era of clerical supremacy; if he favors the Italians, and shows a disposition to curb the arrogance of the bishops, the Red Spectre begins to lift its crest once more. If the Emperor's only object had been to make himself a great name in history, he might easily have done so by suppressing the Pope, but it would have been at the risk of the suppression of his own dynasty by some suddenly executed plot; perhaps by assassination, for the Pope's last Encyclica shows that time has had no effect on the policy of the Vatican, and that only the power and not the will is wanting to re-enact St. Bartholomew in every country tainted by Protestantism. The Emperor, though a man of undeniable personal courage, is not a Garibaldi, and when he makes war for an idea,

always takes care to have his communications open behind him. He has certainly chosen now the immediately safer but ignoble part of making the vainest and most sensitive nation on earth the guardian angel of the Holy See—a part of which France must inevitably be ashamed, when her moral isolation grows upon her, and the sneers of intellectual Europe have fretted her self-love to the quick. And when France is once thoroughly angry with herself, her rage will be turned against the government that has caused her to lose her prestige. There will be only one way of obviating such a danger, if the present position is adhered to too strongly, and that is a general war, where France may indemnify herself by arms for what she has lost in reputation as a civilized power. The Emperor will doubtless do all in his power to save himself, France, and Europe from such an extremity, for to submit to it would be to belie all his antecedents, and place him on a level with those vulgar tyrants who have made mankind miserable. He will propose conferences and make all kinds of efforts to induce the Court of Rome to modify the "non possumus" policy, which has now less chance than ever of being effectual that M. Rouher has naively promised the unconditional support of France. A general war, it would thus seem, is finally inevitable, unless France finds herself bound over to keep the peace by a combination of European forces which she could have little hope of successfully resisting; for no one dreams now of attacking her, and as she would not have to fight for her own existence, the hope of healing the wounds of vanity would hardly seem a sufficient reason for running so great a risk. It is the interest of all Protestant states, and, indeed, of all Catholic states, whose ruling powers would preserve the shadow of independence, to set their faces steadily against those temporal pretensions of the Vatican which France has now taken under her sole guardianship. For it is in his quality of Priest-king that the Pope claims to be supreme over all the monarchies of the world.

The temporal power is not, as might appear on the surface, a simple expres-

sion, but has a dual significance. The less important aspect to the world at large, though not perhaps to Italy, is that of the sovereignty of the Pope in the so-called State of the Church, or what is left of it; the more important consists in that precedence which the Pope, in virtue of his being at once a king and a priest, claims not only over all the priests, but all the kings, of the earth. We know, from the famous *Encyclica*, that the diminution of his territory has in no degree abated this pretension. As a king, he may be a very small one; but the fact of his being the premier bishop of the Catholic world surrounds his triple tiara with a halo which, in the imaginations of the faithful, causes it to eclipse all other crowns; and this more than ever since those elective German kings, who, as successors of Charles the Great, and heirs of the Roman Empire, generally wielded the cosmopolitan, as opposed to the provincial, temporal power, have ceased to exist. That ideal temporal power would still remain as long as the Pope retained a vestige of princely independence, if it were only the Vatican with its garden, and a free strip of territory to the coast; for supposing him to be no longer master of communication with the outer world, the Italian Government would have the power of stopping his bulls from publication. But if he ever became a subject, the œcumenical spiritual power, with its everlasting claim to wield that temporal sword which strangely enough St. Peter was ordered to sheathe, would become a mere name, and the Pope would be no more than the Archbishops of Paris or of Canterbury. Hence all true Catholics are consistent in asserting to the last the regal character of the Papacy, just as all Protestants, and all Civil Governments merely professing Catholicism, have a direct interest in repudiating it.

The one Catholic power in Europe which, from its position and resources, was formerly most able to oppose a successful resistance to Papal pretension, was France in the seventeenth century. Then the French clergy were closely connected with the aristocracy, and the majority of them had a Gallican bias—that is, they were Frenchmen first, and

Catholics afterwards. Protestantism, also, was strong in the upper classes, and its influence indirectly affected the society outside it. When Louis XIV., under the baneful influence of confessors and pious mistresses, took the fatal step of revoking the Edict of Nantes, he sealed the doom of the monarchy, because he drove into exile the most thoughtful and earnest of the French nobility and gentry, who would have supported the throne against the anarchical party, and he sealed the doom of the French national Church. From that time forward the struggle for the possession of the mind and heart of France was between the Pope and Voltaire. Voltaire, as we all know, triumphed: the Gallican Church was swept away, and its beggared clergy emigrated with the beggared nobility. When Napoleon I. found it necessary to restore the Church, the old gentlemanly class of abbés had disappeared. If, like Jeroboam, he was not quite obliged to make priests of the lowest of the people, he was obliged to take them from an inferior class to that which had furnished them before. This class was naturally more devoted to the interests of the Holy See, as having less stake through family connection in the mother-country, and ever since that time the French clergy have probably been descending in social position, and becoming more and more purely Ultramontane. The profession, though exercising an immense influence on the masses, has been becoming more and more unfashionable, and except, perhaps, in fanatical Brittany, no young man of good family would enter the Church if any other career were open to him.

Things have come to this pass now in France that the clergy may be said to form a compact body, quite as devoted to the interests of the Vatican as the Society of Jesuits, and systematically hostile to the civil power, which they set at defiance whenever they can do so with impunity. At the same time their teaching departs more and more from the broader theology of Christianity, and concentrates itself chiefly on those points which Protestants regard as the most glaring errors of the Catholic teaching. The most solemn rite of worship appears to be the adoration of the Host

in the procession on Corpus Christi Day; and as the writer of this article has witnessed, in a provincial town where he resided, the whole system appears to culminate in the deification of the Virgin Mary. Doubtless this is a more respectable form of paganism than the worship of Isis or Aphrodite, but it is just as foreign to the spirit of Christianity. However, doctrine is irrelevant to our present subject. The doctrine might be perfectly apostolical, but the assumption of temporal power by a spiritual body would be equally objectionable, as was well proved during the so-called Reign of the Saints in the English Commonwealth. Among all the subjects of the Emperor Napoleon the only body who are thoroughly loyal are perhaps the Protestant communities. There are no more devoted adherents of the present dynasty than the Alsacians, who are in great part Protestant, and who amongst them, from their industrial pursuits, have become possessed of much wealth and influence. The Emperor may spend men and money in defending the Papal Chair, may pet the Catholic and snub the Protestant as he pleases, but he will never appease the irreconcilable enmity of the priests till he violates the present tolerant constitution of France, and makes himself the mere creature of their will. So that in steering between the priests and revolution, he is steering between Scylla and Charybdis, and we must repeat our admiration that he has so long held the helm without being either driven on the rock or sucked into the gulf.

Presuming that the Emperor himself has no Ultramontane sympathies, whatever other members of his family may feel, it may have been a matter of wonder to some superficial observers, that being absolute, he has never tried to do what Henry VIII. effected in England. He would doubtless have done so ere this if he had been Garibaldi instead of Louis Napoleon; but the state of the case would have been far different. The clergy and people of England at the time of the Reformation cared something for their religion, but very little for the Pope, and the Reformation began with the mere abrogation of the Papal supremacy. Catholic England was at no time Ultramontane, and those

members of the old Catholic families who have become so lately, have entirely departed from the traditions of their ancestors. It is the characteristic of Ultramontanism that it makes religion a secondary consideration, and the recognition of the Papal infallibility the first duty of the faithful. If the unhappy French Revolution had never been, the Napoleons, if they had still come to the throne by any accident, might have done what Henry VIII. did, and what Louis XIV. might have done, and saved France and the monarchy; but the time for such a bold measure ended with the Revolution. The present Catholic Church of France cannot be rendered loyal, and must remain a power antagonistic to the State; the only sure way of paralyzing its antagonism being to destroy the temporal power of the Pope in Rome itself, which the Emperor has doubtless the will, but, as we have lately seen, not the power to do. It would doubtless have been the greatest possible relief to the Emperor personally if the Italian army had outmarched Garibaldi to the Holy City, and anticipated the arrival of the French. He would have been strong enough to make the French nation accept the accomplished fact, but the hesitation of the Italians enabled the Papal party to force his hand.

It is the same change for the worse which has taken place of late years from other causes in the character of Roman Catholicism in the United Kingdom that makes it so difficult for any British Government to deal with the Irish priesthood. If they were a loyal and patriotic body, no presumable errors in doctrine would be a just excuse for not establishing the Church of the great majority of the Irish people. But they are notoriously the contrary; and although the daring programme of the Fenians at first frightened the Roman Catholic clergy, a certain number of them in the diocese of Limerick have now thrown off the mask, and declared that nothing will satisfy them short of the dismemberment of the British Empire. It was always the unanswerable argument of those who opposed Catholic emancipation in 1829, that Rome did not only represent a religion but a political system, which was inimical to all governments

but her own, and incompatible with all true loyalty. It was certainly argued, on the other hand, that words often expressed more than they meant, that men were better than their creeds, etc.; and such arguments were allowed to prevail, added to that of the Duke of Wellington, founded on political expediency, that emancipation was the only method of avoiding civil war. It may even be a question now with some pessimists whether civil war would not have been the better alternative, and whether Cromwell's management of Ireland had not something to be said for it. The Vatican has not been convicted of any direct complicity with the Fenians. But the suspicion may not be so very groundless that a large proportion of the Peter's pence which flow so abundantly from all parts of the world to Rome (*e. g.*, three millions of francs in three months from France alone), and which do not ever seem to mend the Papal finances, are in fact employed as the secret-service money of the Church. This much we do know, that the atmosphere of Ireland is charged with disaffection, or Fenianism would not live in it, and that this disaffection is owing to the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, almost always exerted in exciting animosity against the civil power. The case of Ireland has often been compared to that of Scotland, but the comparison is historically incorrect. The King of Scotland first inherited England, and then the countries were united by a voluntary compact; but Ireland, like first England and then Wales, was conquered by the Normans in the course of time. It would be just as absurd to excite to national independence the Saxons of Wessex or the ancient British of the Principality, as it is to stir up rebellion in Ireland on the same grounds. Wales furnishes almost an exact parallel to Ireland. Wales has a Celtic population, differing in language from England; the Church of England, though established, is, we believe, in the minority. But Welsh patriotism is quite content to assert itself in Eisteddfods and musical festivals. Never has Wales displayed a particle of disloyalty to Queen Victoria. Where is the difference to be sought for but in the fact that Wesleyan Methodists are good subjects and Roman Catholics are not always so,

and never will be as long as the head of their religion is a prince claiming supremacy over all princes? What makes the state of the case in Ireland so bad is, that the majority is Catholic. A minority is naturally less powerful for harm, and more cautious in concealing its real sentiments. This is seen in the present condition of the Grand-Duchy of Baden. The Government is so pestered by the priests, and so hampered in its civil action, that the Grand-Duke is said to be most anxious to absorb himself in Prussia as an escape from his domestic difficulties. In America the Roman Catholic Church is perhaps the most numerous of the denominations, though vastly outnumbered by all the rest together. Yet we know how important the Irish element is, and to what baseness politicians stoop who wish to conciliate the Irish vote. In Switzerland, though the Catholics are in the minority, and obliged to bow to the Federal laws, yet we know that their mischievous propaganda stirred up the civil war of 1847, and that, as far as the cantons are independent states, the Jesuits, real or potential, are doing their best to ruin morally, intellectually, and materially, the cantons where they are paramount. It would not be safe to endow the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, unless we could radically alter the character of the priesthood. It might have succeeded once perhaps, but the time is long past. Another course would be to put all the confessions of Ireland on a voluntary footing, and apply the revenues of the Protestant Church to purposes of education; but unless we made that education compulsory, the priests would manage to paralyze it by religious terrorism; and, except with the hope of conciliating them, it is difficult to see the use of taking any measure of the kind. We have to consider justice to England, and the general weal of the empire, before justice to Ireland; and, in fact, it is a modified Irish bull, to use the expression, justice to Ireland, as apart from the general interests of the United Kingdom, of which Ireland forms an integral part, and will continue to do so till some foreign power, coming in aid of native disaffection, shall have swept our armies from the land and our fleets from the sea. Ireland never has been, and never will be, an independent mon-

archy or republic; but she may well, when our glory is departed, become the dependency of some foreign power whose yoke will be far less endurable than the easy rule of England. It is one advantage of the present toleration of the Ritualistic sect in the Established Church of England, that a Roman Catholic priest, were he so minded, has little to do but to renounce the Pope to become one of the Anglo-Catholic clergy. But our Government may offer them the full use of their ceremonial, church temporalities, and leave to marry—they will never accept these boons, for their souls have been poisoned with Ultramontanism from earliest infancy, and the brand of slavery is too deeply burnt into them to be effaced. Every celibate priest is a traitor to his manhood—he has sold his birthright of natural liberty for a mess of pottage in the shape of power over weak minds. As far as we can see, there is only one thing to be done for Ireland, and that is to hold her with a strong hand till Protestant immigration and Catholic emigration have gradually left the Celtic population in the minority, and so by degrees improved the priests off the face of the land. For to act as though we had peaceful relations with those who are avowedly at war with us is nothing but childish folly.

The question as to which shall be master between Rome and the civil power in all lands has remarkably simplified itself of late years. Formerly it used to be a question between Protestantism and Catholicism, between the Articles of the Church of England or the Confession of Augsburg and those of the Council of Trent,—between, that is, rival forms of religious dogmatism. This led to endless disputation, and endless refinements of doctrinal differences, and so to no practical results. Now it is all plain sailing. Rome throws down the gauntlet to every government on earth. Her watchword is, "No surrender," and she will admit of no compromises,—she will have nothing short of unconditional submission. A party of amiable zealots in the Church of England have lately been instituting prayers for the union of all Christian Churches, by which they mean all Churches that are blessed with bishops, and no others, hoping to meet Rome half-way, and get the Archbishop of

Canterbury acknowledged as a peer of the Pope, only yielding deference to the Pope's spiritual seniority. But the Vatican laughs these amiable zealots to scorn; the Pope receives their overtures blandly, and bows them out with a "non possumus," and the titular Archbishop of Westminster hurls his anathema at home against their lame imitations of Catholic ceremonial, and faint attempts at monasticism. The very appointment of Mr. Manning was enough, if this infatuated party had had the sense to take "No" from the Vatican. If conciliation had been the policy of the Holy See, surely not Dr. Manning, but Dr. Newman, the leading intellect among the Oxford converts, would have been selected as the intrusive Primate. But it is the misfortune of that excellent man but eccentric thinker, in a worldly point of view, that he has never forgotten that he was an English gentleman before he was a Catholic, and that he has always retained a strong affection for that University of which he was so distinguished a member. He could not even be trusted to superintend the formation of a Roman Catholic College in Oxford. The influence of old associations on him was more feared than any advantageous result from his zeal was hoped for. He is stamped with the brand of honesty, which in the eyes of the Vatican is nearly the same thing as heresy. It may even be doubted whether he would have accepted an honor which implied disloyalty to his Sovereign. So Dr. Manning was called Archbishop of Westminster, and Dr. Newman was left out in the cold. Another prelate of Cardinal Wiseman's stamp might have been chosen had the Holy See meant anything less than open war against the Crown and Constitution of England. Dr. Wiseman was too genial and popular a character. He mixed too much in London society, and his general friendliness induced some to think that, after all, there was no great harm in the Papal aggression of 1851, whereas it was one of the grossest insults ever offered by one independent Sovereign to another. There appears to have been no mistake made in the appointment of Dr. Manning. Any government, whether it be Tory, Whig, or Radical, which holds for the time being the Imperial interests in its hands, now knows what it has to ex-

pect from Rome, and would be blind indeed if it did not profit by the lesson.

Wherever the majority of the population is Catholic, it would be impossible for any civil government to exist with a shadow of authority, were it not fortunately true that most masculine Catholics are only so in name. This only makes government in France possible, and from the nature of the case the Government is necessitated to be strong—that is, to uphold order at the expense of liberty. It is a fortunate circumstance for France that universal suffrage has not yet included women. As the female population outnumbers the male, the usual case in all old countries, France completely under petticoat government, which some surmise she suffers from in a certain degree at present, would soon become a mere outlying estate of the Holy See. And what her condition would be under such circumstances may be seen from looking over the Pyrenees, where the despotic rule of an imbecile female is nearly equivalent to universal suffrage in the hands of a majority of women under priestly influence. Spain, a country second in natural resources to none in Europe, once almost the mistress of the world, has been degraded under a long course of sacerdotal misgovernment into the laughing-stock and by-word of European nations. Her credit is gone, her manufactures are at a standstill, her literature is nowhere, her art and her science are asleep, her people are sunk in sloth, ignorance, and dirt. To counterbalance these worldly disadvantages, she earns the Papal blessing as the one dutiful child of Mother Church, and the only country where the Pope would feel himself thoroughly at home. Austria has been saved by the skin of her teeth from sharing a similar fate, if she is even yet saved. Francis Joseph has become, under repeated blows of adverse fortune, a sadder and a wiser man. Had it not been for the fatal Concordat, he might have been before now, as his fathers were, Emperor of all Germany. But that chance is gone forever. That well-meaning and conscientious prince was the victim of early priestly education. It required a Solferino and a Sadowa to open his eyes; but by all accounts he sees his way now, and is equally determined with his sub-

jects to get rid of the pestilent influence of the Ultramontane clergy, as a preliminary step to giving better government to his dominions. Nor is it to be expected that he will ever move a finger to join France in upholding the temporal power at Rome, for he knows now that it is just that Power and no other to which he owes all his troubles. The case of Austria naturally suggests that of unhappy Poland—a land which the Pope so touchingly commiserates in his recent whining Allocution, dwelling especially on the persecutions which the Roman Church, which never persecuted herself, has at present to endure. It was the opinion of a distinguished Polish statesman, Count Wielopolsky, we believe, that if Poland had been contented to acquiesce in the dominion of Russia as an inevitable necessity, though gained in the first instance by very foul means, his countrymen, by the force of their natural superiority over the Muscovite race, would have risen to such influence in the councils of the Czar as to effect the same sort of moral conquest of the conqueror, which ancient Greece effected over ancient Rome. The Poles, he thought, though never able to govern themselves, might have been able by tact and judgment to govern to a great extent the Russian Empire. This was only the dream of one man, who could not make his countrymen what he wished them to be. The Poles, however intellectually gifted, are, unfortunately for themselves, sincere and devout Catholics. As good Catholics they recognize the supremacy of a foreign sovereign; and this feeling, added to that of strong nationality, makes it impossible for them to accept the rule of Russia. So the Russian Emperor, though in the main a liberal prince, to prevent his dominions being dislocated, is instinctively led to expunge Poland and the Poles, and to stamp out the Roman Catholic Church, which he sees to be the focus of disaffection. This, no doubt, is a high-handed proceeding, though the Pope, if he possessed a particle of modesty, should be the last person to complain of it. Persecution is odious; but what is to be done with a society the main principle of whose life is the persecution of all other societies till its supremacy is undisputed? And we do not find that the Czar,

though he believes in the sole orthodoxy of the Greek Church, is accused of persecuting his Protestant or Jewish subjects. The reason is, that he finds that their religions, though he may think them the wrong roads to heaven, are not in their nature calculated to lead them astray in their allegiance to an earthly sovereign. Poland and Ireland have been often compared, and with considerable injustice as to the action of the English Government; but the comparison holds good so far as the great difficulty is the same in both countries—namely, disaffection to their own Governments through agitation proceeding from abroad.

The death of the unfortunate Maximilian is a pregnant lesson to all rulers who think that it is possible to steer a middle course with the clerical party. Maximilian might perhaps have been Emperor of Mexico now, had he submitted to be the vassal of Rome; but he was too high-minded to care for a crown on such a condition. It was not the Emperor Napoleon who abandoned him, but his priestly supporters. The Emperor Napoleon had a full right to withdraw his troops, when he found from the opposition of the United States that the Mexican expedition was a bad speculation for France. Maximilian, if he had been wise, would have gone away with the French army. He chose to remain and take his chance, and the priests betrayed him to his political enemies, choosing rather to fish in the troubled waters of anarchy than to live as the subjects of an orderly Government. Maximilian, like Henry IV. of France, may be counted among the martyrs of toleration. This significance of the tragedy is enhanced, if it is true that the Empress Charlotte owed her mental affliction in great measure to a shock she received from the unfeeling bigotry of the Vatican. An old man of mild presence sits in the chair of St. Peter, but his mildness must not be suffered to lull the world to sleep. Who rewarded the Swiss officer that commanded in the butchery of Perugia? who is the abettor of Italian brigandage, and indirectly of Irish Fenianism? Who finds his own rule impossible without the aid of a body-guard of foreign cut-throats, half-mercenary, half-fanatic, with a great European mili-

tary power behind them? and who is the persistent enemy of all rule but his own? None other than that old man of mild presence, who calls himself the Vicar of Christ, but is more like the Vicar of that "Anarch Old" who is the enemy of all order, human and divine. Is our verdict not justified, if we appeal to the history of the rise and progress of the temporal power?

Possession, it is commonly said, is equivalent to nine points in law; and the long-continued existence of an institution is undoubtedly in many cases a just title to reverence, since, unless it contained some principles of truth, such vitality would be impossible. Hence the advocates of the temporal power claim for it a divine sanction. Its origin and progress, they say, is as miraculous as that of Christianity itself. But nothing can be more certain than that it is to be accounted for on perfectly mundane principles, and that the operation of the common laws of cause and effect is as traceable here as in the clearest pages of profane history. We cannot for a moment assert that the Roman Church has ever entirely ceased to teach what is good and true, or to exercise its power in enforcing right and punishing wrong in cases where its own interests have not been concerned. But, on the other hand, it has always conciliated the weakness of vulgar humanity as the reward of obedience, and thus enlisted the multitude on its side, instead of endeavoring to promote that victory of the higher over the lower man, which is the true principle of the religion it professes to expound. In this respect the secret of its hold on the heart is the same as that of Islamism. But we must avoid trespassing on purely religious ground.

Though doubtless the growth of the temporal power of the Roman Church, like every other event, belongs to the scheme of Providence, it cannot be called miraculous in any special sense, unless the miracle began with the rise of pagan Rome to world-wide dominion. The prestige of this world-wide dominion still survived the taking of Rome by the barbarians, and was kept up in the fiction of the Holy Roman Empire, assumed to have been inherited through conquests and elections by Charles the Great and his successors.

For reasons of their own, these potentates were not always unwilling that the same metropolitan character should attach to the Bishops of Rome as the spiritual heads of the universe, although the spheres of their separate jurisdictions were constantly clashing, and endless disputes arose in defining the provinces of the Christian Mikado and Tycoon. With unreasoning passion and brute force on one side, and calm intellect and patient craft on the other, it was no miracle that in time the spiritual power should usurp nearly all the prerogatives of the temporal, that the Pope should become the real Emperor of Christendom, with all its kings for vassals, and leave the German king the barren honor of his iron crown. This work was completed by the gradually diminishing importance of the Eastern Empire under the pressure of the Saracens and the Turks, and the final conquest of Constantinople, while those more ancient Eastern Churches, whose bishops might have disputed the precedence with the See of Rome, were swallowed up in the Ottoman dominion. But long before the final catastrophe of the monarchy of Byzantium, the Bishop of Rome had been able to obtain a formal recognition of his claim to universal dominion. In 601 A.D., the Emperor Mauritius with his family was murdered by Phocas, the captain of his guard, who then usurped his throne. Boniface III., Bishop of Rome, finding that Cyriacus the Patriarch of Constantinople had fallen into disgrace, through disapproval of these acts of "Zimri, who slew his master," hastened to congratulate the usurper in the most fulsome terms. He was rewarded by being acknowledged by him as Œcumenical Bishop, and thenceforward the Bishops of Rome appear to have arrogated to themselves exclusively the title of Pope, or Spiritual Father, which had been formerly given to all bishops, even by the Bishops of Rome themselves, and in fact seems to have been almost as general in its application as the title "Reverend" is now. The progress of the temporal power has been forwarded by a multitude of other concurring causes, and most remarkably at three distinct epochs, respectively by statecraft, fanaticism, and accident. The first of these

was when Hildebrand succeeded in effecting that master-stroke of policy, the compulsory celibacy of the whole of the clergy; the second, when the zeal of Loyola, recoiling with horror from the success of the Reformation, founded the Order of Jesuits; the third, when the French Revolution, by destroying the aristocratic character of the clergy, gave birth to a caste of proletariat priests in France and Europe generally, whose allegiance to the central power was not disturbed by local patriotism, and who in the present day have become in all Catholic countries Jesuits in nature, if not in name—the members, as it were, of a secret society devoted body and soul to the Papal Propaganda.

It is well known that until Christianity became the religion of the Roman State by the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, the bishops who professed to be the successors of St. Peter were poor and unassuming, and even many of their names have been forgotten. They certainly never claimed or exercised a pre-eminence over other bishops, still less did they ever indulge in dreams of temporal sovereignty. Late in the middle ages a story was fabricated that Constantine, as a fee for his baptism, gave to Bishop Sylvester I. the whole of Italy and a portion of the East as his own territory; but the story was too absurd to allow of its defence by the more able controversialists of the Church, and could only have gained currency in times when historical studies were at their lowest ebb, for no sovereigns were ever more jealous of their rights than Constantine and his successors. But it is equally certain that these monarchs, who in the latter days of the Empire had to contend with a host of pretenders who hoisted the flag of still popular paganism, found it their interest, on the one hand, to conciliate the lower classes in the towns, and more especially in the country—the villagers or "*pagani*" *par excellence*—by assimilating as much as possible the rites of Christianity to those of the old polytheism; and, on the other hand, to make the Christian clergy their partisans by endowing them richly with lands and revenues, so that they attained at once a sort of independence of the State, and began thus early to found an

empire within an empire, possessing a capacity for indefinite aggrandizement. Thus the adoption of Christianity by the State was fatal at once to its purity and its poverty. While the Christian churches were hardly distinguishable externally from the heathen temples which they utilized, their landed property had increased in the fourth century to such an extent that in Italy at least it was estimated as a tenth part of the whole soil, and in pecuniary matters the clergy were entirely independent of the laity. The richest prince of the Church was, as was natural, the Bishop of Rome, whose dominions in the eighth century not only comprised large spaces in Rome and its neighborhood, but outlying estates in Northern and Southern Italy, and even in Corsica, Sicily, Dalmatia, Gaul, and on the coast of Africa. By the same policy the Frank Emperor Clovis, when he embraced Christianity, found it his interest to vastly increase the estates of the Church; and, moreover, he conferred on the Roman Bishop a crown set with jewels, thus acknowledging his rank in the brotherhood of earthly kings.

Notwithstanding all this, the Bishop was not considered to hold his estates in fee-simple, but only as a vassal of the Roman Empire, to whose honors the Frankish kings were supposed to succeed. His absolute and independent sovereignty took a long time to establish, and was the fruit of the most patient and adroit manœuvring through successive generations that the world has ever witnessed. Some may even question whether it ever has been perfectly established, for the Papacy has generally flourished most under the wing of some great protector, who was at once its master and its slave, which position, ignominious according to some, and honorable according to others, is at present held by his Majesty Napoleon III.

Every schoolboy who has dabbled in natural history knows that there lives in the sea a curious little creature called the soldier-crab. This humorous animal is armed in front like other crabs, and furnished with very aggressive claws; but its hinder parts are naked, and so it is obliged to look for some spiral shell whose native mollusc has vacated it, into which it may wriggle its weak latter end for protection, before it can proceed on

its devious forages. If ousted from this shell by any accident, it passes through a phase of fear and discomfort, and straightway proceeds to find another. The Papacy may be likened to a soldier-crab on a vast scale. Its courses are anything but straightforward, and constantly aggressive; but it is conscious of a weakness about the tail, and so has the habit of ensconcing itself under the shelter of the strongest power it can find, and then dragging that power after it in its unscrupulous foragings for the means of growth. The natural way for England to have replied to the Papal aggression of 1851, would have been to have sent a couple of frigates to Civita Vecchia; but we knew that France was behind the Pope, and so Lord Russell was obliged to content himself with the *brutum fulmen* of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The campaign of 1859, whether Napoleon really meant it so or not, has chiefly signified a complete shifting of the tutelage of the Papacy from Austria to France. And it will not be long before the French Emperor discovers that he has taken the "old man of the sea" on his shoulders, while Austria is now at length congratulating herself on being rid of the burden. But to return to our historical sketch.

Rome, in the serpent wisdom which has always through evil report and good report distinguished her, has ever known how to turn to her advantage circumstances apparently the most disadvantageous. This, again, is no miracle; for in ages when everybody else was fighting, she alone had leisure to think. Nothing could seem at first sight less advantageous than the division of the Roman Empire into Western and Eastern. And no doubt, had the division been strictly observed for many ages, the primacy of the Roman Bishop would scarcely have been established. But with the fall of Augustulus and the Western Empire came inextricable confusion. Still it was strange that the humiliation of Rome, while Constantinople still remained erect, should lead to the aggrandizement of the Roman Bishop. But so it was. And it was an equally strange fact that the irruption of a victorious horde of heathen should have made the West rather than the East the stronghold of Christianity. In the East the feminine virtues of Chris-

tianity were neutralized by the feminine vices of the now degenerate Romans. In the West they easily gained a gentle supremacy over the rugged but pure-minded worshippers of Odin. Doubtless the conquerors were to a great extent converted by Christian wives, who had become their spoil after the men belonging to them had perished by the edge of the sword. We know that at certain periods of the fifth and sixth centuries the population of the city of Rome, which had once emulated that of modern London, had dwindled to 35,000 inhabitants. It is to be taken for granted that during these times of tribulation the life of the Church was eminently respectable, or the truth-loving barbarians would never have been conciliated. The wisdom of the serpent for the nonce was fain to associate itself with the harmlessness of the dove, and wait its opportunity to throw off the mask. The opportunity soon came. Italy was split up into independent sovereignties, and Rome took care that the division should continue—a game which has been successfully kept up till the present time. In this matter her policy resembles that of the East India Company, who managed to establish their dominion by setting one native prince against another, with the profoundly worldly wisdom of a mercantile body. In the north of Italy, after many successive washings of the barbarian inundation, the Lombards had at length succeeded in planting themselves so firmly as to found a monarchy with Pavia as its capital. By the victories of Belisarius and Narses, the middle of Italy, and Sicily before its Saracen conquest, had been recovered by the Emperor at Constantinople, who claimed the sovereignty over the West as well as the East after the extirpation of the rival dynasty. But Rome was so reduced that he chose Ravenna as his Italian capital, and the land about Ravenna, the present Romagna, was called the Exarchate, and its ruler the Exarch or Governor-General. His subordinates were called Dukes, and the provinces they governed Duchies. Only the five coast towns of Ancona, Sinigaglia, Fano, Pesaro, and Rimini formed the so-called Pentapolis, governed by a stadtholder, who also owed obedience to the Governor-General. From the well-known

weakness of the successors of Justinian, it may easily be believed that the Exarchs of Ravenna had great difficulty in holding their own against the powerful and aggressive Lombards. Scanty succor was sent them from Constantinople, and thus they were obliged mainly to depend on the resources of the land itself, and the support of the minor princes, their vassals.

The Bishop of Rome, in virtue of the lands which he had held through all revolutions, was, though not so strictly localized as the rest, the most powerful of these. The weakness of the Exarchate was the opportunity of the Papacy. The Emperor could not resist the encroachments of the Bishop, because he wanted his help against the Lombard king. And as it was a great advantage to the Bishop that his sovereign should live at a distance, he left no stone unturned to prevent the whole of Italy from falling under the Lombard domination. The wealth of the Church stood in good stead here, and enabled the Pope to hire an effective body of mercenaries, or to pay the soldiers of the Emperor, who thus came to belong to him more really than to their titular master. This policy was eminently successful in the hands of Gregory the Great (590 to 604 A.D.), who gained great immunities from the Emperor in return for signal services, and went farther towards the establishment of the temporal power than any of his predecessors. The Papacy gained another great windfall of luck in the time of Gregory II. (715 to 735 A.D.) This was the rise of the great image controversy in the Christian Church, on which it is well known, after seas of blood had been shed, the Western and Eastern Churches eventually split. Doubtless the worship of images was adopted from the original paganism, for the sake of making Christianity easy to the converts; but Gregory the Great had pronounced his anathema against the practice, with impolitic shortsightedness, as it turned out. He had probably been impelled to that step by the scandal it created, and perhaps in a measure by the ridicule of Jews and other unbelievers. The Emperor, Leo the Isaurian, a man of great energy for an Eastern regent, came to the conclusion that it was time to prohibit altogether the worship

of images. But the measure was extremely unpopular, and of this Pope Gregory II. was perfectly aware. So when the Exarch of Ravenna endeavored to carry out his master's iconoclastic orders in Italy, he found a sudden opponent in the person of the Pope, who, with the usual infallible consistency of the Holy See, adopted the patronage of a practice which his predecessor had laid under the ban. So the Duke of Rome, the Exarch's subordinate, having set to work to break the idols in the Roman churches, was summarily expelled the city by an insurrection of the populace, whom the Pope had further conciliated by his opposition to some new taxes which the central government had tried to lay upon them. Here was a distinct act of rebellion on the part of the Bishop of Rome against his feudal suzerain. The Duke was driven out, and the Pope at once elected temporal ruler of Rome by popular acclamation, which was the form that Universal Suffrage took in those days. Thus in the year of grace 727 the Bishop of Rome at length grasped the terrestrial diadem for which his heart had so long panted. It was a bold stroke, and within an ace of being unsuccessful. For the Exarch at once proceeded to confiscate all the Pope's outlying estates in Italy where the populations had remained true to the Emperor, and Luitprand the King of the Lombards, a sagacious monarch, took the opportunity of starting on a career of conquest in Italy, and took Ravenna and five other cities. It certainly seemed at first as if he made common cause with the Pope, for he not only declared himself in favor of image-worship, but made a present to the Roman Bishop of the town of Sutri in the province of Viterbo, besides dealing with him as with another independent sovereign. The Pope, however, was not to be deceived. He saw that in time he should become a Lombard vassal, which would have been a worse position than that in which he formerly stood as a subject of Constantinople. So he turned to the Venetians, who had been able alone of the Northern Italians to preserve their independence as a duchy, and conjured them to help the Exarch against the "accursed people of the Lombards." Managing at the same time to stir up a revolt among the vassals of Luitprand,

he at length reduced him to such straits that he was obliged to evacuate his conquests and quit the Exarchate. The next Pope, Gregory III. (731-741), felt himself firm enough in the saddle, not only to set his liege-lord at defiance in the image business, but to excommunicate the Exarch as a heretic. Luitprand having now sufficiently recovered to try another fall with the Pope, the latter set up against him his vassal Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento. This time, however, there was a change of fortune. The Dukes were beaten, and Luitprand chased them into Rome itself, to which he proceeded to lay siege. It seemed now as if the last hour of the Papacy had sounded. But history has shown that it is an institution whose vitality knows no parallel. The Pope in his need looked to the Venetians again for help, but now they declined to measure themselves a second time with Luitprand, whose power they had felt to their cost. There was certainly a power beyond the Alps, but could it be appealed to, so as to aid in time? Charles Martel, the major-domo of the Frank King, was the most conspicuous hero of the time. He had saved Europe from the flood of Saracen invasion by the victory of Tours, and was now the virtual ruler of Gaul and Southern Germany. This prince had been brought into close relations with Rome through Boniface the Apostle of the Germans. So the Pope made a desperate appeal to Charles Martel in three successive embassies (739 and 740 A.D.). One of these brought with other presents some filings from the chains of St. Peter, but the last was empowered to make Charles the most attractive offer of a transfer of allegiance on the part of the Pope from the Emperor of Byzantium to the King of the Franks. But Charles Martel was now too weak and infirm to undertake a distant campaign, and too closely connected with Luitprand to at once take arms against him; he contented himself with thanking the Pope, and sending an embassy to Luitprand to induce him to withdraw his army. Immediately afterwards he died (27th Nov. 741), and Gregory likewise; and the last hours of the Pope were embittered by seeing the Lombards still at the gates of Rome. His successor, Zacharias, because a more wily man, was still worthier

of the Papacy. He saw that nothing could at present be done with the sons of Charles Martel, who were involved in distant wars, so he at once adopted with similar success the resolution of the mother of Coriolanus. He went to the camp of his angry enemy, and soothed and flattered him to that degree that he not only concluded a peace for twenty years, and gave up again all the possessions that he had conquered from the Holy See, but even gave the Pope a number of additional towns that he had won from the Exarchate. The only condition imposed on him in return was, that he should tear up the treaties (to which he had sworn as well as his predecessor) with the Dukes of Benevento and Spoleto, and join his own troops to those of Luitprand in marching against the latter town. Thus the clouds which threatened the Papacy from the side of the Lombard monarchy were for the present conjured, and that with additional advantage to the Holy See. Still the acute Pope did not lose sight of the fact that the Frank monarchy, because farther off, as well as more mighty, was a more convenient harbor of refuge than the Lombard. And as Pepin, the brother and successor of Charles Martel as major-domo of the Franks, happened to see that his own advantage lay in the same direction, it naturally was not long before that which both sides wished for came to pass. For a vassal to dethrone his sovereign, after having sworn allegiance to him, and usurp his place, was even in those days a strong measure; but of course, if the fountain of all Right, the Church, could be gained, the wrong became right according to the medieval conscience. And it had entered into the ambitious heart of Pepin to wish to take the place of his weak sovereign Childeric III., and he saw in Zacharias

"A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame;"

so he put to Zacharias by secret envoys in guarded language the question, whether it was lawful to substitute a sovereign capable of governing for one incapable. To this general question he got, as he expected, an affirmative answer, and proceeded, as was expected on the other side, to apply it to the particular case. The secular Faust got the necessary power to

carry out his unprincipled project, giving over in requital his soul to the clerical Mephistophiles. Safe in this alliance, the Papacy ran no great risks, though the Lombards under Aistulph were again at the gates of the Vatican. But Pope Stephen II., when in a similar strait with his predecessor, first tried the expedient of conciliating the Constantinopolitan Emperor, by promising obedience for the future if he would help him. Finding him unable to do so, he then turned to his friend Pepin, whom he solemnly anointed King of the Franks, having come to France at his request for the purpose. In return for this condescension, Pepin promised to make war on the Lombards till he had thoroughly rescued and put under the sovereignty of the Pope the patrimony of St. Peter. Pepin passed the Alps with his troops in the summer of 754, and forced the Lombard King to sue for peace by besieging Pavia. Peace was concluded on condition of the Lombard ceding his Italian conquests to the Pope under the Frank King as suzerain. The Pope had, however, to appeal to Pepin a second time, as Aistulph, as soon as the Franks were gone, came back to take his revenge at his leisure. To back this appeal, the Pope's envoys presented to the King a letter *in St. Peter's own handwriting*, urging him by every possible promise and threat to rescue the town of Rome from the Lombards. The alleged intervention of Heaven was quite successful. A second expedition more decisive than the first took place, Aistulph's power was thoroughly broken, and the temporal power of the Papacy placed on a satisfactory footing. It was not likely that an embassy from Constantine V., the Greek Emperor, which came to Pepin immediately after his victory, would gain his ear to any purpose. He told the envoys that he had undertaken his campaign not in the interest of the Greek Emperor, but for the honor of St. Peter, and therefore he should maintain the supremacy of the Pope in the former estates of the Emperor of the East. He reserved to himself only the title of Patrician of Rome, and a nominal sovereignty; but becoming involved in distant wars and troubles, he finally left the Holy Father the real master of the situation.

After his death in 768, when Charle-

magne ascended the throne, matters changed to the disadvantage of the Papacy. He deposed Desiderius the King of the Lombards, and set the iron crown on his own head. He afterwards proceeded to annex the rest of Italy, assumed the title of Roman Emperor, and obliged the Pope, Leo III., to crown him. Thus the Pope, though still a temporal prince, became again a vassal, and the Roman took the place of the Greek Emperor as his liege-lord. At the decease of the Empire the Pope became again an independent prince, in the same way as those German princes who were also formerly vassals of the Holy Roman Empire. But in the meantime he made use of the spiritual power to wrest as far as possible the œcumenical temporal sword out of the hands of his suzerain, and by every available means sought to add to his estates at home, and bring them within a ring-fence as much as possible.

In the middle of the eleventh century the Margrave Boniface of Tuscany possessed by inheritance or imperial gift an almost regal dominion in the heart of Italy. At his death in 1052 A.D., his daughter Matilda became sole heiress of his domains at the age of nine, under the guardianship of her mother Beatrix. The young heiress was betrothed to Duke Godfrey of Lorraine, whose father also married her mother. But the younger lady, as she grew up, displayed a will of her own, and refused to solemnize her marriage till 1069, and even then to live with her husband, alleging that she had given him her hand only that the Emperor, his friend, might confirm her in her estates.

Here was a famous opportunity for the Holy See. Ever since the temporal and spiritual powers had been brought, as it were, under the same roof by the creation of the Holy Roman Empire, they had been at war, and each had its partisans in Italy and Germany, who called themselves respectively Ghibellines and Guelphs in process of time. At this period the temporal power was represented by the impulsive Emperor Henry IV. and the spiritual by Hildebrand or Gregory VII., a man of immense energy, and a veritable Jupiter in wielding the bolts of the Vatican. Duke Godfrey supported the Emperor; but as he and his wife were not one flesh, it was the policy of the

Pope to secure the latter for his own cause. And this he did most effectually, it matters not by what means. Whether the talented and beautiful Margravine played the part of Aspasia to the Pericles of medieval Rome, or whether their intimacy was only of a Platonic nature, it is certain that Matilda and Hildebrand became inseparable companions in court, camp, and grove. When this lady was staying with Gregory at his castle of Canossa, before whose gates poor Henry IV. was obliged to sit, barefoot and famished, in the snow till the Pope relieved him from the interdict, he persuaded her to make over by will (1077 A.D.) the whole of her property to the Apostolic See. After the death of Gregory, however, Matilda, who had solemnly promised her friend never to marry again, married in 1089 the young Duke Welf of Bavaria, who might well have been her son, if not grandson. In the face of this proceeding, Pope Urban II. naturally became very anxious for the inheritance of the Church, and induced the unhappy Matilda to send her boy-husband home again. His father, however, was not so easily disposed of; he came in high wrath into Italy at the head of an army, and kindled a war which lasted nearly two hundred years. The first will of Matilda having been lost, Urban had forced from her another which was still more advantageous to the Holy See; for the second gave away not only her private estates, but those lands which she held in fee of the Emperor. The Pope had not quite sufficient impudence to take immediate possession of the latter; for when Matilda died in 1115 A.D., Pascal II. not only took no measures for administering, but did not even dare to produce the will; and when Henry V. endowed with the lands in question certain of his adherents, allowed him to do so without protest. When Calixtus II., seven years later, made peace with the Emperor by the so-called Concordat of Worms, no mention whatever was made of the Matilda legacies, so that a suspicion arose, which many historians believe to be well founded, that the famous will was nothing more than a posthumous fabrication of the Church. Be this as it may, it was not till after the death of Henry V., that scourge of the Papacy, in 1125,

that Honorius II. dared to bring forward his claims. Henry's successor, Lothaire, Duke of Saxony, was not so strong a monarch, and he had owed his election to the three Prince-Bishops of Germany and the influence of the Pope's legates. Still the Pope could not succeed with him as far as he wished. By a treaty between Innocent II. and the Emperor, the allodial lands of the Margravine Matilda were adjudged to the Pope, while the Emperor was confirmed in the feudal lands. But these were so much mixed up together, that an attempt to divide them renewed the strife. It was at last agreed that the Emperor should rent the allodial possessions of the Pope for a hundred silver marks per annum, with a kind of entail on the Emperor's son-in law, after whose death they should revert to the Holy See, and a new lease be made. Thus the house of Welf of Guelph possessed these much contested estates till the death of Duke Henry of Bavaria and Saxony. To his son Henry, surnamed the Lion, Frederic Barbarossa was much indebted for his election to the monarchy in 1152, as also to the Lion's brother called Welf VI. So he gave back Saxony and Bavaria, which had been taken away from his father, to the former, and endowed the latter with the Margraviate of Tuscany, the Duchy of Spoleto, and all the allodial possessions of the late Matilda. Against this adjudication Pope Hadrian IV. most energetically protested, but his death immediately ensuing (1159), Alexander III. settled the matter for the present by allowing Welf VI. to hold the allodial lands in fee of him. However, through the extravagance and indebtedness of this prince, they soon became mortgaged to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa; and thus, in the year 1168, this precious bone of contention was clutched by the mighty house of Hohenstaufen, who were not likely to let it slip too readily. Under the Hohenstaufen emperors, a line of men singularly distinguished by every kingly quality, the Pope had in general to hide his diminished head, though he could still sting them from time to time with his ban, the virus of which has now been worn out by time, but which in a superstitious age had the inflaming qualities of an adder's bite in August. Even

that precocious freethinker Frederic II. (who must not be confounded with the Prussian friend of Voltaire) had to quail under it at last. And there is something grotesque in those pages of history which show the doughty German emperors overrunning the Roman States, and literally riding rough-shod with their mailed chivalry over the Vatican and its inmates, and yet in the end as invariably brought to cry for mercy, as some unmanly man who lifts his fist against an unprotected but eloquent female. Even so in some ghost-stories the hero summons courage to make a pass at the vision, but a shudder of terror comes over him when he finds he is piercing air, and the ghost is avenged for the assault.

No sooner was there some confusion in the affairs of the Hohenstaufens, consequent on the Empire devolving on Frederick II. as a minor, than the then Pope Innocent III. began again to assert his claim to the Matilda estates. As it happened that most of these were for the present held by Germans, his cue was now to raise the nationality cry. And in fact he was able to excite so formidable a revolutionary movement, that it seemed as if all the foreigners would be expelled Italy.

But this expedient did not exhaust the Papal armory. An opportunity presented itself of carrying the war into the enemy's country. As Frederic was still a minor, his uncle Philip put himself forward as a candidate for the Empire until his nephew should attain his majority, but he was opposed by the Welf party in the person of Otho of Saxony. The secular princes took the part of the former, the ecclesiastical of the latter. The Pope promised his support to Otho, on condition that he would take part with the Church in Italy, threatening to support his rival in case of his not agreeing. A solemn covenant was the result, by which the Pope promised to secure Otho's election, and he to restore all the Matilda estates to the Church, as well as everything that had been secured to her by Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne. It was the first time that this grant was ever heard of, but the claim was supported by a document bearing the date of 817 A.D. Its purport was that Louis gave the Papal See the whole of Southern

Italy, with Naples and Sicily, and many territories which then belonged to the Eastern Empire. The last addition to the list proved too much, for it proved that the document was forged, as Louis could not have given what was not his own to give. But Otho was innocent of history, and so Pope Innocent easily imposed on him; and so, on the principle of the justification of the means by the end, by setting subjects against their sovereigns, and falsification of documents, the temporal power was at length established in Italy on a firm basis, and the most wretched rule was inaugurated that the world has ever seen. Many times in history have the Romans risen against the Pope, but their revolutions have always been neutralized by foreign interventions. And apparently they must still wait patiently till the fruit is ripe, and drops of its own accord. Our gallant but injudicious friend Garibaldi, as a polite prelate might call him, has attempted to hasten the consummation, with what result we know. His hare-brained dash at Rome, rash as that of the bull who charged the express train, has prolonged for a season the birth-throes of Italian freedom. If Germany had been sufficiently organized to allow of Prussia supporting Italy against France, it would perhaps have been wise for the Italian Government to have itself seized on Rome and braved the consequences; but as the case stood, there was meanness as well as weakness in permitting the national hero to take the chestnuts from the fire and burn his fingers in the process. The lion of Caprera, for the good of his country, ought to be kept in a cage, but a cage of gold, and only let loose when he is really wanted.

That the suppression of the Pope as a temporal prince by Europe would be justifiable, no one can doubt who has read the Encyclica of 1864, which declares a chronic war against every established Government in the world; and not only that, but against progress, education, and every kind of improvement which could add to human happiness. And none but the extremest partisans of the Divine right of kings would maintain that, after centuries of priestly misgovernment, the Pope's own people have no right to dethrone him. There is

a limit in everything. There are churchmen who have governed well in the middle ages, but they were very lax churchmen, and chiefly employed lay agents. Priests by their very profession ought not to govern well, for they profess to despise this world; whereas it is the especial business of a ruler to apply all his efforts to furthering the temporal happiness of his people, leaving their eternal interests to religion. A little case in point sometimes illustrates a position more forcibly than any argument. We heard, when staying at Rome in the time of Gregory XVI., of a famous brigand called Gasperone, who was kept in a den at Civita Vecchia, and shown as a lion to distinguished visitors. This worthy would have been executed over and over again for the murders he had committed, had he not constantly baffled the Pope by refusing to confess, and without confession and absolution it was impossible for the Holy Father to send a soul to its account. Every one knows that crimes are committed with comparative impunity at Rome, while heresy and political disaffection are as rigorously visited as the French Protectorate will admit of. Long before the Italian revolutions, the rule of the Bourbons at Naples, not to mention that of the Tuscan Grand-Duke, afforded a most favorable contrast to the tyrannical anarchy of the Roman States.

Lastly, the best Catholics, in the sense of those who firmly believe in the great main truths of Christianity, must, when brought to bay, allow that, however essential the temporal power may seem to the maintenance of the spiritual status of the Holy See, it has exercised throughout the whole course of history a most demoralizing influence on the character of the Papacy. Nearly all the Popes have been notorious for an extraordinary greed of worldly wealth, and in too many instances the possession of this wealth has led to the most reprobate lives. Nothing in the way of wickedness came amiss to Alexander VI. and the Borgia family, and it seemed in many instances as if the self-styled Vicar of Christ wished to prove his imperial pretensions by sinning more vigorously than Nero, Domitian, or Commodus, in the consciousness of a fuller light. And then who can deny that the most exe-

crable means were resorted to to increase the power and revenues of the Church? To excite subjects to rebel against their sovereigns, to forge wills and falsify records, to extemporize miracles, to play fast and loose with the marriage and divorce of princes, were common expedients; but German history also tells of more than one instance in which, in order that the Pope might get the better of the Emperor, ambitious sons were stirred up to unnatural rebellion against their fathers, and blessed by the very voice which should have cursed their disobedience. And if there had been no such thing as the temporal power, would the world have seen three Popes at once, in contempt of all apostolical succession, banning and blaspheming against each other from different points of the compass? Would not the best Catholics esteem themselves happy if history could record a line of Popes with lives as blameless as those of our Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury, of whom the worst that we ever heard said has been, that some of them occasionally smoked tobacco?

Bentley's Miscellany.

JACK OSBORNE'S WOOING.

A TALE OF THE SEA-COAST.

A LOVELY afternoon. The sun was shining brightly forth from an unclouded sky upon the deep blue waters of the ocean, which leaped and frolicked in very joyousness of spirit; it seemed stirred up by the cool salt breeze blowing in upon the land. The exact locality matters not. It was somewhere on the southern part of the cliff-bound coast of England. The scenery was perfect of its kind. On one side, inland, were waving woods, green fields, and sparkling rivulets, with lowing herds chewing the cud beside them. The lofty turf-covered downs were dotted over with numerous flocks of white fleecy sheep, while on the other side the high cliffs and dark rocks projected out into the sea, forming a succession of small bays and inlets, in which so much consists the picturesque beauty of that part of the coast.

On the summit of the sunny downs walked a young man in the dress of a naval officer, and by his side, resting on his arm, was a girl worthy to be the

presiding goddess of a scene so lovely. She was delicately fair, with light hair, just tinged with an auburn hue, and eyes of azure pure as the sea she gazed on, and her costume simple in the extreme. The couple had proceeded up along a valley from a pretty little cottage which lay ensconced snugly amid a grove of trees, and protected by the high ground between it and the sea from the wintry gales which blow from it. They had walked on for some distance without speaking, when the young lady turned her blue eyes towards the youth, apparently to inquire the cause of his silence. Whether the soft tranquillity of the scene influenced him, or the gentle gaze of those bright eyes, it is difficult to say, but he immediately opened his mouth and commenced a series of expressions so incoherent that the maiden herself did not appear to comprehend them till he concluded by one sufficiently explicit to leave no doubt as to the meaning of the rest. It was, "Fanny, I love you. Will you marry me?"

The words, however, did not, it seemed, give the fair girl the satisfaction it might have been expected they would have done, for instantly and unconsciously withdrawing her arm from that of her companion, she answered: "I am sorry, Jack, very sorry, to hear you say this. I thought you knew that my regard for you was as a sister for a brother, as I fancied yours was for me—such as would never allow thoughts of marriage to enter your head. You know that I am romantic, as it is called, and you ought to know that I am never likely to give my heart to any man, except I can look up to him and respect him as a being superior to myself—except he has done some gallant deed to win my admiration as well as that of the world. No, Jack, utter not those words again; forget that you have pronounced them, as I soon shall, and we shall be as happy in each other's society as we have hitherto been, without thinking of such folly." She ceased, and turned away her head.

"Then are you never likely to return my devoted, my unwavering affection?" exclaimed the young seaman in a tone of anguish. "Or—oh, pardon me for the question!—do you, Fanny, love another?"

"No, indeed, Jack, I do not," she answered with a light laugh—perhaps it was a little forced. "I will answer your rather impertinent question with the candor you deserve. My heart is as free as the breeze which plays upon the ocean. That must satisfy you. You must be conscious that you have done nothing to enchain it. You are a very good seaman, and a very respectable officer, I have always heard. You can haul ropes, go aloft, hand, reef, and steer, and possess all other sorts of nautical accomplishments, I dare say; but you have never boarded an enemy's ship, stormed a fort, nor even seen a shot fired in anger, that I know of; you never jumped overboard to save a man or even a drowning monkey, that I am aware of; in fact, Jack, you have done nothing to win a young lady's heart like mine, at all events; and if my sex would but exert their prerogative, you would receive the same answer to a like question from all. I am sorry to give you pain, cousin, but I speak what I feel and think. If woman never gave her heart except to him who had won it by some noble deed of valor, generosity, charity, or self-sacrifice, there would be fewer useless characters in the world, and we should hear no more complaints of the degeneracy of the age. And now, Mister Jack, I must return home."

They spoke not another word till they reached the garden-gate of the little cottage in the valley. The young lady then put out her hand, saying, quietly:

"Good-by, Cousin Jack. We part friends, as we always have been; so go home, and forget all about it."

Before the young sailor could answer, Fanny Ashford had disappeared in a turn of the shrubbery.

Poor Jack Osborne did not, however, follow her advice, for instead of returning to his home, which was some miles along the shore, he lingered long in the neighborhood of the cottage, whence he could obtain a sight even of the light in her window. He had not determination to tear himself from the spot. He thought over all that had occurred, and he felt that he could not live without her. So completely occupied was he with his reflections, that he did not observe the entire change which had taken place in the weather since the sun had

set. He was aroused from his reverie by finding his hat blown off his head by a violent gust which came in from the sea, and had it not caught in a blackberry-bush close under his lee, he would probably have been compelled to return without it. The dark clouds were chasing each other rapidly through the sky; the wind whistled loud and mournfully; indeed, he soon discovered that a furious gale was blowing, though he still continued wandering around the same spot, the weather in consonance with his feelings, till some heavy drops of rain warned him of the folly of his behavior. Slowly and unwillingly he commenced his homeward way. He had not, however, proceeded far, when his ears were startled by the dull report of guns fired at intervals. They seemed like signals of distress fired from a ship at sea. He listened attentively, then hurried to the edge of the nearest cliff. There he stood for some time, straining his eyes to pierce the darkness, till he was certain he could distinguish the flashes, while the reports appeared to come nearer and nearer. Suddenly several guns were discharged in quick succession.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "she must be on the Black Reef, and every soul will perish. No. Let me see—what's the hour? Ah, it is nearly dead low water just now, and it will be almost smooth inside the reef. If the people on board her know that, they may launch their boats or a raft, or even swim on shore; but they probably do not. If they wait for the morning, except the gale should abate as suddenly as it has commenced, which there is no prospect of, every soul must be lost."

Thus soliloquizing, Jack Osborne wound his way down the steep sides of the cliffs by a well-known path to the beach. He there found several fishermen, whose cottages were at hand, and who had, like himself, been attracted to the spot by the report of the guns, though it is to be feared that some of them, at all events, had resorted thither more in expectation of the waifs which the sea might cast on shore, than for the purpose of rendering assistance to the hapless beings on the wreck.

"Hillo, Tom Hansard, is that you, my man?" exclaimed the young sailor as he reached the shore, addressing a stout

fisherman who was looking earnestly seaward; "whereabouts is the vessel that was firing just now?"

"On the Black Reef, no doubt, sir," was the answer.

"And if the people on board her remain there without assistance they will be lost," cried Jack Osborne, in an eager tone.

"It's very true, sir," answered the fisherman; "but it cannot be helped."

"But I say it can be helped," exclaimed the young man with animation. "Now, if you and three other active hands will launch one of your boats and accompany me, we will carry a hawser out to the vessel, and get all the people on shore over the reef before the tide rises. Here are eight sovereigns in my purse, which shall be yours whether we succeed or not; and as for the danger, there's none, if we are quick about the work. Remember, it's now neap tide and dead low water, so there'll be no sea of any consequence to hurt us."

"We'd go without the money, Mister Osborne," said another fisherman, who had been attracted to the spot; "but our wives and little ones, and——"

"Well, here's the money—leave that with them, but be quick about it," cried the young officer, impatiently. "There's no danger, I tell you; and you cannot be such arrant cowards as to allow a whole ship's company to perish for fear of wetting your jackets. If you are, I shall go alone, though I fear I shall do little good without help. I suppose some of you will lend a hand to launch a boat through the surf. It matters little to any one if I never come back."

"No, no, Mister Osborne, we are not afraid; nor are we the men to let you go alone," answered one of the older fishermen. "But we did not think of the tide being as low as you say. You are right, though, sir, and I'll answer we get safe up to the rocks. I'll go with you, for one."

"And I," "and I," "and I," cried several others.

Jack selected those who had first spoken, and launching one of the boats by the aid of all hands, steered her boldly through the surf, with a lantern in her bows, towards the dark rocks which they knew were now above water, towing at the same time a line made fast to some posts

on the shore. A fierce wind was in their teeth, covering them with the thick spray, and the night was otherwise so dark that it was with difficulty Jack could see how to steer; indeed, he seemed guided rather by a seaman's instinct than assisted by his powers of vision. The thought, too, of Fanny, and of her approbation should he succeed in his enterprise, nerved his heart and determined him to risk every peril. Notwithstanding his assertions that there would be no danger, several heavy seas which swept round the end of the reef broke on board the boat; but, encouraged by their young commander, the fishermen, like true Britons, having once engaged in the undertaking, were not to be deterred from proceeding while any hope of success existed. As they neared the reef, the water became smoother; and at length they made out, by the vivid flashes of lightning which every now and then darted from the clouds, the hull of a large vessel driven completely upon the rocks, and over the after part of which the sea was breaking wildly. The masts were all gone, her bowsprit only remaining, and projecting, fortunately, over a ledge of the reef which the water did not wash. The light of several lanterns twinkling in the fore part of the ship showed that some of her crew, at all events, still remained alive, and at length Jack had reason to suppose that his boat was seen.

"Now, my men," he exclaimed, "let us hail them together. It will cheer their spirits, and show them that help is at hand."

And forthwith a true British cheer ascended from the fishing-boat. The cheer was directly answered from the ship. The boat was now so close to the reef that great caution was necessary to prevent her being staved against it. As the fishermen lay on their oars, consulting as to the best way to carry the rope to the ship, Jack determined to undertake the task himself. Throwing off his jacket, he made a rope fast round his middle, and getting the boat as close as was safe to the rocks, he plunged overboard. The next instant all was darkness, and the fishermen anxiously watched for another flash of lightning to see the success of his enterprise. A moment afterwards a human form was seen clamber-

ing over the slippery weed-covered rocks; but it again disappeared, and again they were compelled to wait in suspense till a dark object was seen moving towards the end of the bowsprit. While still anxiously looking out, a voice from some one in the water hailed them, and in a second Jack Osborne was hauled safely on board. The rope he had carried, having been hauled on board the ship by means of a thick hawser, was quickly carried to the shore.

In the meantime, Jack Osborne had returned to the ship for the purpose of hurrying the departure of the people, for the tide was now again rising, and every moment was of consequence. It was, indeed, fortunate for the strangers that he did so, for some of them were even talking of remaining by the ship till daylight before they ventured on shore. She proved to be a large Swedish ship, homeward bound from the West Indies, and carrying a valuable cargo, with ten guns, a numerous crew, and several passengers. The scene was one of the greatest confusion, for the masts had gone by the board, and the decks were covered with the wreck of the spars and rigging, from the falling of which many of the people were hurt. These latter and the passengers were conveyed on shore in a basket slung on to the hawser, while most of the crew escaped by other ropes which had in the meantime been carried there. So long a time was thus occupied that several, among whom was Jack Osborne, still remained on the wreck, over which the sea had begun to make fearful breaches. At last, a more terrific breaker than any came rolling towards them. "Hasten, hasten for your lives!" exclaimed the gallant young Englishman. The sea struck the ship with an awful crash. Quivering in every timber she parted in twenty places, and in another instant the broken fragments were dashed upon the beach. Some few unhappy beings, struck by the floating timbers, sank beneath the waves, and their mangled corpses were cast on the shore. Others, though senseless, were thrown on the beach alive, and among them the gallant young officer who had been the means of preserving the lives of the rest. He was forthwith conveyed to the nearest gentleman's house, which happened to

be Mr. Ashford's, Fanny's father. Thither also some of the passengers and officers were conducted, when Mr. Ashford gladly gave them shelter and entertainment. All were loud in their praise of their brave preserver, who had been conveyed to their host's own room, and attended by a surgeon, who, to the satisfaction of all, pronounced his hurts not to be dangerous. This was proved when, after a night's rest, he appeared next morning at breakfast, rather paler than usual, but otherwise uninjured. His color, however, quickly returned, and his eyes sparkled with joy, when Fanny Ashford entered the room, and placing her hand in his forgot to withdraw it.

"Is it to be mine?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, "if you value it as the reward of gallantry."

He did value it more than all the medals the Humane Society could bestow (no disparagement to that admirable institution). A few weeks afterwards Fanny Ashford became his bride, and is now the happy wife of one of the most gallant captains in the British navy.

THE ISLAND OF MITYLENE—ITS DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

MITYLENE is the chief city of the beautiful island of that name. It is famed as the birthplace of men renowned in philosophy, poetry, history, and music. The Island of Mitylene belongs to the Turkish Empire, though chiefly inhabited by Greeks,

"Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

It is the ancient Lesbos. It is situated in the Ægean Sea, near the coast of Asia Minor, about half-way between Smyrna and the mouth of the Dardanelles. It is a little more than thirty miles in length, from east to west, by twenty-seven in width. The city and island of Mitylene became sad objects of public interest in the early part of last year (1867), by the power of a disastrous earthquake, which nearly destroyed the city of Mitylene, and in which nearly a thousand of the inhabitants lost their lives. We were travelling in the East at the time, and had occasion soon after to visit the scene of the

disaster twice, in passing up and down the *Ægean* Sea, on our way to and from Constantinople. The year 1867 seems to have been a year of earthquakes. Cephalonia, one of the Ionian Isles, had been the scene of a terrible earthquake, but a short time previous. We were at a considerable distance, but well remember the peculiar state of the atmosphere, like an oppressive gloom and silence which betokened some dire catastrophe; like the awful stillness which preceded the destruction of Lisbon, in 1755.

The earthquake at Mitylene occurred on the 8th of March. In all the streets, many houses fell, burying their inhabitants beneath the ruins. While gazing at the shattered and ruined city, and the tents of the people on the high ground outside the city, a lady of Mitylene described to us the fearful scene, and her own narrow escape, with a child in her arms, amid the crumbling and falling walls of her own dwelling. The ancient and beautiful castle, the cathedral, the governor's palace, the prisons, the mosques, and all the consular residences, were more or less destroyed. We saw their massive and shattered walls in ruins. The very solidity and strength with which the houses in Mitylene were constructed rendered the effects of the great calamity the more fearful, and augmented the number of those who lost their lives. That part of the city which was the most frequented had sunk down, so that the sea flowed over it or covered it with mud. The destruction of property was very great. From eight hundred to one thousand persons are supposed to have perished or been disabled and wounded. The houses which remained standing when we were there were nearly deserted, and the surviving population scattered among the hills and gardens in the vicinity of the city. We have never looked upon such a scene of calamitous desolation. Our steamers each time brought away numbers who were seeking food and shelter among friends at a distance. Their sad faces bore the deep impress of fear and dread, and the loss of friends who had perished in the disaster. To increase the fear in the minds of survivors, the shocks were repeated at different intervals before they quite ceased.

The scarcity of food increased the distress; but as soon as the extent of the calamity became known, the English, French, and Italian Governments ordered their ships of war to convey provisions to the destitute inhabitants from Malta and Smyrna. After the shocks had ceased, a procession was formed with solemn thanksgiving for the cessation of the calamity. Most of the survivors attended the ceremony. The procession, headed by the bishop, went all around the city, and stopped near the ruined churches, where litanies were sung. Nearly all the ladies were in mourning, and some with dishevelled hair and bare-footed. It bore the aspect of a funereal procession, attending eight hundred or a thousand funerals at the same time. It will be a long time before the city recovers from this sad calamity.

Mitylene is situated in a beautiful bay on the sides of an amphitheatre of hills, which gradually rise into mountains in the distance, among which is Mount Ida. It was here that the Apostle Paul stopped on his voyage from Corinth to Jerusalem, Acts xx. 14. The historic facts of Mitylene are worthy of mention. The earliest reported inhabitants were Pelasgians; next, an Ionian colony, said to have settled here two generations before the Trojan war. A hundred and thirty years after the Trojan war, the island was colonized by *Æolians*, who founded in it a Hexapolis, consisting of six cities, who afterwards founded numerous settlements along the coast of the Troad, in the region of Mount Ida.

The Island of Mitylene is most important in the early history of Greece, as the native land of the *Æolian* school of lyric poetry. It was the birthplace of the musician and poet, Terpander; of the lyric poets Alcæus, Sappho, and others, and of the dithyrambic poet, Arion. Other forms of literature and philosophy early and long flourished in Mitylene, then the ancient Lesbos; and the sage and statesman, Pittacus, the historians Hellanicus and Theophrastus, and the philosophers, Theophrastus and Phantias—such is the rare constellation of ancient historic names which once adorned the island of Mitylene.

For a long series of years Mitylene

suffered from the rule of tyrants, and was nearly ruined by the conflict of internal factions, until Pittacus, the statesman, was chosen dictator. Afterwards, Mitylene became important as a naval power, and, early in the seventh century before Christ, waged war with the Athenians for the possession of Sigeum, at the mouth of the Hellespont. Afterwards, it assisted in the expedition of Xerxes against Greece. Next, it fell into the power of Mithridates, and passed from him to the Romans. Then Mohammed II. landed and took possession of Mitylene, which was betrayed into the hands of the Sultan, who inflicted instant death on the traitor. The ruins of Mitylene are among the most celebrated of the ancient world. There are many objects of historic interest in the island, which, but for the blighting influence of the Turkish rule, might bloom again in primeval beauty.

Chambers's Journal.

THE POETRY AND UTILITY OF TEARS.

Is it possible that Science, that prying dame who is always thrusting her probing finger into out-of-the-way things and places, should not have respected such a poetical and sacred object as a tear? Can it be believed that she has ever had the heart to sit patiently by the side of the mourner; to watch with grim attention the quivering of his eyelid, and as at last the tear rolled out, to snatch it up quickly on its passage, and to carry it still warm and glistening under the lens of a microscope? Yes; Science has little sensibility about her; like Justice, she carries a pair of scales in her hand, and in these she weighs things in her prim dry way, jotting down statistics, where a poet would scribble rhymes, and reducing all the emotions, passions, and sufferings of mankind to a question of "analysis" and "component parts."

Science had already tested blood: of the rich red fluid that flows so warmly in the veins of man, she had made a glutinous liquid filled with animalcula. With her sharp steel scissors, she had cut off a lock of lovely auburn hair from the head of an unsuspecting mai-

den, and shown us cynically that what we so admired was but a bunch of coarse strings, which under the magnifying glass looked rougher and stouter than cables. The teeth, "like pearls;" the eyes, "like sapphires;" the nails, "like rose-leaves," had all been one by one revealed to us in their material unsightly reality. One after another had all our illusions been clipped off by the hard old woman, who, not content, however, and continually on the look-out for novelty, one morning took a "tear," whence Fame says not, and lectured calmly and drily upon it, as I am going to do now.

The principal element, the prime ingredient, so to say, of a tear is water; this water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called *mucus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hand of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours: "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries, the water evaporates, and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish-bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eyeball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along and under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night (although less abundantly during sleep), they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular

spreading of the tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus, all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this, he has only to notice, unpoetical as the fact may be, that a person after crying much is always obliged to make a twofold use of his or her pocket-handkerchief.

The utility of tears to animals in general, and in particular to those who are exposed much to the dust, such as birds who live amidst the winds, is easy to understand; for the eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up, like an uncleaned window-pane, had not nature provided this friendly overflowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean; but here again we must admire the wonderful mechanism which works the human body, for it is to be observed that when, through some accident or hurt, the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears. Thus, for instance, when a grain of dust, or an insect creeps into the eye, the eyelids at once fill and run over with tears, and these not only alleviate the pain, but also, when the object is small enough, carry it away down the two small conduits already noticed. The same thing occurs when either smoke, too vivid light, or too intense cold obscures the sight—tears at once come to our relief, and protect the eye from harm.

With regard now to the other tears—those I mean which proceed from moral instead of physical causes—the explanation to be given of them is a very prosy and material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Amongst men, it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and people

of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatico-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrung, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense. Conversely, it is prudent to keep one's coolness before strongly excitable or highly imaginative people who weep; their tears are often genuine, but, as a rule, they cost them but little effort, and in nine cases out of ten, are forgotten as soon as shed. Actors of great talent call up tears at will, by working themselves into a wild state of excitement. Mademoiselle Rachel, for instance, than whom no colder, more unloving woman ever trod the stage, used, when she put forth all her efforts, to weep so passionately that she would set fifteen hundred spectators crying with her.

London Popular Journal.

VOLTAIRE DYING.

On the 25th February, 1758, Voltaire penned the following blasphemy: "Twenty years more, and God will be in a pretty plight." Let us see what was taking place precisely at the time indicated. On the 25th February, 1778, Voltaire was lying, as was thought, on his bed of death. Racked and tortured by remorse for past misdeeds, he was most anxious to propitiate the God whom he had insulted and the Church which he and his had sworn to destroy; and hence he resolved on addressing himself to a minister of religion, in order to receive the sacrament of reconciliation. On the 26th, then, he wrote the following letter to the Abbé Gualtier: "You promised me, sir, to come and hear me. I entreat you to take the trouble to call as soon as possible." The abbé went at once. A few days after, in the presence of the same Gualtier, the Abbé Mignot, and the Marquis de Villevieille, the dying man made the following declaration: "I, the undersigned, declare, that for these

four days past having been afflicted with a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four, and not having been able to drag myself to church, the Reverend the Rector of St. Sulpice, having been pleased to add to his good works that of sending to me the Abbé Gualtier, a priest, I confessed to him, and if it pleases God to dispose of me, I die in the Holy Catholic Church, in which I was born; hoping that the Divine mercy will deign to pardon all my faults. If ever I have scandalized the Church, I ask pardon of God and of the Church. 2d March, 1778.—VOLTAIRE." This document was deposited with Mons. Momet, Notary at Paris. It was also, with the permission of Voltaire, carried to the rector of St. Sulpice, and to the Archbishop of Paris, in order that they might say whether or not the declaration was sufficiently explicit and satisfactory.

Twice before, when dangerously ill, the wretched man had made abject retractations. But these he not only retracted when restored to health, but, passing from bad to worse, he poured out fuller vials of wrath against God and Christianity. It was then of necessity to receive the most solemn and full abjuration of past infidelities.

When Gualtier returned with the archi-episcopal answer, he was refused admission to the dying man. The arch-conspirators trembled at the *apostacy* of their hero; and, dreading the ridicule which would fall upon themselves, it was determined not to allow any minister of religion thenceforth to visit him. Finding himself thus cut off from the consolations of religion, Voltaire became infuriated—no reproach, no curse being deemed bad enough for the D'Alemberts and Diderots who guarded him. "Begone," he said; "it is you who have brought me to my present state. Begone! I could have done without you all; but you could not have existed without me—and what a wretched glory have you procured me!" And then praying, and next blaspheming—now saying, "O Christ," and next, "I am abandoned by God and man," he wasted away his life, ceasing to curse and blaspheme and live on the 30th May, 1778. These facts were made public by Mons. Tronchin, a Protestant physician from Geneva, who attended him almost to the last. Hor-

rified at what he had witnessed, he declared that "to see all the furies of Orestes, one had only to be present at the death of Voltaire"—("Pour voir toutes les furies d'Oreste, il n'y avoit qu'à se trouver à la mort de Voltaire)."
"Such a spectacle," he adds, "would benefit the young, who are in danger of losing the precious helps of religion." The Maréchal de Richelieu, too, was so terrified at what he saw, that he left the bedside of Voltaire, declaring that "the sight was too awful for endurance."

Villette, the friend of Voltaire, and of course his copier Monke, denied these statements, just as the friends of Cæsar denied the resurrection of our divine Lord; but the great philosopher Mons. de Luc, whose learning, integrity, and position were of the highest, honestly repeated and confirmed what had been publicly and truthfully stated about the terrors of death which had haunted Voltaire. I will transcribe a portion of his letter, dated Windsor, Oct. 23, 1797: "Being at Paris in 1781"—De Luc was then in his fifty-first year—"I was often in company with Mons. Tronchin. He was an old acquaintance of Voltaire's at Geneva, whence he came to Paris, in quality of first physician to the father of the late Duke of Orleans. He was called in during Voltaire's last illness, and I have heard him repeat all those circumstances about which Paris and the whole world were at that time speaking, respecting the horrid state of this impious man's soul at the approach of death. Mons. Tronchin did everything in his power to calm him; for the agitation he was in was so violent that no remedies could take effect. But he could not succeed, and unable to endure the horror he felt at the peculiar nature of his frantic rage, he abandoned him. Mons. Tronchin immediately published in all companies the real facts. This he did to furnish a dreadful lesson to those who calculate on being able in a death-bed to investigate the dispositions most proper to appear in before the judgment-seat of God. At that period, not only the state of the body, but the condition of the soul, may frustrate their hopes of making so awful an investigation, for justice and sanctity, as well as goodness, are attributes of God; and *He sometimes, as a wholesome admonition to mankind, per*

mits the punishments denounced against the impious man to begin even in his life, by the tortures of remorse."

Such are the facts relative to the wretched end of Voltaire—facts evidenced by Tronchin and Richelieu, and believed in, as De Luc assures us, by the whole of Paris, and spoken of throughout the entire world.

W. R.

NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF NICE.

THE career of Napoleon I. was wonderful. Suddenly, from obscurity, he shot up high into historic heavens, like a meteoric star of the first magnitude, whose brilliancy attracted the intense gaze of the world, till he suddenly fell from his orbit, lighting on a distant island rock of the ocean. His marvellous history is well known. To illustrate the scene in the engraving, Mr. E. M. Ward, an eminent artist, painted the original picture.

As a proof of its historic value the Duke of Wellington purchased it at the Gallery of the British Institution in 1841, and it still occupies a conspicuous place in the very choice collection of the works of British Masters at Apsley House, London.

The engraving at the head of this number of the *ECLECTIC* commemorates the most remarkable event in the early history of Napoleon. The anecdote is briefly recorded by Sir Walter Scott. In August, 1794, while stationed at Nice, with the rank of Chef de Bataillon, Bonaparte was superseded and imprisoned, in consequence of his having incurred the suspicion of Laporte and the other "Representatives" of the people. His confinement, however, was of brief duration; his freedom followed inquiry,

and "WHEN THE OFFICER ENTERED WITH THE ORDER FOR HIS RELEASE, HE FOUND NAPOLEON BUSY IN HIS DUNGEON, STUDYING THE MAP OF ITALY." The conquest of Italy rapidly followed; and who shall say how largely this temporary durance may have contributed to convert the comparatively obscure soldier into the Emperor of France, and the master of all Europe—save and except England! Bourrienne supplies more minute particulars concerning the imprisonment, and adds this remarkable paragraph. "Had the circumstance occurred three weeks earlier, and had Bonaparte been arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety, previous to the 9th Thermidor, there is every probability that his career would have been at an end; and we should have seen perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, during the twenty-five succeeding years, was destined to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic projects, his great military genius, his extraordinary good fortune, his faults, reverses, and final misfortunes." As it was, his release was not effected without a strong and earnest appeal to "the Representatives." It is of some length, as printed by Bourrienne, from a MS. in the handwriting of Junot, with corrections by the hand of Napoleon. It exhibits all the characteristics of his writing—his short sentences, his abrupt rather than concise style, his sometimes elevated ideas, and always his plain good sense.

This engraving may serve to add to the great variety of historic prints and portraits which embellish the seventy volumes of the *ECLECTIC*, of which this number completes the seventieth, from January, 1844.

POETRY.

TREASURE.

Two youthful schoolmates, blithe and free,
Wandered together by the sea.

Said one, "My hopes are high as heaven;
To me the future shall be given."

Said his companion, "I will stand
Among the foremost of the land.

"My fame shall thread the maze of men,
And lightnings quiver from my pen."

They met again in forty years,
And told their boyish hopes and fears.

The one had set his heart on gold,
And found it—growing frail and old.

The other living fuller life,
Had fled the haunts of worldly strife,

And fill'd his soul with purpose high,
And wisdom of the earth and sky,

But had not gather'd golden store,
To scare ill-fortune from his door;

Nothing but courage, hope, and faith,
And love, the conqueror of death.

The rich man, with a mournful smile,
Said to the poor, and sighed the while:

"Oh! friend, thou'st dream'd thy life away,
And now that thou art old and gray,

"Hast not a penny for thine age,
Or for thy children's heritage."

The poor man cheerily replied:
"What matters? Life and joy abide.

"My children, sporting in the sun,
Can do at least what I have done.

"I've had my pleasure as I went,
And known the riches of content.

"Thou hast thy treasures—I have mine—
My heart my judge, men's verdict thine.

"But, friend, who'st chosen other ways
Than those I've trodden all my days,

"When comes the hour, as come it must,
When thou shalt mingle with the dust,

"Whose treasures shall the best endure—
Those of the rich man or the poor?

"Thine cease at portals of the grave,
Not even their shadow can'st thou save?

"But what I've won with heart endeavor
Is mine forever and forever.

"I take it with me through the tomb,
And find it when I pass the gloom!"
—*All the Year Round.*

NAMELESS.

THERE were great lights from the palace
Streaming on the outer trees,
That with fleckings thro' the trellis,
Play'd in tremor at his knees;
As a poet, lone and friendless,
Underneath the walls of fame,
Sat in silence, while the endless
Notes of glory music came.

Life to him was bleak and aimless,
As he sat within the shade,
Telling o'er the wonders nameless
That his poet heart had made—

"Could he pass the amber portal,
And the jasper halls along,
Where the poet-souls immortal
Held their revelry of song?"

"Could he strike a chord of sorrow,
In the upper choral spheres,
Where, to-morrow—and to-morrow,
It would echo down the years?
Could he grasp the ivy clinging
At the marble casement now,
And amid the spirits singing,
Wear it deathless on his brow?"

Once he thought to climb the terrace,
To the open opal gate,
Where, beyond the sweeping arras,
Swelled the voices of the great;
Where the stricken harp-strings—golden,
Gave their notes in high accord,
"To the music stories olden—
To the glory of the Lord."

But his soul, untaught and simple,
Shrinking outward, turned away,
While the great lights from the temple
Drove the night-time from the day.
"I shall seek the shadow yonder—
Underneath the quiet pine—
These are harp-notes, higher, grander,
Than can ever come from mine!"

Soft he touched the strings like summer
Touching o'er the barren trees,
And the night bore out their murmur,
Through the valleys to the seas.
Softer, sweeter, went the cadence
Through the branches and above,
As come visions unto maidens
In the time of early love.

Through the gates of opal splendor,
And along the jasper wall,
Pass the notes of music tender,
Through the corridor and hall:
And his tones sweep in the chamber,
From the shadow and the gloom,
And their liquid echoes clamber
Up the arras to the dome;

And they rise and fall like billows,
Through the alcoves of the air;
Passing in and out the willows,
And across beyond the mere.
High, and grand, and godly power,
Sweeps along the palace eaves,
Till the ivy vine in flower
Trembles music from its leaves—

And the poet-souls may listen
To the outer harp to-night;
And the great lamps gleam and glisten,
In their ecstasy of light.
These are music tones undying,
These are worthy highest name,
From the poet spirit lying
Underneath the walls of fame.

H. T. STANTON.

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall,

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door—
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies;

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes in blessing ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft-depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TIME WAS, IS, AND SHALL BE.

TIME WAS: When first we met upon the river,
Whose sparkling eddies flashed and laughed
beneath,
That the broad sunlight came with gleam and
quiver,
And thy dear name was as a household breath.

All seemed a dream in which we talked and moved;
Calm flowed life's current downward to the main,
And we as shadows of that dream, beloved,
Drifted along, nor recked of change or pain.

Time was: And yet the angel as we passed
Whispered us, "Passion is but ghost of love;
Drink thou in pureness of the joys that last,
And read thy kingdom in the realms above."

TIME IS: As time, alas! to some must come
(Some weary hearts, who bear their inward scars),
Giving their round of duties to the home,
While he who loved them hath outsoared the
stars.

Time is: A sense of weakness, failing powers,
Of all that has been, wrapped in memory's mist,
Watered with tears, deep mourned, but stronger
loved,
Pressed as a cross unto the heart, and kissed.

TIME SHALL BE: What? A grand beatitude
Of crowning joys in those blest realms above;
The veil uplifted from the aching eyes,
And heaven itself fulfilment of our love.

Time shall be: These deep spirituals of life
Still bear the roll of ages on their way,
And we, the wearied pilgrims, through the strife
Of crossed desires, thus reach the Crown of Day.
—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

VOICES CALLING.

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them
speaking,
Voices calling upon the air;"
And while she listened, the pale light glistened,
And lay, and floated upon her hair.
"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no speaking,
We hear no voices upon the breeze,
It must be only, the night wind lonely,
That sighs and whispers among the trees."

"Oh, hush!" she murmured, "I hear them
singing—
Singing the songs that I used to know;"
And, while she listened, the tear-drops glistened,
And through long lashes began to flow.
"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no
singing,
We hear no voices singing so,
'Tis but the waking of sea waves breaking
Upon the shingle far below."

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them calling,
Sweet voices of the long ago;"
And, while she listened, the long light glistened,
And lay on her sweet face, white as snow.
"Oh, no!" they murmured, "she wanders wildly,
We hear no voices on the breeze,
She's listening only to night winds lonely,
That sigh and whisper among the trees."

"Hush! hush!" they answer, while dew were
falling,
While dead leaves rustled through the air.
And, while they shimmered, the pale light glim-
mered
On a face and form like the angels fair.
"Oh, pray!" they whispered, "our love is dying,
Her voice is fainting across the sea;"
And, while they listened, the far dawn glistened.
Oh, God! her morning breaks with thee.

U. L. A.

THE CITY PIGEONS.

How yonder flock of silver wings
Fly round in ever-changing rings!
And as they cut the azure's pride,
And turn their pinions' silken side,
All sparkle like a net of stars,

Below, half-bright in early beams,
The trodden city pours its streams,
And deafens with the roll of cars;
But high those white-plumed spirits soar
Above the tide of rich and poor,
And see the fresh blue morning bent
O'er Earth that toils with Earth content.
—*Chambers's Journal*.

MORNING.

AURORA comes, and from her own bright bowers
Lifts the dark veil which envious night had
thrown
To hide the bloom of morning's dewy flowers,
And make them dark and loveless as her own;
She lifts the veil, and now the sparkling fountains
Glitter before, behind her, and around,
While white-robed fairies trip along the mountains,
And draw the dews of midnight from the ground.
All nature wears a smiling, sun-like dress,
Like a young lover when his mistress parts
Her lattice curtains, and in loveliness
Stands gazing on him. Morning needs no arts
Night's melancholy lover to beguile,
And make him feel how beauteous is her smile.

V. D.

THE EMIGRANTS.

WHEN the elms turn yellow,
Ere the beech grows red;
When the dahlias blacken
In the garden-bed;
When the skies are grayer,
And the rain clouds cluster—
Then the gathering swallows
On the belfry muster.

When the dead leaves, golden,
Blow about the lanes,
Rustle o'er the fallows,
Patter on the panes;
When the sun grows colder,
And the rain clouds cluster—
Then the gathering swallows
On the belfry muster.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Sheldon & Company send to us *Steven Lawrence Yeoman*. A Novel. By MRS. EDWARDS, author of "Archie Lovel," etc., etc. Elegantly illustrated. Author's edition printed from advance sheets, pp. 422. The reading public, who are familiar with Mrs. Edwards' works, will know how to appreciate this beautiful story.

Wynkoop & Sherwood, book publishers, who have removed from 18 Beekman to 108 Fulton street, into spacious rooms, send us *Liliput Levee*. Poems of Childhood, Child-Fancy, and Childlike

Moods. Illustrated. One of the most delightful volumes of poetry for the young ever published in England, and already a great favorite. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 230, \$1 50. Just published.

The Law Register. Comprising the Lawyers in the United States. The Official Directory for the United States. Containing the officers of the Federal Government, Members of Congress, with a vast amount of useful information—the whole constituting an Official Business Union Directory. Prepared from official returns. By John Livingston, of the New York Bar. Published by the Merchants' Union Law Company, 128 Broadway, New York. This is an exceedingly valuable and useful book, which should have a wide circulation.

S. M. Betts & Co., 91 Asylum street, Hartford, Conn., announce a new book, *Eminent Women of the Age*. Being narratives of the lives and deeds of the most prominent women of the present generation. By ten well known authors, among whom are JAMES PARTON, HORACE GREELEY, J. S. C. ABBOTT, Prof. HOPPIN, FANNY FERN, GRACE GREENWOOD, etc. An elegant octavo volume, richly illustrated with beautiful steel engravings. Sold to subscribers only. Various bindings. An attractive book.

Dr. John Lord has recently delivered a course of three historic lectures of exceeding interest and much research for the first time to the public upon the life and times of three great men, Oliver Cromwell, Edmund Burke, and Daniel Webster. They are worthy of being often repeated.

SCIENCE.

Science and Arts.—Among the scientific and mechanical apparatus exhibited at the soirée of the President of the Royal Society at Burlington House, was Wier's Pneumatic Telegraph Signals, for use in houses, in mines, on railways, and on board ship. It was the last that was shown on the evening in question. A circular dial, with movable hand, and indicatory words, is fitted on deck; a similar dial is placed in the engine-room, or on the gun-deck, or at the rudder, each connected by metallic air-tubes with the one on deck. The captain, or officer of the watch, wishing to give an order, turns a handle fitted in the side of the dial by which he stands, and instantaneously the same signal appears on the steersman's dial, and he obeys the order. To the captain, it is very important that he should know whether, in accordance with his order, the ship is obeying the helm, and this knowledge he obtains from a small tell-tale hand placed on his dial, which moves exactly as the rudder moves. The advantage of such signals as these over the old method of shouting orders through a trumpet is obvious. In the same way, the captain may send his commands to the captains of the guns, or to the engine-room; and should any of the tubes be shot away, they may be immediately replaced by flexible tubes of vulcanized india-rubber. Moreover, the captain might place himself at the mast-head during an engagement, above the smoke, where he could best see what was going on, and send down his orders by signal from that elevation; besides which, by a modified form of the signal apparatus, small

enough to carry under his arm, he could actually fire any gun in the ship from his station at the mast-head. He presses a key in the top of a small box, the impulse passes through the slender air-tube, acts upon the cock, and fires the gun. We hear that the *Bellerophon* and some other ships of the royal navy are to be fitted with Mr. Wier's signals. Any one who reads this description will see that they could be used in dwelling-houses. The impulse can be sent through a thin tube 250 feet in length. Imagine the convenience of being able to talk to any part of a house, and of giving orders without first requiring some one to come up-stairs to ask what you want.

Eclipse of the Sun.—The total eclipse of the sun which is to take place on the 18th of August next, is already exciting unusual interest among astronomers, in consequence of the long period of darkness which it will occasion. A line drawn on the map from Aden across Hindustan, and away to the southern coast of New Guinea, will represent pretty accurately the line of total obscurity. It so happens, that on the day above named the moon will be almost at its nearest to the earth, and the sun at its furthest from the earth, consequently, the moon will hide the sun so completely that the duration of the total darkness will be nearly seven minutes. This is so rare a phenomenon, that all interested in cosmical science are earnestly desirous of getting all they can out of it by observation. Foremost among them, the Royal Society have taken such measures that, if the weather be only favorable at the time and place of observation, most satisfactory results will be obtained. They have sent out to India a number of newly constructed instruments—telescopes, spectroscopes, prisms, actinometers, and others, by which all the phenomena of an eclipse may be well observed; and as the observers will be some of the most skilful of the officers employed on the great trigonometrical survey of India, we may hope that the highly important questions involved in the phenomenon will be cleared of their present uncertainty. If the south-west monsoon, which will then be blowing, will only leave the sky clear at the place of observation, we shall by Christmas next know more about the sun and its light and atmosphere, than hitherto.

Upheavals of the Earth.—The Duke of Argyll has had a field-night with the geologists, in their meeting-room at Somerset House, the question in debate being Mr. Geikie's book on the Scenery of Scotland. In the book it is shown that the beautiful and romantic landscapes north of the Tweed have been produced by the action of water. The Duke maintains, on the contrary, that the principal features are due to subsidence and upheavals of the earth itself; and so the question is started, and we may be sure that it will be vigorously prosecuted.

Gigantic Birds.—In our notice of rare fossils, we have at times mentioned the footprints of gigantic birds found in the sandstone of New England. What kind of bird it could have been that made such prints, has long been a question among paleontologists, and in some instances the question has been complicated by the existence of a rounded groove which runs along some of the

slabs between the footprints. What sort of a creature was it that made them? Professor Huxley has answered the question, having been led thereto by his researches into the affinities between birds and reptiles, during which he has found reason for believing that the pterodactyl did at times walk erect. Hence, it was that huge creature of the primeval world that made the so-called bird-tracks, when walking, so to speak, on its hind-legs; and its tail, while in this position, trailing on the soft mud, left the hollow groove, which has so long been a puzzle to naturalists. This solution is ingenious, and worthy of Professor Huxley, and we gladly assist in making it known. By the way, the Geological Society have elected the Professor their President, and therein have shown their appreciation of science.

Carbonized Paper.—A manufacturer in Philadelphia has brought out a kind of paper, which he calls "carbonized paper," which is described as superior to all others either for writing or printing on. Being charged with an earthy carbonate, the surface of the paper is quite free from that greasiness which so often vexes letter-writers; and however pale the ink may be when first applied, it soon becomes intensely black, with the further advantage of permanence, as one of the constituents of the paper acts as a mordant. It is found also that when used for printing, the impression on the carbonized paper is clearer and blacker than on ordinary paper.

Chemical Phenomenon.—An ingenious experimentalist, desirous of showing various chemical phenomena by means of the magic-lantern, makes a glass tank, into which different liquids or solutions may be poured, which will illustrate the effect of refraction on light and other phenomena. If a pipette be skilfully used to introduce some of the solutions into the water in the tank, the appearance thrown on the screen is that of a submarine volcano, pouring forth clouds of smoke and torrents of lava, which, however, are soon absorbed in the surrounding ocean. A solution of cochineal in alcohol, similarly introduced, produces the effect of a magnificent crimson fountain; a solution of litmus appears as a delicate blue sky; a few drops of acid being let fall into this give a variety of forms and combinations, as of clouds seen in a sunset sky. Black, stormy clouds may be produced by dropping into the water a small quantity of sulphate of copper in solution and weak ammonia; and with dilute sulphuric acid and ferrocyanide of potassium, other cloud-effects can be represented which have a most impressive appearance on the screen. It is possible also to show the changes in color produced by chemical reaction, the decomposition of water by a galvanic current, and the convection of heat by liquids; and to exhibit all these operations to a large number of persons at once, opens a new application of the magic-lantern which clever operators will no doubt turn to account; any one familiar with the manipulation of apparatus will know how to contrive the tanks for the different purposes.

The New Gold Discoveries at Auckland.—Several new gold-mines have been discovered in Auckland, one of which is of extraordinary richness, and yielded 68 oz. of gold from six cwt. of quartz. These recent discoveries have given a new impe-

tus to mining throughout the Thames region, with the most gratifying results, both from quartz digging and sluicing. Two and a half columns of the paper are filled with accounts from the new mines, of nuggets found, and the results obtained from the labor specified, from all of which we should infer that the discoveries are of extraordinary richness, importance, and extent.—*New Zealand Examiner*.

Captain Hall, the Arctic explorer, has advised his friends in New York that he will winter at Repulse Bay, and in April next will start with eight men for King William's land, on his search for Sir John Franklin.

An Alarming Theory.—From the annual recurrence of rains, meteoric showers, and the explosions of steam boilers in various parts of the country, Professor Loomis suggests a very uncomfortable theory in regard to the safety of the earth itself. He thinks it not impossible that sufficient steam might be generated in the burning centre of the world to blow the whole globe to pieces. A volcanic eruption under sea, or near it, like that of Vesuvius now in progress, may at any moment convert the earth into a huge steam-boiler, by letting the water in upon the central fires, to be followed, for aught we know, by an explosion that shall rend it apart, and send the fragments careering through space as small planets or meteors, each bearing off some distracted member or members of the human family, to make, perchance, new discoveries and new acquaintances in other parts of the planetary system now revolving with us. So that the final catastrophe may, after all, be only a boiler explosion on a magnificent scale of grandeur and destruction."

The Letters from Dr. Livingstone.—The *London Telegraph* says: "The promised despatches from Dr. Livingstone, mentioned in Sir Roderick Murchison's letter, have now been received at the Foreign Office. Interesting as every line and word must be which thus comes to us, however, the public must not expect too much from the documents which are soon to see the light. The letters given to Bunduki, the Arab trader, and brought down by him to the coast, are, first of all, fifteen months old. 'Bunduki' means, as all Anglo-Indians will know, nothing else than 'son of a gun.' It would be the equivalent, in African jungles, of Leather-stocking's *sobriquet* of 'La Longue Carabine' upon the American prairies. The letters brought by Bunduki will not be very rich in geographical or ethnological details. They left the good Doctor in the open and unknown country between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, on the line at the beginning of which Mr. Young traced the explorer's track, and was then obliged to turn back.

"Dr. Livingstone would certainly strike the great Lake Tanganyika and double its southern end eastward or westward. He would probably, in like manner, attempt to go round the northern extremity; but whether he would shape his course thence for Baker's Lake, or Speke's Lake, or Zanzibar, is not and cannot be known, nor will these letters help us much to know. If they did, supplies and assistance would be sent; for it is pretty certain that Livingstone must be hard up for stores and *viaticum* of all African sorts, wherever he be at this moment; one untoward incident be-

ing only too certain—that he had lost his medicine chest. But that he was perfectly safe and sound, far past the scene of his imaginary murder, the letters now received, if proof were necessary, most distinctly show. Of course Africa is not St. James's street in point of safety and comfort; but from Tanganyika Livingstone would know his way home almost as well as a 'traveller' from Boodle's to Charing Cross."

Tobacco Poison.—In a recent lecture on stimulants, Dr. Willard Parker stated some important physiological facts concerning the use and effects of tobacco.

The five chief stimulants are: tea, coffee, alcohol, opium, tobacco.

Stimulants, when taken in a liquid form, go at once into the blood, and of course operate promptly upon the tissues of all parts of the body. Tea and coffee *stimulate*; alcohol, opium, and tobacco *poison*.

Through the blood are carried on the two great vital processes, repair and waste. The human body always consuming, always replaced, is on one hand an incessant funeral, on the other an incessant birth.

Perhaps tobacco is not quite so bad as rum, but they are twin brothers, and tobacco makes men drink. Tobacco depresses, and the user then craves liquor to stimulate him. It is found impossible to cure inebriate patients of the use of liquor as long as they are allowed to use tobacco.

The French public revenue from tobacco from 1812 to 1832 was annually \$5,600,000, of late years it is \$36,000,000. During the former period there were in France at any given time 8,000 lunatics and paralytics, now there are 44,000. It will be seen that the two totals increase in nearly an even ratio,—six and a half times as much tobacco, five and a half times as much lunacy and paralysis. In this whole period the increase of population has been only from 30,000,000 to 38,000,000.

When Louis Napoleon learned this fact a few years ago, he caused a comparative examination to be made of the smokers and the non-smokers in all the public schools and educational institutions, and the results to be tabulated. The non-smokers were decidedly superior in physical health, intellectual acquirements, and moral deportment. Upon this the use of tobacco in the public institutions of education was by law forbidden, and thirty thousand tobacco pipes were broken in one day!

We never find a healthy person among those who work in the tobacco business. In any sickness, a tobacco-worker by the side of an otherwise healthy countryman, is slow and doubtful of recovery. The children of tobacco users are comparatively feeble.

Wonderful Discovery.—The California correspondent of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* gives the following account of a wonderful discovery which has just been made in that State: "A vein of very curious rock has recently been discovered in El Dorado county, which as yet has failed to elicit from the scientifically inclined any satisfactory explanation. Several large slabs have been taken out and are now on exhibition in this city. Its peculiarity is that it represents landscape drawing wrought by the

The first meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on the 1st of September, 1888. It was attended by about 100 persons, and was presided over by M. de Bylandt, of the Netherlands. The meeting was opened by a reading of the address of welcome, which was delivered by M. de Bylandt. The address was a most interesting and valuable one, and was well received by the audience. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the election was held in a most interesting and valuable manner. The officers were then elected, and the meeting adjourned until the next day.

The second meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on the 2nd of September, 1888. It was attended by about 100 persons, and was presided over by M. de Bylandt. The meeting was opened by a reading of the address of welcome, which was delivered by M. de Bylandt. The address was a most interesting and valuable one, and was well received by the audience. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the election was held in a most interesting and valuable manner. The officers were then elected, and the meeting adjourned until the next day.

The third meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on the 3rd of September, 1888. It was attended by about 100 persons, and was presided over by M. de Bylandt. The meeting was opened by a reading of the address of welcome, which was delivered by M. de Bylandt. The address was a most interesting and valuable one, and was well received by the audience. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the election was held in a most interesting and valuable manner. The officers were then elected, and the meeting adjourned until the next day.

The fourth meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on the 4th of September, 1888. It was attended by about 100 persons, and was presided over by M. de Bylandt. The meeting was opened by a reading of the address of welcome, which was delivered by M. de Bylandt. The address was a most interesting and valuable one, and was well received by the audience. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the election was held in a most interesting and valuable manner. The officers were then elected, and the meeting adjourned until the next day.

The fifth meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on the 5th of September, 1888. It was attended by about 100 persons, and was presided over by M. de Bylandt. The meeting was opened by a reading of the address of welcome, which was delivered by M. de Bylandt. The address was a most interesting and valuable one, and was well received by the audience. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the election was held in a most interesting and valuable manner. The officers were then elected, and the meeting adjourned until the next day.

The sixth meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on the 6th of September, 1888. It was attended by about 100 persons, and was presided over by M. de Bylandt. The meeting was opened by a reading of the address of welcome, which was delivered by M. de Bylandt. The address was a most interesting and valuable one, and was well received by the audience. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the election was held in a most interesting and valuable manner. The officers were then elected, and the meeting adjourned until the next day.

The seventh meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on the 7th of September, 1888. It was attended by about 100 persons, and was presided over by M. de Bylandt. The meeting was opened by a reading of the address of welcome, which was delivered by M. de Bylandt. The address was a most interesting and valuable one, and was well received by the audience. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the election was held in a most interesting and valuable manner. The officers were then elected, and the meeting adjourned until the next day.

friends begin to have grave apprehensions whether it can stand. Official returns state the annual deficits, from 1860 to 1866, to amount to £114,000,000 sterling. Many of the smaller States of Europe, such as Turkey, Spain, and Portugal, are in a similar condition. It is a melancholy reflection that, admirable as are the enterprise, invention, skill, and laborious industry of the toiling millions of producing classes in Europe, they are deprived of so large a proportion of the fruits of their labors by the perpetual drain made upon them to sustain this armed rivalry kept up by their rulers." And, considering such a prodigious annual tax upon the masses of Europe, it is not to be wondered at that we hear of famine and starvation in so many even of her fertile provinces—in France and Germany, in Poland, Finland and Italy. M. Legoyt, the Secretary of the Statistical Society of Paris, writes: "Let us for a moment suppose that, by an understanding with the great Powers, a disarming in the proportion of one-half was effected. Immediately two millions of men, of from twenty to thirty-five years of age, constituting the flower of the population of that age, are restored to labors of peace, and at once an annual saving of £64,000,000 is effected on the totality of European budgets."

The same author further shows that this reduction of only one-half of the armies would afford funds for the completion of the entire network of railways throughout Europe and for the erection of a primary school in every parish and commune; or, on the other hand, it would enable all the national debts of Europe to be paid off in less than forty years, thus occasioning an immense alleviation of popular burdens, and an incalculable stimulus to business.

The English Parliament enacted in 1770 that "whoever shall impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of his majesty's male subjects by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips," should be prosecuted for witchcraft, and that the marriage should be null and void.

Is the Schoolmaster Abroad or at Home?—People have talked of the schoolmaster being abroad, and the general spread of education. Never was a greater or more mischievous error entertained. Parliamentary returns show that one-third of the men of Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk, who married in 1865, had to make their mark instead of signing their name to the register; and that more than a third of the men of Suffolk, Bedfordshire, and Staffordshire, were in the same discreditable predicament. In South Wales more than half the women were unable to write their names when married; and in Bedfordshire, where the children are put early to work at straw-plaiting, the proportion of the uninstructed is very little less. In Liverpool, out of 23,740 persons who were apprehended in 1866, only 253 could read or write well; while of 720 children, dealt with under the Juvenile Offenders' Act, not one could do so. For the 148,000 marriages that were made in England in 1864, 42,000 of the men and 58,500 of the women (using round numbers) signed with a mark!—*Builder*.

Marriage after Divorce.—The returns just issued show that there were 23 marriages in England

and Wales in 1866, in which one or other of the contracting parties was stated to have been previously divorced. Nine divorced men married spinsters, five divorced men married widows, eight bachelors and one widower married divorced women. These numbers are considerably less than those of the previous year, when there were 48 cases of marriage after divorce—viz.: 23 divorced men married spinsters, four divorced men married widows, 17 bachelors married divorced women, 3 widowers married divorced women, and one divorced man married a divorced woman. In 1864, there were 22 cases of marriage after divorce, in 1863 there were 20 cases, and in 1862 there were 29 cases. In the five years 1862–66, there were 142 marriages in which one or other of the contracting parties was stated to have been previously divorced.—*London Times*.

Anecdote of Lord Eldon.—The Chancellor was sitting in his study over a table of papers, when a young and lovely girl, slightly rustic in her attire, slightly embarrassed by the novelty of her position, but thoroughly in command of her wits, entered the room one day and walked up to the lawyer's chair. "My dear," said the Chancellor, rising and bowing with the old world courtesy, "who are you?" "Lord Eldon," answered the blushing maiden, "I am Bessie Bridge, of Weobly, the daughter of the vicar of Weobly, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a little baby, and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as member of parliament for Weobly." "A promise, my dear young lady," interposed the Chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself. "Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise; you were standing over my cradle, when papa said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me that if ever you are Lord Chancellor, when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife, you will give her husband a living;' and you answered, 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth half-a-crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more!'" Enthusiastically the Chancellor exclaimed, "You are quite right; I admit the obligation; I remember all about it;" and then, after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of inartfully, he added, "But surely the time for keeping my promise has not yet arrived. You cannot be any one's wife at present?" For a few seconds Bessie hesitated for an answer, and then, with a blush and a ripple of silver laughter, she replied, "No, but I do so wish to be somebody's wife! I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there is a living in Herefordshire, near my old home, that has recently fallen vacant, and if you'll give it to Alfred, why then, Lord Eldon, we shall marry before the end of the year." Is there need to say that the Chancellor forthwith summoned his secretary, that the secretary forthwith made out the presentation to Bessie's lover, and that, having given the Chancellor a kiss of gratitude, Bessie made good speed back to Herefordshire, hugging the precious document the whole way home.

A Prolific Country.—Mr. Catlin, in his *Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes*, says of the Uruguay and the mighty Paraguay, that, "in the course of eighteen hundred miles, they afford a highway and food for more than fifty tribes of Indians, and their waters

